CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE

(*From a drawing by* G. L. SEYMOUR.)

"TAKE CARE!"

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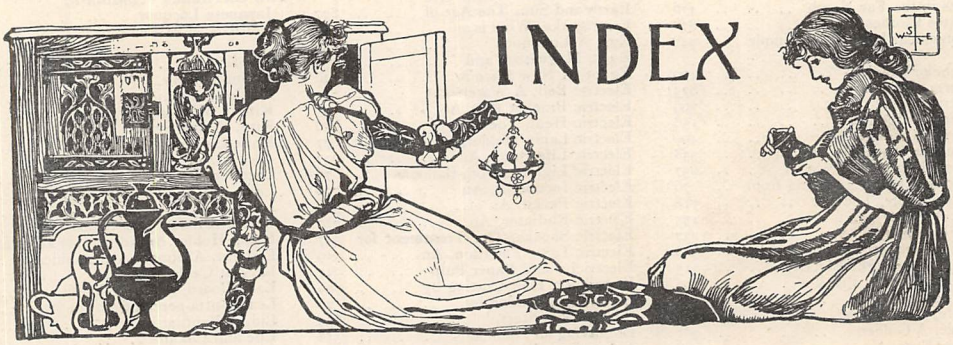

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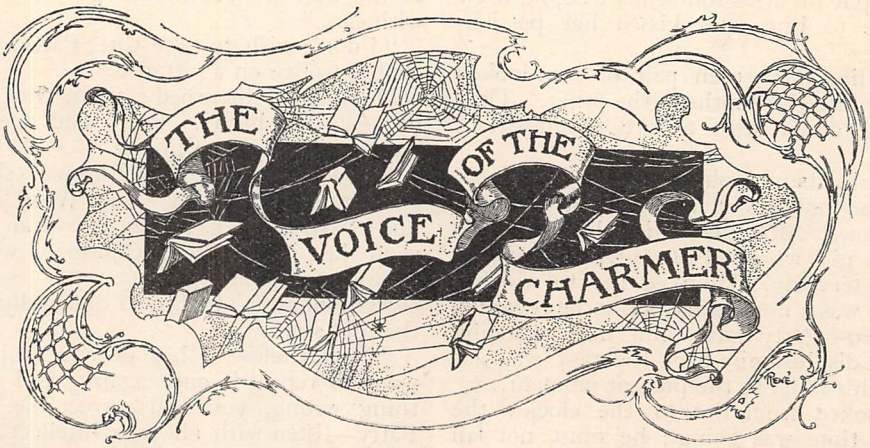
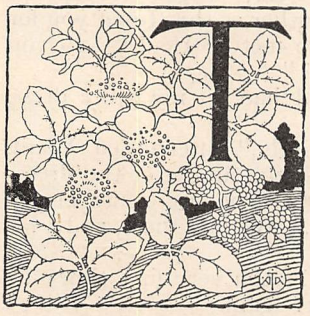
(*From a drawing by* PERCY TARRANT.)

MY LADY WAITS.



By L. T. MEADE, Author of "The Medicine Lady," &c. &c.

CHAPTER I.—DISILLUSION.



"TILL death us do part,'" said Patty.

She stood up tall and straight; her eyes were fixed on Ward. She had been made his wife an hour ago. They were standing alone, in a poorly furnished little drawing-room. The drawing-room was on the first floor of a shabby house in a London street. When Patty spoke, Ward looked down at the street. Hurrying crowds of people were passing and re-passing—his eyes watched them without seeing them. He had something to say which he did not want to say. He could not meet Patty's frank eyes while his lips formed certain words. Nevertheless, he knew that the words would have to be spoken.

Ward was a thin spare-looking man; his face was dark; there was a look of power about the build of his forehead; his head was somewhat large; his lips, well cut as they undoubtedly were, had something cruel in their thin hard lines.

Patty was all curves and dimples. She had that rich sort of luxuriance about her which characterises some girls in their teens. The expression of her frank face was all that was charming. The love which she felt for Ward filled her dark violet eyes, and made them glow. This was an intense moment in her life. All her emotions were strung up to a high key. Ward knew this, and he felt that his task was a difficult one.

"Sit down, Patty," he said. "I want to say something before I go away. Remember that Dering expects me to meet him at Euston Station at three o'clock."

There was a little clock on the mantelpiece. Patty glanced at it impatiently. It pointed to a quarter to two.

"We have been married exactly an hour and ten minutes," she said. "Of course I knew you would have to go away to-day, but I don't mind any partings now—now that we are safely married. You are coming back on Saturday to stay with me, are you not, Jack? You have promised to tell Sir Wilfred everything to-night, and you are coming back?"

"I have promised to tell Sir Wilfred some time, it is true," replied Ward, "but I am not quite certain about doing it to-night, nor about coming back Saturday. I must choose a judicious time to break the news, you know. It would be unwise, now that I have a wife to support, to run any risk of offending the best and most generous patron a man ever had, but you may be sure I'll tell him as soon as I can, sweetheart. To part from you now is misery; you don't suppose I wish to prolong the agony a moment longer than I can help."

"No, no; I understand everything," said Patty. "I am not unhappy, nor do I murmur. That ceremony in church to-day has made everything safe—it has given me a feeling of rest and security. I own, Jack, I shall be impatient until you come back to me, but I know—I know—you won't keep me waiting long."

"Not an hour longer than I can help, my beautiful darling."

Ward put his arms round his wife, he drew her close to him, and kissed her passionately.

Their lips met; each pair of eyes looked earnestly into the depths of the other. Then Patty sat down with a sort of impatient sigh.

Ward stood and looked at her.

He was not easily moved, but he was moved now. After his fashion, he loved this beautiful girl who had just given herself to him unreservedly. He liked her to worship him. It was a novel sensation to be regarded as a hero—Patty gave him hero worship. He must disillusionise her—the task was not at all to his mind at the present moment.

He looked from her to the clock; the precious time was going; he must not fail his patron Dering. He had little enough time to do the task he had set himself.

"What's the matter with you? How queer you look!" said Patty.

"I feel queer," he said—"I feel queer, horrible. I'm about to pain the only creature in all the world whom I care about."

"The only creature," said Patty, flushing and dimpling. "Oh, I know you love me—you love me with all your great heart, but you—you have an affection for Sir Wilfred, have you not, Jack?"

"A very great affection for the benefits he confers on me," retorted Ward.

He let the words drop out slowly; he was noting their effect on Patty. This was a moment of great anxiety for him. Suppose he had made a mistake, after all; suppose Patty were too good for his purpose? He had gauged her, as he thought, to the depths; he had made certain, as he believed, before he married her. She had given up fortune and friends for him; but would she give up honour as well? He must put her to the proof; and there was not a moment to lose.

"I love no one but you, Patty," he said, sitting down now by her side, and putting one arm over the back of the sofa where she sat. "Love is a holy thing, and to men of my calibre it comes but seldom. Now, darling, listen to me. You are my wife."

"Yes," she said, looking at him, "'till death us do part,' as I said just now."

"Exactly," replied Ward in a dry voice. "Patty, I am a poor man."

"Not absolutely poor," she answered, in an anxious tone. "Sir Wilfred allows you five hundred a year."

"Pooh! what is that?" replied Ward—"a flea-bite, a nothing; just sufficient to give a man bread without butter."

"I didn't know," answered Patty, in a wistful tone. "I thought it over: it seemed to me that we could manage on it with—with care."

"I don't wish to take care, Patty. I don't choose to live on a pittance."

He looked disturbed; there was a frown between his brows. Patty laid one of her hands caressingly on his.

"You ought to be rich, I know," she said.

"I intend to be rich," said Ward, standing up. "Now listen to me, my dear one. I want just briefly to recapitulate what you have done for me."

"Oh no, don't! I'm so dreadfully tired of that old story."

"Nevertheless, I beg of you to listen. I want to repeat it once again. If I say anything wrong, you will correct me. Listen, Patty—listen with all your intellect; correct me if I say anything wrong."

"Yes," she answered, frightened at his tone.

She looked up at him as he stood before her.

"This time last year," began Ward, "in just such lovely weather as this, I met you for the first time. We met at Henley—do you remember the day?"

"Yes; oh yes. I had on my white dress, and——"

"You looked lovely," interrupted Ward. "We won't go into the subject of the dress; you looked like what you were and are: a rose of the garden. We met there, and I fell in love with you."

"Did you really?—the very first time—do tell it to me all over again."

Notwithstanding all his haste and the task he had set himself, Ward could not help stooping to kiss those charming lips.

"Another time, little witch," he said, "we'll discuss that part of the story; I have only a few minutes now to deal with the plain facts. You were living with your adopted mother, Miss Regina Rhodes, in Park Lane?"

"Yes," said Patty, nodding to him: "my dear auntie, as I called her; how I miss her!"

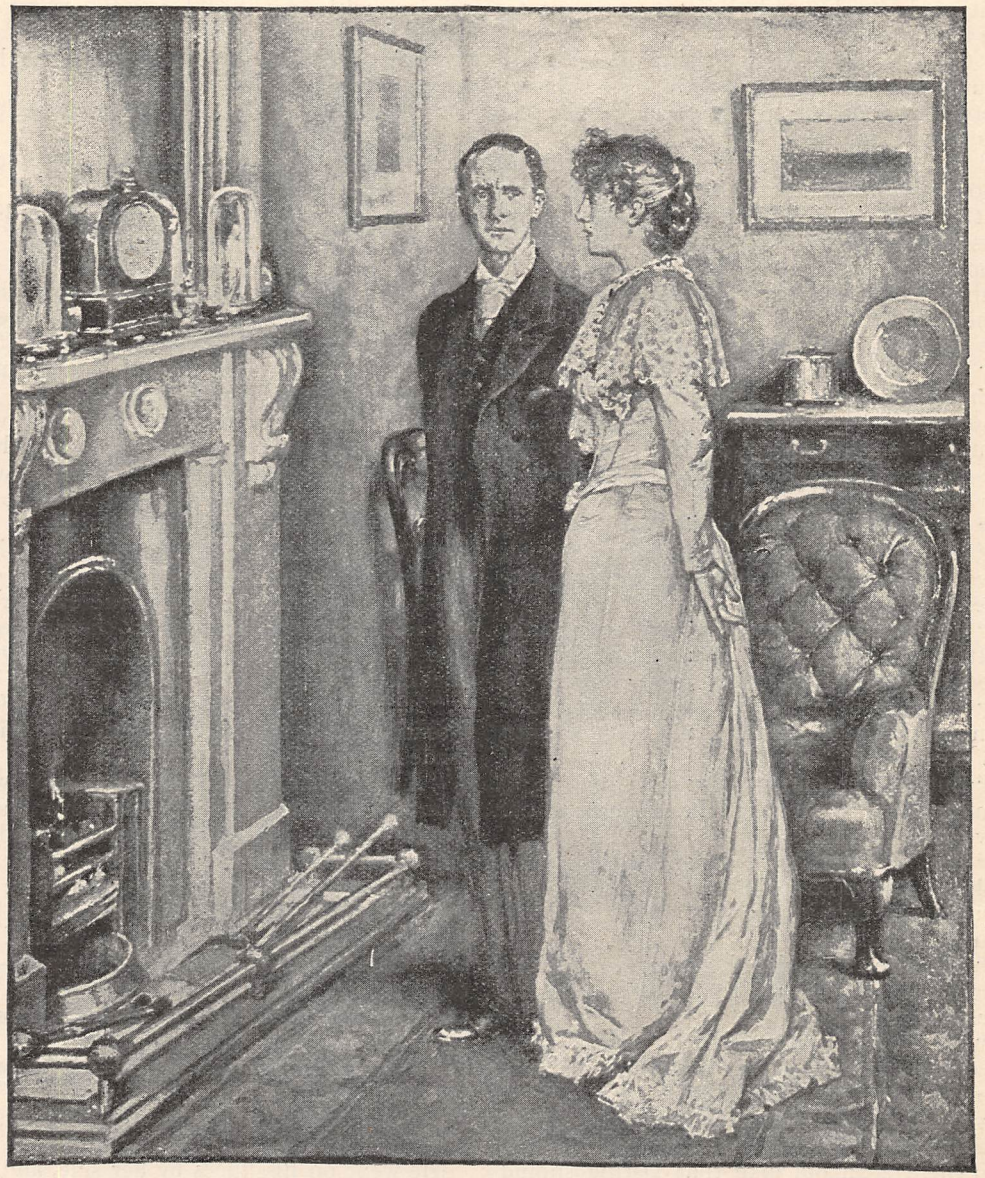
A dimness came over Patty's eyes for a moment.

"You were living with her at the time," said Ward, "and I called the next day. I found her what she was: a charming old lady. She received me with open arms, and took me into her confidence. All went well until the day I proposed for you."

"That awful, and yet that splendid day!" said Patty, the colour rushing all over her face.

"That awful day for you, my poor love," replied Ward, in his most caressing accents. "Shall I ever forget that scene with the old lady, and the moment when she asked you to choose between her and me?"

"It was terrible," said Patty; "but there



"'WE HAVE BEEN MARRIED EXACTLY AN HOUR AND TEN MINUTES,' SHE SAID" (*p.* 1).

was no choice, Jack—not even the possibility of a choice. I had a great affection for Aunt Regina, but I loved you—of course, I chose you."

"Yes," said Ward, "and that night you left Miss Rhodes' roof with a cheque for one hundred pounds in your pocket."

"Please, don't let us talk about it; the memory is too dreadful."

"I wish I need not torture you, Patty, but I must. Miss Rhodes disinherited you when you left her—at least, that is the accepted idea."

"Of course she did. I did not want her money. When the choice lay between you and her money, how could a girl feel a moment's hesitation?"

"You did not; you are the noblest girl I know. Now let me go on. You took rooms in Baker Street, and I did all in my power to hasten the hour of our marriage."

"I wasn't unhappy, and I wasn't in any great hurry; I met you so often, and you loved me so well."

"Well, six months ago Miss Rhodes died,"

continued Ward, "and the property went to the heir-at-law."

"Oh yes, dear Aunt Regina died," continued Patty. "I wasn't with her—I wasn't there to beg of her to forgive me for loving you better than her."

"You must not dwell on that part. Miss Rhodes is dead, and the heir-at-law inherits all the property—in fact, the heir-at-law is in possession. There was no will found, and the property—the beautiful place in Devonshire, with a rent-roll of six thousand a year—has gone to a certain Mrs. Fletcher, who lives on the old estate with her daughter."

"Yes," said Patty, "What does it matter? I am glad there is a girl at the Red Lodge. I hope she'll be good to the poor people; she cannot help being happy, the place is so sweet, the people are so nice. The Red Lodge is my idea of paradise."

"I have never seen it," said Ward.

"No," answered Patty, standing up, "Well, never mind, darling, there are other paradises."

"If I had never come across your path, Patty, the Red Lodge, with an income of six thousand a year, would have been yours."

"You are better," she said, putting one arm round his neck now, and looking into his eyes.

"But answer me, my love," he said, in an almost querulous tone: "the property would have been yours?"

"Yes," she said, with a perceptible start—"oh yes, I suppose so."

"You are certain, my dear one? Tell me you are certain?"

"Yes, after a fashion I am certain. Aunt Regina always told me that I should inherit the property."

"Sit down again, Patty. Time is very precious, and I must say something to you. It so happens that Sir Wilfred Dering takes a special interest in the Fletchers. I hear that Margot Fletcher is a very beautiful girl, and there is an old joke that Dering should make her his wife. The respective fathers wished for the match long ago. He has never met her, but he is curious and interested, and the probability is that he and I will pay a visit to the Red Lodge before long. Now, Patty, listen to me. You are my wife. One of the sweet duties of a wife is to love, but another is to obey."

"I shall glory in obeying you," she answered.

"I knew you were a girl in a million. Now, listen to me very hard. You are my wife—nothing will destroy that sacred bond between us. I love you with all the passion I am capable of, but I am a many-sided man; passion with me could never occupy my whole life."

Patty turned distinctly pale when her husband said this.

"I give you all I can," he said, noticing her look.

"Oh yes; oh yes," she replied. "I'm content—quite content. Go on, Jack."

"Passion only occupies a part of my life," he said. "I have many sides. Nothing will induce me to set up housekeeping on a pittance of five hundred a year, more particularly as that pittance, insignificant as it is, depends altogether on the whim of my patron. If Sir Wilfred Dering marries—and he is quite certain to marry before long—he will not need a private secretary to go about with him. Patty, I am an ambitious man; I have got brains, and I mean to use them. I want wealth; I want power; I want to make the most of the span of existence allotted to me. Now, to return to the question at issue. Miss Rhodes died, as it seems, without a will. Patty, it is my firm belief that there is a will."

"No, no; there cannot be," she answered. She looked at him with parted lips and white cheeks.

"It is my conviction," repeated Ward, "that there is a will, and that that will is made in your favour."

"It cannot be," said Patty. "I know what Aunt Regina was so well; she never, never would forgive. She could love most tenderly and most truly until you offended her, and then it was all over—all over for ever; she never could forgive. If she ever made a will in my favour, she destroyed it when I left her. Jack, dear, I am penniless; you—you don't repent, Jack?"

Patty looked at her husband in terror—a great fear suddenly clutched at her heart.

"Why didn't you tell me this yesterday?" she stammered.

"What was I to tell you, my dearest, my darling?" said Ward.

He went on his knees by her side, and put his arms round her.

"I love you for yourself, not for money. If I were rich, no fortune of yours could influence me in the very least; but, Patty dear, I have common sense as well as love. I am positively sure that you are the real heiress to the Red Lodge. I am quite certain that there is a will, and that it was made in your favour. I believe this because Miss Rhodes once hinted to me that such was the case, and because, with such characters as hers, there is an invincible dislike to the mere *idea* of destroying a will. The will to which I allude was, of course, made prior to the date of her quarrel with you."

"If it were there, it would have been found," said Patty. She got up and walked to the window. "What is the good of talking any more on this subject, Jack? If there were a will in my favour, it would have

"'MY WEDDING DAY!' SHE SAID."

been found. The moments are very precious, you must leave me in a few minutes; let us talk about something more interesting."

It was an intensely hot summer's day, but Patty felt chilled to the bone; she did not know that it was the process—the cruel and terrible process—of disillusion that was chilling her, but she trembled all over with the cold which possessed her. Her teeth chattered slightly as she turned and looked at Ward.

"You must go in a quarter of an hour," she continued, with great reproach in her eyes; "let us talk of something else."

"Soon, my darling, soon. I believe in that will; I am certain it is in existence. After the fashion of old ladies, Miss Rhodes has put it into such a secure hiding-place that it cannot be easily or quickly discovered. No one knows the ins and outs of the Red Lodge as you do, Patty. I want you to go down there in order to find the will."

"What?" she said; she turned on him swiftly, her whole face as white as marble. He gave her a steady look back again.

"I want you to go down to the Red Lodge," he repeated.

"I can't! I won't! I have no right there. You must be mad, John!"

"No," he answered.

But he winced in spite of himself when she said "John"—she was the only creature in existence who had ever called him Jack, and he had treasured the name.

"No, I am not mad," he answered, in a sorrowful tone; "but I have a painful task before me. You are my wife, Patty, but it is impossible—simply impossible—for us to appear before the world as man and wife until we have an income to support us. I want you to go to the Red Lodge bearing your old name of Patty Neville. I want you to see Mrs. Fletcher, and to throw yourself on her mercy. She knows—all the world knows—that you fell out with Miss Rhodes because you loved me. You can speak of me as your lover, but you must sacredly guard the sweet secret that we are husband and wife. She will take you into her house as a companion to her daughter if you play your cards well. Then, Patty, the period of servitude—the length of it, I mean—depends entirely on yourself. When you find the will, the trial will be at an end."

While Ward was speaking, Patty looked at him steadily. When he had finished she sank down on her knees by the shabby little horse-hair sofa. She was all in white from top to toe, but her dress was no whiter than her cheeks and lips.

"I can't!" she moaned. "I can't . . . . To go back there as a spy, as a liar! I can't; you can't mean it, John, John!"

"I know it is a shock to you," he said—his lips quivered at her distress—"but you love me; you would serve me, even at the risk of your own pain."

"It isn't the pain," she said: "it isn't that."

"You do love me, Patty?"

"Yes, oh yes, I love you."

"It has been a shock to you, I know, but you will think it over: you will consent. I must go now; I will write to you. Don't cast me out of your love, my only treasure. I am not a good man, but you are my one haven—my one, one chance of winning heaven at the end."

He stooped down and kissed her; she was too stunned to return his embrace, too crushed even to look at him. He went softly downstairs, and she heard the hall door close.

"My wedding day!" she said aloud, with a dry sort of sob. "Oh God in heaven—merciful God in heaven—is this really my wedding day?"

Chapter II.—Changed Identities.

Ward got into a hansom, and desired the driver to take him as quickly as possible to Euston Station. As he drove along he sank

back, with his hat well slouched over his eyes. He was consumed by deep and anxious thought, and did not care to look around him.

Surely no man ever had a stranger wedding day than this. He was going away from his bride of an hour: he was going away, after having subjected her to a severe moral shock. She had regarded him as a hero, and it was necessary, absolutely necessary, for him to open her eyes: it was essential that she should see him a little bit as he really was.

On the whole, Ward felt satisfied with his cruel work. Patty had borne the shock better than he had dared to hope. It would have killed the love of some girls on the spot; but he saw to his satisfaction that, although he had left her writhing in pain, her love survived. If she still loved him, he could do with her exactly what he chose. She would struggle for a bit, she would wrestle with her own better nature, but in the end her love for him would prevail. She would go to the Red Lodge, and do his dirty work for him.

He smiled to himself as he thought these thoughts; and when he arrived at Euston he was quite in his usual spirits.

Dering was waiting for him on the platform.

Dering was tall and handsome: the opposite of Ward in every respect; he was popular, a favourite with all who knew him; Sir Wilfred Dering, of the Hind, was one of the richest young men about town; this may have partly accounted for his popularity, but there was something lovable about him for himself. He was kind-hearted; he was reported to be good fun by the girls, and the men regarded his honour as above reproach. It was whispered, however, in more than one quarter that poor Dering was a victim, and many people shrugged their shoulders and expressed surprise at his infatuation for Ward.

Ward and Dering had been friends ever since they were schoolboys together. Their friendship was one of those queer instances where opposites meet; in no one case did their real opinions coincide; nevertheless, they were inseparables, and Dering was seldom seen without his friend.

They travelled now down to the Hind in each other's company, and as soon as they found themselves outside the region of smoky London, Dering pulled a letter out of his pocket. They had a smoking carriage to themselves. Ward sat at one end, buried in a newspaper; Dering read his letter at the other.

After a time of some reflection, during which a look of mingled excitement, mirth and anxiety filled his handsome dark blue eyes, Dering stretched out his hand, and offered the letter to his secretary to read.

Ward dropped his paper at once, and became interested and attentive. Ward undoubtedly belonged to the order of the parasite; nevertheless, there was nothing of the sycophant in his manner; had there been, Dering would not have endured him for an hour.

He ran his eye over the letter, folded it up, and returned it to Dering.

"DERING WAS WAITING FOR HIM ON THE PLATFORM."

At the same time he changed his seat and came opposite to his friend.

"You'll accept, of course?" he said: "that goes without saying."

"I don't see that at all," replied Dering. "This invitation, as it happens, does require reflection. I want your advice, old man. Shall I go meekly down to the Red Lodge and accept the wife the fates have provided for me, or shall I choose my own wife by the ordinary mode of selection—namely, by falling in love with her?"

"As well fall in love with this girl as another," said Ward, in a light voice. "Report says she is beautiful. As fortunes go, she is rich."

"That fact does not influence me at all," said Dering. "I have more money than I know what to do with, as it is. I don't want to choose a wife for her money."

"All the better for you," retorted Ward. "It so happens that the heiress of the Red Lodge will have a rent-roll of six thousand a year whenever her mother dies."

Dering opened his lips as if to say something, but refrained.

"Well," he said, "shall we go? Mrs. Fletcher asks us to come down in about a fortnight's time; she is obliging enough, as you see, to include you in the invitation, Ward. She knows well—as does all the rest of the world—that this David cannot do without his Jonathan. If I decline, the old dream fades into nothing; if I go, hey presto! I shall consider myself booked in advance."

"You have never seen Margot Fletcher, have you?" said Ward.

"Never. I believe she and her mother lived abroad until the Red Lodge became their property."

"Do you mind telling me how the joke about your marrying this girl came about?" inquired Ward.

"Oh, simply enough. My dear old governor and Miss Fletcher's father were inseparables in their youth; and as one parent was gifted with a boy, and the other with a daughter, it occurred to them that the friendship of their lives might be cemented by the marriage of this pair. They wrote about it, and talked it over when together. Little Margot was only ten years old when my father died, and I sincerely trust never heard the subject alluded to; but I was a big lad of sixteen, and the governor used often to joke me about my future wife. He even went farther. On his death-bed he begged of me to see Margot before I finally selected a wife. Mrs. Fletcher, of course, knew all about the matter, and her letter is undoubtedly written with an object. She wishes to give the young people a chance—we are to be thrown together, and the maternal eyes are to watch eagerly for results. It's not a pleasant position, and yet I own I feel a certain curiosity to see the girl."

Ward made one or two further remarks, and soon afterwards the train drew up at the little wayside station nearest to the Hind.

Here a tall dog cart awaited the young men. Dering took the ribbons, and in half-an-hour they found themselves at the beautiful old place which had belonged to Dering's family for many generations.

Dering had a thousand things to attend to, and many old friends to see. Ward, who was never specially popular, strolled away for a quiet walk by himself. He was intensely interested in Dering's present position, and, after his cautious manner, was wondering how he could best turn matters to account.

Dering had not a remote idea that he was led by the nose by his private secretary. If Ward possessed anything in abundance, it was the most delicate order of tact. He knew exactly when to push an advantage and when to forbear—he could read character like a book—all his actions were deliberate; almost each word he spoke was planned in advance—nothing ever took him unawares. His real mind was so completely a sealed book, that there was scarcely anyone in the world who really saw him as he was. Outwardly, he was a courteous, gentlemanly man—remarkably polite to women, and kind to children.

Only once in his life had he been taken unawares—only once.

A girl in a white dress at the Henley Regatta had done this. She had, as the saying is, "bowled him completely over." Now this girl was his bride—his lonely bride, sitting all forsaken in her solitary lodgings in town. It was odious to think of it. Ward clenched his teeth as he walked up and down. He was playing for a high game, and he thought the odds were in his favour; nevertheless, it was awful to think of Patty—to feel that the one creature who drew his real heart from him, who brought a dimness to his eyes and an emotion to his breast, was the only being who was to know him as he really was.

Ward gave way to sentiment for a bad quarter of an hour, then he once more set his keen wits to work. He wished, for reasons of his own, to visit the Red Lodge. He knew that it would be impossible for him to go there except as Dering's friend; therefore, as a matter of course, Dering must accompany him. Nevertheless, nothing could possibly be farther from Ward's interests at the present moment than for Dering to marry.

"When my nest is well feathered, but not before," murmured Ward—"no, not an hour sooner must you think of a wife and the joys of married life, my good friend."

That evening the young men again talked over the position of affairs.

"I want to go," said Dering. "I feel, after a sort of fashion, drawn to go. It is but due to my old father that I should see Miss Fletcher. There are the chances that she may not suit me, nor I her. There is the disagreeable fact to encounter of Mrs. Fletcher's knowledge of the state of affairs. I shall go down handicapped, of course; still, if I thought the girl herself knew nothing, I should be inclined to risk it."

"It is impossible for you to know whether Miss Fletcher is in ignorance or not," replied Ward. "If her mother is a wise woman, she has, of course, told her nothing; but have you not remarked how little of the noble quality of wisdom is possessed by the ordinary woman? A woman can't be reticent. Only one in ten thousand can respect her honour sufficiently to keep a secret. The chances are, therefore, that Mrs. Fletcher has dropped a hint to Miss Margot, and——"

Dering sprang to his feet.

"If I really thought that," he said, "I would not go near the place—no, that I wouldn't! It seems absolutely indelicate to subject any girl to such an ordeal. If she is the sort of girl who could meet me with ease under such conditions, nothing would induce me to marry her. If she is a modest girl, with a refined sort of nature, which her father's daughter ought to possess, she would be in misery. No, no; I'm afraid that puts an end to it. If we could meet without that confounded consciousness starting up as a wall of ice between us, all might be well, but as it is——"

"Listen, Dering; I have a plan to propose," said Ward.

"All right, my dear fellow; but I frankly say I see no way out of this difficulty."

"I do; just listen, without fidgeting so terribly. Won't you smoke? It will soothe your nerves."

Dering flung himself into a great arm-chair. He lit his pipe in gloomy silence. Ward gazed at his friend in his usual cool, alert fashion.

"You have never seen Miss Margot?" he said.

"I told you that already."

"Nor her mother?"

"No."

"You are not acquainted with that part of Devonshire?"

"I am not, most wise Jonathan. May I ask to what these pertinent inquiries lead?"

"Simply to this: let us change identities for a week."

When Ward made this audacious proposal Dering stood perfectly still, as though someone had struck him a blow.

"Are you mad?" he said; then, after a pause, "I always gave you credit for being the sanest man in England: have you taken leave of your senses?"

"Not at all; I never felt more sensible than I do to-night. I make a proposal which seems to me feasible, and, in the circumstances, warrantable. The Fletchers have never seen you; they have never seen me. If you take my name for one week, you can woo your bride in the ordinary and orthodox fashion; you will have an opportunity of testing her real character. If you are agreeable in her eyes, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that she loves you for what you are, not for what you have. I propose that the change of identity should on no account last longer than a week If after seeing her you find that Miss Margot is not to your taste, you can come away, and no harm will be done. If you fall in love with her and she with you, think of the rapturous hour when you disclose yourself as the prince in disguise."

"There is something in what you say," replied Dering. "It's a horribly disreputable idea, but it would certainly give me the opportunity I seek."

He walked up and down the smoking-room with long strides. He took his pipe from his mouth, and left it to smoulder on the mantel-piece.

"There is a certain amount of temptation in what you say," he continued. "But perhaps the real point to be considered is your part of the bargain. I place myself, my character, my honour, my all, in your hands—in short, for that week you are me. How do you propose to act? Do you recognise the extreme difficulty of the position?"

"I do: there is no man better able to grapple with it than I am. I simply don't commit myself at all. I act the generous patron to you, who take the subordinate position of Jonathan for the time being. If I perceive that you have a *penchant* for the fair lady, I assist you with many delicate opportunities; if, on the other hand, you care nothing for her, I try to amuse her, and give you plenty of time for your own thoughts."

"The mother is the difficulty," said Dering, with a laugh. "If she is a worldly-minded woman, she will naturally wish her daughter to marry the baronet, and will object to the attentions of the secretary Ward."

"The week of torture she will endure will in that case be her just punishment," said Ward, with a grim smile. "Sit down, Dering. Let us talk this thing out in all its details. There was a joke made long ago at your expense, and at the expense of Miss Margot ;

"IN THE PRIVACY OF HIS OWN ROOM, WROTE A LETTER TO HIS WIFE."

let the real thing be consummated by means of another joke—it is all in keeping."

Ward spoke in his lightest and most festive manner, but the real and intense anxiety in his eyes belied the words on his lips. Dering looked at him long and attentively.

After a time, they drew their chairs together and began to talk.

That evening before he went to bed, Ward, in the privacy of his own room, wrote a letter to his wife.

It ran as follows :—

"My Darling,—What would I not give to be sitting by your side, to be reading your thoughts and comforting your fears? I know, Patty, that at this moment your fears are many, but I also know one thing, my sweetest wife—one strong thought comforts me through all; even after the revelation I was forced to make to you to-day—you still love your husband. You have taken me for better for worse till, as your sweet lips murmured : 'death us do part.' May that day be long distant! Patty, I would beg your forgiveness on my knees, if that would do any good. I married you without telling you all I might have told you of myself; my only excuse was that I loved you too well to bear the most remote possibility of our being parted. Now there is the marriage tie between us, and we cannot part—no, not with such a nature as yours ; for yours is the noble sort of love that will cling to a man through evil and good report.

"My object now—the only object of my existence—is to hasten the hour when we shall be able to tell all the world of our real relationship. I told you to-day that I wished you to go to the Red Lodge. I repeat that wish now most urgently in this letter : nay, more, I make it a condition of our future happiness. I am convinced that a will exists which entitles you to the property which Mrs. Fletcher is now in possession of. No one knows the ins and outs of the old house as you do. When you go there you will have an opportunity of searching for that will in secret cupboards, in private drawers, in hiding places unknown to the other members of the household. I am convinced—yes, *convinced*—that your efforts will be crowned with success. I have a feeling of unreasonable certainty in this matter ; but more of this anon. When the will is found, then our happiness really begins, and we harm no one by securing your rights for you. To explain this, however, I must come to something else. I have a happy piece of news for you, my darling. I leave you to go to the Red Lodge, to throw yourself on the mercy of Mrs. Fletcher, who, I am given to understand, is one of the most kind-hearted of women ; I leave you to secure your entrance into the house ; to make good your position ; and then—prepare for something joyful, Patty. Sir Wilfred Dering and I are coming to the Red Lodge in a fortnight's time, on a visit. Thus I shall be in the same house with you—we shall often meet.

"It will be impossible, alas! for us to declare

to the outside world what we really are to each other, but there will be many opportunities when we can see each other, and talk of the happiness which is so soon to be ours. Write to me here, to tell me how soon you are starting, and

"Believe me

"Your devoted lover and husband,

"JOHN WARD."

CHAPTER III.—HER WORK BEGINS.

THE estate which went by the name of the Red Lodge was acknowledged by all who knew it to be one of the prettiest and most picturesque in far-famed South Devon. It was situated a little over a mile from the seacoast. The house was built against the side of a steep hill, which was clothed from its base to its summit with fragrant pines. There were large and well-kept gardens at one side of the mansion, while the front and principal windows looked out upon a park of many acres in extent. The house itself was one of those charming irregular piles which denote the growth of family. From time to time the Rhodeses had added to the old place, throwing out rooms here and there, according to the pleasure of the reigning owner. The property had remained in the Rhodes family for many generations, and when the last Rhodes died unmarried, people wondered to whom the pretty place would go. There was the beautiful, charming, and much-loved

"MARGOT WAS BENDING OVER OSCAR."

adopted daughter, Patty Neville, and there was the heir-at-law, Mrs. Fletcher. Miss Rhodes had quarrelled with Patty; she even refused her admission to her house, and would not allow Patty's name to be spoken in her presence; still, people wondered whether this dislike would go to the extent of casting her out of the property. People thought that the old lady might go far in her animus against the unfortunate girl without going as far as that.

Miss Rhodes died, and the gossiping neighbours discovered their mistake. Patty was cut out of the property—cut off without even the proverbial shilling. In short, Miss Rhodes had died intestate, and the picturesque old house and all the fair acres went to her heir-at-law, Mrs. Fletcher.

Mrs. Fletcher was poor. From motives of economy, she had lived abroad with her one daughter until the welcome news reached her that she was to step from poverty to wealth. She had never known Patty Neville, and did not, therefore, trouble her head about the girl who, under different circumstances, would have inherited Miss Rhodes's wealth. Mrs. Fletcher had a girl of her own, and this girl, with her beauty and sweetness, filled the whole of the mother's life. She saw a bright future now for her one child, and remembering her husband's old joke that Margot should some day become the wife of Wilfred Dering, she invited the young man to visit them at the Red Lodge.

On a certain morning towards the end of July Mrs. Fletcher was made happy over her breakfast by receiving a graceful acceptance of her invitation from Sir Wilfred.

"Sir Wilfred Dering and his secretary, Mr. Ward, are coming to stay with us in about a fortnight, Margot," she said, looking across the table at her daughter.

Margot was bending over Oscar, the great staghound. She was dressed in white, which suited her *petite* dark face admirably.

"What did you say, mother?" she answered, looking up with bright eyes.

"Sir Wilfred Dering is coming to stay with us. You know his name, of course?"

Margot knit her brows in perplexity.

"I seem to remember him," she said. "He was a great friend of father's, was he not? He must be quite an old man now."

Mrs. Fletcher laughed.

"Your father's friend has long been dead," she said; "the man who is coming to visit us is the son."

"I hope he won't stay long," said Margot; "we are so thoroughly comfortable by ourselves. Mother, have you got accustomed to being rich? I haven't yet—not quite yet. I am still playing with my riches and all my charming pretty things, as if they were new toys."

"You'll soon get accustomed to them, darling," said the mother; "they'll seem part and parcel of your life in no time. It is astonishing how soon one gets used to things. The knowledge of all our poverty and our struggles will fade away like a forgotten dream before long, my dearest."

"But I don't want it to, mother," replied the girl. "I want the novel, fresh, delicious feeling with regard to wealth to continue. I want to go on playing with it as if it were a toy. Oh, think of being able to gather as many flowers as one likes—roses, too, of all things! I'm going to get a basket of roses for you now, mother. Don't you remember how we sometimes gave at the rate of a penny for one rose when we lived in Brussels?"

Margot left the breakfast-table as she spoke, called Oscar, and went into the garden.

Oscar had followed the Fletchers about in all their wanderings. He took good and evil alike with perfect equanimity. The deer and the park excited him a trifle, but otherwise he saw nothing to cause him either pleasure or pain in the present condition of things. He loved Margot, and he was near her—there was nothing further to be desired in life.

He trotted along now by her side as she filled her basket with choice blooms from the rose garden. She wore no hat, and the summer breeze lifted the soft hair from her brow and fanned the rich dark colour in her cheeks. Margot was like a damask rosebud herself, with a glow of deep crimson on lips and cheeks. She was on a very small scale, and was generally spoken of abroad as "*La petite*." She was gathering her roses now, and was reflecting with smiles coming and going round her lips on the present state of affairs generally, when a low growl from Oscar caused her to raise her head. A girl was coming across the rose garden to meet her—a tall straight girl, with a fair face. She wore a dress of some light texture and a big shady hat.

Margot had made a great many acquaintances since she came to the Red Lodge, but she did not recognise the girl. Oscar kept on growling.

"Quiet, Oscar! behave yourself, sir," said Margot. She laid her hand on the stag-hound's head for a moment, then she advanced a few steps to meet her visitor.

"Won't you come to the house?" she said. "Do you want to see mother?"

"No; I want to see you first," replied the other girl.

"I don't know your name," said Margot, in a little perplexity. Then she added—for she was dreadfully afraid of hurting anyone—"I dare say I have been introduced to you at one of the garden parties, but I'm awfully forgetful about names."

"No; you have never seen me before," replied the girl. "My name"—she hesitated for

"SHE DID NOT RECOGNISE THE GIRL."

a second, the colour fled from her cheeks, leaving them pale—"my name is Patty—Neville."

There was an imperceptible lowering of the voice as Patty mentioned the surname which was hers no longer.

When the strange girl called herself Patty Neville, Margot flushed vividly. She put her basket of roses on the grass and came forward impulsively.

"Patty Neville!" she exclaimed. "Are you really—really? I'm *so* glad to know you! I have been so interested in you. You are the beautiful brave girl who preferred love to wealth. You ought to hate me, for I have got the wealth you turned your back on."

"How could I hate you?" said Patty. "May I shake hands with you?"

"You may kiss me, if you will. I'm delighted—delighted to see you. Come into the house, and let me introduce you to mother. Oh! it must pain you to come back like this, and to find us here. We are jealous of you—we really are. Wherever we go, wherever we turn, it's Miss Patty or Miss Neville on the lips of the people, the old servants, the

villagers, even the gardener and the coachman. We are always hearing about Miss Patty and Miss Patty's way. Oh, come into the house, quick! You'll get a right royal welcome, I can tell you."

"I can't stand it," said Patty all of a sudden; "you're too good to me. I—I can't stand it;" she turned her head aside and burst into tears.

"Poor darling!" thought Margot; "it's too much for her, of course. I wonder why she has come back? but I'm delighted, delighted to see her! Stay there, Patty," she said aloud. "I'm not a bit surprised that you should cry. Oh, please forgive me for calling you Patty; but I really don't know you by any other name. Stay there, and I'll bring mother to you. Cry as long as you like, Patty; it will do you good to cry."

Margot ran off. Patty stood with her back to the house; her face buried in her handkerchief. Oscar vacillated between the two. After a time he decided that he had better stay near this intruder, at whom he still growled at intervals.

"The dog sees what I'm coming for," thought Patty to herself. "How am I to go on with it? It's almost unbearable! I don't know how I can go on with it. Oh yes, I can, though—I can. When I think of Jack, everything seems possible. I can't live without him; he's my husband, and I *can't live without him!* If this is the only way to secure him, I'll go through with it at any risk."

"Here's mother!" exclaimed Margot's voice. "Mother is so very glad to see you, Patty."

"How do you do, Miss Neville?" said Mrs. Fletcher, in her courteous tone. "Of course I need not say that you have a hearty welcome to the Red Lodge. Come in, will you, and let me get you some breakfast?"

"Thank you," said Patty.

She made no excuse for her visit; she did not attempt to offer any explanation; she wiped away her tears, put her handkerchief in her pocket, and followed Margot and Mrs. Fletcher into the breakfast-room. Breakfast was ordered, and the unbidden guest drank coffee, and ate fruit and bread and butter.

She was quite composed now. Margot sat down opposite to her, and watched her with undisguised curiosity and admiration. Mrs. Fletcher sat behind the coffee-tray, and looked at her now and then in some wonder. At last the meal was over, and Patty suddenly stood up.

"You will want to know why I have come," she said, looking at Mrs. Fletcher.

"As I said just now, my dear, you are welcome," replied that lady. "But if you have anything special to say, will you come into my morning-room?"

Mrs. Fletcher walked towards the door of the breakfast-room as she spoke. Patty followed her without a word; Margot and Oscar brought up the rear.

When they all entered the morning-room, Patty gave one wild glance around her, then, with a catch in her breath, she began to speak.

"Sit down, Patty, won't you?" exclaimed Margot. "You do look so tired!" but Patty never heard her.

"The fact is this," she burst out suddenly: "I am poor, I am without money; I have five shillings in my purse, and nothing more—nothing more at all. I used to think that this place would be mine; but I am not sorry to lose the place. No, no; it isn't that—it isn't that for a moment; but I cannot live without means, and—and I thought—I hoped—people said you were so kind"—here she fixed her eyes on Mrs. Fletcher's face—"I hoped perhaps you might let me come here for a little to be—to be a companion to Miss Margot. I'd do anything for her, I—I know I could make myself very useful."

"Of course you shall come, you darling! You needn't coax about it," exclaimed Margot in her impulsive way. "Mother, tell her at once that she shall have the best and most royal of welcomes. Mother, speak; tell Patty that she may stay here for ever, if she likes."

"Go away for a little, Margot dearest," replied her mother. "You may be certain I will do what is right and kind, my darling; but I want to see Miss Neville alone."

Margot went out of the room somewhat unwillingly. Patty's eyes followed her as she walked towards the door. When she reached the door she looked back at Patty, who returned her gaze with a whole world of sorrowful meaning in her lovely eyes. When Margot got outside, she stood quite still in the passage to reflect.

"I love that girl," she said suddenly and aloud. "Yes, Oscar, you needn't be jealous; I love her already: my whole heart has gone out to her. How sad she looks, and how noble she has been! Fancy giving up a place like this all for love; fancy having to come down to a solitary five shillings in her pocket all for love. I couldn't do it. No, no; I have tasted poverty, and I know its bitterness. I could not give up this delightful wealth, this soft, beautiful, luxurious home, just for a thing called love. I never was in love; I don't think I ever shall be. Men don't interest me. My life is full to the brim now; full to the very brim with sweet content. I

have the Red Lodge, and I have mother, and I have you, my darling Oscar, and now I have got a beautiful sister in Patty. Yes, I wish for nothing more. I hope mother will be very good to Patty. What bedroom shall we give her? The blue room next to mine; yes, she shall sleep there. It is such a pretty simple girl's sort of room. All the draperies white, and all the ribbons blue. Patty shall have the blue room."

Margot went into the garden and began to walk restlessly about. She kept watching the window of her mother's morning-room. After a time, Mrs. Fletcher and Patty came out. Mrs. Fletcher held Patty's hand; she brought her across the grass to Margot.

"I have arranged," she said, looking full at her daughter, "that Miss Neville shall stay here as your companion for three months, Margot. She has brought her luggage to the village inn, and we will send for it this afternoon."

"But is she not to stay here always, mother?" asked Margot.

"No, no; three months are quite enough," interrupted Patty. "Mrs. Fletcher has been very, very good to me, and I am most grateful."

"I hope at the end of three months," continued Mrs. Fletcher, in her gentle, courteous voice, "that Miss Neville may be able to marry. You know, Margot dear, that she is engaged to a Mr. Ward. By a curious coincidence, he turns out to be the Mr. Ward who is coming here in about ten days with Sir Wilfred Dering. Miss Neville says they are too poor to think of marrying at present, but there is no saying what arrangements may be able to be made. I can truly promise Miss Neville," continued Mrs. Fletcher, looking at her guest, "that I, for one, will not leave a stone unturned to promote your marriage, for if ever a girl deserves a happy married life, you are that one. Now, Margot dear, take your visitor to her room. You are welcome, Miss Neville; and I hope your new position in this house will not be too painful to you."

"No," said Patty, with impulse; "such kindness as I have received can never be painful. Thank you a thousand times—a thousand times; and you too, Miss Fletcher, thank you for your goodness."

"I am Margot, not Miss Fletcher," replied the other girl. "We will be Margot and Patty to each other from the very first. Now this is delightful. I will not look beyond the three happy months which lie ahead of us. Come to your room at once, Patty; you must want to wash your face and hands. Mother, I thought that Patty might sleep in the blue room."

"Yes, darling: that will do nicely," said Mrs. Fletcher.

Margot linked her hand through Patty's arm, and led

"MARGOT LINKED HER HAND THROUGH PATTY'S ARM, AND LED HER TOWARDS THE HOUSE."

her towards the house. Mrs. Fletcher stayed in the rose garden.

Mrs. Fletcher was a woman of a little over forty. She was still extremely handsome, and retained the neat figure of youth; few people had a kinder or more unsuspicious nature than hers. She had suffered the sorest straits of poverty since her husband's death; now, when she least expected it, the lines had fallen to her in pleasant places. Never in her wildest dreams had she thought of inheriting a property like this. She knew that Miss Rhodes was her distant cousin, also that that lady possessed no near relations, but as it was open to her to leave her property to whom she wished, Mrs. Fletcher never gave the Red Lodge a thought. She scarcely knew Miss Rhodes—she had never been to the Red Lodge. One morning her good fortune rose up with the suddenness of a fairy flower, and stared her in the face. Because of a girl's whim, on account of a girl's passion, she and Margot were to be rich, not poor. The girl lost the old estate, and she and Margot gained it. Now the girl herself had come back, and had thrown herself on the mercy of the happy possessor of the Red Lodge.

"She is a handsome creature," thought Mrs. Fletcher as she walked up and down, and looked at the roses—"a handsome creature, with something wonderfully pathetic and taking about her. I have come into this property through a mere chance, and it behoves me to be very good to this young girl. I will be good to her. Yes, I will be good to Patty; and the best possible way to serve her is to try to promote her marriage. I wonder what sort of man Mr. Ward is? I hope, I trust, that he is worthy of her. There is something fine in a girl giving up all for love. There was something pathetic in her throwing herself on my mercy. I will be good to her—very good."

CHAPTER IV.—FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS.

IT did not take Patty long to become perfectly at home at the Red Lodge. Its present inmates were kindness itself, and the old servants—most of whom had been retained by Mrs. Fletcher—appeared in all directions to greet their former young mistress with words of welcome and delight.

Margot began to feel rather out in the cold. Yes, the place belonged to her mother and herself, but it was Patty's home. Patty had lived at the Red Lodge since she was five years old. She knew every soul all over the place; she was acquainted with the innermost history of every single villager, from grandfather to grandson; she called them by their Christian names, and asked eagerly after their welfare.

"It makes me feel quite cold and lonely to hear you speak," said Margot to her. "You must instruct me in the ways of the people—they must learn to love me as they love you."

"You shall come round with me, and I'll introduce you to them all," said Patty; "but as to love," she added, "these South Devon people love slowly. It takes a lifetime to build up their love. They loved Aunt Regina, and most of them had something to do with bringing me up—that's why they love me. But come, Margot, I'll take you with me, and pray them to love you for my sake."

For the next few days, therefore, Margot, notwithstanding her devotion to Patty, could not help feeling herself in a subordinate position. For Patty alone were all the love glances, the broad smiles of delight, the words of hearty welcome. No matter if Margot were twenty times the owner of the Red Lodge, Patty was the owner of the hearts of the people. Margot was too sweet to be jealous, but she felt the incongruity of the position.

One morning the housekeeper, Mrs. Morrison, came up to Patty as the two girls were going out.

"Why don't you go to see your old nurse, my darling?" she said. "She has sprained her foot and can't come to you. She's in the Wood Cottage, for you know Miss Rhodes gave it to her before she died. It was only yesterday she heard you had come back, Miss Patty, and she was in a sore fret at your not going to see her."

Patty stood still when Mrs. Morrison spoke, and a queer look of unwillingness came over her face.

"I haven't forgotten Nurse Joan, of course," she said. "Tell her I'm coming, that I'll be with her soon."

"You'll go to-day, perhaps, Miss Neville? The poor old body is fretting sore for a sight of you—you'll go to-day?"

"Yes, Patty, come now," said Margot. "I didn't know you had an old nurse living near here. We have nothing special to do this morning; let us stroll up to the Wood Cottage."

"No," said Patty; "I'm tired. Send a message to Nurse Joan, please, Mrs. Morrison. Tell her that I'll be with her to-morrow."

Patty turned away with a wilful movement.

Mrs. Morrison looked after her, uttered a scarcely audible sigh, and went back to her housekeeper's room; the girls wandered into the garden.

"You never told me about your nurse before," said Margot.

"I didn't—how could I tell you about everyone?"

"No, of course; but a nurse! Surely she is someone out of the common: someone to whom you would do special honour. Was she a nice nurse? Was she good to you, Patty?"

"Devoted," replied Patty. "I don't forget her: I think of her always. I'll go and see her to-morrow."

"But why not to-day? Why should she fret and be ill for twenty-four hours?"

"How *exigeante* you are, Margot!" said Patty, with a flush of annoyance. "I won't go to-day; I—I love my old nurse, but I—I don't want to be questioned. She looks into me—I don't want to be looked into."

"How queerly you look; one would really think you had something to hide. Now, I shouldn't care who looked into me."

"You are like your name: a daisy in the field," said Patty. "Dear, kind, sweet little Margot, let us turn our thoughts to something else."

"With all my heart. I would not fret you for the world, Patty. I cannot tell you how I admire you and love you: how noble and sweet I think you. I wish you'd let me be a real sister to you, Patty. I have never had a sister."

"Nor have I."

"Can we not be sisters to each other?"

"We can, Margot," said Patty, turning slowly round, and looking at Margot with a peculiar smile; "but you must be my little sister, my younger sister. You may turn your heart out to me, but mine is to be a closed book to you. Is it a bargain, little younger sister?"

"No!" said Margot, with some heat. "You can't love me as I love you, or you would not speak like that."

"I love you sincerely," replied Patty; "but the fact is, I know life, and you don't. Now let us cease to talk about ourselves. You know Sir Wilfred Dering is coming to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"Are you not interested in him?"

"I can't say that I am—at least, not specially. I am much more interested in the fact that Mr. Ward is coming. I think of your happiness in meeting him morning, noon, and night."

"It is very good of you," replied Patty.

"You love him very much, don't you, Patty?"

"Surely that goes without saying," replied Patty.

She looked straight ahead of her, tilting her shady hat forward as she spoke.

"It is interesting," continued Margot. "You are lovers, the very noblest, bravest sort of lovers, and you are to meet here, under the very roof which you have given up, because of your great love. Oh, Patty! I know you will be happy and blessed. I am so glad, so delighted, to think of it!"

"You are more than good to me, Margot," said Patty. "Yes I shall be glad to see my——" she stopped abruptly.

"Your lover."

"My lover."

"Don't you hope you will be married soon?"

"Yes, Margot; but forgive me: I can't talk of it. There's the postman; I'll run and fetch the letters."

Patty rushed off; Margot sat on the grass and watched her. After a moment she came back with the letter-bag in her hand.

"It's locked, Margot," she said. "Have you the key?"

"No; it's in the house. Give me the bag. I'll run with it to the house, and if there's a letter for you, I'll bring it back."

"Very well," said Patty.

She resigned the post-bag somewhat unwillingly, and Margot went with it to the house. Patty sat down once again, and covered her face with one strong white hand. She was a capable girl in every way: her physique was magnificent, her animal strength superb. She writhed now in spirit.

"How am I to keep this up?" she said, with a groan.

Margot ran up and touched her.

"Here's your letter, Patty," she said.

She dropped one into her lap.

Patty seized it with feverish haste. One glance at the writing told her that it was from Ward. She sprang to her feet; her face was very pale, her eyes both restless and defiant. She turned the writing so that Margot should not see it.

"Mother wants me in the house," said Margot. "You can read your letter in peace."

She ran off, and Patty tore open the envelope. A closely-written page met her eager eyes; she read as follows:—

"My Darling, my Wife,—The very day after you get this we shall meet—*we shall meet.* Dering and I expect to arrive at the Red Lodge between six and seven in the evening. A letter goes by the same post to announce the hour of our arrival to Mrs. Fletcher, so you need not say anything about this letter unless you wish. We hope to spend a week at the Red Lodge, and during that

"'HOW AM I TO KEEP THIS UP?' SHE SAID, WITH A GROAN" (*p.* 15).

time we must have some opportunities when we can be alone together. Now, my dearest, I have a difficult task before me.

"You have doubtless heard, for I know I talked the whole situation over with you, of the real motive which brings Dering to the Red Lodge: he comes as a prince to woo a princess. In short, there was a sort of compact entered into by the respective fathers, to the effect that they were one day to enter into the holy estate of matrimony. There is not the least doubt that Mrs. Fletcher knows of the old joke; hence the invitation. There is an off-chance also that Miss Margot is aware of the arrival of the would-be bridegroom."

"No, she isn't; she hasn't the faintest idea of it," murmured Patty.

She went on reading.

"As Dering wishes to woo his future wife in the usual manner, he has consented to a plan which I have sketched out for him. As you know me well, Patty, it is necessary for me to take you into my confidence, but not another soul at the Red Lodge will be in the secret. During the week of our visit we change identities. I appear in the Fletcher household as Sir Wilfred Dering—Dering as John Ward. Everyone knows that Ward is your lover. You perceive, my darling, what a difficult game you will have to play. I trust to your woman's wit, however, to steer clear of all pitfalls. I am persuaded that we shall come without difficulty out of our present great crisis, and that happiness is near—very near. Can you meet me in the rose garden after dark on the evening of our arrival? Until then, farewell.

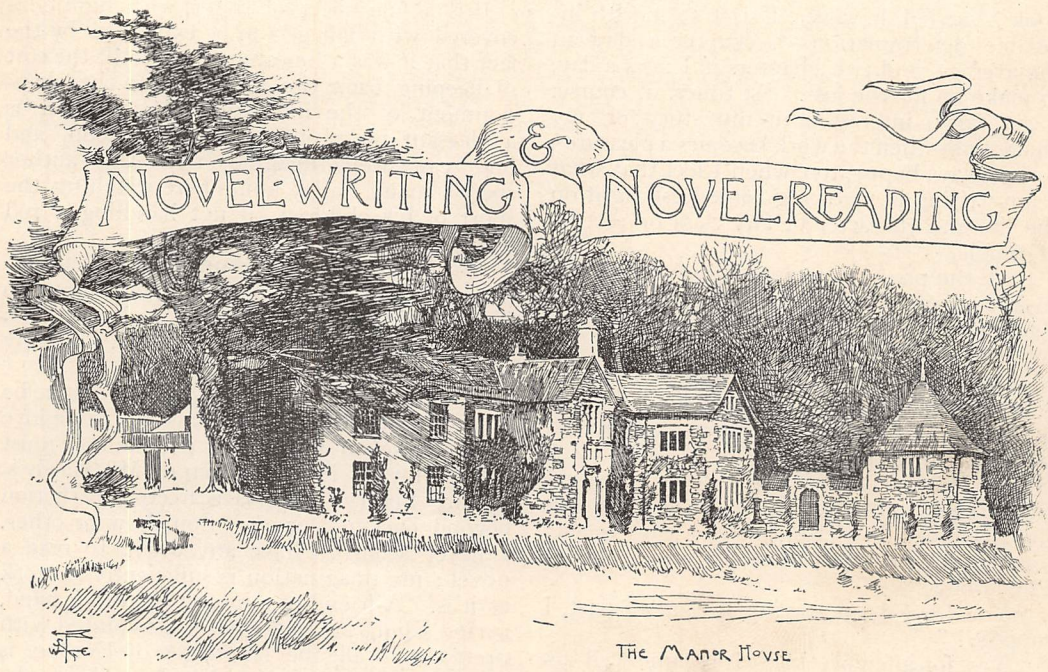
"Your devoted husband,

"JOHN WARD.

"By the way, have you seen Nurse Joan? I am sorry she is ill."

"How does he know she is ill?" pondered Patty. "He never saw her in his life; does she correspond with him? What can it all mean? How dare those two men play such a trick on Margot and Mrs. Fletcher? Can I stand it? I don't think I can!"

END OF CHAPTER THE FOURTH.



A CHAT WITH THE REV. S. BARING-GOULD.

THE Manor House, Lew Trenchard, is an ancestral home which many people of high degree might well envy the Rev. S. Baring-Gould. The novelist is squire as well as parson of this little parish on the borders of Dartmoor, and the picturesque, ivy-covered building has been in the possession of his family for nearly three centuries. Although it has been his home for only a few years, it is easy to see that Mr. Baring-Gould has an affection for every granite in its solid masonry, every lattice in its quaint, old-fashioned windows.

As I drive into the grounds in his dog-cart from the Great Western Railway station at Coryton, about three miles distant, the reverend gentleman is engaged with hatchet and hook in "thinning out" the luxuriant Devonshire vegetation. For the moment, however, I do not recognise my host—his upright figure and ruddy, clean-shaven face so clearly contradict the sixty years of age which his biographers, correctly enough, attribute to him. The cordiality of his welcome soon reassures me on this point.

Five minutes later Mr. Baring-Gould is dispensing tea in his drawing-room—in the absence of his wife and daughter, the one on an errand of mercy, the other for an hour's fishing with a friend—with the same skill that he showed in wielding the axe. We sit by an enormous stone fireplace, with finely-carved oak fittings. In the winter-time one could have there an enormous blaze; at the present moment it is filled with a mass of bright roses from the gardens. A question or two on my part and Mr. Baring-Gould is soon chatting gaily.

"Having finished two books a fortnight ago I am taking a holiday," he says, as if in explanation of his exuberantly good spirits. "Nearly all my days just now are spent on Dartmoor, where we are excavating an ancient village. The existence of this village has long been known, and at last three or four of us formed a committee to discover the epoch to which it belonged. We have had three men at work there for six weeks, and we are supposed to take it in turn to supervise their work. So far we have been very successful, and the interesting arrangements of the neolithic dwellings reward us well for the trouble. I am afraid, when we have finished, everything will have to be covered up again, as that was one of the conditions on which we obtained the permission of the owner of the land."

"So antiquarianism is your recreation. I imagined it was novel-writing which you found a recreation in the midst of your parish work and your literary research."

"On the contrary, to sit down to begin a new novel is always a bore, and I have put off the evil day till Monday week. Once the

book is started, however, I stick to it with inflexible determination—a chapter a day on the average, and two chapters if I miss a day, to make up for the loss. At times, of course, I get very interested in my story or my characters—then the work becomes a pleasure; I am always happy, too, when I feel that what I am writing is throwing some fresh light on the life and character of any class or section of people.

"At the present moment it is my ambition to write a set of novels that shall illustrate the different types of character among the common people in different parts of the country. As regards Devonshire, of course, I have already done 'John Herring.' I may say the same in respect to Essex, and my last published book, 'The Queen of Love,' is a picture of life in the salt districts of Cheshire. In the book I am about to begin I have taken the Hindhead district of Surrey for my scene; some of the principal incidents occur on the Punch-bowl."

"You have been staying in that district, I suppose?"

"Yes, for a few weeks. I became well acquainted with the Weald, when I was a master for eight years after leaving Cambridge, at Hurstpierpoint School, Sussex. Do you know, when I am giving 'local colour' to a novel I like to be away from the scenes I am describing. I think I have written best of Dartmoor in 'Urith,' and where do you suppose that book was written? At Rome. I was wintering at Rome, disgusted with all my surroundings, and longing for a breath of the fresh Devonshire air. In my longing to see Dartmoor once more I believe I was more successful in giving the novel its 'local colour' than I should have been sitting in my own study with Dartmoor only four miles away."

"What other localities have you in view, Mr. Gould, for future novels?"

"I have a friend at Durham, who is constantly urging me to come up and explore the Roman Wall. You know how enthusiasts go mad over this subject. Still, I should think in the neighbourhood of the Roman Wall there must be a great number of legends and stories that would serve my purpose, so the probability is that one of these days I shall be accepting my friend's invitation."

At this point a diversion was created by the arrival of Miss Baring-Gould and her friends from "the lake." The "lake" is only about a couple of hundred yards from the house, and when the ladies have had their tea we all go to it, in the hope of recovering a fine trout which had broken Miss Gould's line and so escaped his doom.

It is a fine sheet of water, with high cliffs covered with foliage—to be explained by the fact that it was a limestone quarry till the cost of keeping back the water led to the abandonment of the industry. Assuredly it is a pleasant place on a warm afternoon, and one can well imagine that the author spends many happy hours here watching the sport of his children, if not handling a rod himself.

Our conversation is resumed at the dinner-table. I happen to make some allusion to Thomas Hardy's last book and ask Mr. Baring-Gould if he agrees with me. To my surprise he replies—

"I never read novels, and—to my shame be it spoken, for I know we have the same love of the English peasant in common—I must confess myself ignorant even of Mr. Hardy's. In my library there is scarcely any fiction beyond Dickens's work. Somehow or other, I never seem to have any desire to read a novel: my imagination is sufficiently at work as it is. A friend of mine, on the other hand, a ripe scholar, a man who is acquainted with pretty well all the languages of Europe, is always reading novels. Yet he tells me he has absolutely no imagination—only once was he ever able to work out a 'plot,' and that

THE REV. S. BARING-GOULD.
(From a photograph by W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.)

was in a dream, and he had forgotten it in the morning."

"How do you think out your own plots, Mr. Gould?"

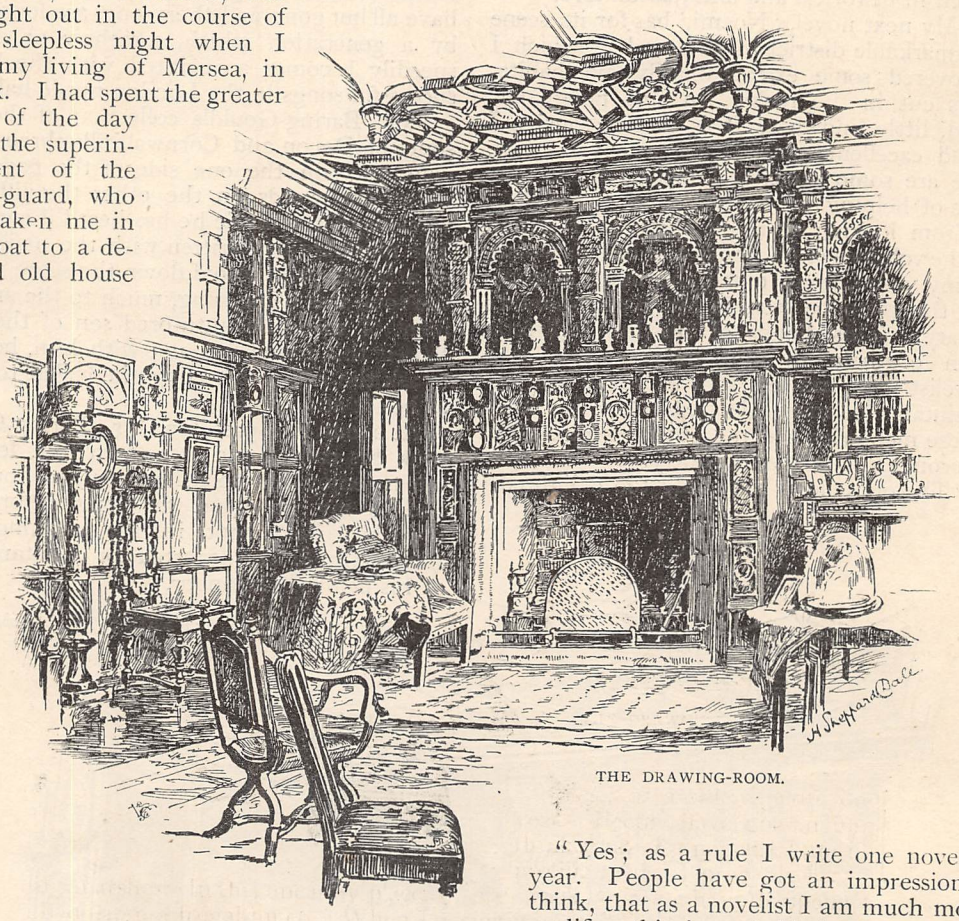
"Well, I have done a good deal of that work myself in bed. If I have reached any

crucial point in a story, if I am embarrassed as to which of several courses to adopt, I can practically think of nothing else till it is settled: it is the last thing I can think of on going to sleep at night and the first on wakening in the morning. The story of 'Mehalah,' I remember, was thought out in the course of one sleepless night when I had my living of Mersea, in Essex. I had spent the greater part of the day with the superintendent of the coast-guard, who had taken me in his boat to a deserted old house on the dreary marshes. In this uncanny place, in fact, we had eaten a frugal lunch. When I went to bed the spot haunted me, and almost unconsciously I began to make it the scene of a story. The very next day I started writing out the story, and gave all my leisure to it till the book was finished."

"'Mehalah' was your first novel?"

"No; I had published a novel some dozen years before—a story of the French revolution; but it was a miserable failure. I used to think it failed because it was published in the midst of the Franco-German war, but I know better now—the book quite deserved its fate. At one time, however, I was afraid that 'Mehalah' would have no better success. It was refused by three publishers in succession, the third saying that the book was not likely to have any success because its end was so unsatisfactory. Then Smith and Elder offered me £50 for all rights, and this sum I was only too happy to accept."

"And you have written a dozen works of fiction since?"



THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"Yes; as a rule I write one novel a year. People have got an impression, I think, that as a novelist I am much more prolific; this is probably because two or three books of mine have happened to appear simultaneously, owing to publishing arrangements with which you are doubtless familiar. As I have told you, I work hard at a book when once it is begun; but its preparation occupies me not a little time. I do not keep note-books, but trust entirely to my memory for incidents, impressions, etc. I think out my plot and my characters without having recourse to paper, and, before actually beginning the MS., merely make a *précis* of the contents of each chapter. Occasionally I take a character from real life, considerably modifying it, however, in doing so. No, I had never met Mehalah in my walks about Essex. But in a certain neighbourhood in which I once was there was just such a man as Elijah Rebow—a man who, although not a criminal

in the sense of having been in prison, was full of wickedness and was the terror of all who knew him."

After dinner, Mr. Baring-Gould took me into his library, which, as may be supposed, is rich in historical and antiquarian lore.

"My next novel, 'Noemi,' has for its scene a remarkable district in Périgord in which I discovered some extraordinarily old habitations cut in the rocks. In this neighbourhood, little known as it is to the tourist, I found excellent material for a novel. See, here are some sketches I made for the purpose of helping me to realise its scenes."

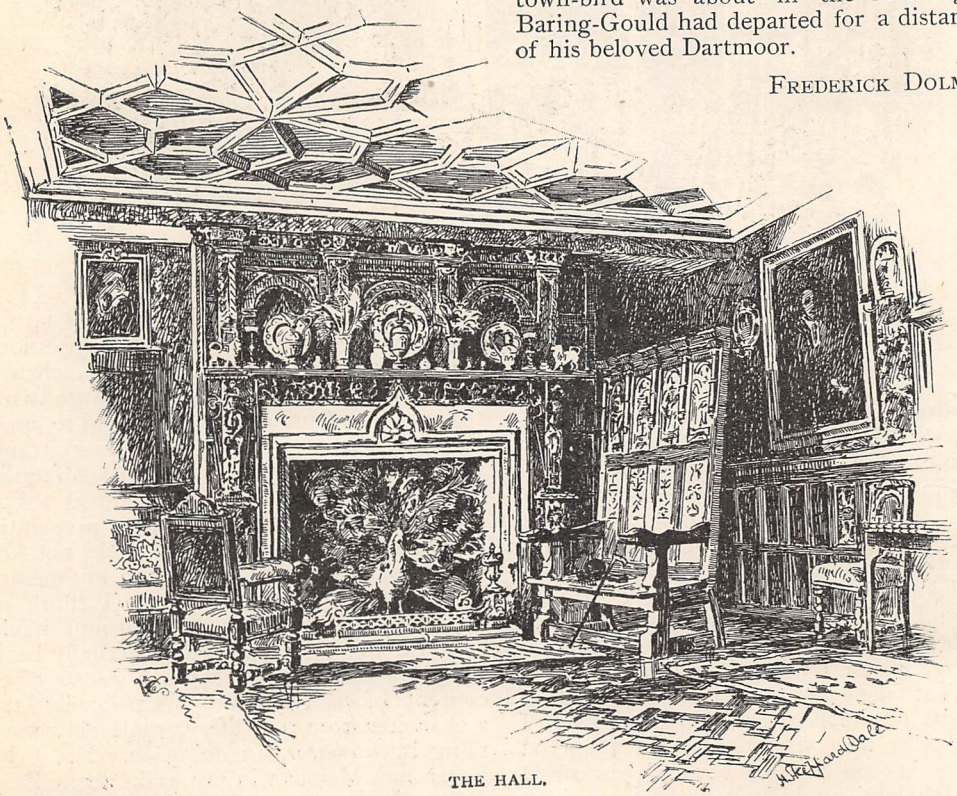
From looking at these sketches I passed to the volumes of old songs and ballads which, to my mind, were much the most interesting things to be seen in Mr. Baring-Gould's library. This hobby of his has indirectly been of help to him in his work as a novelist. It has led him to make the acquaintance of many old Devonshire labourers whose memories are the chief repositories of the songs of the West Country.

"The old fellows were only too delighted," Mr. Baring-Gould says with a ring of sympathy, "to have someone who appreciated their old ballads and was really anxious to hear them sing. At one time, of course, these songs made them welcome visitors in the taprooms of the village; but now their voices have all but gone, and their songs are forgotten by a generation which, somehow or other, speedily becomes acquainted with the latest successful songs in the London music-halls."

Mr. Baring-Gould's collection of the old songs of Devon and Cornwall fills three stout volumes; on the one side of the pages he writes the words, on the other the different versions of the music he has heard it sung to. The music he has written with the assistance of a friend, who jotted down the score whilst the song was being sung, much to the amazement of many an untutored son of the soil. When this friend was not with him, he had to ask the old men to sing the ballad to him as he sat at a piano.

At about half-past ten Mr. Baring-Gould took his candle and retired to rest, leaving me to enjoy his books for another hour. I had to say good-bye, for long before the town-bird was about in the morning Mr. Baring-Gould had departed for a distant part of his beloved Dartmoor.

Frederick Dolman.



THE HALL.

THE MEANING OF THE CHINESE BUTTON.

BY ALFRED J. BAMFORD, B.A.

BOTH the Chinese and the Japanese have in the past exercised a kind of fascination over European minds, partly, no doubt, on account of the strangeness to us of their manners and customs, the utter unlikeness of their ways to all that we are familiar with at home. Japan is bidding fair to become commonplace by overlaying her national life with a thin veneer of Western manners, even modifying her art to the demands of the Western market; but China remains largely where she was when Great Britain first forced her, much against her will, into the comity of nations—a country in which everything seems different from, almost opposite to, what we, according to our standards, think it ought to be.

The outbreak of hostilities in the Far East has been filling our daily papers with information about Buttons and Peacock's Feathers, and even Riding-Jackets, which appear as strange to us on this Western verge of the Old World, as to the Chinese appear the Crosses and Stars and Garters which we assume to be the only orthodox forms of decoration for the acknowledgment of merit.

It is to her present Tartar dynasty that China owes the adoption of the peacock's feather as a mark of merit, and the use of distinctive balls upon the hat to indicate the rank of a mandarin. Mandarins of the highest rank wear a purple robe, on which is embroidered a fung—a fabulous bird of astonishing form and colour, judging from its pictures—and have the hat adorned with a ruby-coloured ball, or button, as it is usually called. Princes, outside the imperial family, belong to this class, and wear this dress, but are entitled to wear a yellow girdle over their purple robe. Yellow is the imperial colour, not to be desecrated by common use. Imperial buildings are roofed with yellow tiles. The *Peking Gazette* is issued in a yellow cover; the national flag has a yellow ground; and the Emperor's own robe is of yellow silk, embroidered with a gold five-clawed dragon. (The dragon of the people is only allowed to have four claws.) The monarch's state-dress, indeed, has four of these dragons embroidered upon it: one is depicted wriggling on his breast, another on his back, while one is clambering up each shoulder.

PRINCE CHUN'S IMPERIAL SUMMER COSTUME.

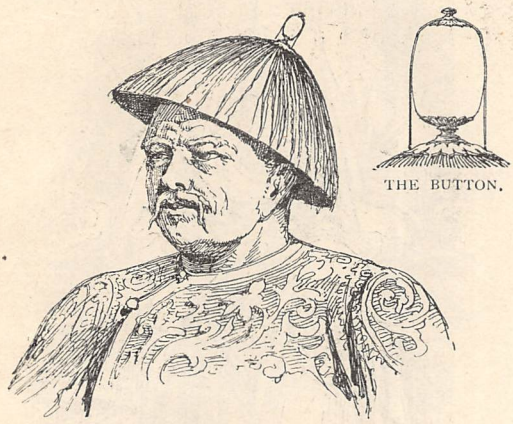
THE IMPERIAL FIVE-CLAWED DRAGON.
(*Copied from a tile at the Imperial Palace, Peking.*

As a sign of imperial favour, than which

none can be greater, an emperor has sometimes presented to a subject a yellow robe. The great viceroy of the north, Li Hung-Chang, was the fortunate recipient of this mark of imperial regard, but—

"Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind."

The gift in his case has, at any rate, waxed poor enough, since it has been taken back again, and the deprivation of Li's right to wear his yellow riding-jacket has been counted worthy of a prominent place and much comment in our daily newspapers. The significance of this act of the emperor was not fully apprehended by the person who said he supposed that it simply involved the necessity of the distinguished statesman's henceforth conducting the affairs of his high office in his shirt sleeves. Had our own Queen Bess been fully, instead of half, minded to "unfrock"



THE BUTTON.

MANDARIN OF THE SIXTH CLASS (WHITE BUTTON) IN SUMMER COSTUME.

her insufficiently deferential bishop, the effect would have been of more than sartorial import, and it is so in this instance.

But to return to our buttons. The mandarins of the second class wear a button of coral red, suggested, perhaps, by a cock's comb, since the cock is the bird that adorns their breast. The third class are gorgeous, with a robe on which a peacock is emblazoned, while from the centre of the red fringe of silk upon the hat rises a sapphire button. The button of the fourth class is an opaque, dark purple stone, and the bird depicted on the robe is the pelican, though whether the legend of this bird's feeding its young from its own torn breast is current in China for the inspiration of her mandarins who reach or pass through this fourth class, I do not know. A silver pheasant on the robe and a clear crystal button on the hat are the mark of the fifth class. The sixth class are entitled to wear an embroidered stork and a jadestone button; the seventh, a partridge and an embossed gold button. In the eighth the partridge is reduced to a quail, and the gold button becomes plain, while the ninth-class mandarin has to be content with a sparrow for his emblem, and with silver for his button.

MANDARIN OF THE FOURTH CLASS (BLUE BUTTON) IN WINTER DRESS.

Men who have been successful in passing the appointed examinations, and are thereby eligible for office, but who have not had the fortune so far to receive appointments, wear buttons of chased or plain gold or silver according to their position, but of smaller size than those worn by the officials.

The military mandarins are divided into classes corresponding to those of the civil mandarins, and wear the same buttons as the civilians of the same rank. They are adorned, however, with a different and more appropriate selection from the zoological world. The robe

MANDARIN OF THE SECOND CLASS—WINTER COSTUME.

of the first class has on it a kelin—a quadruped as fabulous as is the bird on the robe of the civil mandarin of the first class. Then follow in order a lion, a panther, a tiger, a bear, a second but smaller tiger, and rhinoceroses—the distinguishing mark of the official in these cases being in the buttons.

The great changes of temperature experienced in many parts of this great empire, and especially the searching cold of winter in Peking, necessitate corresponding changes being made in clothing. The light silks of official summer wear make way for wadded and fur-lined robes, and the delicate, roof-like hat is replaced by a thick felt with reversed brim, as shown in the illustrations. In so ceremonial an empire, such changes as these are of course subjects of official sanction or instruction. Thus, in the *Peking Gazette* that I have at hand at this present writing, I find that a Court Circular was issued on the 18th of September, according to our calendar, directing that, on what would be our 11th of October, the winter hat be substituted for the summer one.

In China, as elsewhere, the sovereign is accounted the fountain of honour. With the exception of the family of Confucius, which enjoys hereditary privileges, the Chinese do not expect to inherit titles conferred on fathers and ancestors. What reflected glory there is moves in the other direction, and posthumous honour is sometimes conferred on a father in recognition of the merit of a surviving son. In fact, not only the deceased fathers of his Majesty's subjects, but the canonised saints and deities of the land are supposed to look to the Emperor for such favours, being from time to time honoured with fresh titles and promotion in rank. Thus the god of war, Kwang-ti, ever one of the most popular gods but, probably, just now receiving special attention, is said to have been a military commander, who distinguished himself in the wars of the troublous, but heroic times, known as the period of The Three Kingdoms. He has been raised in saintly and divine rank by favour of various emperors, and within the present half century has been promoted to equal rank with Confucius himself.

The pretensions of the Emperor of China are stupendous. A man who can make gods is no ordinary being. He claims to be the earthly representative of Shang-ti, the supreme deity. He is the Son of Heaven, professing to recognise no equal among the royal families of other kingdoms, over all

THE GOD OF WAR.
(*From a native drawing.*)

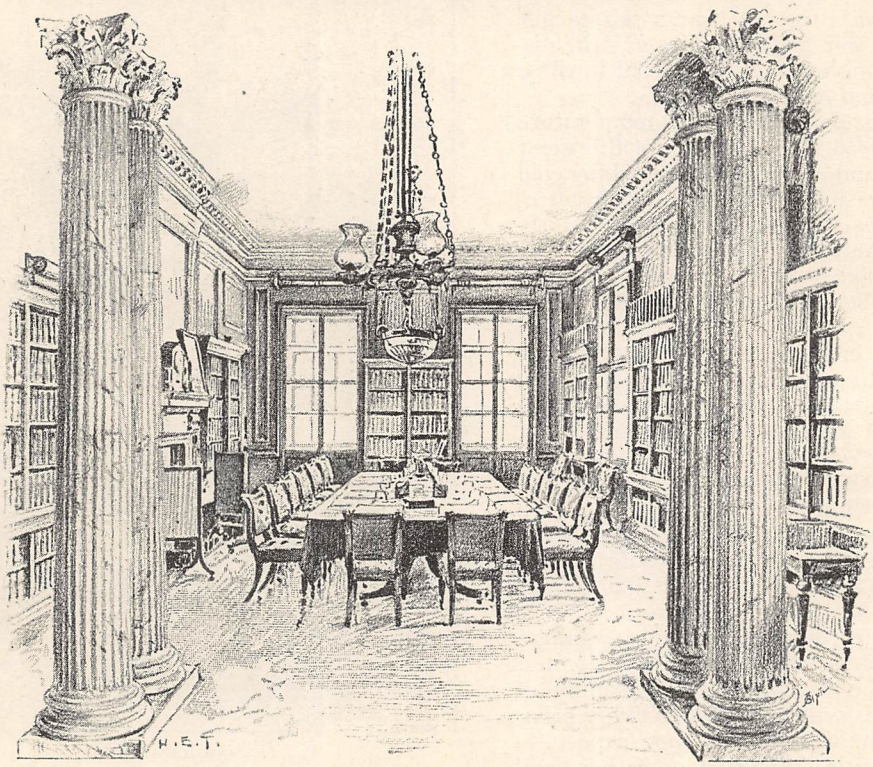
which, indeed, he claims to have suzerain rights. The national proverb says, "There cannot be two suns in the sky, nor two emperors on the earth."

But though the dragon throne of China is thus accounted the centre of power and the fountain of honour, the very magnitude of the claim introduces an element of instability into the position of any particular occupant of it. The democracy in China has to be reckoned with. The Emperor claims to be the "Son of Heaven," but if his behaviour be such as does not comport with this claim, he therein disproves it and shows that he cannot be the legitimate sovereign, and justifies his own deposition by his subjects.

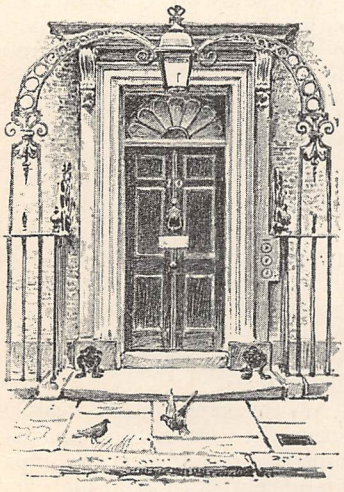
Some anxiety on this point in the heart of the sovereign seems the most natural explanation of the Emperor's recent nervous impatience and interference with those in high and responsible command, such as the reported removal of Admiral Ting from the head of the Pei-yang fleet, with the loss of his peacock-feather, and the stripping from Li Hung-Chang of his yellow jacket, as we must suppose *pour encourager les autres.*

THE CABINET AND ITS SECRETS.

BY SIR WEMYSS REID.



THE CABINET ROOM.



NO. 10, DOWNING STREET.

WITH each returning November the meetings of the Cabinet for the preparation of the programme of the coming Parliamentary Session begin. The outside world hears very little about these meetings. A paragraph appears in the papers saying that "A Cabinet Council was held yesterday in Downing Street, at which the following Ministers were present"; and then comes the usual list of familiar names. Occasionally the reporter, who has been standing in Downing Street opposite the door of No. 10 watching Ministers come and go, adds a few descriptive touches to the bald paragraph, and tells us how "Lord Kimberley and the Home Secretary crossed over from the Foreign Office together," apparently in ignorance of the fact that the stately building which faces the tumble-down edifice where the Prime Minister of England has his official residence contains the Home, the India, and the Local Government offices as well as the Foreign Office. Or we may be told how Mr. John Morley and Lord Spencer, having met on the Horse Guards Parade, mounted the steps into Downing Street side by side. But that is all.

Ministers arrive separately or together, enter the mean old building by the venerable doorway, and are forthwith lost to sight. What they do within is known to themselves alone. No reporter follows them across the threshold. No cunning spy is hidden within the apartment in which they deliberate.

When the gloomy portals of No. 10 have closed upon them, they are forthwith lost to the outer world; a solemn secrecy attends all their doings. Yet no meetings to be compared in importance with these winter Cabinets are held anywhere else in the civilised world. Attended by less than a score of men, they are yet the convention of the real governing body of the greatest of the world's empires.

The Queen reigns. It is the Cabinet that rules. Now and again a Minister may rise so high above his fellows—by genius, character, or long experience—as to seem to be not only the central but the sole figure in the Government; but those "behind the scenes" know better than to fall into this delusion. Even the greatest of our modern Ministers have had to acknowledge the supreme authority of the Cabinet, which deliberating in secret, wields the sceptre of the State, and decides the policy of the Government.

It is true that, more especially in times of political excitement, the news agencies profess to know all about what has happened in the Cabinet a few hours after it has broken up. Cabinet Ministers must read these revelations of their mysteries with not a little amusement. The reader may depend upon it that even the most authoritative of such announcements are mere guesses at the truth, and, as a rule, very bad guesses too. No secrets are kept so jealously or so successfully as those of the Cabinet. Probably, every Ministry has its "leaky" man, but the leakiest of mortals would shrink from breaking not only his oath as a Privy Councillor, but his honourable obligations to his colleagues, by making known the secrets of a Cabinet meeting. As a matter of fact, successive Cabinets have been extraordinarily fortunate in keeping their counsel. It is just half a century since the last recorded case of a deliberate breach of secrecy by a Cabinet Minister. Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues had arrived at a most momentous decision with regard to the Corn Laws, and the Prime Minister was to make the announcement on a certain day in the House of Commons. On the morning of that day the *Times* came out with a leader in which the whole secret was revealed. There was wild consternation in official circles. None knew how the truth had become known. A meeting of the Cabinet was hastily summoned, and at that meeting a young member of the Government, with shame and confusion, confessed that a famous and beautiful woman had cajoled him into telling what Ministers intended to do—a piece of news which she forthwith sold for a large sum of money to the *Times*. He, of course, had never contemplated the possibility of her making such use of the story he had confided to her; and now in his contrition he placed his resignation in the hands of his chief. The resignation was not accepted, and the young statesman was forgiven. But never afterwards was he known to breathe a whisper as to the private doings of the Government of which he was a member.

"THE EMPTY CHAIR." MR GLADSTONE'S ROOM AT NO. 10, DOWNING STREET.

"But do Cabinet secrets never come out accidentally?" I once asked the most illustrious Minister of my time.

"The secrets of Ministries are almost invariably suspected and discovered," was the unexpected response. "But the public are always told *more than the truth;* and as they never know what is true and what is false, the secret is consequently kept all the same."

Anyone who is acquainted with a member of a Cabinet will know how carefully in conversation, even with his intimate friends, he will keep off anything that belongs to the

Cabinet. He may listen eagerly to what you have to say on the question of the hour; but he is himself so vague in his expressions regarding it, that you might suppose he had no opinions at all, if you did not know that he was keeping his true mind for his colleagues.

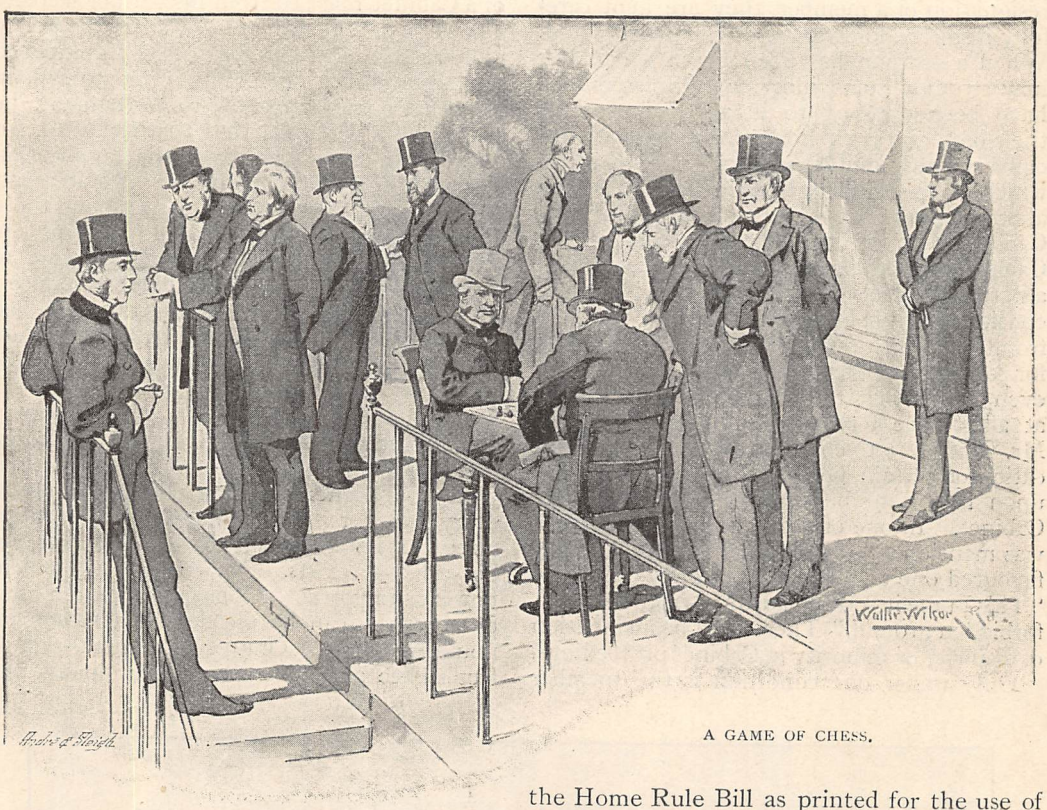
MR. ASQUITH AND LORD KIMBERLEY.

"I can say nothing about that; it is a Cabinet matter," is what I have more than once heard a Minister say when the talk, which had been perfectly unreserved up to that moment, had turned in a forbidden direction. To try to "pump" a Cabinet Minister, as many journalists do, is a well-nigh hopeless task. Up to a certain point he will be perfectly frank; but when that point is reached, and Cabinet business is touched upon, he becomes absolutely silent.

The last recorded case of a great secret being preserved with scrupulous care was Mr. Gladstone's resignation. That resignation did not take effect until the beginning of March in the present year; but in December last the Cabinet knew that, in certain circumstances, it was coming. Yet no hint of it was breathed from any authoritative source for nearly three months after it had been decided upon. The announcement in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which appeared in January, was wrong in its dates and in other particulars, and, as is now generally understood, was based upon gossip that lay far outside the limits of the Cabinet. Thus for many weeks a most important State secret was kept intact, and it was preserved in spite of the fact that the *Pall Mall* announcement had put everybody on the alert, so that for all those weeks every member of the Cabinet was subject to an examination and cross-examination of the most rigid kind. One Cabinet Minister, when the truth was at last made known, said to me, with a sigh of relief—"Well; the great secret is out at last, you see. Thank heaven! I feel as if a mountain had been lifted off my shoulders." It must, indeed, be no light matter for a man to go about carrying so momentous a secret as this locked up in his bosom. Yet this is the burden which is constantly laid upon Cabinet Ministers.

It is all the more surprising that these secrets should be kept so well, seeing that they cannot be confined entirely to the actual members of the Cabinet. The private secretaries of the Prime Minister and of at least one or two other Ministers know many of the most important secrets. Yet there is only one recorded instance of a private secretary betraying his chief. Nor is this all. When the Cabinets are being held small despatch boxes are constantly being sent round among the members. These contain the most confidential documents, important despatches, drafts of Bills, memoranda addressed by individual members of the Cabinet to their colleagues, and the comments of the latter upon

LORD SPENCER AND MR. JOHN MORLEY.



A GAME OF CHESS.

them; and all these documents are printed. It is true that each bears upon it the words: "Most secret; for the use of the Cabinet." But, remembering how other private and confidential documents have become public, one may well wonder at the almost complete immunity from disasters of this kind that these Cabinet documents have enjoyed. They are printed, I ought to say, in the confidential printing department at the Foreign Office, where the subordinates are as trustworthy as if they were private secretaries or even Cabinet Ministers themselves.

Accidents happen sometimes, of course; but it is wonderful how even then good fortune seems to follow the attempt to guard these august secrets from the profane gaze. When the Home Rule Bill of 1893 was being prepared by the Cabinet, and when the most intense curiosity prevailed everywhere as to its character, a member of a certain famous club went up to a table in the club library to write a letter. He noticed that some printed documents had been left on the table by the gentleman who last sat there, and he was about to push them carelessly on one side when his eye caught certain words. Among the documents was the secret draft copy of the Home Rule Bill as printed for the use of the Cabinet only! One can imagine the sensation that would have been created if that draft copy had fallen into unscrupulous or even into merely hostile hands. But the gentleman who made the discovery was himself the private secretary of a Cabinet Minister. He knew his duty, and instantly enclosing the awful document in an envelope he sealed it up and carried it to Downing Street.

"I'll show you the Bill itself, if you would like to see it," said a certain Minister to a friend of mine, who was trying to draw him as to the nature of a very important measure then before the Cabinet.

My friend gave a gasp of delight.

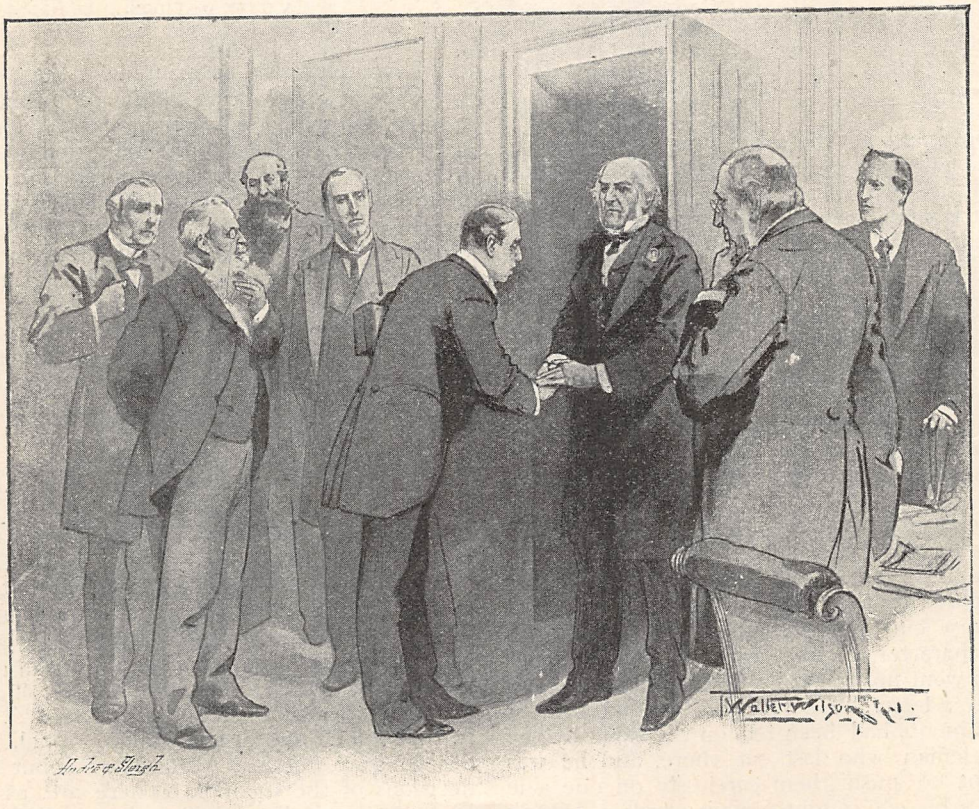
"Here it is," said the Minister, holding up the print of the Bill, but folded and securely tied up with red tape. It was a cruel disappointment.

"It does not matter what we say; but remember, we must all say the same thing." This is one of the sayings attributed to Lord Melbourne, when he was Prime Minister. It marks, perhaps, the most important of all the characteristics of the Cabinet system. That is, that the Cabinet is strictly impersonal. Its decisions are not Mr. A's or Mr. B's, but the decisions of the Cabinet. There are, as we know, frequent discussions and even divisions inside Cabinets; but unless they lead to the

resignation of a member, they are kept carefully from the knowledge of the outer world. When a decision has been taken, no matter how strongly some individual Ministers may have been opposed to it, all are bound by their oath and their honour to defend it with equal warmth and earnestness. It is this fact which gives solidarity to a Cabinet. As soon as the chinks in the structure appear, the Cabinet itself is doomed. Members of the Cabinet will admit that they only arrived at a particular decision after long and anxious consideration ; but wild horses will not drag from them any revelation as to the numbers for or against that decision, nor will they even admit that they were divided upon it at all. Once I remember I was allowed by Mr. Gladstone to consult him as to the publication of certain political documents bearing upon important but bygone matters in the Cabinet. In one of these documents, the fact was mentioned that a majority of the Cabinet favoured one course and a minority the other. "This I take it," Mr. Gladstone wrote to me, "is forbidden ground." There must be no mention of majority or minority in Cabinet proceedings.

Only under one condition is the member of a Cabinet released from his oath of secrecy. That is, when he differs so far from the policy of his colleagues as to find himself compelled to resign office. Then, if he wishes to explain his reasons for resigning to Parliament, he makes humble application to the Queen for permission to speak, and the application having been granted, he makes his statement.

Space forbids me to say more about those Cabinet secrets which ignorant gossips are always pretending to reveal. It is time to say something very briefly about the meetings at which these secrets are concocted and discussed. The meetings of the Cabinet are usually fixed some days beforehand, and the members duly warned. Occasionally, however, when some important event happens unexpectedly, the summons is sent by special messenger and only a few hours' notice is given. Whether the notice be long or short, every member of the Cabinet must be in his place, unless some overpowering reason for his absence exists. No social engagement however important, no business matter however urgent, can be pleaded as a reason for non-attendance. Only two reasons will in fact suffice as an excuse—serious illness and



MR. GLADSTONE'S FAREWELL TO HIS COLLEAGUES.

the fact that the Minister is in attendance upon the Queen at a distance from London. The meetings of the Cabinet are held at present in the Pillar Room at Downing Street, a spacious apartment which was used as a drawing-room by Mrs. Gladstone during her husband's last Premiership. During that period the Cabinets were held in the dining-room of the Prime Minister's official residence. This was a somewhat inconvenient apartment for the purpose, and Ministers have been heard to complain of the fact that they were crowded together, with no proper accommodation for their papers. Indeed stories have been told of important Cabinets at which some Ministers had to squat on the floor. In the Pillar Room each Minister has his own seat and portfolio at a long table. Until the reign of George the Second the Sovereign always presided in person at a meeting of the Cabinet Council, and in the room now occupied by Sir William Harcourt at No. 11, Downing Street—which happens to be that in which Cabinets were held in former days—the throne on which the Monarch sat when attending the deliberations of his Ministers may still be seen. George the Second understood so little English that the meetings of the Cabinet became irksome to him, and, instead of attending them in person, he gave directions that the Prime Minister should furnish him with a written account of the proceedings after the meeting. This course has been adopted ever since, and one of the duties of the Premier is, immediately after the close of a Cabinet, to despatch to the Queen a full account of its deliberations. This is the only record of the Cabinet meeting that is kept; for not the least remarkable characteristic of this supreme and unrivalled body is the absolute informality of all its proceedings. When the members of the Cabinet have assembled the door is immediately closed, and under no circumstances is it re-opened except at the bidding of the Prime Minister. It is guarded outside by two trusty Treasury servants, whilst the private secretaries of the Premier are at hand to receive any communication or direction from their chief. The Prime Minister is, of course, always the president at a Cabinet meeting; and, as a rule, his decisions as to the course taken are those which prevail. His vote counts, it is true, for no more than that of his youngest colleague; but, whereas the resignation of the latter might be a matter of little consequence, the retirement of the Premier would probably involve the fall of the Cabinet.

The proceedings at a Cabinet are usually short—an hour to an hour and a half sees the end of the deliberations. But occasionally in times of grave crisis, chiefly in foreign affairs, the meetings last much longer. Whether long or short a Cabinet Minister must sustain himself during the sitting with no more appetising refreshment than a glass of iced water and a hard biscuit. And the proceedings themselves? The reader would like to know what is done at a Cabinet meeting. So would I. But then the only people who can tell are bound to keep silent. One may say, however, that the Cabinet, like all other committees, enjoys a certain amount of variety in its proceedings. Sometimes it is very grave, and at other times its tone is almost jocular. Occasionally there is something which amongst less exalted personages would be described as a wrangle; for even Cabinet Ministers have their personal likes and dislikes, and can hit hard at each other when the doors are closed and they are discussing important questions in private.

Among famous Cabinet meetings known to history, is that in the Government of Lord Aberdeen, which Kinglake has described for us—the meeting when many of the members of the Cabinet were dozing while the fateful despatches that led to the Crimean War were being read. Another was the Cabinet held in 1872, at the time of the Geneva Arbitration, when Ministers found themselves face to face with the American claim for "indirect damages."

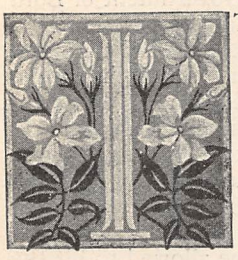
It was my fortune to be allowed to lift the veil from the secrecy in which that particular meeting of the Cabinet was involved, by printing in the "Life of William Edward Forster" the passage from his diary in which he told the story of how the members of the Cabinet, tired of waiting for the news from Geneva which did not come, but afraid to separate without it, were all falling asleep, when Lord Granville suggested that he and Forster might have a game of chess to pass the time. A chess-board was smuggled into the Cabinet-room by one of the private secretaries, and as the day was warm Granville and Forster went out upon the terrace to play. They were naturally followed by their colleagues; and by a lucky chance, they were observed by a clerk in the Colonial Office, who made a sketch of the scene. He never knew what it meant until Mr. Forster's "Life" was published.

Sometimes there are scenes of a graver and more pathetic character than this within the secret chamber. Mr. Forster has told us how, in 1873, when Mr. Gladstone met his Cabinet after the defeat on the Irish University question, he began to address them in a jocular manner, but suddenly broke down and could say no more by way of thanks to his faithful

subordinates. He has told us too how, when he himself left the Ministry in 1882, he went round, after telling them he must go, and shook hands with all the other members of the Cabinet, many of whom were visibly affected. There is another and still more memorable scene of the same kind of which I have had a private account. On the second of March last, Mr. Gladstone was present at a meeting of the Cabinet for the last time. He knew it, and his colleagues knew it, but the outer world did not know. That he was about to retire was by this time known to all; but only the initiated knew that this was to be his last Cabinet. The man who had been present at a greater number of Cabinet meetings than any other Englishman of this century, he who had in four successive Ministries presided over the secret deliberations of his colleagues, was now meeting them for the last time, and meeting them simply to say farewell. There was a pathetic scene at that particular meeting of the Cabinet. One who was present has so far violated the secrecy of his office as to tell me that nearly all were in tears as for the last time they gathered round their veteran leader and silently shook hands with him. No more would they hear his voice in the innermost councils of the State; the foremost figure in the Parliamentary life of their time was passing from them. Such a meeting was an event of historic interest, and it has furnished a subject which the painter will probably some day make his own.

PYRRHA AND SMUGG.

BY ANTHONY HOPE, AUTHOR OF "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA," "FATHER STAFFORD," &C.



IT was common knowledge that Smugg was engaged to be married. Familiarity had robbed the fact of some of its surprisingness, but there remained a substratum of wonder, not removed even by the sight of his betrothed's photograph and the information that she was a distant relative who had been brought up with him from infancy. The features and the explanation between them rescued Smugg from the incongruity of a romance, but we united in the opinion that the lady was ill-advised in preferring Smugg to solitude. Still, for all that he was a ridiculous creature, she did, and hence it happened that Smugg, desiring to form a furnishing fund, organised a reading-party, which Gayford, Tritton, Bird, and I at once joined. Such a nonentity as Smugg is a treasure when one's people insist on a tutor for the Long, and, if he did not teach us anything, he earned his money by the agony of mind which he suffered under the consciousness of failure.

Every morning at nine Smugg, his breakfast finished, cleared his corner of the table, opened his books, and assumed an expectant air: so Mary the maid told us; we were never there ourselves; we breakfasted at 9.30 or 10 o'clock, and only about 11 did we clear our corners, light our pipes, open our books, and discuss the prospects of the day. As we discussed them, Smugg construed in a gentle bleat; what he construed or why he construed it (seeing that nobody heeded him) was a mystery; the whole performance was simply a tribute to Smugg's conscience, and, as such, was received with good-natured scornful toleration.

Suddenly a change came. One morning there was no Smugg! Yet he had breakfasted—Mary and an egg-shell testified to that effect. He re-appeared at 11.30, confused and very warm (he had exceptional powers in the way of being warm). We said nothing, and he began to bleat Horace. In a minute of silence I happened to hear what it was: it referred to a lady of the name of Pyrrha; the learned may identify the passage for themselves. The next day the same thing happened, except that it was close on twelve before Smugg appeared. Gayford and Tritton took no notice of the aberration; Bird congratulated Smugg on the increased docility of his conscience. I watched him closely as he wiped his brow—he was very warm indeed. A third time the scene was enacted; my curiosity was aroused; I made Mary call me very early, and from my window I espied Smugg leaving the house at 9.15, and going with rapid furtive steps along the little path that led to old Dill's tiny farm. I slipped downstairs, bolted a cup of tea, seized a piece of toast, and followed Smugg. He was out of sight, but presently I met Joe Shanks, the butcher's son, who brought us our chops. Joe was a stout young man, about twenty-one, red-faced, burly, and greasy. We used to have many jokes with Joe; even Smugg had before now broken a mild shaft of classical wit on him; in fact, we made a butt of Joe, and his good-humoured muttony smile told us that he thought it a compliment.

"Seen Mr. Smugg as you came along, Joe?" I asked.

"Yes, sir. Gone towards Dill's farm, sir."

"Ah, Dill's farm!"

"Yes, sir."

The chop-laden Joe passed on. I mended my pace, and soon found myself on the outskirts of Dill's premises. I had been there before; we had all been there before. Dill had a daughter. I saw her now in a sunbonnet and lace boots. I may say at once that Betsy Dill was very pretty in a fine robust style, and all four of us were decidedly enamoured of her charms. Usually we courted her in a body, and scrupulous fairness was observed in the matter of seeking private interviews.

Smugg had never spoken to her—so we should all have sworn. But now my wondering eyes saw, opposite Pyrrha (we began from this day to call her Pyrrha) the figure of Smugg. Pyrrha was leaning against a barn, one foot crossed over the other, her arms a-kimbo, a string of her bonnet in her mouth, and her blue eyes laughing from under long lashes. Smugg stood limply opposite her, his trousers bagging over his half-bent knees, his hat in one hand, and in the other a handkerchief, with which from time to time he mopped his forehead. I could not hear (of course, I did not wish to) what they were saying; indeed, I have my doubts if they said anything; but presently Smugg moved a hesitating step nearer, when Pyrrha, with a merry laugh, darted by him and ran away, turning a mocking face over her

"SMUGG STOOD LIMPLY OPPOSITE HER."

shoulder. Smugg stood still for a minute, then put on his hat, looked at his watch, and walked slowly away.

I did not keep Smugg's secret; I felt under no obligation to keep it. He deserved no mercy, and I exposed him at breakfast that very morning. But I could not help being a little sorry for him when he came in. He bent his head under the shower of reproach, chaff, and gibing; he did not try to excuse himself; he simply opened his book at the old place, and we all shouted the old ode, substituting "Betsa" for "Pyrrha" wherever we could. Still, in spite of our jocularity, we all felt an under-current of real anger.

We considered that Smugg was treating Pyrrha very badly—Smugg, an engaged man, aged thirty, presumably past the heat and carelessness of youth. We glowed with a sense of her wrongs, and that afternoon we each went for a solitary walk—at least, we started for a solitary walk—but half-an-hour later we all met at the gate leading to Dill's meadows, and, in an explosion of laughter, acknowledged our secret design of meeting Pyrrha, and opening her eyes to Smugg's iniquity.

The great surprise was still to come. At eleven the next morning, when we had just sat down to work, and Smugg had slid into the room with the stealthy ashamed air he wore after his morning excursions, Mary appeared, and told us that Joe Shanks, the butcher's son, had come with the chops, and wanted to speak to us. We hailed the diversion, and had Joe shown in. Gayford pushed the beer-jug and a glass towards him, saying:

"Help yourself, Joe."

Joe drank a draught, wiped his mouth on his blue sleeve, and remarked:

"No offence, gentlemen."

"None," said Gayford, who seemed to have assumed the chairmanship of the meeting.

Joe, seeming slightly embarrassed, cleared his throat, and looked round again.

"No offence, gentlemen," he repeated: "but she's bin walking with me two years come Michaelmas."

A pause followed. Then the chairman expressed the views of the meeting.

"The deuce she has!" said he.

"Off *and* on," added Joe candidly.

I looked at Smugg. He had shrunk down low in his seat, and rested his head on his hand. His face was half hidden; but he was very warm, and the drops trickled from his forehead down his nose.

"It seems to be a good deal off," said the chairman judicially.

"No offence," said Joe; "but I don't take it kind of you, gentlemen. I've served you faithful."

"The chops are excellent," conceded the chairman.

"And I don't take it kind."

"Develop your complaint," said the chairman. "I mean, what's the row, Joe?"

"Since you gentlemen came she's been saucy," said Joe.

"I do not see," observed the chairman, "that anything can be done. If Pyrrha prefers us, Joe" (he treated the case collectively, which was certainly wise), "what then?"

"Beg pardon, sir?"

"Oh, I mean if the lady prefers us, Joe?"

Joe brought his fat fist down on the table with a thump.

"It ain't as if you meant it," said he doggedly; "you just unsettles of 'er. I s'pose I can't help ye talking, and laughing, and walking along of 'er, but you ain't no call to kiss 'er."

Another pause ensued. The chairman held a consultation with Tritton, who sat on his right hand.

"The meeting," said Gayford, "will proceed to declare, one by one, whether it has ever—and if so, how often—kissed the lady. I will begin. Never! Mr. Tritton?"

"Never!" said Tritton.

"Mr. Bird?"

"Never!" said Bird.

"Mr. Robertson?"

"Never!" said I.

"Mr. Smugg?"

"I seed 'im this very morning," cried Joe, like an accusing angel.

Smugg took his hand away from his face, after giving his wet brow one last dab. He looked at Gayford and at Joe, but said nothing.

"Mr. Smugg?" repeated the chairman.

"Mr. Smugg," interposed Tritton suavely, "probably feels himself in a difficulty. The secret is not, perhaps, entirely his own."

We all nodded.

"We enter a plea of not guilty for Mr. Smugg," observed the chairman gravely.

"I seed 'im do it," said Joe.

No one spoke. Joe finished his beer, pulled his forelock, and turned on his heel. Suddenly Smugg burst into speech. He could hardly form his words, and they jostled one another in the breathless confusion of his utterance.

"I—I—you've no right. I say nothing. If I choose I shall—no one has a right to stop me. If I love her—if she doesn't mind—I say nothing—nothing at all. I won't hear a word. I shall do as I like."

Joe had paused to hear him, and now stood looking at him in wonder. Then he stepped

"'LOR! IS IT YOU, MR. ROBERTSON?' SHE SAID" (*p.* 34).

quickly up to the table, and, leaning across, asked in a harsh voice:

"You mean honest, do you, by her? You'd make her your wife, would you?"

Smugg, looking straight in front of him, answered:

"Yes."

Joe drew back, touched his forelock again, and said:

"Then it's fair fighting, sir, begging your pardon; and no offence. But the girl was mine first, sir."

Then Gayford interposed.

"Mr. Smugg," said he; "you tell Joe, here, that you'd marry this lady. May I ask how you can—when——"

But for once Smugg was able to silence one of his pupils. He rose from his seat, and brought his hand heavily down on Gayford's shoulder.

"Hold your tongue!" he cried. "I must answer to God, but I needn't answer to you."

Joe looked at him with round eyes, and, with a last salute, slowly went out. None of us spoke, and presently Smugg opened his Thucydides.

For my part, I took very considerable interest in Pyrrha's side of the question. I amused myself by constructing a fancy-born love of Pyrrha's for her social superior, and

if he had been one of ourselves, I should have seen no absurdity. But Smugg refused altogether to fit into my frame. There was no glamour about Smugg; and, to tell the truth, I should have thought that any girl, be her station what it might, faced with the alternative of Smugg and Joe, would have chosen Joe. In my opinion, Pyrrha was merely amusing herself with Smugg, and I was rather comforted by this reversal of the ordinary *rôles*. Still, I could not rest in conjecture, and my curiosity led me up to Dill's little farm on the afternoon of the day of Joe's sudden appearance. The others let me go alone. Directly after dinner Smugg went to his bedroom, and the other three had gone off to play lawn-tennis at the Vicar's. The afternoon was quite clear for my examination of Pyrrha; for Joe, I knew, went to market on a Tuesday afternoon, and did not return till mid-day Wednesday. I lit my pipe, and strolled along till I reached the gate that led to Dill's meadow. Here I waited till Pyrrha should appear. She would be sure to pass that way soon, going to drive the cows in to be milked; and though quite near the house, I could not be seen from it; and even if I could, my conscience was clear, and old Mrs. Dill was always friendly to me.

"As I sat and smoked, a voice struck suddenly on my ear—the voice of my friend Mrs. Dill, raised to shrillness by anger.

"Be off with you," she said, "and mind your ways, or worse 'll happen to you. 'Ere's your switch."

After a moment Pyrrha turned the corner, and came towards me. She was wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, and carried in her hand a light hazel switch, which she used to guide errant cows. She was almost at the gate before she saw me. She started, and blushed very red.

"Lor! is it you, Mr. Robertson?" she said.

I nodded, but did not move.

"Let me pass, sir, please. I've no time to stop."

"What, not to talk to me, Pyrrha—Betsy, I mean?"

"Mother don't like me talking to gentlemen."

"You've been crying," said I.

"No, I haven't," said Pyrrha, quite violently.

"Mother been scolding you?"

"I wish you'd let me by, sir."

"What for?"

"It's all your fault," burst out Pyrrha. "I didn't want you; no, nor him, either. What do you come and get me into trouble for?"

"I haven't done anything, Betsy; come now!"

"You ain't as bad as some," she conceded, a dim smile breaking through the clouds.

"You mean Smugg," I observed.

"Who told you?" she cried.

"Joe," said I.

"Seems he's got a lot to say to everybody," she commented resentfully.

"Ah! he told your mother, did he? Well, you know you shouldn't, Betsy."

"I won't never speak to him again—I meant I won't ever (the grammarian is abroad), Mr. Robertson."

"What! Not to Joe?"

"Joe! No; that Smugg."

"But Joe told of you."

"Well, and it was his right."

If she thought so, I had no more to say. Notions differ among different sets. But I pressed the point a little.

"Joe got you your scolding."

Now I can't say whether I did or did not emphasise that last word unduly, but Pyrrha blushed again, and remarked:

"You want to know too much, sir, by a deal."

So I left that aspect of the subject and continued:

"I suppose it was for letting Mr. Smugg kiss you?"

"I couldn't help it."

I had great doubts about that—she could have tackled Smugg with one hand; but I said pleasantly:

"No more could he, I'm sure."

Pyrrha cast an alarmed glance at the house.

"Oh, I'll be careful," I laughed. "Yes, and I'll let you go. But just tell me, Betsy, what do you think of Mr. Smugg?"

"I don't think that of him!" said she, snapping her pretty red fingers. "Joe 'ud make ten of him. I wish Joe 'd talk to him a bit."

I drew back from the gate, and let Pyrrha through. I watched her swinging freely across the meadow dangling her hazel twig in her hand. Presently she began to sing; the trouble, whatever it was, had passed. I wondered that all her anger fell on poor Smugg, and none of it on Joe; but it looked as though she justified what seemed to me the baseness of his tale-telling.

The end came soon after this, and, in spite of our attitude (I speak of us four, not of Smugg) of whole-heartedness, I think it was rather a shock to us all when Joe announced one morning, on his arrival with the chops, that he was to be made a happy man at the church next day. Smugg was not in the room, and the rest of us congratulated Joe, and made up a purse for him to give Pyrrha, with our best respects, and he bowed himself

out, mighty pleased, and asseverating that we were real gentlemen. Then we sat and looked at the table.

"It robs us of a resource," pronounced Gayford, once again making himself the mouth-piece of the party. We all nodded, and filled fresh pipes.

Presently Smugg sidled in. We had seen little of him the last week; save when he was construing he had taken refuge in his own room. When he came in now, Gayford wagged his head significantly at me; apparently it was my task to bell the cat. I rose, and went to the mantelpiece. Smugg had sat down at the table, and my back was to him. I took a match from the box, struck it, and applied it to my pipe, and, punctuating my words with interspersed puffings, I said carelessly:

"By the way, Smugg, Pyrrha's going to be married to Joe Shanks to-morrow."

I don't know how he looked. I kept my face from him, but, after a long minute's pause, he answered:

"Thank you, Robertson. It's Æschylus this morning, isn't it?"

We had a noisy evening that night. I suppose we felt below par, and wanted cheering up. Anyhow, we made an expedition to the grocer's, and amazed him with a demand for his best champagne and his choicest sherry. We carried the goods home in a bag, and sat down to a revel. Smugg had some bread and cheese in his own room: he said that he had letters to write. We dined largely, and drank still more largely; then we sang, and at last—it was near on twelve, a terrible hour for that neighbourhood—we made our way, amid much boisterousness and horse-play, to bed; where I, at least, was asleep in five minutes.

As the church clock struck two, I awoke. I heard a sound of movement in Smugg's room next door. I lay and listened. Presently his door opened, and he creaked gently downstairs. I sprang out of bed and looked out of the window. Smugg, fully dressed, was gliding along the path towards Dill's farm. Some impulse—curiosity only, very likely—made me jump into my trousers, seize a flannel jacket, draw on a pair of boots, and hastily follow him. When I got outside he was visible in the moonlight, mounting the path ahead of me. He held on his way towards the farm, I following. When he reached the yard he stopped for a moment, and seemed to peer up at the windows, which were all dark and unresponsive. I stood as quiet as I could, twenty yards from him, and moved cautiously on again when he turned to the right and passed through the gate into the meadows.

I saw no signs of Pyrrha. Smugg held on his way across the meadows down towards the stream; and suddenly the thought leapt to my brain that the poor fool meant to drown himself. But I could hardly believe it. Surely he must merely be taking a desperate lover's ramble, a last sad visit to the scenes of his silly irrational infatuation. If I went up to him, I should look a fool too; so I hung behind, ready to run upon him if need appeared.

He walked down to the very edge of the stream; it ran deep and fast just here, under a high bank and a row of old willows. Smugg sat down on the bank, wet though the grass was, and clasped his hands over his knees. I crouched down a little way behind him, ready and alert. I am a good swimmer, and I did not doubt my power to pull him out, even if I were not in time to prevent him jumping in. I saw him rise, look over the brink, and sit down again. I almost thought I saw him shiver. And presently, through the stillness of the summer night, came the strangest saddest sound, catching my ear as it drifted across the meadow. Smugg was sobbing, and his sobs—never loud—rose and fell with the subdued stress of intolerable pain.

Suddenly he leapt up, cried aloud, and flung his hands above his head. I thought he was gone this time; but he stopped, poised, as it seemed, over the water, and I heard him cry, "I can't, I can't!" and he sank down all in a heap on the bank, and fell again to sobbing. I hope never to see a man—if you can call Smugg a man—like that again.

He sat where he was and I where I was till the moon paled, and a distant hint of day discovered us. Then he rose, brushed himself with his hands, and slunk quickly from the bank. Had he looked anywhere but on the ground, he must have seen me; as it was, I only narrowly avoided him, and fell again into my place behind him. All the way back to our garden I followed him. As he passed through the gate, I quickened my pace, overtook him, and laid my hand on his arm. The man's face gave me what I remember my old nurse used to call "quite a turn."

"You're an average idiot, aren't you?" said I. "Oh yes; I've been squatting in the wet by that infernal river, too. You ought to get three months by rights."

He looked at me in a dazed sort of way.

"I daren't," he said. "I wanted to, but I daren't."

I took him by the arm, led him in and upstairs, helped him out of his clothes, and saw him into bed. Then I got a few hours' sleep, and came down late the next morning, to find my friends resplendent in frock-coats.

"Hullo!" said I, "what's up?"

"The wedding, you fool!" answered Gayford. "We're going in style. Go and put yours on."

So I went and put on my frock-coat.

* * * *

There is really nothing more. We went to the wedding, leaving Smugg in bed; and in the evening we, leaving Smugg still in bed (I told Mary to keep an eye on him), and carrying a dozen of the grocer's best port, went up to dance at Dill's farm. Joe was polished till I could almost see myself in his cheek, and Pyrrha looked more charming than ever. She and Joe were to leave us early, to go to Joe's own house in the village, but I managed to get one dance with her. Indeed, I believe she wanted a word with me.

"Well, all's well that ends well, isn't it?" I began. "No more scoldings!—not from Mrs. Dill, anyhow."

"You can't let that alone, sir," said Pyrrha.

I chuckled gently.

"Oh, I'll never refer to it again," said I. "This is a fine wedding of yours, Betsy."

"It's good of you and the other gentlemen to come, sir."

"We had to see the last of you;" and I sighed very ostentatiously.

Pyrrha laughed. She did not believe in it, and she knew that I knew she did not, but the little compliment pleased her all the same.

"Smugg," I pursued, "is ill in bed. But perhaps he wouldn't have come, anyhow."

"If you please, sir," Pyrrha began; but she stopped.

"Yes, Betsy? What is it?"

"Would you take a message for me, sir?"

"If it's a proper one, Betsy, for a married lady to send."

She laughed a little, and said:

"Oh, it's no harm, sir. I'm afraid he ain't—he's rather down, sir."

"Who?"

"Why, that Smugg, sir."

"Oh, that Smugg! Why, yes, a little down, Betsy, I fear."

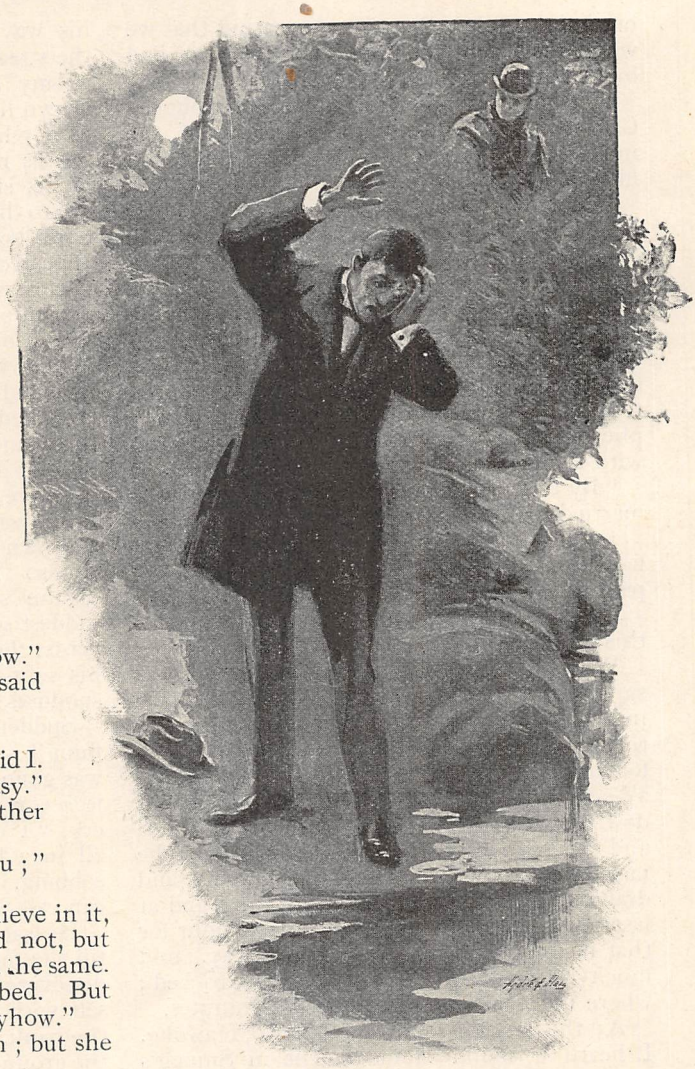
"You might tell him as I bear no malice, sir—as I'm not angry—with him, I mean."

"Certainly," said I. "It will probably do him good."

"He got me into trouble; but there, I can make allowances; and it's all right now, sir."

"In fact, you forgive him?"

"I think you might tell him so, sir," said Betsy.



"SUDDENLY HE LEAPT UP, AND FLUNG HIS HANDS ABOVE HIS HEAD" (*p.* 35).

"But," said I, "are you aware that he was another's all the time?"

"What, sir?"

"Oh, yes, engaged to be married."

"Well, I never! Him! What, all the while he——?"

"Precisely."

"Well, that beats everything. Oh, if I'd known that!"

"I'll give him your message."

"No, sir, not now, I thank you. The villain!"

"You are right," said I. "I think your mother ought to have—scolded him too."

"Now you promised, sir——" but Joe came up, and I escaped.

Looking back on the affair, I don't know that Smugg deserved much sympathy. He

behaved uncommonly badly, in my opinion. Besides, it was absurd for such a creature as Smugg to suppose that a girl like Pyrrha would look at him. It was the most absolute impudence of him to kiss her. I never kissed her, though I may be allowed to think that, if she let Smugg, she would have let me. Still—well, I don't know what it is. I suppose poor old Smugg took it hard. You see, I saw him that night by the river. Besides, he had to marry that wooden-featured cousin of his, after all.

HATS AND BONNETS WORN BY THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

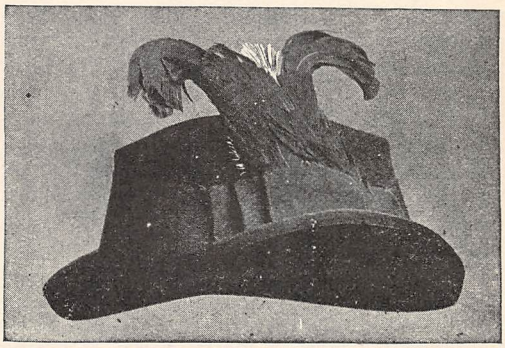
BY ARDERN HOLT.

"ONE touch of Nature makes the whole world kin." Many a woman who prepared years ago with more than usual warmth and heartiness to welcome as the bride of the heir-apparent, the beautiful "Sea-king's daughter," was specially drawn to her from the fact that she had led a homely, happy life in her own family circle.

Beauty is a passport everywhere, and no feminine loveliness has been more widely appreciated by a nation than that of the Princess Alexandra Caroline Marie-Charlotte Louise Julie of Denmark, who, on the 10th of March, 1863, was married to our Prince of Wales. For more than thirty years we have learnt to look upon her as a veritable queen of beauty, and her face has appealed directly to English hearts. She is not only admired, but she is universally beloved, and never for a moment has she lost an iota of her popularity, or failed to display that true kindliness of heart, tact, and womanly sweetness which is associated in our minds with her very name. It is not surprising that, possessed of all these charms, she has exercised a direct personal influence. From the early days of her marriage she has set the fashion in England with regard to dress in a great many more points than we might realise at a first glance. It has been deemed the very greatest compliment to be considered like her Royal Highness; and how many have copied her style, her carriage, her hairdressing, and her bonnets! She is a type of the best class of Englishwoman of this century, and so perfect is her taste in all that appertains to dress, that we owe her a deep debt of gratitude, for though she has always held the current modes in view, she has idealised them.

If bonnets were enormous or too small, she chose the happy medium, and even in these days of exaggerated sleeves, she has been able to look fashionable, and yet only wear those of moderate proportions. Gifted with an aspect of perpetual youth, she appears suitably dressed in girlish attire; and there is no doubt that much of the perfection of her toilette is due to the fact that she could make both her dresses and her bonnets if she desired to do so. As a girl, she was an adept at the art, and now nobody is more clever in transforming with a few touches of her nimble fingers an unbecoming head-gear into a becoming one. There are few gifts which are more useful to a woman than a light artistic touch, and this the Princess possesses in an admirable degree.

I have heard a pretty story told of how



FELT HAT—FIRST WORN ABOUT 1874.

milliners, hairdressers, and attendants waited for an hour or more to dispose the plumes in the hair of the Princess Louise of Wales when she was to be presented at her grandmother's Court. And by-and-by the young and graceful figure tripped past with a china crêpe shawl thrown about her shoulders, the

feathers arranged in the most becoming way possible, and by her mother's hand. No one would have done them so well, as the milliner and hairdresser cordially acknowledged.

The Princess is a most devoted mother, a thorough woman, quick, and exquisitely neat. Everything she has is taken care of in a way

SAILOR HAT—WORN ABOUT 1885.

that many humbler women would disdain. Each hat and bonnet that she wears is placed apart, carefully excluded from dust, and put on with every attention to the minutest detail. It is only the well-dressed who understand how much style depends on neatness.

When her Royal Highness was born, her surroundings gave scant indication of the brilliant future that awaited her. Her father, then Prince Christian, had but little expectation of succeeding to the crown of Denmark, and it was only when his predecessor gave up all hopes of having an heir to the throne born to him, that he was acknowledged as the heir-presumptive. In those early days he and his family lived the most simple, unostentatious lives, enjoying few of the advantages of wealth.

Denmark is a familiar land to me. It is very English in its customs and the physiognomy of its people, and I have often seen the house in the Amaliegade, Copenhagen, where the wife of our heir-apparent was born —a very ordinary domicile—with the usual high roof of the country on which it is thought lucky to find a stork's nest established. It has projecting windows and moderate-sized rooms, very home-like, but not in any sense magnificent. Here a merry party of young people spent a singularly happy youth ere they went forth to take their share in the royal destinies of other nations: one brother, to become King of Greece; a sister, Empress of Russia; and the other married to the Duke of Cumberland, very near to the throne of Hanover. It was in these pre-nuptial days that the Princess established her fame for needlework of a practical and useful kind. She is said not only to have made her own but her mother's bonnets, while by no means neglecting the accomplishments of a talented woman. She is a skilled musician, like her sisters.

In the accompanying sketches you will be able to judge how cleverly this royal lady, while always appearing to favour one style of bonnet, has really adapted her own ideas to each passing fashion. The little felt hat (page 37) which she wore years ago is quite as much *à la mode* now as it was then: it is of the boat order, the brim turning upwards at the side, the feathers rising from a bow of ribbon; the crown cloven. The Princess has an unusually small head, measuring from twenty to twenty and a half inches.

Her Royal Highness has always shown a marked predilection for a felt hat with a high Tyrolean crown, which she was wearing twenty years ago; and I have seen a pretty picture of her in this with a favourite dog beside her, that came, alas! to an untimely end, being killed by a passing train. She has a perfect passion for animals, and the Prince and Princess travel about with any number of favourite dogs and birds. I have often noticed this important part of the baggage being transported to the Royal yacht *en route* for Osborne. And those who have the privilege of access to her Royal Highness are pretty sure to make the acquaintance of a dear little King Charles spaniel, which, with many other favourite quadrupeds, is to be seen about the precincts of the private apartments.

Her brothers and sisters had the same

ABOUT 1882.

tastes; and I have heard my father describe a graceful greyhound that belonged to the future Empress of Russia when a girl. He frequently saw her after the death of the Czarevitch, to whom she was first betrothed, and she was then wearing a large locket round her neck, with his portrait. Her constant

companion was this faithful little dog. He never left her side; and at lunch had learnt to jump up and possess himself of a piece of bread which she placed for him in a tall spiral wine-glass on the table filled with water, of which he never spilt a drop. By-and-by she married the brother of her dead love: a similar case to that of the Duchess of York.

She was considered strikingly like the Princess of Wales; and a perfect *furore* of enthusiasm was occasioned in 1873, when she paid a visit to England as the Czarevna, and the two sisters were seen driving together, dressed alike in dark blue spotted gowns, and hats that turned up slightly in front, having feathers and flowers at the side, the long ends of their veils hanging at the backs, as we wore them then.

The sailor hat in our sketch (page 38) is one the Princess wore eight or nine years ago. It is flatter in the crown and narrower in the brim than is the mode now, and it was surrounded by a band of black velvet with quills on one side. But she favoured this one kind a long time, and is only now adapting it to present modes; for H.R.H. is very apt to take a liking to a certain shape and to keep to it, having it re-trimmed and re-arranged to suit the requirements of the moment. All who know the Princess well must have frequently seen her in the second hat portrayed on page 38. She was very fond of this particular style, and wore it with certain alterations for some years. It was sketched, like all the rest, from the one actually worn by H.R.H., which Miss Britten, 105, New Bond Street, had the honour of supplying, having for many years enjoyed the royal patronage. It is a characteristic velvet hat with a wing at the back and lace trimmings. It was one of a similar form that was blown into the water at Cowes, and had to be replaced by another; and in a feather hat covered with the plumage of the speckled owl of the same round form she opened the Liverpool Dockyard.

THE PRINCESS IN THE JUBILEE YEAR.

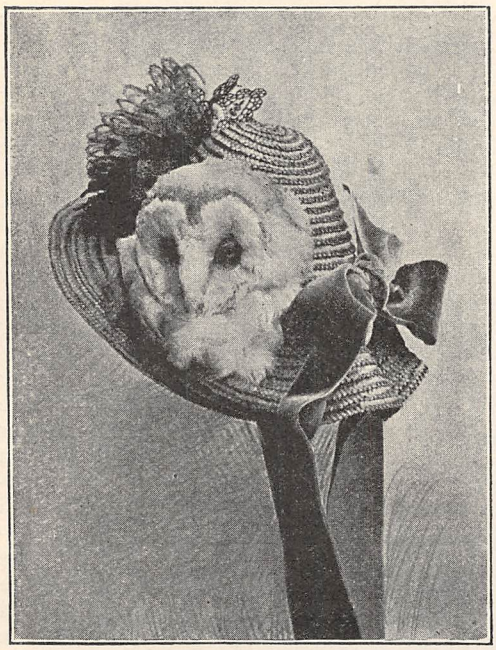
(*From a photograph by the Stereoscopic Co., Limited.*)

She has always had a *penchant* for flower bonnets. A well-known photograph of her taken in 1887 depicts her in a becoming bonnet—not unlike in form to the one she wore on Jubilee Day—a wreath encircling the brim and an upright bouquet in the front.

By the bye, the Princess celebrates her own jubilee this month. On December 1st, 1894, she attains her fiftieth birthday; and the nation prays many long years may be granted to her.

Our bonny Princess—if we may trust to the pictures that are handed down to us—looks younger now than when she came to us a bride. At the Bricklayers' Arms Station—where she was received with the warmest enthusiasm beneath a roof decked with flowers—she wore quite a motherly long velvet cloak edged with fur, and carried a muff in her hand; while the Prince, wearing a blue coat, proudly bore the bouquet that was presented to her. Her bonnet, which in those days we thought the most charming that could be made, framing a face with all the freshness and soft beautiful colouring of a peach, seems to us now to be somewhat of the spoon order, standing high up above the face. It was made in white tulle, ærophane, or some other light fabric in vogue, with pink roses and forget-me-nots. It had a comfortable curtain, and was tied under the chin. She wore it all throughout her triumphal entry into London, and I remember the strong impression her sweet, smiling, girlish countenance made upon all of us.

I was down at Windsor the day she was married, and saw her standing in the flower-decked railway carriage in which the young couple started for their honeymoon. Unless my memory is treacherous, she was arrayed in white satin trimmed with swansdown,



BONNET—ABOUT 1875.

and her bonnet was pure white also, for there was not one touch of colour in her toilette. Those were the days of crinolines, which would appear preposterous now; but everybody was wildly enthusiastic then with regard to the grace and charm of the bride's going-away gown.

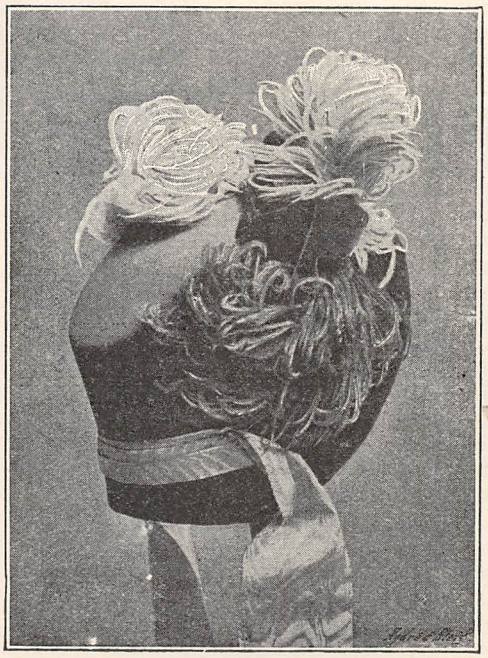
In the May of that year she was riding in Rotten Row in a close-fitting habit and a tall black silk hat, such as was worn then, encircled by a white gauze veil with floating ends. In later times she rode on the wrong side of her horse, and mostly in a felt hat. For eight or nine years, during country rides, she was faithful to one with a low crown, slightly rolled in front, that suited her to perfection; and a simple deer-stalker, made in tweed, she adopted when riding her Highland pony at Abergeldie.

She drives extremely well, and is often to be seen in a pony-carriage at Sandringham, and handles a tandem with skill. She is devoted to her country home, and thinks that that portion of the household who migrate there are exceptionally lucky. She knows every cottager on the estate, and in the roughest weather is to be seen in her close-fitting felt hat and waterproof cloak covered with a grey and striped silk brocade of the one peculiar shape that she always affects, both walking and driving. Sealskin hats were kept in fashion a long time by her persistently wearing them.

It was a very brilliant Ascot in 1863, when the Prince and his bride put in an appearance, as they have done most years since. She looked her best, wearing a simple floral bonnet—which could not have suited her better than the one she had this year—trimmed with mauve hyacinths and violets.

The contemporary sketches thirty years ago were very inferior in production to those of 1894; and it is difficult to imagine that the Duke of York's mother, who looked almost younger than his bride on the day of his marriage, could possibly be represented there, in those early days of her wedded life when we spoke of her as the "Rose of Denmark." The wide strings, lace, feathers, and shape in the first sketch on this page have no claim to a youthful appearance.

It was not the fashion then to wear hats as much as it is now; but I can remember her well in the round shape we called the "pork-pie," and it suited her admirably. In 1864 her veil was gathered round her bonnet in a far older style than she favours now, but it was admirably put on; and then, as during all her life, we thought whatever she had was the right thing to wear. We cannot imagine her now with large ribbon-strings tied in a formal bow under the chin, and a full cap encircling the face, made of lace or flowers, a heavy curtain at the back. In 1865 these curtains began to diminish in size, and by 1869 she, as a rule, had given up wearing strings at all. I can



ABOUT 1875.

recall her well, at the garden party in Buckingham Palace in 1871, when all those forty acres of pleasure-ground were thronged with gay company, and the crowd congregated round the ornamental waters and the pavilion with its minaret towers. Feathers stood up at the back of her bonnet, which was softened to the face by frillings of lace, and she was looking wonderfully well—far better and stronger than she did in 1872, when she accompanied the Prince of Wales to St. Paul's on his recovery from his recent illness. The procession stopped at Temple Bar, and her bonnet then rested only on the top of the head, and was round in shape, but had a high coronet. Her hair was not then dressed in small close curls, but was waved on her forehead. When she first arrived in England it was parted down the centre, and slightly raised over a frisette on either side.

The second bonnet, shown on page 40, with its hard firm crown covered with satin and trimmed with feathers, reminds me much of the one she wore in 1882 at Leicester, when she planted a tree in memory of her visit; but in truth it was made for her about 1875, just before the time that she adopted a particular form all her own—a round shape, small, as most of her bonnets are, with a deep coronet of velvet, with no strings and many feathers. She was dressed in this way during her visit to Birmingham in 1875, and on bidding farewell to the Prince on his journey to India in the October of that year. In 1876 high coronets came in, and these she adopted, and made them peculiarly becoming to herself.

The pretty round toque shown on this page, with the brim gathered perpendicularly at close intervals, displaying bunches of berries intermixed with osprey, trimmed somewhat high at the back, was made in 1886, but was very like the round hat she wore in 1880, when she welcomed the return of her sons from their visit to our distant colonies.

Perhaps few of her sex have ever better realised the value of a due knowledge of the lines of beauty in the female figure, and her success in rendering her dress invariably becoming is due in a great measure to this. With so small a head, so beautifully shaped and so well placed on the shoulders, it would have been suicidal to have adopted any large or wide head-covering; and what we all recognise as the Princess shape of bonnet is one which covers in the most fascinating manner the space between the middle of the fringe of hair worn now in front, and the knot, chignon, or coil that appears at the back.

Nothing is ever well done without thought and trouble, and the Princess Alexandra devotes both, as also a cultured experience, to the subject of dress. Before she decides what to wear, she often has several dresses, with bonnets and accessories, placed on stands for her to see and exactly judge of their effect.

1886.

Of her three daughters, the Duchess of Fife resembles her mother the most closely, both in her carriage and in the size of her head. The mother and her two unmarried daughters lead a most simple, natural life in their country home; and though on State occasions in London you see the young people generally in bonnets, in the country they affect the same close shape of hats as their mother, and it is only this season that they have ordered any of the larger forms which are current in present fashions. There is a pretty portrait of the three sisters together, taken when they were in mourning for their uncle the Duke of Albany, all dressed alike in round hats made of gathered velvet, cut on the cross and trimmed with feathers.

A DETECTIVE ON DETECTIVE STORIES

HE was an expert in crime. There was no doubt about that. But he regarded it not from the point of view of the criminal, habitual or otherwise. His was the vantage-ground of a member of the detective force at headquarters, and he was of rank in this calling—a skilled man, with admirable patience, a knowledge of men and matters, a cool courage and a ready wit which had many times saved him. The rules of the service prevent my naming him, and he would not himself like it. Our conversation had turned on detective stories and some glaring legal absurdities which I had remarked in one of the tales I had picked up for a railway journey.

My friend stretched himself still more luxuriously in the club chair, hugely enjoying his after-dinner cigar and a lengthened moment of leisure, and proceeded to reason with me on my fondness for reading that class of literature. "Not," he said, "that I suppose you would call those stories literature any more than I would call them true accounts of a detective's methods."

"Every man to his trade. I don't believe they are entitled to be called literature, not even when they are written by Conan Doyle. Not that my opinion is worth much on the subject; still, I feel pleased he has stopped writing them. You should know best about their other side, for I am friendly enough to be aware of your experience and your constant success in a difficult branch. That is for your private ear; publicly, I shall feel bound to say that New Scotland Yard is an utter failure in the more delicate line of rogue-catching. It's a genial fashion of the newspapers."

"I know it is, and I don't mind it. No matter; if we don't go hunting about for criminals with a microscope, nor write essays on the varieties of tobacco ash, we get our men much more frequently than the public choose to imagine."

"You don't read detective stories?" I said, with a touch of malice, for I thought I had him.

"Have I time?" he said reproachfully. "I have seen some of them, and they have given me an amount of amusement which their authors didn't intend when they wrote them—at least, not in that direction."

"For instance?" I said inquiringly.

"They magnify crime too much; they make it *grand*. Now I read a story the other day in which the mystery turned on the proceedings of a gang of coiners. There were three of them in the gang, two men and a young woman, and they were described to have taken a big country house, say, in Kent. Here they had fitted up a hydraulic press with a chamber big enough to hold a man, which was used for stamping. Now the whole thing is impossible. The hydraulic press will never be heard of in that business, because it is useless. Coining is a mighty small and ill-paid occupation, and is only done in one way. It has gone down to very small dimensions in this country. The chief coiners here—it is a curious story, and you may hear it—were a family named Kelly. They all died in prison—father, mother, and son."

"And what of them?"

"They made a discovery which put them in the front rank. It was how to make false money ring. I won't tell you what the secret was. It is not a very great secret, but you would put it in a paper, or perhaps try the game on yourself——"

"Thanks. Have another cigar?"

When this was well lighted he went on.

"It's a certain substance which is cheap enough and readily got. All that is needed apart from the various moulds to enable hundreds of pounds' worth of bad money to be made is an ordinary crucible. That is easily got. The chief and most difficult things to get are the moulds, of which no mention is made in this famous story. They are made of plaster-of-Paris, and are subsequently baked and pass through another process, after which they can be filled with the metal in a molten state. Clamps are used to keep the two heads of the moulds together, and when these are released the coin is ready for the milling process—you know, that which gives the serrated edge to the coins."

"Could the press not have been used as a stamper to press the coins out of metal?"

"They would not need a die stamper of that size. Besides, there are a great many substantial reasons why a stamp could not be used. No, it could not be used to compress the alloy. The truth is the author did not study his facts."

"Well, but apart from that, the idea is feasible enough?"

"I fail to see its feasibility. Take another point. You have a powerful hydraulic press fitted up in a private house in the country, and nobody takes any notice of it or is aware of its existence. Why, such a thing would not have been there for twenty-four hours in a small country place without everybody knowing of it. Workmen must have been employed for some time to fit it up, and they must have lodged close by. Gossip, my friend, is a great institution. It's been the key to the convict establishments to many a clever criminal. Nobody knows how great is gossip, and how useful to society, as does the detective."

"You forget the London correspondent, but go on."

"Note this, that here are two men working a powerful hydraulic press, and yet neither of them has sense enough to put a collar right on one of the working parts, and has to call in an engineer for the purpose. Mind you, I don't say the story is not a good one. All I say is that the author has no practical knowledge of the subject. Besides, there is the money to be disposed of. It is no easy thing to get rid of bad coins. There is a regular procedure involved. It is notorious that the man who makes the money never passes it unless under very rare circumstances. The business is in the hands of a very low class, and is not a flourishing means of living, I assure you. The trade is dying out. Ever since Inspector Brennan set himself to stamp it out it has been dying down every year. About twenty-five years ago he cleared the country of the best of the gangs. It was a noticeable thing that at that time the trade ran in certain families, of which the Kellys I mentioned were the biggest operators. Each group had its own little secret of making the coins; but they were all a very low class. The care that has to be taken of the coins is very great. Each has to be wrapped in tissue paper so that it will not 'rust.' The chief place of 'parting,' as they call it, with it is, and was, Seven Dials. It's a most instructive fact that none of those engaged in the trade were ever very successful. I have never found that they were ever able to hire a house, and few have got beyond one room, and a miserable one at that."

"A great deal is often made in these stories of forged notes. I believe that is a more difficult art even than coining?"

"It is. The great difficulty is to get the paper, and certainly bank-note forgers have displayed great ingenuity in getting over that trouble. We have not had many cases lately, and they have been mostly forgeries on foreign banks. It is only recently that Dombroski was sentenced at Winchester to ten years for the offence, and there have been others from time to time; but in our own country note-forgery is largely defeated by the use of special paper, which only one firm is allowed to make, and if a note is not of that paper, it can be detected even by the most inexpert. It is many years ago since Austin succeeded in forging a Bank of England note, and since then we have been free from that class of forgeries."

"Your reference to a Russian rouble-note forger reminds me of another detective story in which the forger leaves his trade and takes to stealing the plans of a new torpedo which is going to play Rule Britannia among the enemy's ships next war."

"I fancy I remember the story; you sent it me when I made the capture of that foreigner," referring to an arrest of a man wanted abroad, which had attracted the attention of two nations to his captor.

"Yes, that was the case. If you will recollect, the plans were hid in an iron rod, painted to resemble a malacca cane, such as I carry when I can afford to brave the risks of the weather, owing to having hopes of possessing sixpence next day wherewith to pay a hat ironer. They were taken away in the cane, photographed, and brought back, and left in the office umbrella-stand. I thought the idea rather smart."

"Now I didn't, nor would you if you had thought for a minute. Just imagine what the plans for a torpedo of that sort would be like. I am reminded that the writer himself lays stress on their minutiæ, and yet he would pack them into the inside of a sham malacca cane. They would be too bulky to go near the inside. It is too absurd to be thought of seriously. Those stories, to me, always fail in one crucial point, and that spoils them for my enjoyment."

"But look at the romance, my dear sir; think how able all these criminals are!"

"That is another thing. All the high falutin' about crime and criminals is so much wasted breath. I have told you before that there is no romance about crime. It is a very rare occasion indeed in which a man of any education whatever has been engaged in ordinary crime. What has attracted them has been such things as embezzlement and trifling forgeries. These are chiefly done by clerks led away by betting and drinking."

"Don't they join the criminal classes after their first experience?"

"I should say not. As far as I have observed, they very often rejoin the ranks of

honest citizens and do well, probably not where they made their lapse from honesty, but elsewhere, free of old surroundings. It is quite different with the man who has been a common thief. I really think you never can reform him. He goes back to his old games as soon as he is released, in spite of prison-gate organisations. I have known many cases where men just out after a seven years' sentence have been back in prison within a week. A moment's carelessness, after his first spree with his old comrades, and he is back again."

"That is rather a striking notion about men of education. Nearly all the detective-story law-breakers are rather romantic, intelligent persons, and, of course, now I think of it, you don't hear of them in real life."

"Very seldom indeed, and then it is impressed on your memory by the fuss the newspapers make about it."

"Still, there have been many cases."

"Yes, but they have always been in the direction of swindles. A man with a decent education may be engaged in bigger things, so to speak, when he does take up crime; often he swindles very meanly, but it does not follow that he escapes."

"Any real story on the point?"

"Yes, I can give you one of a clergyman and his son. The Rev.—well, after all, never mind his name. It's enough to say he was the rector of a church in Brixton. He was committed the first time for stealing money from collecting boxes. He was caught more than once, and then, plunging deeper, he forged a name to a cheque, for which he got a long sentence. Then his smartness came in. Soon after going into prison he managed to ingratiate himself with the prison doctor, and the doctor—how, I really don't know—consented to be a party to an attempt to get him freed. The parson induced the doctor to bring in some sheep's liver. He then complained of blood-spitting, managing the symptoms by chewing the liver, and the doctor ordered him to the hospital. There he pretended to be very ill indeed, and the doctor wrote to the authorities, representing the man as dying and not having many hours to live. He recommended that he should be released at once and conveyed home to die, the doctor offering to attend him to the bosom of his family. It was done, and the parson taken carefully home. As soon as he arrived there he turned on the doctor and demanded £20 as the price of his silence. He pointed out how easily he could ruin the doctor, and perhaps benefit himself by doing so, and the doctor weakly yielded. That parson, sir, bled the doctor dry, till the poor man died broken-hearted. It was a smart trick, but an ungrateful one."

"What happened to the smart parson?"

"It was another case of clever tricks. He went to Islington and started in the money-lending line. There he became known to ladies as ready to lend money on their jewellery without their husbands knowing of it. A great many, naturally, have objections to going to the ordinary pawnshop. The rev. gentleman raised his money by putting everything into the pawnshop and letting it remain there. Pawn-tickets expire in time. He would be pressed to return the articles, and then he wrote something in this strain—

"'Dear Madam,—If you again annoy me with regard to the article to which you refer I shall be under the painful necessity of disclosing the whole of our intimacy to your husband.'"

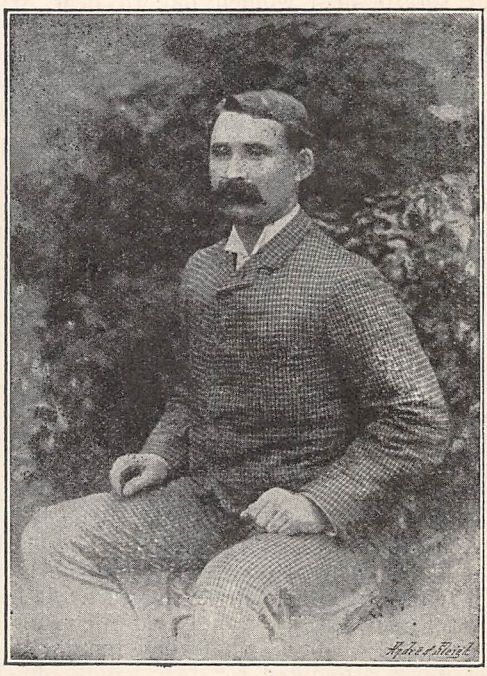
"Yes, that was what you would call a mean swindle."

"You see, none of them would say a word for fear of what the old villain might write to their husbands. His son turned out in a similar way. I had him in custody myself. And as a contrast, if you like, I will tell you how I caught him. He was a collector for a sewing-machine company. He was found to have been cheating the firm and was discharged, but managed to keep a book, and still went on collecting. He was a most slippery customer, and I had great difficulty in catching him. I got him finally through a woman he had collected money from, and who was not afraid, as so many of them are, to assist the police. I saw her and arranged with her that she should tell him to call at one o'clock another day because her husband was in the country, and she would not have money till he returned. Now the trick with those fellows is to go to the place before the time appointed; they never keep the exact time. This woman was equal to the occasion. He called at eleven o'clock, and I turned up at twelve. But the woman knew what she was about, for she seemed surprised at his calling so soon, reminded him that she said her husband would not be there before one, and told him to come back. I thought I had lost my man, but he had been taken in, and the woman showed him into the little front room, and ostensibly called her husband downstairs. I had nothing to do except put the handcuffs on. It was marvellous how that man collapsed when I appeared. Both father and son were in the dock together."

"By the way, what sort of man was this criminal parson in appearance?"

"Tall, with a fine figure and a beautiful

SIR EDWARD BRADFORD, C.B.
(From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, Baker Street, W.)



INSPECTOR SWEENEY.
(From a photograph by A. & G. Taylor, Queen Victoria Street.)

CHIEF-INSPECTOR MELVILLE.
(From a photograph by A. & G. Taylor, Queen Victoria Street.)

DR. ANDERSON.
(From a photograph by W. G. Moore, Upper Sackville St., Dublin.)

SOME SCOTLAND YARD OFFICERS.

voice—a clever man and a good preacher, the sort of man women like to hear. He could look very pleasing when inclined, to smooth his own way to roguery, and could produce a good impression before he spoke."

"Well, he seems to have had a curious warp in him and apparently some versatility."

"There is another thing for which little or no allowance is made by detective story writers, and that is the specialisation of crime. It is a most noticeable fact that criminals generally keep to the same line. I knew one man, a fellow named Amos, whom I had under observation for years. I have followed that man and his wife for a whole day, from nine in the morning till eight at night, when I knew they had nothing in their pockets and were hungry, thinking they would have done a little shoplifting. But no. They would stand outside shops where goods were displayed and look at them or gaze in windows, yet they never touched a thing. They were watch-snatchers, and I captured them red-handed at the end of the day, and the man got ten and the woman seven years. It has always struck me as strange that they should have gone about a whole day hungry and yet never attempted to steal handkerchiefs or clothing, of which they could have readily disposed, to buy food. They just stuck to their one line. There are few all-round felons. All try to strike a special line."

"It's the nature of things, I suppose. Everybody is a specialist now."

"Yes; and there is another fact in the nature of things which knocks spots out of the detective story as a transcript from life. It is that crime is nearly always as low and squalid as the criminal. Their ways are as nasty as their lives, and no magazine would admit the true story of crime into its pages. It's a story of wretchedness, worry of mind, and often disease of body. I have seen them by the thousands, and I know. I assure you there is no man so much to be pitied as the criminal, no matter whether he is successful or not."

My detective friend expressed himself with emphasis and some indications of disgust. "Not that there have been no exceptions—notable exceptions—but that is the general rule. Crime is not romantic, but squalid. I did know a case where an element of romance might be imagined. It was that of a man who robbed the mails between Ostend and Dover. He devoted time, money, and address to the job. It occupied him two or three years. He travelled frequently during that time, as an independent gentleman, between London and Ostend and Paris. He was friendly and chatty, and in time became well known to the people who were in charge of the strong boxes. He managed to sound them, and was enabled to rob the mails of a large sum. He was almost immediately suspected, and in the end arrested."

"The result—penal servitude, I suppose?"

"A curious point of law arose about the case. It was made a plea that it could not be proved where the crime was committed, whether in English or Belgian waters, and the question of jurisdiction was raised. The same plea could have been raised in Belgium, and the man, had it been successful, would have got off. He got seven years. He lived, I found, in good style, kept a ten-roomed house, and had a fine library."

"And what on earth was he?"

"He had been trained as an engineer. Very soon after being out of his time he turned to crime, mixing up with some of the worst characters. It was long before he was found out, for he performed his exploits, principally burglaries, at a distance from his home."

"You did not say how he was arrested. I should like to hear how so able a man was trapped."

"You should know that in England we only take account of facts. The law won't allow us to imagine much, and, I think, rightly, because I am sure the result would be disastrous. This man was suspected and watched. There was nothing more romantic or mysterious about it than that. He was watched for months very close, for the booty had not turned up. He was traced to a firm of jewellers in a big way in the City. They were a firm about which I don't wish to say anything. They were known to the police, and it was arranged that the man should call there at a certain time. When he did call, and was making his purchase, he was arrested and was in actual possession of the bulk of the proceeds of the robbery. It was no more than that, but it was effective enough."

"It would not read so prettily as some of the elaborate arrests of which I have read."

"I dare say not. There was one story I was rather struck with, because it fitted together. Mr. Springfield was the author, and he gets his mystery by causing a secretary guilty of forgery to attempt to poison his employer. The employer drinks the poison, but is unharmed, while the secretary dies. The employer has a fad for collecting curios, and has some poison used by Indians somewhere to poison their arrows. It is pretty harmless taken into the stomach, but fatal in a wound. The secretary puts it into a glass of port, and in getting it out of the jar has some enter a wound on his hand and dies."

"Yes, that is not an improbable mystery, which would work up into a pretty story, and the post-mortem would reveal the facts."

"It is facts we have to deal with all the time. We must not hearsay or fancy, and it is always 'from information received' unless the prisoner is there. All the favour is shown on the side of the accused—a marked contrast to the state of things in France, where the *juge d'instruction* makes it his business to drag the very inside out of an accused man. They go further and hear everything. It is good enough evidence if 'a woman told me that a woman told her.' But there is no room for romance in our system. It fits crime, for in that also there is no room for romance. We have no parrots trained to steal jewellery, and have not to trace the thief by the marks of a bill on a wooden match. I think there is no reason to complain because of that. We are as successful as most men, and crime is year by year going down in amount. I am afraid if it was all on the lines of the detective story it would be going up."

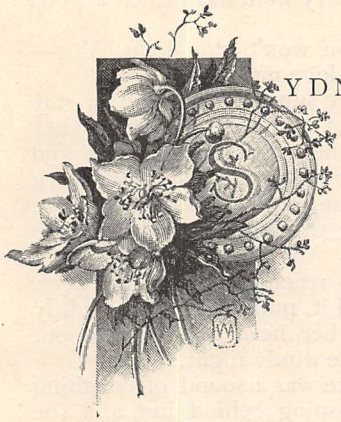
Whereat my friend departed the smoke-room to resume his duties, whether in or out of the New Central Offices it was no business of mine to ask.

W. E. Grey.

THE GREAT THIRD WAVE.

BY ETHEL S. TURNER.

"Infinite passion and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn."



SYDNEY "West End"—speaking socially, not geographically—begins with Darlinghurst.

Certainly, the great gaol stands there too, and detracts somewhat, but the big houses shrink away from it harbourwards, and in the intervening streets flourish the long monotonous terraces of shabby houses indigenous to all the great cities in the world.

But it is only one of the shabby terrace houses this story has for stage; only in one of the small mean streets that the great third wave rolled up.

Here a "Dress and Mantua-maker" displayed her brass sign; there a nurse; Madame Somebody, a clairvoyant, occupied one end house, and a glove and feather cleaner the other. Of the three middle houses, one bore the name of a music teacher—piano, violin, organ, singing, theory, and the banjo; one was quite without a distinctive label, and one said, "Lodgings to Let."

Not even "Rooms Vacant" or "Apartments"—simply "Lodgings."

There was only a back room empty at present. The sitting-room and front bedroom had been occupied for nearly six months.

It was a common-looking little sitting-room; and even an easel with a sketch on it, a draped pot holding a palm, and Japanese nicknack or two, failed to banish the impression the red-stained sideboard and wildly-floral carpet left on the observer.

The sofa was of shiny horsehair, as might be expected, but there was a fleecy rug flung over it, to make it comfortable for the man who lay there.

A wreck of a man, with restless, miserable eyes and sunken cheeks.

On a hassock beside him, a pale, childish-looking woman, with Pompilia's "patient brow and lamentable smile," was sitting, altering the bodice of a dress.

She had the skirt on—a black lace one, with a narrow flounce at the hem—and a light shawl lay across her shoulders and bare soft arms.

The man was watching her with all his heart in his eyes, and she knew it, and dare not look up.

Snip, snip went the scissors. She was picking the long sleeves carefully out, and replacing them with short puffy ones. In the afternoon, when she had worn the dress at a Government House Garden Party, the collar had been high; now it was taken off, and the lace turned down to show the amount of neck and chest ball etiquette requires.

"Meg," the man said passionately, "you are too tired to go—you shall not!"

She held her head on one side, as if examining her work critically.

"Not at all bad. Wilf, this is the most

useful dress you ever got me. Tired? Oh no, dear; and it's sure to be a lovely ball!"

He looked on moodily as she stitched away.

"REALISED THAT SHE WAS FREE."

It was finished at last, and she flung off the shawl and slipped it on. It fastened behind; and the great gaunt man got off the sofa and buttoned it up—all the little round buttons—with infinite care.

She dabbed at her hair a little in the sideboard glass, made it more fluffy at the sides; and he watched her all the time, still with that look of mute misery in his eyes.

Once she met it, and caught her breath just a second.

"Wilf," she said—and made a little rush at him—"Wilf, don't look like that."

She dropped on her knees by the sofa, and slipped her thin light hands under his neck, and laid her face on his.

They stayed in that position some minutes, and both cheeks were wet when they separated.

"You'll make your frock dusty, Meg," he said heavily; and she stood up and brushed off the carpet marks slowly, and blinked away the last tear.

"Here's the last *Idler*, Wilf," she said, and pulled on a pair of goloshes over her evening shoes. "Read Jerome's notes; and Barry Pain has rather a good story."

"You won't stay long, Meg—as you love me!"

"The supper—I'll have to stay for that: he said so; and they open the doors so late," she said mournfully, and looking back into the little fire-lit room that, despite the unæsthetic carpet, was home.

She reached the front door, opened it, pulled her wrap tightly round her head, and stepped out into the windy night.

There was a sound of coughing and gasping behind her, and she turned round in wild haste.

"Wilf!" she cried, with passionate reproach in her voice.

She pushed him back into the narrow hall, and shut the door.

"How *could* you — oh! how *could* you, Wilf?"

He leaned against the wall.

"You are—to—take a cab—both ways, Meg—I—insist!"

"But I hate them, Wilf; and the 'bus goes quite near."

She slipped her hand through his arm.

He put her aside, and made a movement to the door.

"If I *am* a helpless log my wife shan't go about alone at night!" he said fiercely. "Open that door, Meg; I'm going to call a cab."

The coughing seized him again—a terrible attack, that tore at her very heart. She got him upstairs again, saw it over, made him

promise not to leave the warm room again, and agreed to take a cab.

"Both ways?"

"Both ways."

"Another ball—and she calls herself a woman," said the mantua-maker, as the cab drove off for the third time that week.

"Cabs, and her husband dying!" said the feather cleaner, curling her lip in fine imitation of one of her ostrich plumes.

Oh! the horrible brilliancy of the lights—the jarring of the music and laughter, after that fire-lit room and the presence that hovered there.

Meg shut her eyes for just a minute, and then followed into the ball-room close on the tail of a rich pink silk. She was not announced at all, and only gave a little deprecatory look in acknowledgment of the gracious bow of the governor and his wife. Then she slipped across the ball-room behind someone very big and stately, and shrank into a corner of one of the deep red-cushioned window seats.

The pink silk entered into a combination with a much-belaced uniform, and went floating down the room to a waltz from the "Gondoliers." Meg noticed it was of *armure royale*, made *en princesse*, with chiffon gigot sleeves of *eau-de-nil;* and made a note to that effect.

And the Countess of Jersey wore white bengaline and a magnificent tiara of diamonds; and Lady Margaret Villiers' pale blue frock was trimmed with Maltese lace—no, Valenciennes. She must not make a mistake.

She scribbled a few other notes—said the floor was perfect, the floral decorations most beautiful, consisting of flannel flowers, waratahs, and rock lilies: a compliment much appreciated by the guests; that the verandahs were lighted up with electric light, and that the gardens with the many-coloured lights on the trees looked like a scene from fairy-land.

Then she leaned back, and looked on the dazzling scene with unseeing eyes.

No one heeded her in the slightest—a little, unremarkable figure in black lace, with a small tired face and wide blue eyes, with a strained far-away look in them, and little hands in shabby *gants-de-suèdes* that opened and shut nervously, or else wrote rapidly with the blue programme pencil.

Once the crowd seemed to have thinned somewhat, and the band to be slow in striking up the next dance.

"It *must* be supper-time," she muttered to herself, and got up, and made her way all alone across the great polished floor.

She went out into the big hall: everywhere were groups of well-dressed people—chatting, laughing, and quite happy; no one seemed anxious about supper but herself.

A footman in scarlet and white livery looked too gorgeous to be approachable, but there was a butler in unostentatious black near the dressing-room door.

"Will it be—would you mind telling me what time the supper-room opens?" she said timidly.

He looked down at the little anxious face, with no small degree of scornful surprise depicted upon his own.

"At eleven o'clock, madam," he said, in his most stately manner. "There are light refreshments, however, in the hall at present."

Meg turned away despairingly, and sat down in the deserted dressing-room for a time. It was hardly ten yet, and Wilf would have finished the *Idler* and his newspapers, and be eating his heart out for her.

Slowly the long hour dragged away, and there was a stir toward the supper-room at last. She slipped in among the very first, and pressed close to the long table. One or two looked at her curiously; she was examining everything with such eager, hungry eyes—the decorations and various details her paper required. She just touched some chicken mayonnaise, ate a spoonful of jelly, and took a mouthful of champagne—Wilf would be sure to ask. Then she turned round, and a little colour of gladness crept up into her cheeks as she crossed the room again, and realised that she was free.

She took her wrap from the woman, passed the footmen in the porch with a deaf ear to their condescending inquiries about carriage or cab, and almost ran down the long drive, and away towards the city. At King Street she got a William Street bus, and when actually in Darlinghurst, got out, and took a cab to the door, which cost her a shilling only, and satisfied Wilf.

She flew up the narrow staircase two steps at a time.

"Well," she said breathlessly, and scanning his face for the slightest change; "was I very long?"

"A lifetime."

He drew her down on to the sofa beside him, and kissed her softly, lingeringly. Then he knelt down, and took off the little cheap shoes that he knew pinched her badly across the toes.

"That better, girlie? Are you very tired, Meg?"

She kissed him.

"It's lovely, dear! No, I'm not an atom tired. Oh, you bad, dear old boy! what have you been doing?"

Her afternoon notes lay scattered about the table; he had been copying them out for her: all the fashionable names and smart frocks worn by society.

She gathered them up, and glanced through them with misty eyes.

"Did Mrs. Villeneuve Barton wear a mousselaine-delaine with three rows of green velvet ribbon?" he said anxiously. "Or did you mean it for Miss Russell Mackenzie? I couldn't quite make out."

"Mackenzie," said Meg, bending very low to make the correction.

"And I'm not clear about Lady Marshall's gown, Meg," he said, picking up her tiny book. "Look, you only have '*turq. b. crep. Emp. belt. Roul. of omb. p. de s. Fig. jack. pass. Jam. bonn. mephis. plume.*' I puzzled over it for long enough, and could only make out Empire belt."

Meg looked and laughed.

"You'll never do for a society writer, Wilf. That dress is simplicity itself: Turquoise blue crépon with an Empire belt, and rouleau of ombre poult de soie, a Figaro jacket with passementerie trimming, and a bonnet with the new jam-pot crown and Mephisto plume."

"Oh!" he said. "What did you have for supper, Meg?"

"What didn't I?" she sat down, and picked up a sheet of paper and a pen. "Mayonnaise, that delicious kind, with everything in it, you know; and champagne—was ever such a little drunkard?—and jelly with layers of pineapple." She jumped up and felt in her pocket. "I slipped in two macaroons and three prunes, and a crystallised apricot for you," she said, bringing them out eagerly. "Oh, and *how* I would have loved to have brought you some of the strawberries or jellies!"

He kissed the top of her coiled hair tenderly, and ate the dainties, with his arm round her waist.

"They are delicious, Magsie," he said, and popped one of the prunes into her little smiling mouth.

Then they turned to the notes, and spent a busy hour in finishing them: he reading out the names, and she putting it all in the form of a chatty letter from one society girl to another.

From that night Wilf grew worse and worse, until it had almost become a question of days with him. And yet, day after day the little frail woman in her black gown was to be seen at the various fashionable gatherings, noting everything with wide anxious eyes, and pencilling names with a hand that trembled all the time. It was all they had to live upon: the pitiful little two guineas a week her writing brought; they were already in arrears with their landlady, and she had told them—gently enough, for the young wife's struggles had touched her—that she must have either her rooms or her money, for they were her chief source of income.

And Meg had looked out into the street, where a cold July wind was shrieking up and down, and her heart had almost died within her.

The same day a note came from the editor of her paper, saying her contributions lately had not been up to date and had been carelessly written; he was afraid he must give the social column into other hands.

She gave a little frightened sob as she read it, and wrote back, begging him to overlook it this time, and promising he should not have to complain again.

For two weeks her MS. was above reproach; then Wilf had a sharp attack again, and every line was written with a bleeding heart on her knees by the bedside, with a chair for the ink-pot and shaded light. And it was dull, and full of glaring errors and stereotyped phrases.

A second note was the result, sharp and decided, saying the social column was one of the most important in the paper, and the editor could not have it slurred over in this way. The present week must terminate the engagement between them.

Wilf was asleep at the time the letter came: had dozed off, with one of her hands under his neck; a greyish tinge had crept into his hollow cheeks, and seemed slowly spreading to his brow. The shadowy presence that for months had made an ever-present third in those rooms came closer; it touched her, and the chill breath froze her little wildly beating heart.

Wilf stirred, and turned over.

"Are you there yet, Meg? How selfish of me! Come and lie down, my darling."

She wiped a bead of agony off her brow, put the letter into her pocket, and lay her poor white face down on his thickly curling hair till the colour should come back in it again. He put up his hand and stroked it gently: the little face that so soon he would see, and touch, and kiss no more.

Soon she jumped up again, and went to the glass to put her bonnet on.

"*Another* garden party, Magsie?" he said faintly.

"No, dear; only the editor wants me about some notes," she said, tying the strings with great care at one side.

"You *must* not take it from me: I cannot let you," she was saying, half-an-hour later, to the editor.

"'WILF, THINK OF ME A LITTLE—FIGHT HARDER, W-WILF-F'" (*p.* 52).

Her lips were set, her eyes gleaming; he did not know what to say to this white-faced determined little woman.

"My husband is ill"—her tongue refused to say "dying"—"it is all we have. Do you want a crime on your soul?"

He muttered something to the effect that the paper was paying badly: he could not afford to play with his subscribers. They wanted their news fresh and well written, and they must have it.

"When he gets better I will do an extra column each time free; till then, you must excuse it if it is a little faulty."

She rose to her feet as if the matter was settled.

He played with his paper-knife, stirred up the gum, and opened and shut a letter-clasp, preparatory to telling her it was no use; he must give the column to another writer.

"Is there anything to attend to-night?" she asked in a clear voice.

He looked up to reply—paused to notice the quick nervous closing and unclosing of the small thin hands—and said hurriedly there was the Mayor's ball; but if she would just note the chief people and some of the dresses in pencil, he would send a clerk down to the Town Hall to get the notes from her, and make them into letter form.

"And I trust your husband will soon be better," he said, rising and opening the door for her.

"Thank you," said Meg.

She drew one quick breath, and went down the stairs and home.

That night she had to kneel by the bed while he fastened her dress up—oh, so slowly and lovingly! And then, when it was finished he had buttoned it all wrong, and there was a hole to spare at the neck.

He undid half of the buttons; one stuck, and he tried for a minute to unfasten it; then he let it go and held out his arms to her.

"Let's give up, Baby—it's all no use—*Baby*, I can't hold out any more. Oh, my little, little girl, I want you every minute now."

One wave of the wide bitter sea went over her soul, and she gasped and clung to him till the waters ebbed, and left it naked and shuddering.

Then the second came up, and she lifted herself out of his arms and on to the breast of it.

"Wilf," she said, and caught his hands and put him away from her, "don't be a coward *now*. You are stronger to-day—the doctor thought so. Wilf, think of me a little—fight harder, W-Wilf-f."

A tide of colour swept into his cheeks.

"I will, Meg—I am—*God!* how I am," he crushed her hands between his own. "Leave you alone—please God, I won't!"

A shiver ran through her, then she stood up straight and seized her shawl from the bed-foot.

"One hour, Wilf, and to-morrow we can have the cheque and get things—one hour, Wilf. Oh, fight, my darling! One hour, and I shall be here holding you again; and to-morrow those great doctors; and you will get well again, and eat chops, W-Wilf, and four servings of pudding, like you did before."

She laughed hysterically and turned to the door.

"Meg," he said, in an agony of longing.

She glanced back, but would not look at him.

"One hour—what, Wilf?"

He closed his hands tightly.

"One half of your dress is unbuttoned, dear," he said; and she did it up anyway as she went down the stairs, and through the passage into the street.

And it was all no use: all the fighting, all the choking prayers, all the beating of hands.

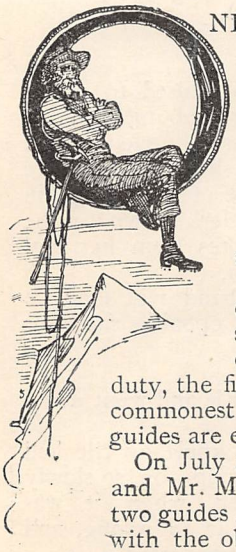
The great third wave rolled up before the hour had gone, and everything went down before its black irresistible waters.

When she got to the door again she knew the wave had broken, and she struggled through the wild horrible surf to the bed beyond.

And it lay deep down, where the waters were very still, and where she could never reach it to straighten its cover, or smooth its tossed pillow, or creep into its warmth and whiteness any more.

PEOPLE WHO FACE DEATH: ALPINE GUIDES.

BY A. E. BONSER, AUTHOR OF "NORTHWARD HO!" "LIFEBOAT MEN," ETC. ETC.

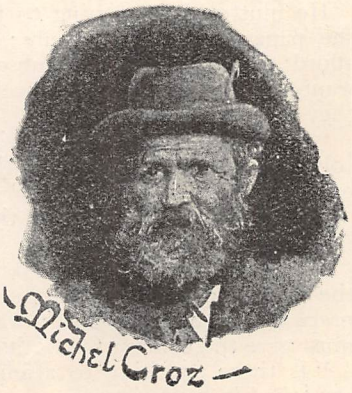


ONE of the most celebrated guides was Michel Auguste Croz, a native of the Village du Tour, in the Valley of Chamounix. It has been said of him that "he was only happy when upwards of ten thousand feet high."

The following are a few out of innumerable instances in which he faced death in the discharge of duty, the first given being one of the commonest and greatest risks to which guides are exposed.

On July 10th, 1864, Mr. Whymper and Mr. Moore, accompanied by the two guides Almer and Croz, left Zinal with the object of reaching Zermatt by the Moming Pass.

After proceeding a considerable distance, two routes offered themselves, and—it would seem, contrary to the suggestions of the guides—the shorter but more dangerous one was chosen. This way led across a long slope of ice built up from the *débris* of a glacier that had fallen from above. Further huge masses and pinnacles of ice were ready to topple over, and might do so at any moment, and as there was not the slightest protection against them, the peril was extreme. Their only chance of safety lay in hurrying forward.



Croz began, therefore, to cut steps as fast as he possibly could, but for twenty minutes each member of the party

expected that the next moment might be his last.

When they were safely across, Croz acknowledged that it was the most dangerous place he had ever crossed, and that no consideration whatever would tempt him to cross it again. As if to emphasise his words, as the party were resting from their exertions, one of the largest pinnacles of ice, at least a couple of hundred feet high, without the slightest warning, heeled over, and fell bodily upon the very track they had just traversed, and "a broad sheet of smooth glassy ice showed the resistless force with which it had fallen," and the narrowness of their escape.

The descent of the other side of the pass was actually undertaken in a dense mist, and involved a succession of perils which few guides would have had the courage or the skill to face. But Croz took it easily, as part of the day's work.

Fancy crossing a narrow edge of ice with an unfathomable abyss on either hand, by placing your feet in notches cut large enough just to admit the heel only, balancing yourself the while like a tight-rope dancer, with the knowledge that a false step was certain death!

Fancy coming to a solid wall of ice on one side of a big crevasse, which must be crossed, for there could be no turning back —a chasm felt rather than seen in the bluish mist that floated, phantom-like, around, now creeping from point to point, now suddenly opening to disclose fearful fleeting visions of profundities unknown!

Even here Croz was equal to the emergency, and, held up by the others, cut a pathway for hands and feet with his trusty axe.

"Have a care, dear sirs: slip not!" The warning was scarcely necessary, and the party, one by one, crept cautiously along, holding on by "the skin of their teeth," until the chasm narrowed, and they could drop across.

Thus they proceeded for hours—not minutes—having neither the time nor the opportunity for rest or refreshment, for to be overtaken by the night was to be overtaken by destruction! Try to picture the situation, and you will get some idea of what it is to face death among the high Alps.

On the 17th of June, 1864, Mr. Whymper, accompanied by the guides Almer, Biener, and Croz, climbed that most difficult mountain, the Dent Blanche.

They began the descent in a furious hurricane, and in pitiless cold that frosted the hair and congealed the breath in icicles on beard and moustache. Gloves were useless, for they were slippery with ice, but to cling to the ice-bound rocks with the naked hand was like holding red-hot iron, and dragged the skin from the fingers, so that the perilous track was marked by a red stain; and yet *to stop was to be frozen to death!*

"WITH THE KNOWLEDGE THAT A FALSE STEP WAS CERTAIN DEATH."

After fearful risks, at last they got down safely, but in such an exhausted state that the wonder was any of them were left alive to tell the tale.

Of all the attempts to scale the Matterhorn we have no exact knowledge; but between 1858 and the end of June, 1865, fourteen expeditions are recorded, half that number being undertaken by Mr. Whymper, two by Professor Tyndall. In the second attempt of the professor, under the leadership of J. J. Bennen, the foot of the final peak was reached at an elevation of 13,970 feet. The mountain seemed to be unconquerable.

On July 13th, 1865, the undaunted Whymper determined to try again. He was accompanied by the Rev. Charles Hudson, who was considered the best amateur mountaineer of his time, Lord Frederick Douglas, an experienced climber, and Mr. Hadow, absolutely without any experience of Alpine climbing. The guides were three in number:

"THEY SPED SWIFTLY DOWNWARDS, BOUNDING FROM CRAG TO CRAG" (*p.* 55)

Michel Croz and the Taugwalders — father and son.

The party advanced leisurely from the Zermatt side, and at noon pitched their tent at an altitude of about 12,000 feet. On the 14th they started as soon as the light permitted, and met with no difficulty until they came to that part of the peak which seems to lean over towards Zermatt. Here they turned northwards, Croz leading. After an hour and a half of hard climbing, during which time Hadow had to be constantly helped, they reached snow, the actual summit was before them, and they were soon on the top.

They had a tent-pole with them, but no flag, so in default of anything better, Croz took off his blouse and tied that to the end, and the signal was seen at once by those on the look-out at the Riffel and in the valleys below.

An hour was spent on the top admiring the extensive view, for the day was unusually clear, and the panorama embraced all the giants of Switzerland. A cairn was built in honour of the occasion, and then preparations were made to return.

The following order was observed—Croz, Hadow, Hudson, Lord F. Douglas, Taugwalder the elder, Whymper, and last, Taugwalder the younger.

All were roped together when they came to the awkward bit, which sloped at an angle of about 40°. Croz here laid aside his trusty axe, the better to help Mr. Hadow by placing his legs into their right positions and his feet in the proper steps.

Suddenly, without a moment's warning, Mr. Hadow slipped, and turning on his back, struck Croz a violent blow, knocking him completely head over heels; Hudson was immediately dragged from his place, and Lord Frederick followed him. The remaining three stood firm, and the shock came upon them as on one man; but the rope could not stand the severe strain, and broke between Lord Frederick and the elder Taugwalder.

For a brief moment the four unfortunate men were seen by their horrified companions as they sped swiftly downwards, bounding from crag to crag, until they disappeared into the awful abyss!

The three who remained were so paralysed with terror that for a full half hour they dared not move an inch; eventually, however, they reached Zermatt in safety—the sole survivors of the expedition.

Jean Antoine Carrel was another splendid guide.

He was the first to make the ascent of the Matterhorn from the Italian side, but he, too, fell a victim to the terrible mountain.

In the month of August, 1890, he conducted a party up the Matterhorn, and they reached the hut on the south side at the close of a cloudless day. During the night, however, a fearful hurricane arose, which raged without intermission for six-and-thirty hours. The lightning was blinding and incessant, and seemed to wrap them in flame; the thunder burst over their heads like salvoes of artillery, and the uproar was echoed from the surrounding heights; the hail deluged them, the bitter cold seemed to freeze the marrow in their bones, whilst the raging wind threatened every moment to destroy their frail shelter. All the party were more or less frost-bitten, and, their provisions having given out, starvation stared them in the face.

As a forlorn hope, their intrepid guide proposed that they should try to descend. Accordingly they started, he leading the way, and working with almost superhuman strength, whilst his resolute spirit encouraged the fainthearted, and cheered the desponding. Marvellous to relate, after literally battling for every inch of ground during fourteen hours of incessant labour, Carrel brought them to a place of comparative safety.

But the mental and physical strain proved too great, and, his duty ended, the brave man sat down and immediately expired!

One of the most famous of the Oberland guides was John Joseph Bennen. During the greater portion of his career, he was in the employ of Wellig, the landlord of the inn on the Ægischhorn, and was hired out by him to tourists. His services were always in great request, and he saved at different times several lives by his capacity and courage.

A well-known mountaineer has spoken of him as "the bravest guide the Valais ever had or ever will have." And Professor Tyndall wrote of him: "As a mountaineer Bennen had no superior, and he added to his strength, courage, and skill, the qualities of a natural gentleman."

On the 28th February, 1864, Mr. Gosset and Monsieur Boissonet, with J. J. Bennen, drove from Sion to the village of Ardon to make the ascent of the Haut-de-Cry, a mountain 9698 feet high. At Ardon they were met by three guides, Nance, Rebot, and Bevard, and without loss of time the men set out, following the right bank of the Lyserne, and making for the woods.

It was a lovely night: the sky was cloudless, and the multitude of stars shone large, and bright, and near. A full moon shed its soft radiance on the valley; dappled the track through the sombre pine forests with weird shadows, and streaming over the mountains toned down the sharp edges of peak and pinnacle, wrapping each ghostly form in mysterious light.

The party had not proceeded far when they came upon soft snow; it was not a good sign, and there were forebodings that, after all, the attempt might have to be given up.

"AFTER LITERALLY BATTLING FOR EVERY INCH OF GROUND."

However, soon after, hard snow was struck, and clear of the pines that had considerably impeded their movements, they rose more quickly, and at seven o'clock reached a châlet and sat down to rest.

They were in full view of the Diablerets, and, by-and-by, as they gazed, a faint flush touched its four peaks, the rosy tint deepened and spread; gradually the shadows of night were chased away, and the rising sun warned the men to continue their ascent if they would make the most of the new-born day.

The Haut-de-Cry has four arêtes or crests, and the plan was to go up between the two running east and north-east to the foot of the peak, and then mount it by the arête running north-east.

It was slow walking over the snow, as each step was a foot deep, but soon after ten o'clock the base of the peak was reached. Here Bennen—like a careful general—inspected the position, and decided to take the eastern arête, which would save a couple of hours as compared with the other. To gain it, a steep snowfield had to be crossed. Not liking the look of it, Bennen asked the local guides if avalanches ever came down there. On their replying that the party were perfectly safe, they went on, and in the following order: Bevard, Nance, Bennen, Gosset, Boissonet and Ribot.

"THEN, WITH A HORRID HISS AND ROAR, THE SNOW SWEPT ONWARD."

Three-quarters of the distance had been traversed, when the two leading men sank up to their waists; and as the depth of snow prevented their extricating themselves, they went on, forcing a way with their bodies. Bennen looked anxious, and said that he was afraid of their starting an avalanche; but, just then, hard snow was struck, and they concluded that the soft snow was only accidental, and that all was right.

However, a few steps only had been taken when a deep, cutting sound was heard; a tiny crack showed itself, and the snowfield split in two just above them!

Silence ensued—a silence the more profound from the enormous height. Eight thousand feet below faint wreaths of blue smoke rose from the châlets of Ardon, where the villagers were busily engaged about their household duties.

Far off, the summits of Diablerets stood out clear and distinct in the rarefied atmosphere; everywhere the sun's rays flooded the beautiful world with light.

Around lay the pure white snow, and yonder the peak they had come to climb—now within easy access—rose into the ethereal blue. Everything breathed only peace and repose.

But the men stood awestruck and motionless, until the oppressive silence was broken by Bennen, who said slowly and solemnly—

"We are lost!"

He turned, and stretched out his arms towards the valley, and at the same instant, with a gentle, gliding movement, the immense snowfield slid bodily! The motion rapidly increased; there was a cracking, a rending asunder. Then, with a horrid hiss and roar, the snow swept onward, engulfing the six men, who were absolutely powerless to help themselves.

Like the crest of a huge billow the head of the avalanche advanced, pressed on by the snow behind, until it reached the brow of the nearest precipice, down which it thundered, waking a thousand echoes among the neighbouring crags.

From some unexplained cause, the rearmost snow paused on the fatal brink; but, when its progress was arrested, *only one man was visible!*

It was Ribot. Near him was Nance, partially buried, whom he soon freed, and the two helped out Bevard, who was erect, but covered up to the head.

At first no trace was discoverable of their

unfortunate companions, but, at length, they thought they heard a feeble cry! It was repeated; and, guided by the sound, they saw a hand protruding above the snow. On digging they managed to extricate Mr. Gosset from what had otherwise proved his grave, for he was buried far below the surface, and completely frozen in.

Then coming upon a foot, they partially uncovered the body of Monsieur Boissonet, but ceased their labour on finding that he was dead. As to Bennen, he was never seen again.

And the blue smoke still curled upwards from the châlets of Ardon, and the sun still flooded the beautiful landscape with light—all things breathed peace and repose; only the peak of the Haut-de-Cry looked down upon a polished wall of ice, where lately a snow-field had rested, and its summit now will never be attained by the "bravest guide the Valais ever had or ever will have."

THE MAKING OF FLANNEL TAPESTRY.

BY JOSEPHA CRANE.

FLANNEL tapestry is a new embroidery, which I am sure will possess a charm for many workers who like what is easily and speedily executed.

This work is absolutely dissimilar to the old Berlin wool-work, remembered by so many as being the fashionable embroidery some years ago.

The foundation of this work is very coarse rough flannel, of a most beautiful cream colour. I must tell you, in confidence, that it really is only common house-flannel—the same precisely as your housemaid uses when she scrubs the floors. The designs, however, and manner of working have a character of their own, and the table-cover, etc., in this article I obtained from Mrs. Brackett, 150, The Parade, Leamington Spa, who makes this work a very great *spécialité*.

Those who live in London, and who are anxious to see the work for themselves, can do so at the Studio Tea Rooms, 185, New Bond Street, where, as at Leamington, work finished, begun, designed, and all materials for doing it, can be had.

As very large articles, such as portières, bed-spreads, table-covers, piano backs, etc., look well in this work, Mrs. Brackett—who has found that as the ordinary household flannel is too narrow for these purposes—has had some flannel like it made in wider widths. Besides the articles already

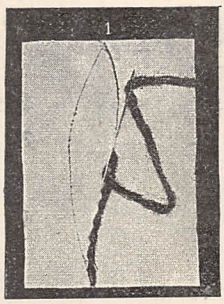
TABLE-COVER.

DARNED TAPESTRY WORK.

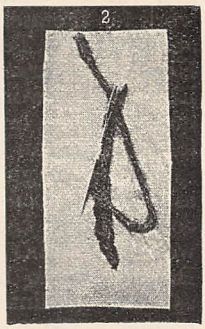
named, cushions, cosies for tea- or coffee-pots, and a larger make for hot-water cans, blotters, bags, etc., all adapt themselves to this embroidery.

The designs are all bold, large, and conventional. The material employed for embroidering them is tapestry wool, which can be had in many shades of various colours, and in working it the best needle to use is a chenille needle, for the tapestry needles often have blunt points, which render them useless for this work.

The table-cover before you has a very good design, which is worked in four shades of peacock blue wool, and when finished, is mounted with ends of dark peacock velveteen of a very thick make. The whole is bordered by a cream and blue cord, and lined with sateen to match. This little cover is extremely artistic and pretty, but the same designs and size, if wished for a cushion, would be admirable. The stitches used in it are very numerous, there being no rule at all about them; though any worker will find out by experience which stitches are the best adapted to the work. The two large flowers have their petals done in rope-stitch of the darkest blue, with a snail-trail-stitch or bullion to mark it. The thick leaves are done in plait-stitch, with a border of *point sablé*, and the other leaves are done in various ways. A careful examination of the illustration through a magnifying-glass, and then reference to the stitches I will now explain, is the best way of understanding how this should be worked, though space forbids me giving all the stitches here used or which might be employed in the work.



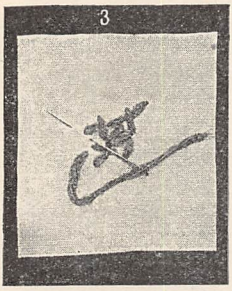
1



2

Fig. 1 shows you how

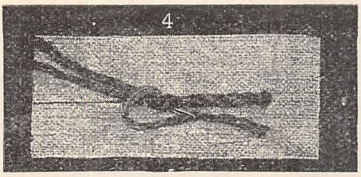
stem-stitch is done. When you have brought your needle up through to the right side of the material, take up a small portion—say the eighth of an inch—on your needle; draw it out, and then repeat the process, always seeing that your stitches are exactly opposite each other.



In Fig. 2 you will see how stem-stitch is used when several lines come together, and a thick stem is formed.

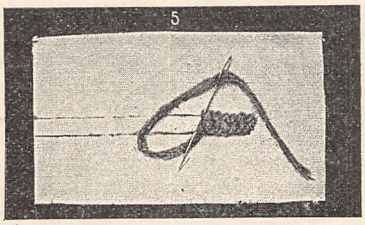
In Fig. 3 you will notice the way of working *point de riz*, which is used in darning the piece of work called darned work. The size of the stitches is about the size of large-grained rice, and you will see that they are sprinkled in a very irregular fashion, no two stitches lying side by side.

Fig. 4 is two threads of the tapestry wool



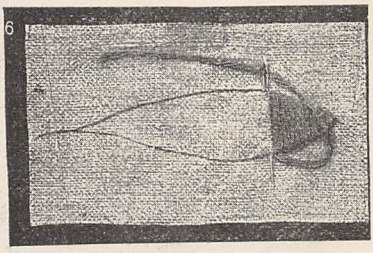
sewn down with a contrasting colour. This is very useful for outlines, and care must be taken that the stitches are placed at regular intervals.

Fig. 5 is cable-plain-stitch. Examine the illustration closely, and it will show you better than any explanation how it is done. When the needle, as you see it here, is withdrawn, the wool is twisted round it, and the needle put as you see it in the illustration.



Figs. 6 and 7 show how the faggot-stitch is worked. Cover your leaf with close satin-stitch, as in Fig. 6, and then with a contrasting colour make the faggots by taking up about six of the threads of wool, and then drawing them tightly together. Place your needle as you see it in the illustration, and remember this stitch must be done evenly, and the leading thread not drawn too much or too little.

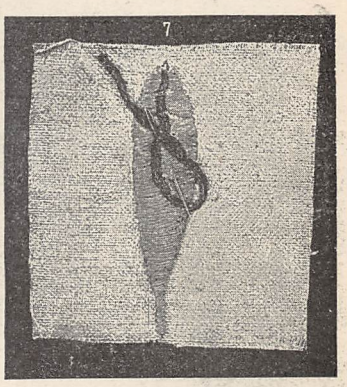
The darned tapestry work, of which I give you a specimen, is worked in long- and short-stitch, already explained, stem-stitch, and satin-stitch: that is all. This is done in



several shades of red, and the darning is in one shade of light yellow. Some people mix the *point de riz*, and use different colours, but I do not like the effect so well as when one or at most two shades of one colour are used.

The most beautiful effects can be had in a design worked in this way. Curtain borders mounted on plush look splendid, and really a bed-spread could hardly be handsomer if a good design and well-chosen colours are used.

Peacocks' feathers are often used in this embroidery; and they are most effective. I saw at the Studio Tea Rooms a splendid portière worked in them. For these, a few dull greens and peacock blues are used. The eye of the feather is mostly peacock, and a little silk of a lighter colour. A little brown filoselle is used; but that is a matter of taste. The eye exactly in the centre is satin-stitch, and the rest of it is composed of rows of stem-stitch lying closely together. Chain-stitch is used for the sections of the feather. The pattern is very pretty, and extremely easy to work.



It will, of course, be noticed that the table-cover and the darned specimen are in different styles. In the former, any kind of stitches are used; in the latter, only the crewel-stitches. It may be as well to remind you that in the latter you keep the top of your petals light and shade to dark.

"HER TWO LITTLE CHARGES ARE PULLING HER AWAY FROM THE POST-OFFICE" (*p.* 61).

THE LITTLE NURSERY GOVERNESS:

BY J. M. BARRIE
AUTHOR OF "THE LITTLE MINISTER" &c.

(*Reprinted from* THE SPEAKER, *by arrangement with the Author.*)

EVERY lawful day, at five minutes past three, I ring a bell and the little nursery governess at once rounds the corner of the street. She never hears the bell, for I am at a club window ringing for coffee, but five minutes past three is her time, and thus she seems to answer my summons daily. While I am saying "Black coffee and a cigarette" to George, the little nursery governess is crossing to the post-office. "Fivepence, sir," says George; and now the little nursery governess is taking six last looks at the letter. I carefully select the one suitable lump of sugar, and the little nursery governess is making sure that the stamp is sticking nicely. I light my cigarette, and she is reading the address as if it were music.

I stir my coffee, and she has dropped the letter into the slit. I lie back in my chair, and she is listening to hear whether the postal authorities have come for her letter. I scowl at a fellow-member who has entered the smoking-room, and her two little charges are pulling her away from the post-office. When I look out at the window again she is gone, but I shall ring for her to-morrow at five minutes past three.

The little nursery governess must have passed the window many times before I took note of her. The sex interests me not; long ago I gave women up; I have a spite against them. I have no idea where she lives, though I suppose it is hard by; and I only know that she is a nursery governess because the little boy and girl bully her. She is giving them the air when she posts the letter, and she ought to look crushed and faded. No doubt her mistress overworks her. The other servants will often tell her what they think of her. Certainly her duty is to be sad. So I thought of the little nursery governess while I sipped my coffee; and as for her daily letter, I regarded it not. In time I noticed that she had occasionally many letters to post and that only the posting of the one was a process. The others were shot down the hole together, but the one went after them slowly. They, doubtless, were her mistress's, but it was her own. After she had posted it, she laughed gaily to herself, and tripped off quite coquettishly with her charges. This absurd little nursery governess was brimming over with happiness, and for no earthly reason, mark you, but that a foolish lump of a man loved her. She had the privilege of writing to him nearly every day, and so, instead of crying because she was a poor nursery governess, she must trip jauntily into this street, with a rather smart bonnet on her head, and the air of an engaged woman who likes it. I rather think the nursery governess is pretty; but as for the colour of her hair and eyes, and whether there is character in her chin, I know nothing, because I have no desire to know. I like to sip my coffee dreamily, and her obtrusive happiness annoys me. At least, I thought so until the tragedy occurred.

Thursday is the great day of the little nursery governess. Then she comes into the street in answer to my bell, but not as on other days. She has an hour to herself every Thursday afternoon; perhaps she works overtime for it. Then is she arrayed in comparative splendour, with a cap of blue feathers on her head instead of a bonnet, and the neatest umbrella in her hand, and a look of expectation on her face that is as absurd as anything in Euclid. On ordinary days the little nursery governess at least tries to look

"SHE STARTS—POSITIVELY STARTS—AS IF HE HAD TAKEN HER BY SURPRISE" (*p.* 62).

demure, but on Thursdays she has positively the assurance to use the glass door of the club as a mirror in which she may see how she likes her trim trifle of a figure to-day. Were there sufficient cause for this exultation, I would not frown at my coffee spoon; but there is no cause, none worth speaking of; only, indeed, the hulking lout of a man who is waiting for her at the post-office door. This is the creature she writes to, and every Thursday she walks out with him. He is tremendously brushed, looking as if a blast of wind had hit him full in the face; and if she is not at the post-office when he puffs up the street, he takes off his hat to see that there is no mud on it. It is a silk hat, and I think he wears it by request. He has not the refined look of the little nursery governess; and when he leans his hand on the post-office window, I can fancy him saying, "And the next article?" I almost turn up my lip at the girl for being so joyous because this commonplace man is engaged to her, but I see (by the way his nose turns up) that he is honest. It nearly puts my cigarette out to observe how deceitful the little nursery governess is. The moment she turns the corner of the street she looks at the post-office, and sees him plainly. Then she looks straight before her, and he sees her, and rushes across the street to her in a glory, and she starts—positively starts—as if he had taken her by surprise. I am so ashamed of the little nursery governess's duplicity that I stir my coffee violently. He gazes down at her in such rapture that he is in everyone's way, and then she takes his arm as if it were her property, and off they go together, she doing nine-tenths of the talking, and he with his head in the air like a man who has won the Derby. I dare say she has not a relative in the world, and slaves from morning till midnight, and yet he thinks she is the pick of the universe, while she blushes with pride every time she looks up and he looks down, which is ridiculously often. If I had not grown accustomed to this chair, I would certainly change it for one further from the window.

You see, I have not an atom of sympathy with the little nursery governess, to whom London is only famous as the residence of an over-brushed young man. At the same time, I became used to her; and when one day, nearly a month ago, she passed the post-office without gradually posting a letter, I was indignant. She had no right to come into my life for five minutes every day, and then suddenly go out of it. I laid down my cigarette. Undoubtedly she was passing the post-office. Her two charges, who usually played a game while she posted her letter, were as surprised as I, and the boy pointed questioningly to the slit, at which she shook her head. I saw tears rise to her eyes, and so she passed from the street. Next day the same thing happened—indeed, something worse happened, for I bit through my cigarette and neglected to order another one. Thursday came, when I expected there would be an end of this annoyance—but no. He did not appear in the street; neither did she. Had they changed their place of meeting and their post-office? No; for her eyes were red every day, and heavy was her silly little heart. Love had put out his lights, and the little nursery governess walked in darkness. The geese had quarrelled, and only one of them wanted to make it up. I set my teeth at that long-legged selfish fellow, who had spoiled my coffee. These lovers never think of anybody but themselves.

I could forget the little nursery governess, as in time I could do without sugar in my coffee. She is nothing to me. But, with a woman's want of consideration for others, she insists on bringing her charges almost daily through this street, and crying, or very nearly crying, as her eyes light on the post-office. As if this were not sufficient, I have discovered that every Thursday from three to four, she wanders back and forward at the top of the street, looking hopelessly at the romantic spot where she and he will meet no more. The nursery governess is now such a sad little figure that I think she cannot live long without the over-brushed young man, and nowadays I try all the seats in the smoking-room, and thunder at George because the coffee has become undrinkable. This is a wet Thursday, and from the smoking-room window where I write I can see the little nursery governess beginning her hopeless walk at the top of the street. That it is hopeless I cannot doubt; she will meet her lover no more. Of course it is nothing to me. I am only writing of her and her fickle swain because I have given up coffee and a cigarette between three and four, and so find time a burden. Now, I will post this across the way, and hurry from the street of the little nursery governess.

[The above communication reached *The Speaker* office in a very muddy envelope at six o'clock on Thursday. By a later post on the same evening arrived the following]:—

Since I posted a paper entitled "The Little Nursery Governess," something remarkable has happened. I think I said at the end of the paper that I was to post it myself. However, I put it in my pocket, and at once forgot it. I dare say I was thinking of the forlorn little governess; at all events, I marched off down the street to get away from

her. Suddenly I struck against —the young man. I hit out at him with my umbrella, passed on, and then stood looking at him. He was no longer nicely brushed; his hat was splashed with mud, and he had the face of a man who turns often in his bed at nights. He was hollow-eyed, and stood against a lamp-post, glaring at the post-office. This was the man who had spoilt my coffee, but he seemed so despairing that I could not hate him. I wriggled my umbrella back and forward, and pondered; and, of course, I saw that he still loved my little nursery governess. Whatever their quarrel had been about, he was as anxious as she to accept the blame, and doubtless he had been at this end of the street every Thursday while she was at the other end. He had hoped against hope to see his lady at the post-office, when he would have rushed to her, and she had hoped against hope to see him there. But from where these two selfish creatures stood or walked up and down they could not see each other.

"WITH MY HAT ON I HURRIED TO THE SMOKING-ROOM WINDOW."

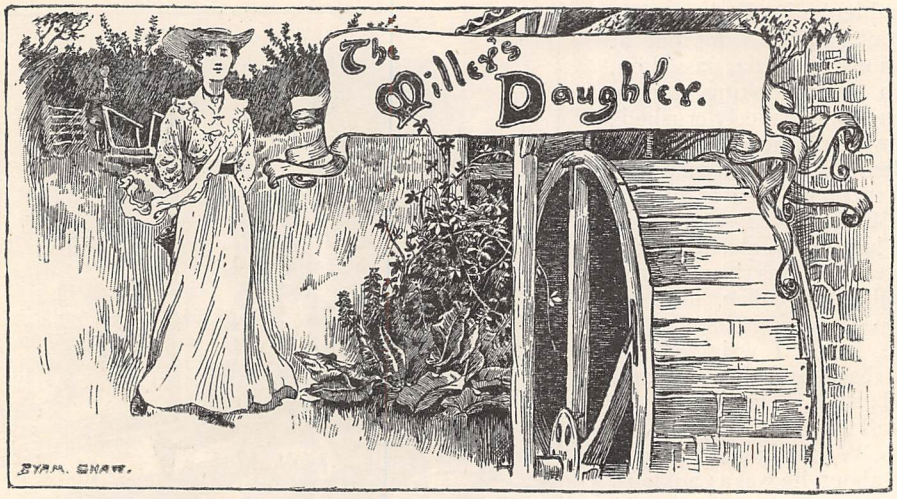
You must have observed that I care not a jot for the little nursery governess. Still I despise even more this stupid young man, and therefore I would not give him the satisfaction of knowing that she was waiting for him. No, he must go to the post-office, and she would see him from the top of the street, and after that—well, then I should be done with them. But how to get him to the post-office without giving him my secret? I think that what I did was quite clever. I dropped my letter to *The Speaker* at his feet, and as soon as he picked it up I strolled back to the club. You see, a man who finds a letter in the street is bound to post it—and he will naturally post it at the nearest office.

With my hat on I hurried to the smoking-room window. I gave not a glance to the post-office. I looked for the little nursery governess. I saw her as woebegone as ever—then suddenly—she put her hand to her heart——

"George," I said, "black coffee." She was crying outright, and he was holding both her hands. It was a disgraceful exhibition. "And a cigarette, sir?" asked George. The young man would evidently explode if he did not kiss her at once. She must die if she could not lay her head on his breast. I must admit that the dunderhead rose to the situation; he hailed a hansom. "Yes, George, and a cigarette."

The affair is nothing to me. I merely add this to explain why the first envelope doubtless reached the office in a muddy condition.

J. M. Barrie.



Words by LORD TENNYSON.
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Music by GEORGE H. ELY, B.A.

VOICE.

PIANO.

leggiero.

p

1. It is the mil-ler's daugh-ter, And she is grown so dear, so dear, That I would be..... the jew-el That trem-bles in her ear, For hid in ring-lets day and night I'd touch her sor-row and in rest, And I should know if it beat right; I'd clasp it

2. And I would be the gir-dle A-bout her dain-ty, dain-ty waist, And her heart would beat.... a-gainst me, In

Ped. *

neck so warm..... and white.
round so close..... and tight.

dim.

3. And I would be the neck - lace, And all day long to fall and rise Up - on her balm - y

bo - som With her laugh - ter and her sighs; And I would lie so light, so light, I

cres. . . . . . *poco* . . *a*

scarce should be un - claspt at night; And I would lie so light, would lie so light, I

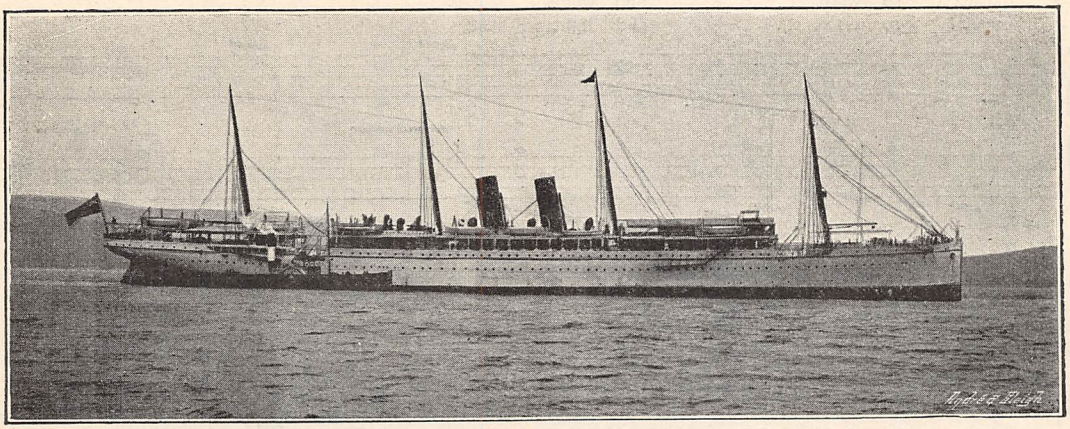
. . . . . *poco.* . . . . . *al* . . . . *f*

scarce should be un - claspt..... at night.

dim . . . . . *p* *pp*

Ped. * *Ped.* *

GIANTS OF THE CANAL.



R.M.S. *CALEDONIA* (P. & O.).

TEAMERS of every flag and from every shipyard under heaven: steamers grey-painted, carrying troops to the East; war-steamers; a dapper yacht; a frowsy old tramp with yellow rust-streaks daubing her flanks; Egyptian police launches; and a French convict ship for Noumea, in New Caledonia: all these following stem and stern in endless procession, with rarely a half-mile gap between, and all heading for Suez and the Red Sea beyond. In the other direction a similar file making for that triangular harbour of tumbled concrete blocks, Port Saïd. The Canal they are traversing is the greatest and busiest water-way the world has ever seen, but yet it has its limits of width and depth, and when the vessels pass each other, one has to steam into a siding and bring up.

The Suez Canal would be no place for a *Paris* or a *Lucania*, or any of the big 9,000-ton Atlantic liners. And similarly, it would refuse passage to the *Rodney*, or the *Howe*, or any of the larger war-ships. At a later period of the world's history it may take these, and even the larger vessels which succeeding generations will most certainly do their travelling in; but at present the channel is only dredged to a depth of twenty-five feet seven inches, and it is not always well to drive the last inch too fine.

With the larger craft, this depth of water is a matter of nice calculation. Some of the giants go out of British rivers with their Plimsolls afloat and the twenty-seven-foot mark on the stem-head comfortably awash. But the fire-hold staff calculate their consumption to a ton a day, and as the bunkers empty so does the draught diminish. These big fellows, too, have cellular bottoms for water ballast, many of them, and by emptying a trimming tank or two can gain the valuable inches when the pinch comes at Port Saïd.

So it may be said that 7,500 tons is the very outside limit in size for a ship which is to pass through the Canal, but there are scarcely half-a-dozen which strain its capacities to anything like this extent.

The North German Lloyd to China and Japan, Australia and New Zealand, sailing from Southampton, have fine ships, but none of them come up to the limit mark. Nor have the Barcelona Compañia Transatlántica, which run to the Philippine Islands and the East generally. The Messageries Maritimes Company, which will take one to Japan with the height of luxury and comfort, have no boat larger than the *Océanien*, of 4,198 tons. The British India, the Anchor, Bibby's, and all the other lines which use the Canal have fine handsome vessels, but they none of them own the giants. It is left for two British companies to top the list in point of size. The Peninsular and Oriental, with their *Caledonia*, a monster of 7,500 tons, may claim the possession of the largest of the giants. She is 486 feet in length—that is, about as long as St. Paul's Cathedral—with 54 feet of beam, and with main engines of 11,000 horse-power. Next comes the Orient Company, with the twin-screw *Ophir*.

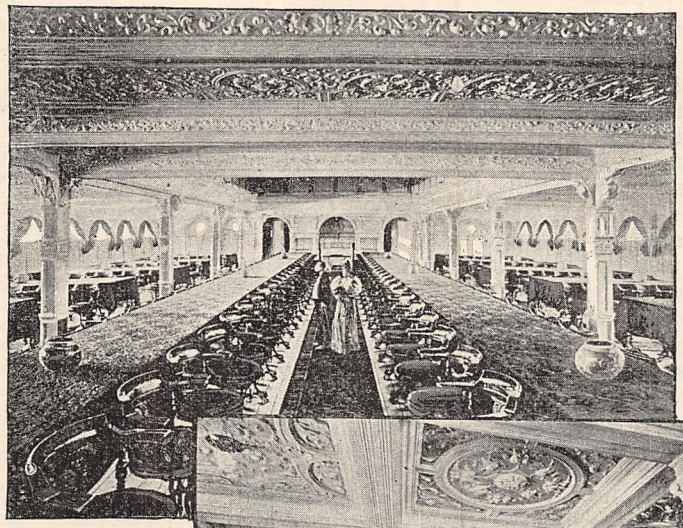
The *Ophir* carries word on her counter that Glasgow is her port, but as her home quarters are Tilbury Docks, and her only

other place of call in these islands is a passing anchorage inside Plymouth Breakwater, she cannot be said to have very much to do now with the Clyde: although, indeed, she was built there, engines and all, in 1891 by Messrs. Napier.

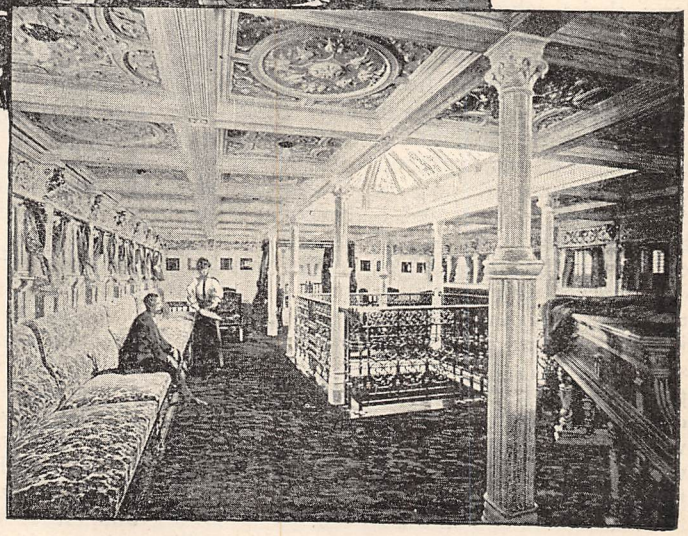
The eye picks her out at once as she steams down the long lane of the Canal, carrying her superstructure high above the line of the flanking sand-dunes. Other craft, with their dazzle of all-nation flags, sink to the size of pigmies as she comes down on one at "slow ahead"; and with her black hull, her white tracery of decks and boats, and her pair of slender pole-masts raking aft parallel with the funnels, she makes many of them look grotesquely small. She has as many decks as a Spanish galleon of the olden days, more bedrooms than most hotels, stowage-holds the size of a large warehouse, hydraulic cranes for handling her cargo. She has 220 men of a crew—officers, quartermasters, and deck-hands; engineers, greasers, firemen, and trimmers; table-stewards, state-room stewards and stewardesses for all three classes; cooks, bakers, butchers; electricians, musicians, and refrigerator men.

Of her many passengers, who would dare to divide these up into *genera?* Most of them came aboard in tenders when the giant was lying in the river off Tilbury; and as one looked down upon them from above as they poured across the gangways, one was shaken with the lust to moralise, as one is by fever in a swamp. It was a thing impossible to cast off. Tender-load by tender-load they came up: emigrants, laughing and reckless, sour and glum, tearful and white, knaves and honest folk—these for the third class. Another tender-load of first and second: a cricket-team for Australia, with straw hats and ties to match, and a healthy crowd to bid them "God-speed, and get runs"; an earl and his coterie; a brace of yellow-haired actresses; business-like globe-trotters; lean Australian squatters, with wives be-diamonded; clerks who talked of posts lost, and traders who had lost their trade; and then more emigrants for the third class. And all—men, women, and children—save here and there a stray Italian, were loaded to the breaking strain with hand-baggage, after the unchangeable custom of these islands. There were successful men and failures amongst that vast inflowing crowd, but it was the failures who caught the eye, the recruits into the ranks of the unfortunate, who had striven at home for perhaps a lifetime, and in despair were going to "try the Colonies." There were men who had dropped from the first class in life into travelling second, and on their faces was written the aching fright lest they should descend further into the rough and tumble struggle of the third.

Others joined at Plymouth—first class only; superior folk these, with



MAIN SALOON.



MUSIC ROOM.

(Views taken on the R.M.S. "Caledonia," P. & O.)

GRAND STAIRWAY OF ORIENT S.S. *OPHIR*.

money—a few left at Gibraltar; and more came on board with the mails at Naples, also for the first class, because the railway journey indicates the warm man.

For days and days many remained invisible, and one only knew of their existence from the printed names in the passenger list; but in the Canal, where the ship's decks were as steady as the pavement of a street, and there was no tremor of engine or waft of oil to tell that she was a steamer and not a shore-house, these came from their rooms, white and listless, and a steward got their long chairs, whereon they stretched themselves out, to be stared at like new boys in a school. And the stock joke was bandied round: "They must have come aboard in mid sea—probably from a diving-bell."

By the time the ship has got to the Canal everybody knows everybody else, personally or by reputation, and little coteries and cliques have been formed, and passengers are beginning to bet knowingly on the outcome of current flirtations. New hands have got over marvelling at the vast number of meals they can sit down to in a day, and the inordinate quantity of nutriment they can stow away at each. Old hands have got over the thick of their tales about experiences in other ships—mostly tales of weather and of woe. And those who have not brought white duck clothing with them begin to perceive the promise of heat, and make purchases from the barber's store.

Reputations have been made, and are still in the process of making, with wonderful rapidity. There is a Melbourne timber-merchant who can give anyone else two rings at deck quoits and a bad beating. There is a middle-aged gentleman, going out to Colombo with the view of planting tea, who has made himself so noisy in his cups that the stewards are forbidden to supply him with anything more potent than coffee. There is a young gentleman off to seek his fortune in New South Wales, who gives at second-hand on the grand piano in the drawing-room Mr. Grain's musical sketches with such excellent effect that he has been rewarded with the *sobriquet* of "Corney," and wears it with vast gusto and enjoyment. And there is a baby in swaddling clothes credited with the best lungs on earth.

One cannot say that business is altogether neglected. Already one silver mine near Coolgardie (owned on board) has changed hands; and already "our Mr. Jenkins" from Manchester has struck up a warm friendship for Mr. Stokes, the great dry goods storekeeper in Adelaide, which one can't help thinking is not altogether disinterested and platonic. And as there is a tutor on board with an unamiable cub, into whom he drills the great truths of the Latin Accidence for twenty minutes daily, one may say that these two do business also.

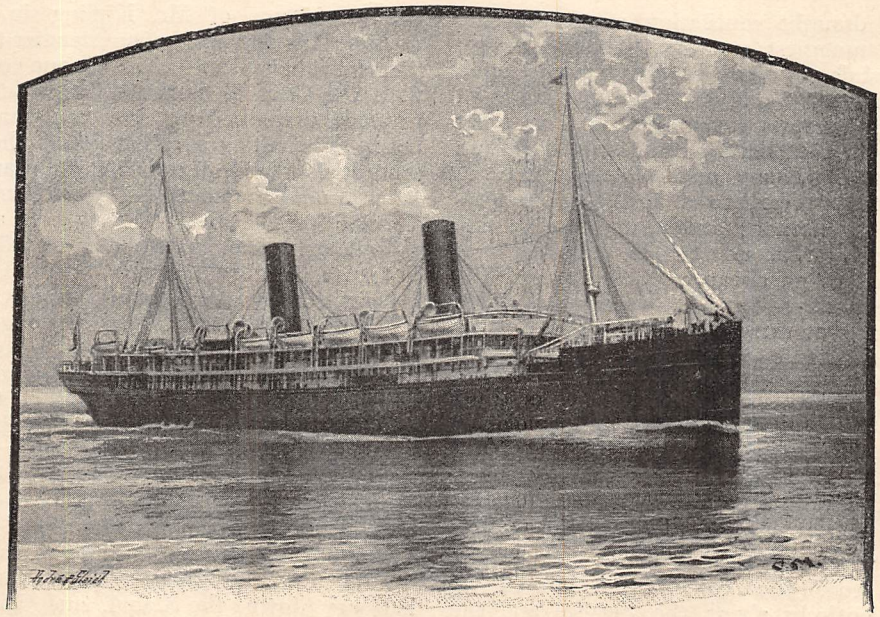
But on the whole, the state of the passengers is one of rest and change and amusement, or of thorough *far niente*, combined with slight over-eating. In the mornings and afternoons amusement sometimes palls, but in the evenings never. The passengers go hard at it. Amongst the third class they get the accordion to work, and have a shindig beside the fore-hatch. In the second they make music also, and the young men and maidens dance with industry and vigour; whilst the Failures gloat over past splendours, or, Micawber-like, look complacently at what may perhaps come next.

In the first cabin they dine late, and, by reason of the size and excellence of their dinner, they have to sit for awhile in quietude, either with *café noir* or with cigarette *solus*. And meanwhile, the band—which, like the poor, is an institution they have

always with them—plays. From a strictly musical point of view, the band is not above the higher criticism. As an adjunct to this sea-hotel, it is worth much fine gold. It takes away the attention of mamma when Araminta is flirting with John Edward in one of the many dozen blocks of inky shadow made by the electric light for that precise purpose. It soothes papa's after-dinner snooze. It pins in the head of the up-country squatter the last remembrance he will have of London music-halls, burlesque plays, and the *intermezzo* from *Cavalleria Rusticana* for the next six years. And if there is not too much roll on, it assists those Terpsichorean exercises which never pall at sea, whatever they may do ashore—the waltz, the lancers, and the barn dance.

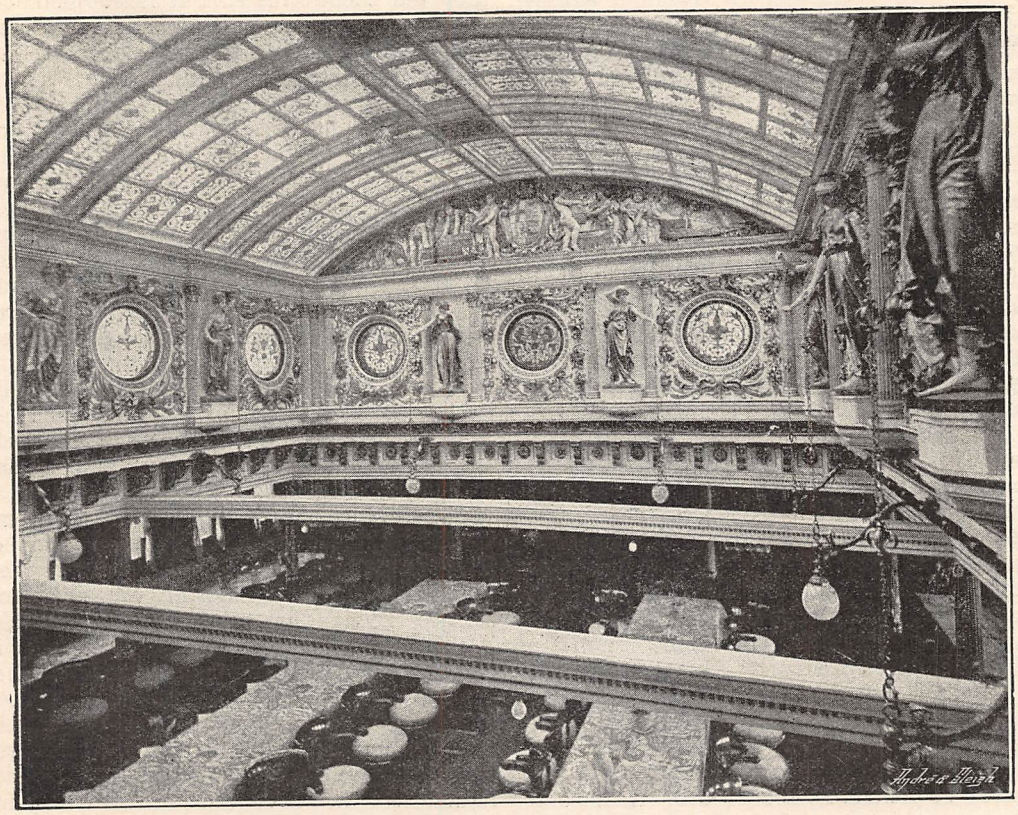
The number of matrimonial engagements contracted on board one of these liners is abnormal, if one calculates per hour of stay and per head of passengers. Young men, we will say, have come from some up-country station in the Colonies and have been to England—home, they call it, even though they are native-born—and had their fling among the decent English towns and the comely English women, and have spent their money, and are going back again. It is all very good fun on board; but—there is that back blocks sheep-run, or whatever it may be, looming in the rear of everything. The horror of loneliness creeps over them, and they tell themselves that it is not good for man to live alone; and so, under the pressure of the moment they marry something which they frequently would be glad to get rid of afterwards at a remarkably small price.

There is not the high poker play going on in the Canal which one finds on board the boats of the Atlantic ferry, partly because the passengers do not understand it so well, partly because of the heat, and partly because they cannot afford to waste the money. The professional card-sharper, who spends his entire time travelling backwards and forwards between New York and Liverpool, is an animal unknown on the lines which run to the East. But in the smoking-room there are usually half-a-dozen rubbers going, and certainly there is loo, and nap, and poker as well, though hard armour-plated gambling is the exception rather than the rule. So, too, is hard drinking. There used to be some excuse for chronic soaking in the old days of long passages and torrid heat; but now the trips are of much shorter duration, and science keeps the temperature endurable. The punkah is a thing of the past. The *Ophir* and *Caledonia* have large refrigerating engines for use on the homeward voyage, when they bring back thousands of tons of butter, and poultry, and beef, and mutton, and these keep all eatables and potables cool. And, in addition, they have powerful machinery for



ORIENT S.S. *OPHIR.*

(*From a photograph by J. Adamson & Son, Rothesay, N.B.*)



DOME OF SALOON, ORIENT S.S. *OPHIR*.

induced draught ventilation, so that in the hottest, muggiest weather one can always have a sluice of air streaming through one's cabin, or down the back of one's neck.

In fact, there is everything on these great steamboats that luxury can think of; from paintings by Hemy and Walter Crane in the drawing-room, to a choice of two savouries for dinner; and if one has to pay for it, why, what else can be expected? If you want to go cheap, you can do it all the way—forty days—for a ten-pound note, third class; and you can amuse yourself by picking up character and—"extras."

But they are a queer crowd, these six or seven hundred passengers, take them in the thick. They wear diamonds and badly-fitting clothes, and usually have before them at dinner champagne glasses tinkling with ice; whereas, on one of the Indian liners the jewels would be less, the clothes better, and the drinks more inexpensive. There, too, the conversation would be almost entirely about the Service and the I.C.S., with here and there a word about the beauties of big game shooting, and the impudence of Mr. Kipling in writing novels. On the Australian steamer the only "service" they understand is the one connected with the Church, or the other which hands round the mashed potatoes and makes the beds. Their talk is about what they have seen in England, the price of Botany wool scoured and unscoured, the McKinley and Wilson tariffs, the iniquity of shearers' unions, and the uncertainty of all things human in Australian securities and railway bridges. They are (again I repeat, in the bulk) men and women in the rough, hard-working, money-making state, who misuse the Queen's English most vilely, who look upon "Austrylia" as the land of the present and the future, and the British Islands as the Kingdom of the Blest, now and for all time. They are an infant people, and a sturdy and a prosperous, or they would not be able to support ships like the *Ophir* and *Caledonia* for their trafficking and travelling.

And now the great steamer has passed half-way down the Canal, and Ismailia is astern, and the sand walls which shut out the bitter lakes open out on either beam.

Night is coming down; but as the sun sinks in hot lurid splendour behind the desert, a thousand electric lights snap out all over the ship, and from the projector in the bows a great sun burns, which makes the waterway of the Canal all gleaming, glaring white, or thrusts it into velvety darkness outside the cone of rays.

Amid Egypt's night the great steamer moves the 480 feet of her length silently on between the walls of sand, the most perfect machine for travel the world at present knows. On the passenger decks one can no more make out those who guide her than in a railway carriage one can overlook the driver of the engine. Our giant has discarded the old double awning of canvas. Her boat-deck, the highest of all, is an awning deck as well, and the forward end makes the navigating bridge. It comes strange to one at first to see no officers in command, no high-heeled quartermaster sawing at the spokes of the steam-steering wheel; but then one remembers that the steamer is a giant, and perhaps it is only fitting that giants should differ in niceties from other craft.

And so she passes on, to coal at Suez and again at Colombo, and then to make her 3,370 miles skirt round the great circle to Albany in Western Australia, at a fourteen-knot gait. They do not drive out here at the pace one sees in the western ocean. Distances are great, and those high speeds mean such a fearful outlay in fuel, and bunker capacity is a thing of limits. So one has a chance of staying longer away from the newspapers and letters which worry.

C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne.

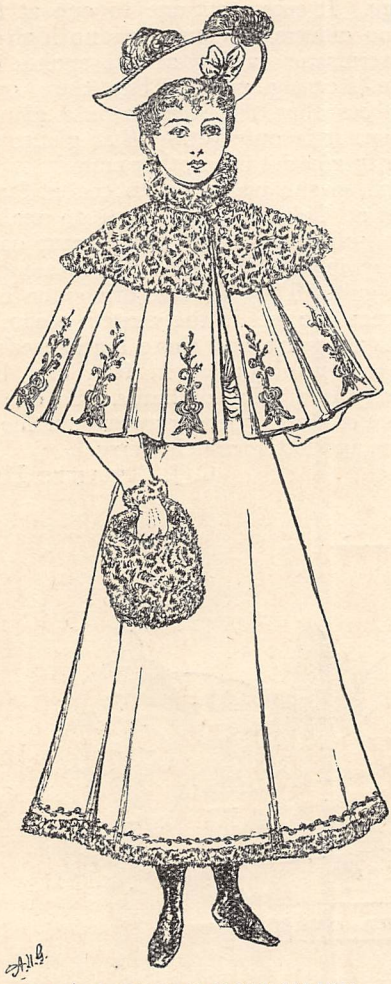
DECEMBER.

HAT IN BEAVER AND VELVET, FOR GIRL OF FOURTEEN YEARS.

THIS month fashions are fairly established, and so similar are they to their predecessors that it is only the practised eye of the initiated in such matters that discerns the subtle changes in set of pleat or tie of bow. There is an apparent generosity of material in skirts and sleeves. The former, although seamed to fit the hips closely, are of marvellous dimensions at the extreme edge, measuring from five to seven yards; whilst the latter are of remarkable size but generally picturesque form, some, indeed showing their origin from Venetian pictures of the sixteenth century; and, again, the sleeve of the Stuart period with the additional large collar is a favoured style.

Young Girls' Hats and Costumes.

Beaver, fine and light, in black, white, and tan colours, and all velvet hats, are chiefly worn by young girls. The brims are wide and the crowns either of beaver or velvet, as shown in the opposite sketch. This is a beaver plateau with rumpled crown of velvet, and edged with narrow velvet frills, a bow and quills at one side. Another becoming style is shown on the figure, page 72, in grey beaver with raised brim, bound at the edge with petunia velvet, and velvet and plumes arranged as a trimming. The costume is of petunia satin-cloth with bordering of caracal; the cape being braided in a good design and box-pleated into a yoke piece with cape



GIRL'S COSTUME IN CLOTH CARACAL.

and muff of caracal. The skirt is prettily trimmed with the fur: and braiding is repeated in the same design at each side of the loose vest of velvet that hangs over the waist belt in approved style. Large sleeves of cloth have a narrow cuff of caracal. Other fashionable colours are green and black, amber-brown and black, and borage-blue and black.

Millinery.

Bonnets are things of beauty, in shape quite fascinating, and in colour quite bewildering. Jacqueminot, a lovely shade of pink vying with the heart of a rose, is the tint of the miroir velvet whereof the bonnet pictured on this page is composed. The colour is effectively set off by the soft brown of the sable tails that span the front and rise erect at one side, where they are secured by a paste ornament. The fur is also carried across the back of the bonnet squarely in a novel way. The great feature in this style is the new fan-shaped trimming of velvet embroidered with threads of gold and silver arranged at either side and drooping on to the hair. These embroideries are beautiful in design, and have the merit of being untarnishable.

A lovely harmony of colour that charmed the eye was displayed in a bonnet of petunia miroir velvet in two shades, and amber brown felt-and-satin plait. The crown was of this with a frilled cockscomb centre. Low down at either side was an exquisitely shaded rose in petunia colour—one of Fashion's caprices—nestling beneath the coronet frill of velvet that graced the front; upstanding in the centre, in the lighter shade of velvet, were two ends and twisted bow clasped at the base with a broad circlet of steel in the fashionable Greek key border pattern. These are but three specimens of the lovely designs that emanate from W. Owen's in the Grove. There, also, I saw a most fascinating ruff, that had been arranged for the neck in wide black satin ribbon that had a half-inch border of velvet; this was pleated to stand up high at the back of the neck and graduated towards the front, where it was sufficiently narrow to set prettily

BONNET OF SABLE AND VELVET.
(*From a photograph by Walery, Ltd., Regent Street, W.*)

beneath the chin. Bunches of violets in Nature's colours with long pendent stems were fastened at the back of the neck and at each side of the front, and clasped the long loops and ends that hung down to the feet in front. The fur necklets were pretty, with their bunches of violets in front and a handsome bow of black satin ribbon at the back.

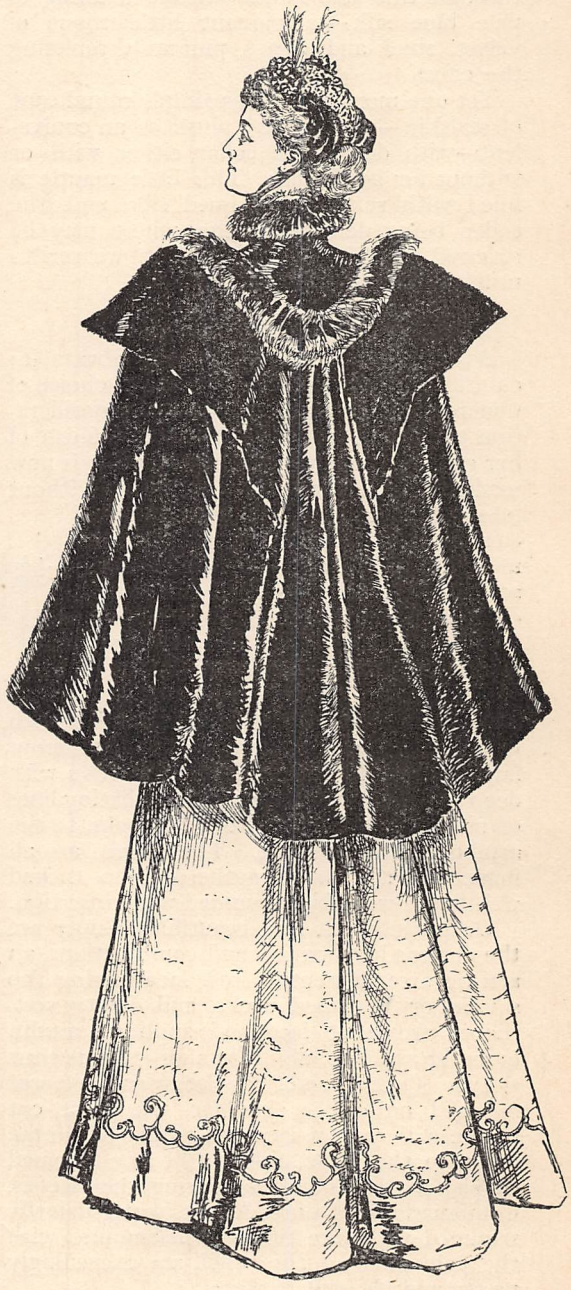
It is a question of dressing the hair to suit the *width* of the fashionable bonnets. One of the most becoming styles is to wear the hair full at each side of the face, brushed back over the finger or crimped in one long wave from the centre to the tips of the ears, with a few stray curls softening the forehead, and the back dressed in a group of curls or coils level with the eyebrow and drooping to the nape of the neck, the former style for short soft hair, the latter for long silky smooth hair; but certainly the days of the "bun" coiffures are over and gone. Veils are now shaped short at the sides and long in front to allow of their being worn *over* the brims of the large hats. Fashion is absolute on this point.

The Mantle Department.

At the present moment the question is, what to buy for outdoor wear, and what form most useful and becoming the material when purchased shall assume. A material that is at once cosy and handsome in appearance, a protection against cold and weather, and not affected by rain and fog, is indeed a boon. To meet all these requirements, the "Lister" plush is unequalled, in appearance nearly resembling the handsome colour of sealskin—a consideration when that beautiful fur is so fashionable. It looks equally well with trimmings of chinchilla or sable, and, cut to the accompanying sketch, is perfect as a model of the present style. The high collar is prettily curved over, showing the fur lining, and a line of fur borders the yoke, from which hangs the deep shoulder cape in two elegant points at each side of the centre of the back and front. The cape, cut on the round, is pleated in the centre of the back in two box-pleats, and the finishing touch is given in the handsome lining of black silk, brocaded with coloured flowers.

Another style, lovely in its simple elegance, and most becoming to slight figures, is the full-length circular mantle. Made in velveteen of a dark myrtle green, lined throughout with petunia silk, and having a deep turned-down collar of sable, grey fox, or sea-otter finishing in front with revers, also generally worn, are the long pelisses of watered velvet, or brocaded cloth with entire sleeves and collar of caracal; a good idea for renovating a last season's coat.

Short double capes of cloth are extremely becoming, bordered with stitching and having



THREE-QUARTER CAPE IN LISTER'S PLUSH AND FUR.

collars of mink mounted on a deep neckband, and turning down in a delightfully cosy manner.

A charming example of a dressy style in these short capes was worn by a guest at a recent wedding, made in cloth of a lovely shade of petunia with borderings of chinchilla,

the cloth showing the new style of perforated embroidery worked in silk of a darker shade; through this was faintly visible a lining of pale blue silk—a piquant little toque of velvet, steel and cock's plumes completing the effect.

Yet one more, and this a simple round cape of sealskin—or "Lister" plush as an equivalent—with deep yoke collar, either with or without fur bordering. This little mantle is lined with some bright-hued silk, and, the collar being detachable, the whole may be reversed, thus enabling the fair wearer to utilise it as an evening wrap.

Underclothing.

As a well-dressed woman is always as daintily and neatly fastidious in her choice of underclothing, and accords as much consideration to that as to the freshness and finish of her gowns, a short description of what is now made in this department will not be without interest. Real torchon and Valenciennes laces are the favourite trimming in combination with fine insertions of muslin appliqué; all and each of these are used in the embellishment of the deep frills that are now in fashion on the neck and wrists of nightgowns. A very lovely design in these made in nainsook had a deep frill collar with insertion of real Valenciennes, with numerous finely-run tucks in the form of a yoke with deep point down the front, and radiating lines of insertion and tucks from the yoke to the armhole across the bust. The sleeves are all made full and high, gathered into tucked wristbands with frills trimmed with insertion.

Delightfully soft and beautifully dainty are the designs in chemises and combinations, an artistic arrangement of soft lace edging the square or V-shaped necks, and dainty vest shaped fronts of lace and appliqué muslin embroidery, lace also forming the narrow sleeve. Quite one of the latest patterns was fastened on either shoulder, the front cut square with vest of lace and groups of minute tucks to the waist, a deep frill lace trimmed shaped as revers and composing the sleeves. Combinations of pure Alpine wool, daintily trimmed with lace tinted to harmonise with the pale pink of the wool, are exceedingly pretty and pleasant to wear.

Cashmere Home Gown.

A simple gown in a cashmere, of a quiet evasive shade of green Indian cashmere, is embroidered in lighter silk. The bodice is Stuart in character, the wide collar terminating in velvet rosettes, repeated on the elegant sleeves. A vest of oriental silk, through which gleam threads of gold, gives a touch of brightness to the bodice.

A. Ll. Griffiths.

Cut paper patterns for making costumes from the original designs illustrated in this article may be had, cut to the sender's measurements, for one shilling and sixpence each, and one shilling in the case of the child's costume. Application should be made to the Author of "Chit-Chat on Dress," care of the Editor of Cassell's Magazine, *La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.*

CASHMERE HOME GOWN.

The GATHERER
An Illustrated record of Invention Discovery & Science

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in THE GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

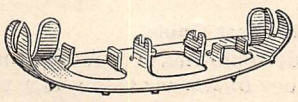
A Skate Patten.

A SKATE PATTEN.—FIG. 1.

This little device enables a skater to put on his own skates at home. Over the skate he fastens the patten, as shown in Fig. 1. The construction and working of the patten (Fig. 2) will be readily understood. It is easily slipped on and off by means of spring clips which fasten to the runner of the skate.

Inoculating for Diphtheria.

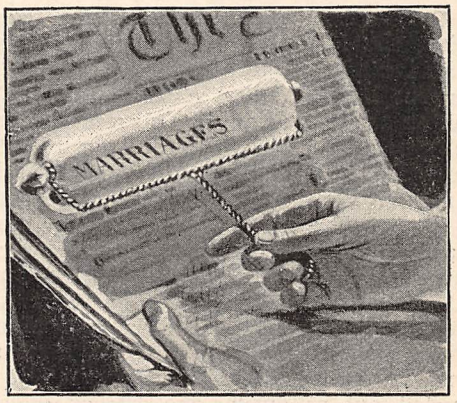
The new method of vaccinating for diphtheria and croup, which has been introduced by M. Roux, of Paris, and Herr Behring, of Berlin, consists in cultivating the bacterium of the disease in beef tea, then inoculating horses with it. At the end of eighty days a horse thus treated is able, without suffering, to supply lymph for inoculating the human subject. The serum of its blood, drawn from the jugular vein, is a clear lymph, capable of resisting the bacterium of diphtheria; and when injected under the skin of diphtheritic patients, after the manner of morphia, it works a remarkable change in their condition. In the course of a few hours the fever declines, the face resumes its old tints, and the subject feels much better—in fact, lively. A slight eruption sometimes appears on the skin round the place of the injection. So far, the remedy has reduced the death-rate from diphtheria by one-half, where it has been tried, and hopes are entertained of its proving still more efficacious. We may add that M. Viquerat, a Swiss, has also begun to treat desperate cases of consumption by inoculation of the serum of asses "immunised," to adopt a needful word, against the bacterium of that dreadful scourge; and the results of his treatment will be awaited with interest



A SKATE PATTEN.—FIG. 2.

A Simple Reading-Lens.

A simple device for enabling short-sighted persons to read with comfort is shown in the figure. It consists of a glass tube filled with water, which is sealed and mounted on a wire frame or handle, as shown. The cylindrical lens magnifies the text line by line, and the reader has only to move it down the page.



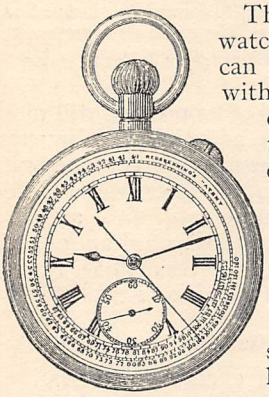
Probably some people after a few trials may be able to find a clear glass phial of the proper curvature which, when filled with water and corked, will serve the purpose quite well.

Tea and Digestion.

A German physiologist has tried the effect of tea on the process of digestion by means of

an artificial digestive fluid. His results bear out the accepted doctrine that tea, like coffee, retards digestion. The tannin or tanning principle of the tea is chiefly instrumental in hampering the digestion, and hence people with weak digestions should not drink brown, or "strong" tea, that is, tea which has been allowed to infuse for any time, and thus "draw" out the tannin of the leaves. Moreover, as China tea, as a rule, contains less tannin than the Indian sorts, it is preferable for brainworkers and persons of sedentary habits.

A Pulse Watch.



The figure shows a watch by which the pulse can be told in the dark with accuracy. The longest hand travels round the dial in thirty seconds, and its scale is graduated to give the number of beats of the pulse in a minute. To use the watch for this purpose the hand is started by pressing the knob, and when twenty beats have been counted, it is stopped in the same way, and the figure gives the rate. By a third pressure the hand is brought back to its starting place.

Electric Lighting from Balloons.

Captive balloons are now used to signal with, the balloon being illuminated inside with incandescent electric lamps, in which the current is stopped and started and the light put on or off by means of a current key, as in telegraphing. The current, of course, is conducted to the lamps by an insulated cable. An extension of this idea to electric lighting is now being tried in the German army. Large arc lamps of 5,000 candle power or more are suspended from the captive balloons, and fed with electricity by means of a cable from the ground. The light, properly reflected downwards, illuminates a large area, and enables the evolutions of the army to be carried out as during the day or, at least, during bright moonlight. The idea, if successful in practice, will probably be tried in civil life for lighting gardens and open spaces. It may be added here that Mr. J. Munro, C.E., has suggested the desirability of Arctic and other travellers trying a "balloon post" to carry despatches from them into civilised regions. Small or "pilot" balloons, with the packet of letters attached, would suffice, as will be understood by those who have read "How I Discovered the North Pole" in our June number.

A Plastic Marble.

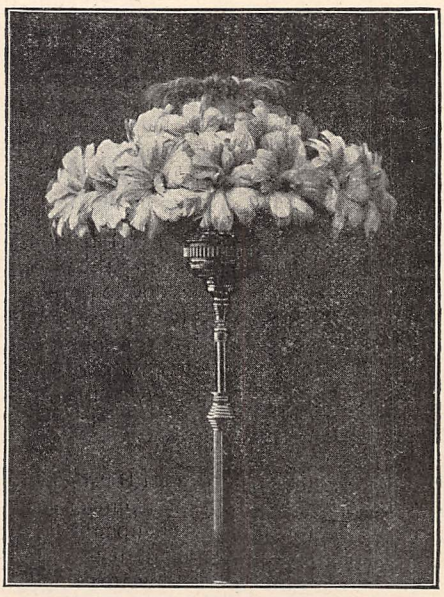
An artificial marble, which can be applied to walls and furniture while in a soft or plastic condition, has been brought out. The "marble" is delicately veined, like the natural varieties, while being hard and durable. The fact that it can be applied like stucco permits of its fitting easily to its place and being as easily repaired when broken.

Sealing by Electricity.

Bottles are now hermetically sealed with a metal capsule by the ordinary process of electro-plating. A conductive priming is applied to the mouth of the vessel and a layer of metal deposited on it in an electrolytic bath, which effectually excludes the air. It is proposed to extend the process to the sealing of preserved meats.

Feather Shades.

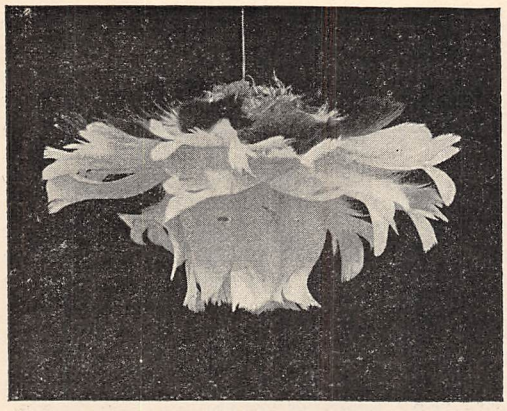
The feather shades for electric lamps and candles which we illustrate are designed by Miss Beatrice Davenport, and made of natural plumes of various tints artistically arranged with regard to shape and colour. The effect of the shades is pretty, and quite different from that obtained from silk, lace, or paper.



FEATHER SHADE (I).

The Largest Cable.

The new Atlantic cable was actually laid in twelve days by the *Faraday*, belonging to Messrs. Siemens Brothers & Co., in spite of



FEATHER SHADE (*c*).

bad weather, fogs, icebergs, and the grappling off Waterville for the shore end, which had slipped from the buoy. This makes the record as far as transatlantic lines are concerned; and the new cable, which is the property of the Commercial Cable Company, is an improvement on the older lines, as it has the largest copper conductor, and gives the highest speed of signalling for its length. The copper wire inside the cable actually weighs 600 lbs. per mile, that is to say, one-third more than the heaviest wire hitherto laid across the Atlantic Ocean

A Museum of Journals.

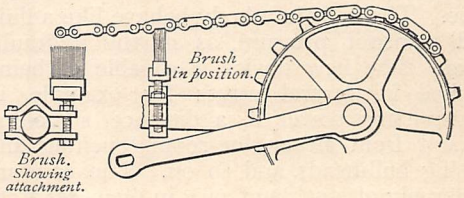
M. Oscar Forkenbech, of Aix-la-Chapelle, has made a hobby of collecting newspapers and forming a museum of them at great expense during the past forty years. Besides procuring rare prints, he has subscribed to several hundred journals in all parts of the world, and every morning receives specimens in thirty languages. Of late, however, a large number of papers have been sent to him gratuitously by editors sympathising with his object. Amongst his curiosities are a specimen of the largest journal in the world, and that boasting the *smallest* circulation, for it only appears once in a century. This is the *Illuminated Quadruple Constellation*, which, appearing at New York in 1859, will not reappear until 1959. It is a sheet about 9 feet long by 5 feet wide, and contains eight pages of thirty columns each. The printing, we are told, is well done, and the paper very durable. Assuredly it had need to be so in order to complete the volume!

The Fate of Niagara.

Professor J. W. Spencer, an eminent American geologist, has arrived at the conclusion that the great lakes of North America lie in valleys of erosion formed during the Ice Age, when the continent stood 3,000 feet above its present level. The bed of an ancient river, called the Laurentian River, can still be traced from Lake Michigan through Lake Huron to Georgian Bay, and thence to Lake Ontario, near Toronto. At one time a great part of the lake region was united in a single sheet of water, which divided into two basins, one comprising Lakes Superior, Huron, and Michigan, the other, Lakes Ontario and Erie. The three upper lakes discharged into the St. Lawrence by way of Lake Nipissing and the Ottawa River, the two lower by the Niagara River. At this period the fall of this river was only 220 feet, but it increased to 320 feet in course of time, and the waters of the upper lakes eventually passed through it. The Falls of Niagara have, according to Professor Spencer, been in existence for 31,000 years, but the drainage of the upper lakes has only passed over them for 8,000 years. So far as can be seen at present, the great cataract will come to an end in from 7,000 to 8,000 years, before it has receded to Lake Erie, through the waters of the upper lakes discharging into the Mississippi by way of Chicago.

A Chain Brush for Cycles.

Our woodcuts represent a small brush mounted on cycles so as to clean the driving

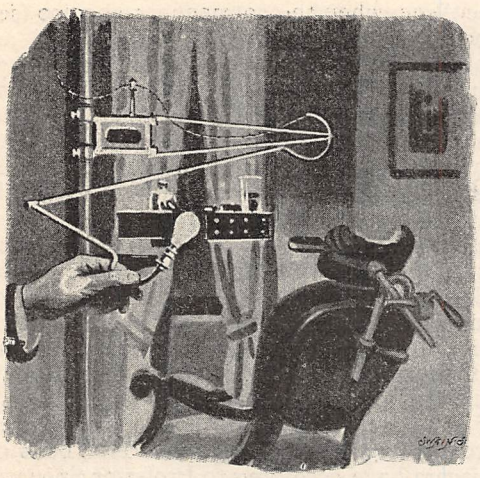


A CHAIN BRUSH FOR CYCLES.

chain. It is fitted with aluminium for lightness, and fixed to the machine by a screw collar, so as to sweep the chain as it passes above. We may mention here that a bicycle can be used for surveying land with great ease, especially if the ground is flat and pretty hard. Thus, to measure a square field it is only needful to run the cycle over its length and breadth while counting the number of turns made by the wheel in each case. The distance covered by the wheel in a single turn multiplied by the number of turns, gives the length and breadth of the field and these multiplied together give the area.

An Adjustable Electric Lamp-holder.

Our illustration shows a kind of bracket for holding electric lamps which permits the light to be brought into any position. This is



AN ADJUSTABLE ELECTRIC LAMP-HOLDER.

effected by the peculiar design of the hinged, or folding arms, as will be seen, and a flexible wire conveys the current to the lamp.

A Mechanical Fluid.

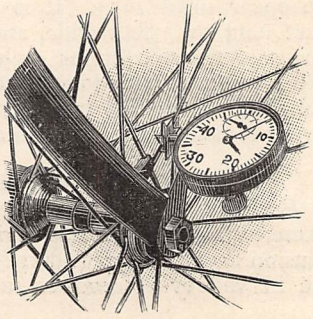
American engineers have developed a new mechanical device in the form of an artificial fluid. If a row of hard balls touching each other are pressed upon at one end the pressure is transmitted to the other end, and the same thing holds good of a quantity of balls in a cylinder—for instance, lead shot in a glass tube. The balls in a body behave like a fluid and transmit pressure, as in the hydraulic press. The new device is capable of being applied in several ways: for example, in transmitting power to a distance, signalling to and from an engine-room, opening and closing bulkheads, and so on. The balls are preferably of steel, and vary in diameter from $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ inch.

The Origin of Our Parishes.

Just as the researches of anthropologists are proving that the English are not really Anglo-Saxons but a very mixed people, and the Irish not Celts but another very mixed people, so the researches of archæologists are showing more and more that manners and customs hitherto ascribed to the Anglo-Saxon invaders are in reality Romano-British, or earlier. Beyond bringing a good deal of fresh blood into the country, the Anglo-Saxons do not seem to have changed the pre-existing conditions much, even as regards the destruction of towns and extermination of the natives. Mr. H. T. Crofton, for example, has recently shown in a paper to the Manchester Geographical Society that the irregular boundaries of existing counties and townships in England were created by the demands of the pre-Roman village communities, and the later manors only altered them slightly or perpetuated them. The detached portions of parishes are sometimes caused by a river shifting its course, but they are mostly due to the habits of the so-called "Celtic," but in reality only Celtic-speaking Britons. Thus, amongst the lower classes the youngest son inherited the homestead, and amongst the upper all the children had equal rights to the strips of arable and pasture lands which were not broken up. The strips of arable land were divided by ridges of grass called "bylands," and across the ends of the furrows a "headland" was ploughed at right angles to the rest—the "head rig" of the modern Scotch. Measurements were made by local standards, generally the height of the tallest man in the village. In 1340, after the Norman settlement of the country, the system of holding land was changing to permanent ownership, and ultimately the strips were enclosed. As the townships increased in population more and more of the surrounding forest or waste was brought under cultivation. Mr. Crofton illustrates his arguments by the Manor of Withington, four miles south of Manchester. The subject is important in many ways, and has an historical bearing, for certainly if our parish and country bounds are "Celtic," the Anglo-Saxons cannot have driven out or extirpated the Ancient Britons, as we have all been taught to believe by our historians, who confessedly rely only on the fact that so few Celtic words occur in the English language. But as we see in Ireland or the Highlands and elsewhere to-day, one language can take the place of another without borrowing more than one or two words of peculiar import from that which it displaces. Hence this argument is practically worthless, and the "Celtic" blood of the English is no doubt largely due to Britons who remained on the ground.

A New Cyclometer.

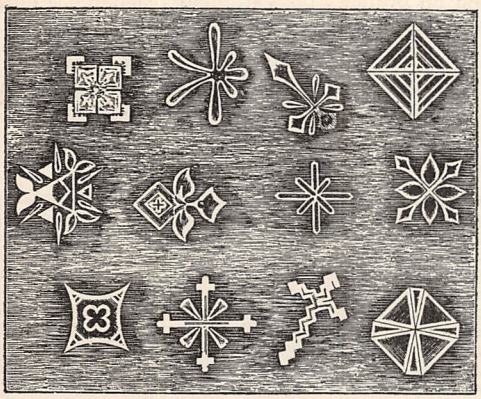
The instrument shown in our woodcut is designed to register the travel of cycles in miles or kilometres. It is only about two inches in diameter, and weighs three ounces. A driving-pin attached to a spoke of the cycle wheel works the mechanism, and the distance



travelled is shown by the hands on the dial, the large one giving the full miles, and the other the fractions of a mile.

Flowers of Ink.

Crystals of snow are beautiful objects in the microscope, but it is not so well known that similar crystals are formed in ink, which, unlike those of water, do not melt with heat. They are prepared for examination by letting a drop of ink fall on a plate of glass, spreading it out a little, and letting it dry. A microscope magnifying from 50 to 200 diameters will reveal the crystals on the bluish-black



background of the ink. Their appearance will be gathered from the accompanying figure. When the ink is allowed to dry slowly, they are larger than when it is dried over a flame ; but a slight acceleration of the drying process gives a great variety of shapes and a medium size. Ink is an aqueous solution of nut-galls and sulphate of iron with gum Arabic, and an antiseptic such as phenic or salicylic acid, but the composition of the crystals has not been accurately determined, though they appear to be of magnetic oxide of iron, or of white pyrites, a bisulphide of iron known as marcasite, and perhaps of both. They do not polarise light, and they are deliquescent, that is, melt like salt in damp air.

The Canal des Deux Mers.

Since the days of the Roman Empire the idea of connecting the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean Sea by a ship canal across France, and thus avoiding the long détour round Spain and the Straits of Gibraltar, has been entertained, and brought before the French Government. Sully, Richelieu, and Colbert had plans submitted to them for cutting such a canal through Languedoc, but the times were unpropitious for the enterprise. At length, however, a company has been formed in Paris for the purpose of making a ship canal between Bordeaux and Cette, thus uniting the two seas. Its completion would, of course, diminish the value of Gibraltar to the British Empire, and increase the naval power of France in the Mediterranean.

GARDENING IN DECEMBER.

BORDER flowers may be planted now in well-stirred soil. A wealth of beauty is at command of the amateur—beauty not expensive to get, some of the most lovely things that have come to us from other worlds costing only a few pence each. One can have the larkspurs, hollyhocks, roses, and many other things that have been already pointed out in these pages. It is unfortunate so many consider gardening an expensive hobby. It is nothing of the kind, if one actually does the work, not letting a jobbing gardener even clip the ivy. The beneficial effect of gardening upon the health is thus secured. Plant roses on brier stock in favourable weather, also bush fruit trees, those delightful little trees on the paradise stock, which are suitable for all gardens, large or small, especially the latter, in which it is, of course, impossible to grow large trees.

If bulbs for spring-flowering are not yet planted, do not delay. Even now it will mean late flowering. September is *the* month for this work. Plants in windows must not be exposed to frosts or cold winds, and in the case of those remarkable for their foliage, like the ever-welcome parlour palm (Aspidistra), sponge the leaves with tepid water at least once a week. Things in bloom must be kept out of gas-lighted apartments.

This is the season to commence in earnest for next year's blossoming. Some readers may have just moved into a new house, and want to turn the present dreary ground, called a "garden," into something worthy of the name. If the soil is poor or heavy, thoroughly dig it up, and leave it exposed for sun, air, and frosts to sweeten it.

A garden is not a garden if it be not spread over with beautiful flowers, and now is the time to lay the foundation by getting a thoroughly good soil. Everything will then be ready for the annuals in spring, and, if the space be large enough, for vegetable and fruit trees also.

Climbers, whether roses or such things as the clematis, may be planted. The passion-flower requires the warmest and most sheltered corner. As regards roses, none is more beautiful than Gloire de Dijon, that loves to scramble over cottage chimneys and thrust its flower-laden shoots into the latticed window.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

A NEW PROGRAMME OF COMPETITIONS OPEN TO ALL OUR READERS.

Short Story Competition.

THREE Prizes of Five Guineas, Three Guineas, and Two Guineas respectively, are offered for the best, second-, and third-best Complete Story, suitable for this Magazine. The style of the composition and the originality of the plot employed will both be taken into consideration in judging this Competition. The length of each story should be not less than 3,000 or more than 4,000 words; and each story must have prefixed to it a brief epitome of the plot, not more than 400 words in length. All MSS. for this Competition must comply with the General Regulations, and the words, "Short Story Competition," must be inscribed upon the envelope or wrapper enclosing the MS. March 1st, 1895, is the latest day for receiving MSS. in this Competition.

Photographic Competition.

This Competition will be divided into two classes—(1) Outdoor, and (2) Child-life. In both classes photographs are excluded which have previously been publicly exhibited, or to which any prize has been awarded.

Two Prizes of Two Guineas and One Guinea respectively will be offered for the best and most picturesque mounted silver print of an exterior view of any building, ancient or modern. The size of the plate used is to be half-plate.

Similarly, two Prizes of Two Guineas and One Guinea respectively are offered for the best and second-best mounted silver print of a photographic picture of child-life, showing not more than three figures, and not smaller than quarter-plate or larger than half-plate.

Each photograph must have upon the back of the mount the competitor's name and address, and a declaration, signed and countersigned in accordance with the General Regulations, that it is the sole and original work of an amateur, and complies with all the regulations of the Competition. The wrapper of each photograph should be inscribed with the title of the Competition. June 3rd, 1895, is the latest day for receiving entries.

Needlework Competition.

Three Prizes of Three Guineas, Two Guineas, and One Guinea respectively, are offered for the best piece of original needlework in any one of the three following styles:—

(1) Flannel Tapestry.
(2) Roumanian Embroidery.
(3) Modern Crochet Work.

Transfer patterns may be used, when required, but the whole of the needlework must be done by the competitor, who is required to attach to her work a certificate to this effect, signed and countersigned in accordance with the General Regulations. The needlework will, after the close of the competition, be given to the London hospitals, either for use in the institutions or for sale on behalf of their funds. May 1, 1895, is the latest day for receiving entries

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Postcard Competition.

Three Prizes of Two Guineas, One Guinea, and Half-a-Guinea respectively, are offered for the best, second-, and third-best estimate (not exceeding 100 words in length) of the character of Mr. Ward in Mrs. L. T. Meade's story, "The Voice of the Charmer." The estimate is to be written upon an ordinary postcard, and reach the Editor by the first post on May 31st, 1895.

Particulars of Further Competitions will be announced in the January number of the Magazine.

General Regulations.

1. Every reader of the Magazine (not being an ordinary contributor to its pages, or the winner of the first prize in a former competition of a similar nature, in connection with this Magazine) is eligible to enter the competition. No competitor is allowed to send in more than one entry for the same competition.

2. The Editor cannot undertake to answer inquiries having reference to the treatment of manuscripts in detail. *The particulars given under each head are sufficient for the purposes of the competition, and everything else is left to the judgment and discretion of the competitors.*

3. All communications regarding MSS. entered for the above competitions must be sent in the same packets with the MSS. No previous or subsequent communications (except under Rule 7) can receive any consideration. The award of the judges will be published in the Magazine as soon after the close of the competition as possible, and no information respecting the award will be given before this publication.

4. Every MS. or other entry must have inscribed on it, or otherwise securely attached to it, the name and postal address of the author, together with a declaration *that the work is original and entirely the sender's own, and that the competitor is an amateur*, to be signed by the author and countersigned by some other trustworthy person—*i.e.*, a magistrate, minister of religion, or householder—with the postal address in both cases.

5. The copyright of the prize work, or works, will become the property of the proprietors of this Magazine.

6. Should two MSS. or other entries be, in the opinion of the judges, of equal merit, any prizes may be divided between their authors at the discretion of the Editor. Any, or all, of the prizes may be withheld in the event of no entries in the competition being thought by the judges to be worthy of distinction.

7. All packets containing MSS. or other entries should be prepaid. The Editor will not be liable for loss or miscarriage of any work. Unsuccessful competitors (except in postcard competitions, or where special means of disposing of the entries are announced) may have their work returned to them at their own risk, upon application to the Editor, *after the publication of the award.* Any such application must be made within one month of the publication of the award and be accompanied by stamps to defray the cost of carriage. (Competitors should *not* send stamps, or instructions for return, *with their MSS.*, as no notice can be taken of any communications of this nature made before the award is published.)

8. All entries should be addressed—The Editor of Cassell's Magazine, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. Each packet should bear on the top left-hand corner of the envelope or wrapper in which it is enclosed the name of the Competition for which it is sent.

WHAT convinced the Professor about the Madonna's Cave, he told me, was the singular case of Léon and Léonie.

The two young people lived and loved in an out-of-the-way village on the flanks of the Coudon. Gaunt limestone hills—bare, white, and arid—hemmed in the little valley where their township nestled; but high up the spurs the hand of man had piled, with ceaseless care, interminable olive terraces; while below, the rich red soil of the alluvial plain showed in spring one endless stretch of unfolding green vine leaves. Grey mouldering houses clung to the slopes of the grey mouldering rock; the village jutted out on a promontory into the plain; its outermost point was occupied by the platform of the whitewashed church; high above it the ruined keep of a mediæval *château* frowned down on the overlapping Italian tiles of the Provençal hamlet. Léon and Léonie had lived there all their lives: the white limestone hills, and the green vine-clad valley, and the intense blue streak of the Bay of Toulon beyond, bounded their mental and physical horizon.

Perhaps it was the accidental similarity of their names that first drew Léon and Léonie together. They had the same *fête* day. When they were children their parents took them to the village church, on the festival of St. Léon, to say their prayers together; and after that they played with one another, and shared their gilt ginger-bread, and quarrelled and made up again, after the fashion of children in Provence and elsewhere. And so, as they grew up, they naturally fell in love. Léonie thought there was no young man in the *commune* to compare with Léon, while Léon, taking a wider masculine view of the situation, didn't believe there was another such girl as Léonie in the whole *arrondissement*.

Now, on the mountains behind the village there was a holy cavern, known from old days as the Saint Baume, and much reverenced by the peasants of the entire region. Long held sacred by the ancestors of the Ligurian people, it had acquired in these latter times fresh repute for sanctity; for it was long and branching, and in one of its recesses Our Lady herself had appeared one day to an ecstatic young girl by the name of Marie Bella. On the strength of this vision—much prized by the devout—a shrine had been erected in the depths of the cave; a lamp was kept burning by the munificence of the faithful, and pious maidens were wont to offer up their hearts' petition, for the most part with reference to their fellow creatures of the opposite sex, before a tinsel-laden image. Notre Dame de la Grotte became indeed the chief cult of the neighbourhood. 'Tis true, Monsieur le Docteur described Marie Bella, in his profane way, as a hysterical girl; and even Monsieur le Curé had doubts as to the apparition and the reality of the miracles performed on the spot by Our Lady's intercession. But the rags and crutches left behind by the cured might surely have been enough to convince the most incredulous; while the picture painted by the village carpenter, representing a blue-robed Madonna stretching her arms from most comfortably solid wooden clouds to restore a shipwrecked husband to his praying wife, was regarded on the spot as a singular counterblast to the encroaching waves of nineteenth century scepticism. For they have heard in the Var that criticism is now rife, and that doubts are abroad as to the truth of the miracles performed in grottoes.

When Léon grew up, he was as handsome a young man as you would wish to see. With his broad red sash bound loosely round his waist, his rough sheep-skin cloak, his fiery black eyes, his fierce Provençal moustache, his upstanding mien, and his perfect carriage of the shapely Greek head on those stalwart shoulders, he was indeed the very model of the ideal of his countrymen. No wonder, then, that all the girls were in love with him

—not Léonie alone, but half-a-dozen more, including Christine, who kept the village post-office. But Léon's heart was firmly fixed on Léonie. In vain Christine, who was an older and wiser girl, and whose father was richer by far than Léonie's, spread all her wiles to attract his attention; in vain she went in for a reckless expenditure of small wax candles to Notre Dame de la Grotte—Léon's heart was still true, in spite of all, to Léonie.

At last the time came for Léon's military service. There were red eyes in the village on the day of his departure.

The night before he left he had walked across to Toulon, and there, in a shop devoted to articles of religion, he had bought for Léonie a little red rosary of imitation coral. 'Twas affection's last gift, a mere thing of twenty sous, but religion had hallowed it. With his own hands he hung it round the poor girl's neck. "When I am far, my child," he said, "you will pray for me daily to Notre Dame de la Grotte: you will pray for my return, that I may come back to marry you."

"A ROYSTERING NOISY LOT THEY WERE."

And Léonie, holding up her frightened white face, made answer, "I will pray for you each day, my Léon: I will wear out the rosary before I leave off praying."

Then Léon went away; and the girls of the *commune* stood and waved farewell to him. A roystering noisy lot they were, those raw recruits, driving off in the Republic's hired van from the *tirage*, and shouting out, "*Ça vous ra-ra-ravigote!*" as hard as they could shout it. But as they drove down the

street, and Christine and the rest stood watching with tearful eyes, Léon turned, with a sudden cry of "*Au revoir*, Léonie; *au revoir! je reviendrai.*"

Christine looked at her with anger in her cruel black eyes. "If he won't have *me*," she said to herself fiercely, "at any rate he won't have that milk-and-watery little minx there!"

Léon went off, and lived his three years like most other young soldiers. He "saw life" as men see it in a gaunt French barrack, on a dusty white platform, in a squalid suburb, outside a malodorous and unimpressive agricultural centre. He sowed such wild oats as his pay and the exigencies of the service permitted. He smoked cheap bad cigars, and absorbed untold absinthe at sandy-floored *cafés*, and learnt the ways of a man of the world, and bewitched the hearts of the local nursemaids. But all the time he was true, in a soldier's way, to Léonie. Not, of course, that he was better than the rest of the hundred-and-twentieth of the line; in matters like these, we must, perhaps, be content with fidelity of sentiment. Still, it was always his ideal to go back to the Coudon and marry Léonie. Her white little face still haunted him like a dream amid the parlous joys of a dusty and mistral-swept garrison town in the Rhone valley.

As for Léonie, left disconsolate in her lone white village on the lone white promontory, she wrote at least once a month to Léon. That is much for a peasant. Her letters overflowed with regret and affection. Time after time she wondered why Léon never wrote to her; time after time she gently chided him in her liquid Provençal for his continued silence. Month after month passed, and still no letter from her soldier. Hope deferred made Léonie's heart sick. She couldn't understand how Léon could be so cruel. Every evening, when her day's work on the olive-terraces was done, she climbed up the steep path, worn in the hard rock by innumerable naked feet of immemorial worshippers, to the Saint Baume and the tinsel-covered image of Our Lady of the Grotto. There she flung herself on her knees in the gloom of the cave, and told over the imitation coral beads that Léon had given her—told them over with many a passionate petition for Léon's return, many a cry of despair for Léon's unfaithfulness. Then, after long wrestling, she would rise sadly up and walk down the hill again, as evening lighted up the bare rocks of the Coudon with the pink flush of the after-glow, and faint yellow reflections took the place of the hard blue on the distant line of the Bay of Toulon. So home to bed, where she cried herself to sleep with thoughts of Léon.

And Léon, too, waited, and wondered, and doubted. Why no letters from Léonie? Once in six weeks or so, when no one was about, the young man, in his coarse canvas suit, would write, in fear and trembling, in some corner of the barrack a hasty little love letter to his Provençal playfellow. It cost him a whole three sous for the stamp, let alone paper and envelope; and three sous, I can tell you, means something considerable to a common French soldier. You must deny yourself tobacco if you would write to your lady-love. But with magnanimous generosity Léon paid his three sous out of affection for Léonie. What he couldn't understand was why Léonie never answered. But Christine knew why. She took good care that no letter of Léonie's ever got beyond her office, and no letter of Léon's was ever delivered in the village to Léonie. She opened and read them all, but beyond her hands the correspondence never passed. She took good care to retain it.

More than that, one day, towards the end of Léon's three years of service, he received an unexpected letter from Christine, full of the gossip of their native village. Had he heard how the Père Dupuis had been gathered to his fathers? and how the Mère Puget had broken her leg through a regrettable accident? and how Madeleine was to be married to the brave André? And how Léonie and Adolphe—but there, that was only, perhaps, a rumour, and we would hope, after all, there was really no truth in it, for Léonie had always been the demurest and most modest-looking of all girls in the village. Yet in effect, *tu sais*, 'tis these demure ones that are often the first to throw over their discarded lovers. However, let us believe the story was not true; for, indeed, some said Léonie hoped to marry a new young man, a worker on the rail, who had come to our country from the direction of Draguignan.

When Léon read that, his heart sank within him. So Léonie, his own Léonie, had not only forgotten him, but had been untrue to him as well, and to herself into the bargain! Whatever came of it, he would keep well away henceforth from the Coudon. For weeks and weeks he sulked over Léonie's defection. Of course he didn't try to write to her any longer.

His expenditure on absinthe and bad cigars redoubled. The *Caporal* declared, with a most military oath, Léon was going—well, I decline to transcribe the *Caporal's* oaths for an English audience.

When Léon's time was up, instead of returning home at once, he got labourer's work at Valence, and drifted on thence in an

aimless way to Arles and Marseilles, where he "saw life" in earnest. On the flags of the Cannebière he felt himself a man. His three years' soldiering had given more dignity than ever to his erect figure and his handsome, dare-devil Provençal face. He was beautiful and reckless. Still, he got little work, and spent what he made somewhat faster than he earned it. Sooner or later, he began to fear, he must return to the Coudon, and discover what the paternal estate could do for him.

On the mountain-side, meanwhile, various things had been happening. Day after day Léonie still went with her beads to the grotto. She had promised Léon that she would wear them out in praying for him; and, indeed, it seemed as though she would fulfil her promise.

They were made of coarse soft paste, that wore away with fingering; thinner and thinner they grew every day with use, as Léonie fumbled them before the tinselled Madonna. Moreover, she was almost alone among the votaries in the cave now; only a few old women beside herself ever went to pay their respects to Our Lady of the Grotto. Times had changed; a Republican Government, in its godless way, had discountenanced the miracles and exposed Marie Bella, who turned out in effect to be no better than she ought to be.

An opportunist *curé* willing, no doubt, in his time-serving fashion, to propitiate the minions of an Erastian State, had counselled his flock to pay their devotions at the hill-top hermitage of the blessed Saint Saturnin, instead of assembling at the Saint Baume of their mothers.

In consequence of these changes, the shrine had suffered not a little from neglect; the Stations of the Cross stood dilapidated and unglazed; the oblations of the faithful scarcely sufficed the guardian for lighting the lamps and keeping the floor of the grotto in tolerable condition. But Léonie still came to Our Lady's image each day, and wrestled in prayer for her faithless lover.

On one such evening in warm April weather, when the cicalas had ceased to sing, and the tree-frogs were croaking in the twilight stillness, she climbed once more that weary, rock-worn path, and bent for the thousandth time before the face of Our Lady. Alone with the Madonna, she prayed aloud, as was her wont, first telling her beads from *ave Maria gratia plena* down to the final *amen* in good Latin of the Church, and then adding, in her own sweet Provençal dialect, her earnest petition for the return of her lover.

"Dear Lady," she said, looking up in her agony at the wide-open eyes of the

"HE PRESSED HER TO HIS HEART."

wooden Virgin, "see my poor worn chaplet, how it is wasted with fingerings! Day after day thou knowest I have prayed here in vain, yet day after day my faith brings me back before thee. I promised Léon I would pray for him night and morning till the beads were worn out; and, dear Lady, thou seest I have kept my promise.

"Look how the beads are, so small and thin, and one or two here and there I have mended with sealing-wax. If he come not soon, they will all be worn away, and who will then believe in Our Lady of the Grotto? Oh, Blessed Mother, send him back—send him back at once to me! My poor, poor eyes are sore and red with crying. I ask you for Léon, for Léon only, dear Lady. How small a thing it is for you to bring him back, and how great a thing for me—oh! how happy—how happy!"

Even as she spoke, from the gloom behind the shrine and the shadow of the image a figure seemed to rise and emerge into the lamplight. At the rustling of its clothes Léonie sobbed and trembled. Could this be, indeed, Our Lady herself, appearing once more as she had appeared to Marie Bella? Could it be that such grace was vouchsafed to her—a sinner?

Our Lady or not, 'twas indeed a miracle; for next instant she heard the sound of a well-known voice—

"Oh, Léonie, Léonie! it is me—it is Léon! I have heard all you prayed. Our Lady has brought me!"

He had come from Marseilles to Toulon that day, and, walking homeward by the slope of the Coudon, had dropped into the Saint Baume, unobserved and unrecognised. And now, in front of the very shrine itself, he pressed her to his heart and murmured again and again—

"Léonie, Léonie, my pomegranate, I have come home to marry you."

From that moment forth, the Saint Baume recovered all its ancient sanctity. The cry went abroad—"A miracle! a miracle!"

The girls of the neighbourhood go there now to pray every night of the week in perfect squadrons. Not a Virgin in the Var has so great a reputation among the unmarried populace. Her tinselled dress stands covered with gewgaws; her lamps burn bright; her Stations of the Cross are fresh glazed and re-painted.

The *curé* himself can no longer hold out; and even the Professor, Voltairian though he be, assured me with fervour as he told me the tale that the presence of the Madonna is no longer doubtful to him.

DO SERVANTS MARRY?

SOME time ago a large English party chanced to have occasion to travel along the Riviera, and to spend six months in getting from Marseilles to Genoa. The family was truly British in its extent and quality, comprising babies, children, adolescents; yet all it boasted in the way of service was one small, black-eyed, rustic nursemaid of the Susan Nipper type. This nursemaid, Rose, was sixteen, unsophisticated and apple-cheeked; flirting to her was, like euchre to the Heathen Chinee, a game she did not understand; she could speak no tongue but her own; she was in sole charge of a baby six months old; yet, with all these well-nigh insuperable obstacles, she managed, in the short space of three months, to become engaged successively to a French and a German courier, two English valets, an Italian head waiter, and a Sicilian "traveller" in the comb line, to say nothing of numerous innocent little flirtations, *pour passer le temps*, with page-boys and hotel porters. And yet some people will consider that domestic service is a bar to matrimony! Of course, it may be said that foreign travel presents opportunities that do not occur in well-regulated, stay-at-home households; but yet, even here there is the evening out, the long desert—or perhaps we should say the oasis—of Sunday afternoons, the journeys to the post or to "buy a bit of ribbon"; all these "shining hours," if duly "improved," are so many stepping-stones to matrimony. Then there is a certain domesticity to be found in servant girls that is not without its attraction—that domesticity which, as anyone will know who happens to

read the letters in the *Daily Telegraph* in the silly season, is so dear to the heart of the great middle-class of our nation. It is more likely that a girl who has had every day to cook or do household work will be thrifty

"GROSVENOR PLACE."

and contriving, than one who has served as a shop-girl, or, say, as a type-writer. Though even our humble bread-winners, in proposing marriage, have not yet attained to the German Shibboleth of "Can you cook?" still, it is likely that the art of cooking will not be without its charm to the ordinary mortal.

Marriage, after all—why should we blink the fact?—is the natural aim of most working girls. It is proper that it should be so. Even when girls are not by way of being devoted to the other sex, they cannot help seeing that marriage generally offers the best investment in the bank of life. Not, perhaps, always a safe investment: some pessimists might rather call it a "lottery." But say it is an investment; well, when it pays, its dividend may reach unlimited sums; or call it a lottery, there are more prizes to be drawn than blanks; and then there is no girl, however unkindly treated by Nature or by fortune, but thinks she has a chance of a prize. Is it, therefore, wonderful that the average servant girl should be careless of savings-bank books, and should spend her money freely on dress? Dress is a kind of investment in its way, for it is certainly a means to an end. How much pleasanter, when age or illness creeps upon you, to have a strong arm ready to work for you than to toil on, lonely and suffering; or perhaps, when you have given the best part of your life to other people, to go into the "big villa," as the poor call the workhouse. Of course, there is a reverse to the picture: one may have a drunken husband, sickly children; and yet I confess that of all claimants to sympathy the poor and lonely spinster has always seemed to me the most pitiable.

The great bar to servants marrying appears to me to be set up not by domestic service in itself, but by the attitude of the mistresses. Mistresses, as a class—if you can classify at all where there are so many differences—are absolutely unsympathetic to servants' love affairs. They ought to see that it is best in every way for a servant to have opportunities of marrying; yet they will put every possible obstruction in the way of so-called "followers." Thus we have seen kindly women, who will allow their own daughters to go, say, to three parties per week, not only prohibit a male visitor in the kitchen, but draw a hard-and-fast rule that a servant is not to have more than one evening a fortnight out: that she is even then to be in punctually by nine o'clock. And yet to their own daughters marriage is by no means such a necessity as to the servants, to whom it represents daily bread without hard labour. Irritating and unnecessary restrictions and rules really do amount to a kind of tyranny, and do much to make "service" more disliked than it need be. Besides, the families from which servant girls are mostly drawn do not restrict their daughters as do the richer folk. They may be perfectly respectable, and yet they see no harm in a girl meeting a comparative stranger and taking an evening walk with him. They do not unnecessarily burden themselves with the duties of chaperonage. It is not their way of doing things. Their girls are perforce early taught to be independent, to take care of themselves. Why, then, should the employers of the girls be so unduly strict, giving them a rule of life which their own daughters could not keep?

But times have changed, and are changing, for the domestic servant. Many things have tended to the change—progress, culture, education, new ideas of what is degrading and what is not. Old George Herbert's words have come to be realised at last, and we know that—

> "Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
> Makes that and the action fine."

Even the most starched and old-fashioned of mistresses now find themselves obliged to

alter their procedure, lest they should get no servants at all.

Of course, in servants, as in employers, there are many kinds and degrees. There is a wider gulf between the "smart" waiting-maid in Grosvenor Place and the poor "slavey" at a dirty boarding-house than there is between a duchess and a country grocer's wife. Servants cannot be generalised as a class. The type we will more particularly consider just now is the "general servant" or "girl" employed in so many middle-class households. These are in some ways the most down-trodden of any, and have the fewest pleasures or opportunities. If over-worked in large and not too rich families, they are much to be pitied; but if they happen to live alone with, say, an old maid, their lot is not generally so hard. For old maids are, by a curious freak of Nature, often more sympathetic in love affairs than married women. For instance, that most charming of old maids, Miss Matty of "Cranford"—who can say that she is not true to life? and how sweet and considerate is her speech to her general servant Martha—the speech that she has taken such elaborate pains to prepare:—

"And perhaps, Martha, you may some time meet with a young man you like, and who likes you. I did say you were not to have followers; but if you meet with such a young man and tell me, and I find he is respectable, I have no objection to his coming to see you once a week. God forbid!" said she, in a low voice, "that I should grieve any young hearts."

Miss Matty has been brooding over the days of her youth and lost romance. But if everybody cannot be like Mrs. Gaskell's sweet old heroine, at any rate we too have known old maids whose only wish was to get all their successive servants well and happily married. They were for ever devising opportunities and places for meeting—charity concerts, church entertainments, etc.; but we believe that even they occasionally came across some who proved obstinate and unamenable. Some girls—few, it is true, but still, some—have a real indifference to men. This was notably the case with a girl who, though in some ways an ideal servant, could never be induced to speak favourably of any man. If a painter or plumber, or man of any kind, came to the house, Mary always viewed him with mistrust and suspicion, and afterwards she would complain of his dirty boots or rude ways; in fact, she behaved very much as would the superior of a convent that had been sacrilegiously broken into.

"Do you dislike men?" I inquired one day, rather injudiciously.

"I neither like them, nor do I dislike them," she replied oracularly. "I think nothing at all about them, one way or other." This was certainly unpromising; I felt snubbed. Besides, I was no farther forward; and the whole incident reminded me of when, as a child, I had asked an old farmer "What he thought of Shakespeare?" and had been answered: "I think nothing but good of him." Very satisfactory, no doubt, but hardly enlightening.

It very often happens that the nicest women—whether "in service" or otherwise—are those who are not attracted by and do not attract men. The average man is so misguided in liking precisely those qualities in a wife which do not "wear." It is, however—we will freely acknowledge—more common for girls to be too much interested in men than too little. This latter kind of girl is not rare in any class. From her own account, she has a proposal every week; and, if a servant, is always gossiping with the baker's boy or the postman. The most pronounced type of this sort of girl that I have ever known was called Marianne. She had a quite general and unbiassed partiality for men's society, and she had a way of asking stray young men into the house to devour all my freshly-cut ham—which, to say the least of it, was trying. If ever a plumber or a

"WALKING OUT WITH A CHAP."

carpenter chanced to arrive on the scene, Marianne was sure to offer help—she has even been known not to despise a tramp. On occasions when I have had to reprimand her for this failing of hers, she has manifested extreme innocence and surprise ; and on one occasion, when a showily-dressed loafer was lounging near the house, and Marianne's head, with its fuzzy crop of curls, was hanging, like Jezebel's, out of an upper window, I called the girl, and said to her : "You are very foolish to try to attract that man's attention."

"*Me*, miss ! " cried Marianne, with her air of injured innocence, "*me* attract him ! I should like to 'it 'im, I should."

This only shows how deceptive appearances may be, for I should certainly never have suspected Marianne of wanting to hit him.

Among girls of Marianne's type there are three distinct stages of courtship : firstly, "walking out with a chap " ; secondly, "keeping company with a feller " ; thirdly, "being engaged to a young man." None of these, however, are necessarily binding ; perhaps the most binding contract to their ideas, if any, is represented by the gift and acceptance of an "engagement ring," however trashy and cheap the said ring may be. Even the black-eyed "nursemaid" mentioned at the beginning of this paper was not proof against the power of the magic ring. This poor little Susan Nipper, after her numerous flirtations with couriers and lordly valets with gold watch-chains, married in the end a raw gardener's boy of twenty—an apple-faced youth, of a stodgy and unprepossessing exterior ; and why ? Because he had been the first to present her with a five-and-sixpenny trinket. A well-to-do farmer proposed to her—she liked him better, and she even consulted me with tears.

"Well, Rose," I said, "which do you really like best ? "

"I like Tom best," she wept, "he's got such a way with him. I'd settle for him directly, but you see, miss, *there's the ring*."

So the tawdry trinket settled her fleeting affections once and for all. Engagement rings, we see, are not without their uses.

Servants of the type of Marianne and Rose —if they do not happen to boast of "a chap," "a feller," or "a young man"—are generally more or less listless and dull. On the other hand, if they happen to be "engaged," they are apt to be pre-occupied, and therefore thoughtless ; so that with them it is a choice of evils. A girl I know of was once plunged into the extremest woe because her "young man" had not written for two days. She showed her grief by lying flat on the kitchen-floor, her heels tapping the floor, *à la* Miss Miggs. Bromide of potassium had to be administered to calm her nerves, and it eventually transpired that the "young man" had merely sprained his thumb !

You can generally recognise the romantic servant girl by her being very much addicted to reading penny and threepenny novelettes, of the gaudy kind usually to be seen on railway bookstalls, and of which, alas ! such numbers are daily sold. They usually treat of very high society indeed ; if a mill-girl or a housemaid is by any chance alluded to, it is only in order that she may marry a duke, or a baronet's son at least. All the young women (in the illustrations) are represented as "sporting" little sailor hats and very tight waists ; while young men are shown proposing to them in abnormally high hats and faultless frock-coats without one crease. No wonder these books turn girls' heads. After long-continued perusal of them, they must doubtless consider it an anomaly for anyone to marry in their own class at all ; they must expect a Prince Charming to be lurking in every area. And the lovers they read of propose in the most high-flown language, which no doubt disappoints them when it comes to the reality. A servant of mine happened to meet at a flower-show with a young man who subsequently "kept company" with her. I inquired how the affair had come about. "How did he propose to you ? " I said.

"It was like this," said Jane : "Jest as I was a-goin' orf, 'e ses, 'Jane,' 'e ses, 'I should like to see more of yer.' "

"Yes," said I, interested ; "and what did you say to that ? "

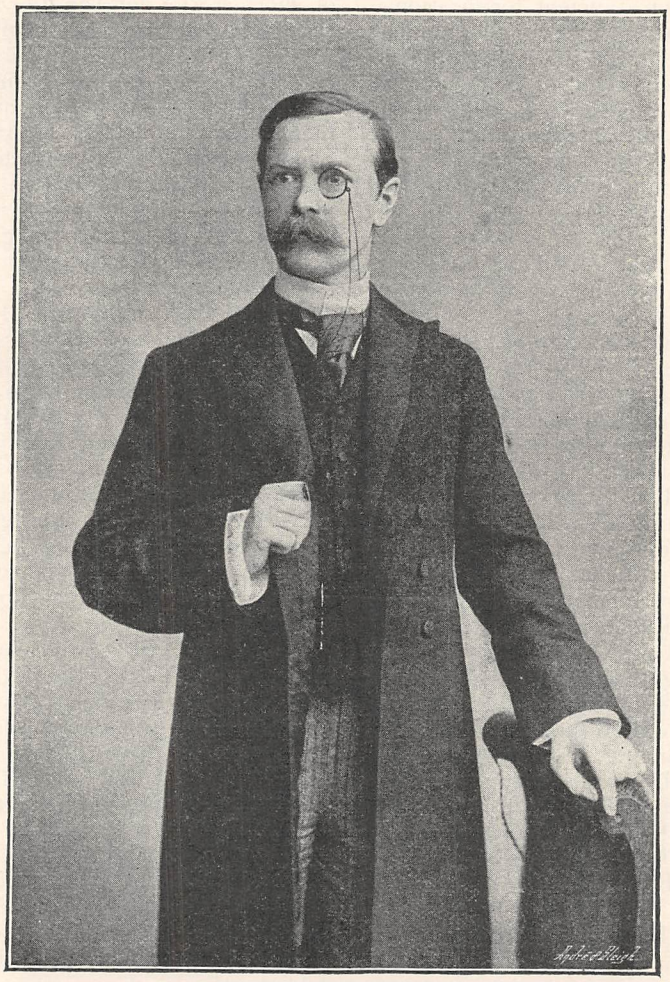
"I ses, 'Oh, stuff and nonsense ! Git along with yer.' "

There is much cry now about the dearth of good servants. Let, then, the employers see to it that they treat their servants as human beings, with wishes and interests in no way differing from their own, and let them not seek to deny them all that is sweet and pleasant in life.

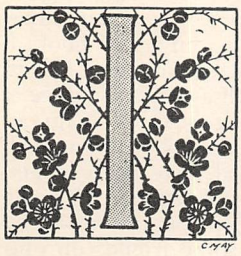
Above all, let them not discourage respectable aspirants—remembering that, whether discouraged or no, the aspirants will come—for, as the irrepressible Sam Weller said : "It's natur."

HISTORY AND FICTION.

A CHAT WITH MR. STANLEY J. WEYMAN.



MR. STANLEY WEYMAN.
(From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.)



IT must be conceded that the author of "A Gentleman of France" has been singularly favoured by the place of his birth and upbringing. For so small a town, Ludlow, in Shropshire, is rich in historical associations. As our readers will remember, it was at one time of importance as the chief town on the borders of England and Wales. The castle, whose decayed battlements and broken walls form so picturesque a picture of the Ludlow of to-day, was the head-quarters of the Lord President of the Council formed for the purpose of protecting the country-side from the incursions of the barbarous Welsh. It was while his father occupied this position that Sir Philip Sidney wrote there a considerable part of his "Arcadia."

It was there, too, that Milton's *Comus* was first performed, the masque being written by the desire of the Earl of Bridgwater, who was then occupying the Castle as President of the Council, and there that the two young princes lived before they were taken to the Tower. In the great Civil War, Ludlow was robbed of the renown of a battle by the

dilatory tactics of the opposing armies; but Mr. Weyman is able to point out to you, on passing through an old arched gateway—a survival of the town's ancient fortification—the exact spot where the two commanders declined the fight. These and other interesting facts are vouched for, of course, by all historians. In the moss-covered walls of the town, in its many venerable houses, in its fine old church, and in the romantic beauty of the surrounding country, Mr. Weyman's rich fancy might be expected to find constant inspiration.

As far as his actual work has gone, however, Mr. Weyman tells me, over a cup of tea in his study, all this has counted for nothing.

"I have never been able to bring myself," he says, "to make a book out of this place, although I know it so well: too well, probably, for the purpose of fiction—I should not be able to give sufficiently free play to my fancy. A novelist is at a disadvantage, I think, if he is burdened with an exact knowledge of every detail of scenes and circumstances to which he is trying to give romantic form and colour. But any of my novelist friends coming here for the first time would, I am sure, find in Ludlow and its neighbourhood a fine harvest of excellent 'copy.'"

Notwithstanding this disclaimer—if it can be so called—the novelist makes it clear to me that his *métier* in literature owes much to his early environment. A love for the study of history, naturally engendered in such a place, was carried by him from Ludlow Grammar School to Shrewsbury School and Christ Church, Oxford, where he took honours in this subject in 1877.

"It was after reading a book on the Huguenots that the idea of writing an historical novel first actually took possession of my mind. At that time any literary expert would have regarded the enterprise as a hopeless one—would have advised me that above all things an historical novel by an unknown author was the least likely to succeed. Still, I fancied the taste for historical novels might be revived if one was careful not to overload the book with a mass of details of interest only to the antiquarian. So I set to work on 'The House of the Wolf.' It was published, as you know, in the *English Illustrated Magazine;* but Macmillans declined to publish it in book form, and it was eventually brought out by Longmans—on Mr. Andrew Lang's advice, I believe."

"This was your first book, Mr. Weyman?"

"The first published, not the first written. Four years before I had written, on the strong advice of Mr. James Payn, a novel of modern life, but it was so unsatisfactory both to Mr. Payn and myself that I put the MS. in the fire. Mr. Payn had given me a good deal of encouragement by the acceptance of a number of short stories for the *Cornhill.* The first thing I had in print, I remember, was written when I was at college, in the hope of getting enough money to pay a small debt I had incurred, and for the moment had no other means of paying. It was a little sketch—'My Scouts,' and was published in *Chambers' Journal.* In the enthusiasm of the moment, when the cheque arrived I recollect making a calculation as to the things I could write and the money I could earn in the course of a week—a month—a year. What a foolish enthusiasm! Of course I suffered the common lot for several years. When I was practising at the Bar I wrote a great deal, chiefly short stories, only to have my MSS. returned to me again and again."

"The Bar was your first choice of a profession?"

"No; for a year after leaving Oxford, in 1877, I was one of the masters at the King's School, Chester. Then I kept my terms at the Inner Temple, and got called in 1881. I practised with fair success for ten years, but never really liked the work. For one thing, I am a poor speaker; and you know how important a thing good speaking is at the Common Law Bar. So I gave up my practice three years ago with great pleasure, although the life on circuit is still very pleasant; and I don't consider that even for my present vocation the ten years I spent at the Bar were altogether wasted."

By calling upon Mr. Weyman this sunny Saturday afternoon I have interrupted him in the middle of a chapter of his new novel—a novel of the French Revolution. The large rather closely-written sheets lie on his writing-table by the window.

"I rather want to finish the chapter before Sunday," he says to me candidly. "No, I don't write with anything like feverish haste. In fact, I consider 1,000 words a fair day's work. But when I have begun a new book, I like to concentrate my attention on it till it is finished. I allow myself a day 'off' once a week during the hunting season—I am as fond of hunting as my father was, although I am far from as skilful, and have been rather unfortunate in the matter of 'spills.' A good part of last summer I spent on a house-boat, and I am going to join some friends on one at Oxford next week. I find a house-boat an excellent place for literary work—especially in the early mornings."

We are rambling over a hill when Mr. Weyman says this, admiring a wide stretch of charmingly pretty country, rich with

LUDLOW.
(*From a photograph by T. Jones & Son, Ludlow.*)

foliage and freshened by the clear waters of the good fishing rivers, the Teme and the Corve; a fine country for the hounds, too, Mr. Weyman assured me. We retrace our steps and turn into the castle grounds, passing on our way a mansion of last century, where, in the early years of this, Prince Lucien Bonaparte resided for some months. As we walk over the soft turfs in what were once the noble halls of the Lord President of the Council's residence, and climb the well-worn steps to the one surviving tower, Mr. Weyman briefly, but graphically, summarises for me the history of the edifice.

"It's a great pity," he exclaims, in conclusion, "that the governing powers some time in the early part of the last century allowed the roof to be taken off and the place despoiled of its furniture. The lead was coveted, perhaps, for use in war, and various people in the town are said to have carried off the furniture. Some of the furniture is to be seen to this day in the old inns."

From the castle, we proceeded to the church—a stately building, about four centuries old, in which there is a memorial to one of Sir Philip Sidney's sisters who was buried there. In pointing out its most interesting features, Mr. Weyman provokes a compliment to his antiquarian as well as architectural knowledge, but he replies that what he knows has been learned from his brother.

The size of the church leads me to inquire whether at one time Ludlow was a place of larger population than it is now.

"No," Mr. Weyman replied; "but it was more devout. On the other hand, the Recorder has generally only one prisoner to try when he pays his annual visit to the town. The grand jury are called together, the petty jury summoned, the proclamation against vice and immorality is read—in short, all the 'pomp and circumstance' of judicial proceedings is provided for the sake of this one prisoner, and he is honoured, I can assure you, with a long and careful trial. When I went circuit I was frequently appointed to defend or to prosecute this highly-favoured individual; and at one time, to tell you the truth, I cherished the ambition of one day being recorder myself."

"Speaking of our Mayor and Corporation,"

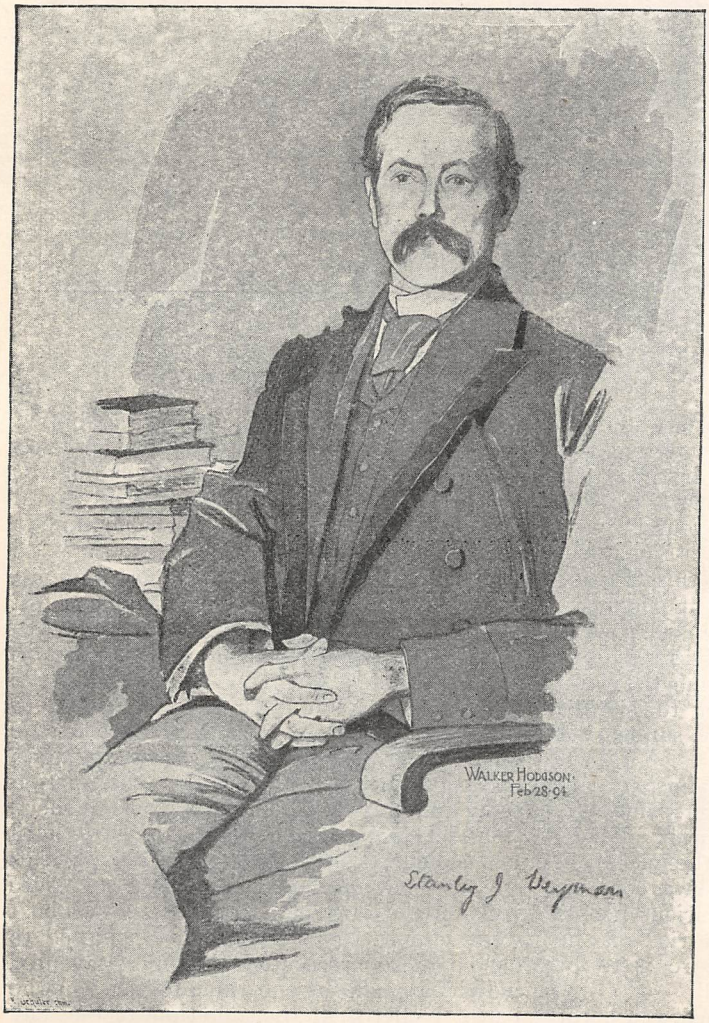
continued Mr. Weyman, "which we have had ever since the time of Edward the Fourth, I am reminded that until a few years ago their annual election was celebrated in rather a remarkable way. The men in the different wards used to take part in a tug-of-war, and the successful ward received the rope as a prize. The Mayor had then to give so much beer money as ransom for the rope."

When we returned to the house which, being unmarried, Mr. Weyman occupies in company with his mother and sister, he explained how it was that his French subjects appealed to him.

"About 1886 I was suffering from weakness of the lungs, and the doctors advised a visit to the South of France. So my brother and I spent some months wandering about the departments near the Pyrenees. We even crossed the frontier and had a ramble in Spain, going there in the expectation of seeing some fighting brought about by Carlist risings. The risings did not come off, but the disturbance was sufficient to cause us to be more than once arrested by the police on suspicion."

"Indeed!"

"Oh; but we had a more serious adventure of this kind in France, when we were imprisoned for twenty-four hours in a miserable cell. There were several degrees of frost in the night, and a dirty blanket was the only means of warmth with which we were provided. It was said that we had been 'sketching,' although I assured the officials that I had never sketched in my life. There was no English consul in the place, and we had to walk nine miles for our case to be heard. I believe we were mistaken for two Swiss who were known to be crossing the frontier for the purpose of taking part in a Carlist conspiracy."



MR. STANLEY WEYMAN.
(*A sketch from life by Walker Hodgson.*)

Mr. Weyman now smiles at this experience in his foreign travel, but it is evident, from further particulars he gives me, that at the time, in his then state of health, it was no laughing matter. The readers of "The Gentleman of France" will not less appreciate its delightful sketches of life in bygone times across the Channel when they know that in obtaining his material for them Mr. Weyman really endangered his life.

"In writing 'A Gentleman of France' and 'Under the Red Robe,'" the novelist tells me, "I have derived great assistance, of course, from old memoirs—especially Sully's. I have always been very fond of this class of literature, and have made a fair collection of it for the purposes of my work—getting a good translation, however, whenever possible.

"I consider he has been one of my best friends"—Mr. Weyman points to an old engraved portrait of Henry the Fourth of France, which hangs above the mantel-piece. "Do you

notice the strong resemblance it bears to this portrait of Charles the Second, who, as you may remember, was his grandson?"

Among various other interesting things Mr. Weyman has in his room is an old print of Hopton Castle, near Ludlow, the scene of a famous siege in the Civil War.

"My people," says the novelist, in showing it to me, "farmed land in the neighbourhood for generations."

Then Mr. Weyman told me something further about the novel on which he is now engaged.

"It is a story of the Revolution in the rural districts of France—an aspect of the great event which has been comparatively neglected, I think: certainly by novelists. I may write a sequel, however, in which I should bring my hero and heroine as husband and wife to Paris. The difficulty—and it is a considerable one—in writing a novel involving such comparatively recent history is to avoid too much detail. You have to be exact and very accurate; the history of the period has been so fully written that one is obliged to adhere strictly to the actual facts—one is trammelled, indeed, by the facts. On the other hand, if one puts very much historical detail into the book—if one writes fully, say, of the States-General and the National Convention—it will be cast aside as a history rather than a novel. So, as you may imagine, I have to steer my way very carefully.

"Is this taste for the historical novel going to last, think you? I would very much like to know whether it is ephemeral or enduring. Taste in reading is rather a strange thing, I think. My own has changed very much with the passing of the years. I was always a keen devourer of fiction, but at one time I remember I couldn't read Dickens; now I always find delight in 'Nicholas Nickleby' or the 'Pickwick Papers.' Of living writers, I am fondest of Stevenson and Rudyard Kipling. No, I have been no great student of Dumas—indeed, I have read only five of his books. But Stevenson I call my master—I consider I owe much to him. 'Treasure Island' and 'Kidnapped' I have read half-a-dozen times, and I have no doubt I shall read them again and again. By the way, Mrs. Stevenson has just sent me a charming letter about 'A Gentleman of France.'"

Before leaving Ludlow, I was privileged to read this much-stamped missive from Samoa, in which were quoted a couple of very pretty verses, written by the author of "Treasure Island," and dedicated to the heroine in Mr. Weyman's novel.

FREDERICK DOLMAN.

THE VOICE OF THE CHARMER.

By L. T. MEADE, Author of "The Medicine Lady," &c. &c.

CHAPTER V.—A MASTERFUL MAN.

DERING and his friend were expected in the evening, and Mrs. Fletcher and Margot were busy making preparations. Margot filled the vases with fresh flowers. Mrs. Fletcher moved about from room to room, putting finishing touches here and there.

Neither Mrs. Fletcher nor Margot was yet sufficiently accustomed to wealth to relegate these little offices to servants. They liked best to give the beautiful rooms their final and finishing touches with their own hands. Patty, as a rule, helped them in these small matters; but Patty was restless to-day, inattentive, dreamy—in short, unlike herself.

Margot felt inclined to quiz her friend about her too apparent excitement. Margot had never yet been in love with anyone, she did not understand the passion, with its selfish absorption, its power of shutting out from the horizon all other objects except the loved one. As a rule, Patty took chaff very well, but she was in no mood for it to-day.

"Don't," she said, when Margot laughed. She flung down her basket of flowers on the grass, and ran off.

"Almost as if she were cross with me," murmured poor Margot to herself. "I am sure I'd do anything for Patty. The state of being in love is evidently a terrible state. I hope it may never be my fate to love anyone as Patty loves Mr. Ward."

Margot went into the house to talk matters over with her mother. Patty struggled with her emotions as she walked up one of the avenues. She had spent a night of restless misery. The position of affairs was quite enough to distract and confuse a much stronger brain than hers. She kept repeating

it over to herself during the silent watches of the night, until, as she finally said, she did not know A from B, right from wrong, or black from white.

"This is how things stand," she said, as she dressed herself to go out that morning. "I am a wife without being known to be a wife. My husband is coming here to-night. He is supposed by Margot and Mrs. Fletcher to be my lover. To reveal nothing, to endure all, even in this state of affairs, would require every scrap of wit I possess. But the real condition of things is far, far more puzzling. My husband is coming here with another man. The man who is my husband is to call himself by the name of the other man, and the man who is not my husband is to call himself by my husband's name. This man, whom I never saw, whom I care nothing about, will be supposed by Margot and Mrs. Fletcher to be my lover—the lover for whom I gave up the Red Lodge. They will expect him to show me devotion, and they will expect me to respond to his attentions. My husband, my darling, the man for whom I have risked all, will meanwhile be expected to make love to Margot. How, under the circumstances, am I to keep my head? I have by nature an impulsive, passionate, easily roused temperament. I can be jealous to distraction. I feel that under existing circumstances, jealousy alone will almost drive me mad. I have to show none of my real emotions, or I shall injure the man I love. I must play a part—I, who never could act properly even in a charade. I must be other than myself when I am so full of myself that I can scarcely contain all the passion, and pain, and sorrow, and joy, that is in me. I am frightened; at times I almost give way to despair.

"What kind of man have I married? Is he a good man?—has he any sense of honour? Would an honourable and a good man do what he is doing? I dare not answer that question—I dare not face that problem. I feel that I have given myself away to an awful, magnificent, impelling, consuming, and yet a wicked Power. It guides me—I no longer guide myself; it orders me, and I obey. What is going to happen to me? Did I think, on that day a little more than a fortnight ago, when I stood by John Ward's side in church—when I took his hand, and promised to love him, and honour him, and obey him—did I think then, even then, that I should find myself here, practically in the position of a forsaken and unacknowledged wife—practically in the position of that meanest and most detestable of all things—a spy? Was it for this I gave up my birthright—my birthright of honour, of respectability, of wealth? Did I cease to be Patty Neville, the heiress of the Red Lodge, to become such an unhappy wife as this?"

Patty paused; she had been walking rapidly, and all up-hill. Her breath failed her slightly at this juncture.

"Yes," she said aloud, taking her hat off, and pushing her hair back from her hot brow—"yes, I did it, I did it all, and I'd do it again for him, because I love him: and love weighs heavier than aught else in all the world. Whatever he is, black or white, I love him to distraction. I'd do *wrong* for him, I'd sin for him, I'd go into the depths for him—yes, I would. Oh, woe is me!"

She clasped her hands and wrung them hard.

She left the avenue now, and began to take a short cut across some fields. She entered a little copse of young trees, and sat down in the shade to rest and cool herself. Glancing round to see that no one was in sight, she took Ward's letter out of her pocket, and read it for the twentieth time. The final sentence with regard to her old nurse arrested her attention afresh. She thought hard, and her thoughts were both worrying and confusing.

"How does Jack know about my nurse? Do they correspond? It is very strange. I'll go and see Nurse; I dreaded to see her, but I must get to the bottom of this, and before to-night, too. Jack wants me to find a will—a will made in my favour. I won't look for it. I've scarcely thought of it since I came here. Jack has made a mistake: he is under a wrong impression; there is no such will. I know what Aunt Regina was too well to suppose such a thing possible for a moment. There is no will; I have been sent here on a false quest. I don't want the place now. I give it up willingly—it has lost its interest for me. Jack thinks I should not be satisfied with poverty—ah no, he doesn't think that: he knows better; it is he who would not be satisfied with poverty—with poverty and me. My hero, my white knight! Ah, *how* immaculate you are!" Patty hurled out these last words in the bitterest sarcasm, "how I hate, how I scorn myself for loving you!" she continued. "And yet—and yet—I love you; I worship you; I'd lick the dust for you. There, I'll go to Nurse Joan. It doesn't really matter what she finds out: she's true enough; and I must get at the meaning of this postscript."

Patty put the letter back into her pocket, and continued to ascend the hill. The little copse of young trees was soon passed, and

"SHE TOOK WARD'S LETTER OUT OF HER POCKET, AND READ IT FOR THE TWENTIETH TIME."

she walked up a steep and zigzag mountain path : this led her into a wood of older trees. At one side of the wood stood a solitary cottage. It was in this desolate cottage that Nurse Joan lived. The lonely little place was picturesque ; it commanded a splendid view, and stood back in a garden which just now was a wilderness of old-fashioned roses. They grew in clusters, and in great single blooms—cabbage roses, the old-fashioned unique, the banksia rose, and moss-roses in abundance. In addition, the air was made sweet by a thick hedge of exquisite little white and red Scotch roses. Patty walked between this bank of sweetness up to the house. The door stood wide open, and a large Persian cat sunned itself on the sill. It rose slowly when it saw Patty, and came towards her purring ; when it reached her, it rubbed its head against her dress.

"Hullo, Tiger!" she exclaimed ; "here you are, looking as handsome and cruel and *débonnaire* as ever." She took the creature up in her arms, and walked into the cottage without knocking. An old woman with snow-white hair and piercing black eyes was sitting in a deep armchair by one of the open casement windows, shelling peas for her dinner.

"Here I am, nurse," said Patty, holding

herself bolt upright and coming across to where the woman sat.

"Time for 'ee," said Nurse Joan. Her eyes flashed with an angry fire; she dropped the pea-pod she was opening, and, pushing her chair back, gazed up with a bright face at the tall girl.

"I couldn't come before," said Patty, returning her glance with interest. "Go down, Tiger. Hish! get out of the house."

"Why should 'ee turn the cat out? He thinks more of me than you do," answered the woman. "He hasn't been for ten days down at the Red Lodge, making friends with interlopers and strangers. He hasn't been in and out of the village saying honeyed words to the folks who think nothing at all of him, compared with what I think. He's faithful according to his lights: he sticks to me through thick and thin, and I never lay awake nights for *him*, nor coddled *him*, nor petted *him*, nor gave the blessed warm heart out of my body for him to keep."

"Come, come, nurse, don't be cross," said Patty; "there's enough trouble in the world without your turning nasty and sulky. I couldn't come before, but I've come now—make me welcome."

"I will, so you tell me the truth: why couldn't you come before?"

"There, I knew it," exclaimed Patty. "I knew you'd look down into me with those piercing black eyes. I don't want to be looked into. I'd have come if I could; don't you believe me?"

"I believe 'ee, my dear," said Nurse Joan.

"'HERE I AM, NURSE.'"

"Sit thee down, missy; sit thee down, and help me to shell the peas. You mind how you often did it when your heart was clear as crystal, and your eyes like wells of truth."

"I'll shell the peas," said Patty. "I love to shell them. Do you remember when I used to coax cook to give me some pods to make believe I was having a doll's dinner? I like to sit close to you, nurse. It's so cosy; it makes me feel so young. Let's believe that I'm young, nurse—that I'm a child again—seven years old, eh? At seven years old one plays at life. Let me play as if I were a child now."

Patty tossed off her hat. Her luxuriant hair was ruffled by her walk; it had partly escaped from its restraints, and fell over her face and down her shoulders. She wore a very simple muslin dress; it had a little pink sprig on it. It was clasped round her waist with a plain leather belt. In the belt she had stuck a bunch of wild flowers. There were roses on her cheeks as she bent over the pea-pods, and her dimpled lips showed a gleam of white teeth. The cat Tiger had come back again, and was now sitting purring on the table. Nurse Joan put out her wrinkled hand and stroked it.

"Dear sakes, what a picture us makes," she said; "us three—the innocent dumb creature, the old woman who has 'most done with life, and the maid who would be a child if she could, but she can't. Look up at me, Miss Patty, and stop acting. Let me see you as you are."

Patty flung down her pea-pod, raised her eyes and looked at Nurse Joan. The piercing black eyes of the old woman returned her gaze with interest. Slowly but surely as the two pairs of eyes looked at each other, the two spirits also seemed to meet, and have an encounter. There was a fight between them; a fight from one to obtain—a fight on the part of the other to keep. Gradually but surely the stronger spirit conquered the weaker. Patty's face became suffused with a scarlet blush; she lowered her eyes and looked aside.

Nurse Joan put one of her wrinkled arms round her nursling's neck.

"I know all about it, my maid," she said. "You love he, and you wear his ring round your neck."

"Oh, don't, don't, nurse," exclaimed Patty. "How can you tell—how do you know?"

"By your face, my maid—by your way, and by the secret, which is no secret to me, that you carry in your eyes. It's true, Miss Patty; it's true, isn't it?"

"Yes, nurse, it's true," said Patty; "it's bitterly, bitterly true. I couldn't help it; I

couldn't resist him. What he asked me to do, I did."

"When?" asked Nurse Joan.

"A fortnight ago, in London."

"Why did he send 'ee down here?"

"To—oh, on a false quest—a dreadful, useless quest. He thinks Aunt Regina made a will in my favour."

"So her did," said Nurse Joan.

"Yes, nursey, perhaps one day in the far, far past, but she burnt it; of course she burnt it. There is no use in wasting my time, in wasting my life, in lowering myself to do this dirty work. There is no will now; you know it, you must know it. When she quarrelled with me she burnt the will—of course she burnt it."

"I never saw her do it," said Nurse Joan.

"She wouldn't do it in your presence, you know that."

"Her kept very few secrets from me," said the old woman in a deliberate voice.

"Well, if the will is there, I am not the one to seek for it," said Patty; "and, what's more, I won't look for it. I love Margot Fletcher; I love Mrs. Fletcher. They've been kind and generous to me. I came to them, and I told a piteous yarn and they believed me, and they took me into their house; and since then Mrs. Fletcher has been to me as if she were my mother, and Margot has been good to me. They're so fond of their wealth, they're so innocent and pretty about it."

"Ay, but they've no right to it," said Nurse Joan with a flash out of her black eyes.

"Yes they have, nurse; it's unreasonable of you to speak like that. There was no will found, and Mrs. Fletcher is the heir-at-law."

"Her has no right to the property," murmured Nurse Joan; "and there is a will."

"How queer you look, nurse; and how can you be so positive? The lawyers sent down experts to search for the will, and they could not find it. Of course there is no will."

"I know what I know," muttered the nurse.

Patty sprang to her feet.

"You choose to be mysterious," she said; "you were always mysterious. I tell you there isn't a will. But even if there is, I'm not going to find it; someone else must look for it; someone else must bring it to light; someone else must turn those good people out. I won't—I swear it; I won't have part nor lot in the matter."

"*He* wants 'ee to find the will, don't he?" said Nurse Joan, giving Patty a sharp, quick glance.

"Yes; but what of that?"

"A good deal, it seems to me," said the nurse, "seeing as he's your master."

"My master! How dare you say such a thing? He's my beloved husband, he's not my master."

"He's your master, my pretty maid," said the old woman. "Miss Patty, my dear, 'ee don't suppose 'ee can go again him now? The moment you looked at him long ago at the Henley Regatta, he proved to you the stuff that was in him. He looked at you out of those masterful eyes, and you gave your bonny heart to him. What can a maid do without her heart?—you tell me that. Where her heart is she'll follow, if it's to death itself. If that man wasn't your master, my dear, would you have given up the lady who loved you as a mother, would you have given up the place that was your own, and the people who'd lay down their lives for you? Would you have consented to marry him secretly if he wasn't your master, and to come down here under a false name, if he hadn't the power to make you do just as he wished? Yes, Miss Patty, that man is your master, and you're his slave; and when he bids 'ee find that will, you'll look for it and you'll find it. There's no use in your struggling against fate, my dear."

"You frighten me," said Patty.

She walked across the little cottage, and stood by the open door looking out. Her heart was beating tumultuously; she knew that the old woman had spoken the truth.

"Look here," she said, suddenly, "I didn't know that you knew Mr. Ward."

When Patty said this, Nurse Joan returned to the shelling of her peas.

"Do you know him?" interrogated the girl.

"That's neither here nor there," muttered Nurse Joan.

"But you—you know him?—speak!"

"Perhaps I do, and perhaps I don't."

"Nurse, you can't deceive me; you have met him somewhere."

Patty turned round and walked back to Nurse Joan.

"You can't deceive me," pursued the girl; "you know him—you have met him—you—you write to him. I know you do, I am sure of it. What does this mean? I am frightened—terrified! You do know him, you know you do!"

"He is a masterful man," muttered Nurse Joan.

"Has he got the mastery of you?"

"A bit, perhaps."

Patty went down on her trembling knees, and took one of Nurse Joan's wrinkled hands in both of hers.

"I am very, very much frightened," she said, with a sort of sob.

The sight of her face, which was quite white now, and the feel of her trembling hands, overcame the proud reticence of the old woman. She put her arms round Patty and drew down her head to take refuge on her breast.

"Listen to me, my pretty," she said. "I do know Mr. Ward. I won't tell 'ee how I got to know him; I won't tell 'ee what I think of him. It's all too late to alter now. There's nothing for you nor me to do now, Miss Patty, but to go right forward. I'm with you in it all. What I did, I did for love of you, and I'd do it again for love of you. You must go forward now. He's your master, and you must obey he. For that matter he's my master, too. He's not the man I'd have chose; it isn't the thing I'd have done, but it's all too late to alter now. You must go forward, Miss Patty—you must obey him."

"Even if he tells me to do wrong?"

Nurse Joan was silent. She clasped Patty a little tighter to her heart, and whispered a word or two in her ear. The girl started violently, then she rose to her feet, and with a long shivering sigh tried to collect her shattered faculties.

"He's coming to the Red Lodge to-night," she said, after a pause. "I have a difficult part to play, and I feel nearly mad. I can't waste any more time now, I must go back. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, my dear love. Whenever you want to ease your heart, come and speak to me. I know everything, and I'm as true as steel to you."

"DERING FLUNG THE REINS TO THE GROOM."

CHAPTER VI.—"I DON'T WONDER YOU FELL IN LOVE."

A YEAR ago, all John Ward's little world knew about his love affair with the exception of Dering. Strange as it may seem, Dering was too near him to know. The friendship between the two men was so great, they were so like brothers, their affection for each other appeared to the world to be of so rare and unique a character that people did not like to gossip about Ward to Dering. Ward was too anxious about his own prospects to let his

patron know. The noble and disinterested character of Dering's love for himself was too foreign to his own nature for him to understand it—he feared losing that buttered bread which was so essential to his well-being.

The day and hour had arrived for the two young men to present themselves in their changed characters at the Red Lodge. As they drove over in a dog-cart sent for them by Mrs. Fletcher, Dering turned to his companion and expressed his regret that he had ever allowed himself to take part in so dubious a situation.

"I oughtn't to have done it," he said; "it's altogether foreign to my character. Suppose we don't go on with it, Ward. It is not too late. Nobody knows as yet. I can introduce myself to Mrs. Fletcher in my own name, and you can be my secretary. I feel as if we were on the threshold of something—something intensely disagreeable. Let us draw back before it is too late."

Dering was driving, Ward looked back with an apprehensive glance at the groom who occupied the back seat.

"Let's walk up this hill; it's rather steep," he said.

He sprang out of the dog-cart as he spoke. Dering flung the reins to the groom and followed his example. Ward was feeling excited out of measure. In a few moments he was to see Patty; he was close to her—soon he would be breathing the same air. He knew exactly how bold the game was which he was playing—the hard and cynical, the worldly and ambitious side of him rejoiced in the success which he felt must be his if he only carried out his schemes with promptitude and firmness. On the other hand, the heart in him—and he had a heart, at least, then—the heart in him leapt up at Dering's suggestion. If the young men appeared before Mrs. Fletcher without changing characters, Ward could approach Patty, if not as a husband, at least as a lover. The moment would then come for him to let Dering know the secret which all the rest of the world was aware of. He hesitated for a brief moment.

The dog-cart disappeared round an angle of the road. Dering looked at his friend.

"The nearer I come to it the less I like it," he said. "I can't think how we could have schemed out such a plot. But, after all, the idea is only known to us both; let's abandon it, it is not too late."

"Do you really mean this?" asked Ward, turning and looking at his companion.

"I think so. I never was deceitful, and I hate to begin to deceive."

They passed the first lodge gates and Ward looked around him. To right and left he looked—a great park swept away at his feet. The dark pine trees at the back of the old house seemed to reach half-way to the sky. The picturesque building made of a mixture of red brick and sandstone, and almost covered with different creepers, had never looked more beautiful and more desirable.

"Dering can't retract now," said Ward to himself. "Nothing must interfere with my plans. I don't want him to marry Miss Fletcher, and I wish for one week, if only for one week, to act in his personality. This will be best for my own schemes. I am determined to get hold of this place, and I don't want Dering to marry yet awhile."

They turned a point in the avenue, and saw two girls approaching them slowly. Ward's heart gave a bound, and he felt his face turning cold and pale. One of those girls belonged to him.

"Why don't you speak? We must make up our minds immediately," said Dering. "Who are those girls coming up the avenue?"

"One of them is undoubtedly Miss Fletcher, the other is—I don't know the other."

Ward spoke rapidly, and with suppressed excitement.

"We must stick to our plans, old fellow," he continued; "it's too late to retract. What we have planned is best, believe me. It will give you a perfectly free hand. Let's stick to it now, for heaven's sake. Remember, it's only an affair of a week, and we can disclose our true selves at any moment. Those girls will be sure to stop us—they'll have met the dog-cart, and will know who we are."

"All right, let's get it over," said Dering, with a shrug of his shoulders. They came up to the girls, who paused, intending to speak to them. Margot looked from one to the other with her beautiful, dark eyes; her gaze rested longest on Dering, pleasure filled her eyes. Patty was white to her very lips—she did not dare to encounter Ward's cold gaze. There was an awful pause, Ward thought the beating of his heart must be heard. Patty felt that if something were not said immediately, she must fall on her knees and confess everything. With a great effort Ward took the initiative.

"You are Miss Fletcher, are you not?" he said, taking off his hat to Margot. "Let me introduce myself as Wilfred Dering. Your father and mine were great friends, were they not? This is my friend Mr. Ward. Mr. Ward, Miss Fletcher, Miss——" he hesitated, his acting was consummate, but he overdid it. Margot looked from the real Dering to Patty in wonder.

"Surely you know each other," she said, "this is my great friend Patty Neville. Patty, won't you speak to Mr. Ward?"

Margot's eyes spoke volumes. Patty held out her trembling hand to Sir Wilfred. He murmured something, and felt as if the ground were no longer steady under his feet.

"Come down to the house, Sir Wilfred," said Margot in her bright way to Ward. "Mother is expecting you both. She is quite longing to meet you"—here she gave a bright interested glance towards the young man. "Mother has so often spoken to me about your father, and about the great friendship between your father and mine. Come on, let us hurry. Patty dear"—she turned suddenly—"you and Mr. Ward can take your own time."

Margot felt sure she had done a kindness by making this remark, and walked on with Ward all smiles and good humour.

'I am so very glad you have brought Mr. Ward here," she said suddenly.

"He's a right good fellow, and my dearest friend," replied the real Ward in his most seductive tones; "but why are you specially glad? You looked at him just now almost as if you knew him."

"He's awfully good-looking, isn't he?" said Margot, glancing at her companion. Oh, of course I was glad; it was on account of Patty—you know about Patty, don't you, Sir Wilfred?"

"No, I'm sure I don't," said Ward, who thought it best at the present juncture to take the bull by the horns. "Is Patty the girl you introduced to us just now as Miss Neville?"

"Yes, you must know about her, she's quite a wonderful Patty, quite a heroine. You know she was the adopted child of the late owner of the Red Lodge, poor dear old Miss Rhodes—I'm sure she was a dear, although I never saw her—and Miss Rhodes would have left the Red Lodge to Patty, and mother and I would still have been dreadfully, tiresomely poor if dear Patty, sweet Patty, had not fallen in love with that handsome Mr. Ward. I don't wonder a bit that she did love him, now that I have seen him, he has such a surprisingly nice face."

"You interest me very much," said Ward in an icy voice, "pray go on."

Margot glanced at him—she felt the chill in his words.

"I am glad you are interested," she said. "I am, immensely. Patty fell in love with Mr. Ward, and Mr. Ward with her—quite madly, you know; the most desperate, passionate sort of love. But Miss Rhodes was angry; she did not want Patty to marry Mr. Ward, and she said: 'Choose—choose between me, and the Red Lodge and wealth—great wealth—lots of beautiful money, or Mr. Ward.' And that darling Patty chose Mr. Ward. That is why we are here. Isn't it a wonderful, isn't it an interesting, story?"

"It is very interesting," said Ward, "and I should imagine somewhat out of the common."

"Didn't you know about it?"

"Not until you told me."

"How strange! and Mr. Ward is your greatest friend."

"That is true. We call each other David and Jonathan."

"How beautiful of you! I wonder Mr. Ward never confided in you. Most people knew; even we had heard of it."

"I must speak to Ward," said Ward in a grave voice.

"I wish you would. I thought they met so strangely—almost as if they didn't know each other."

"Perhaps they did it on purpose," said Ward. "If I were you I wouldn't take much notice; I'd leave them to themselves a good bit, and not remark them."

"Would you really? I will, if you think it best."

"I would; the position is an uncomfortable one. I am glad you have confided in me, and am surprised that Ward never did so."

The real Ward sighed heavily at this juncture.

Margot looked at him and began to think him ill-used.

"I must speak to Ward," he said. "He is my greatest friend. There is nothing I would not do for him."

"You would help on this marriage, would you not?"

"Certainly—that is——"

"Why do you hesitate?"

"Well, you see, he's my private secretary. I can't very well take my private secretary and his wife about with me everywhere."

"But you wouldn't consider yourself in the matter?" said Margot, with flashing eyes.

"No, no! I must think what can be done. I'm glad you have spoken to me and opened my eyes; I'll have a talk with you again on the subject, if you will let me."

"Thank you a thousand times"—Margot almost skipped by his side. "It is the dream of my life to help Patty," she said. "I've only known her for about ten days, but I love her already like a sister. Isn't she lovely?"

Margot paused as she said these words. They had almost reached the house—she turned half round, and Ward turned with her. Patty and Dering were walking down the

avenue. Patty had taken off her hat, which she was swinging idly on her arm, her face was pale, her eyes even in the distance looked dark and troubled; she walked slowly, moving along with a sort of gentle, easy grace. Her magnificently-proportioned figure, the fulness of her young fresh beauty, were apparent in each step.

"Isn't she lovely?" repeated Margot.

"Yes, she is very beautiful," answered Ward. His voice sank to a deep, low note, his troubled eyes sought the ground. He could scarcely at this moment keep up the present strained position.

"Come into the house," said Margot. She had wrung a sincere remark from him at last, and felt satisfied.

After she had dressed for dinner that evening Margot knocked at Patty's door.

"May I come in?" she called.

Patty flung the door wide open.

"Come in," she said.

Margot looked at her friend.

"Oh, Patty!" she exclaimed, "oh—what a beautiful dress!"

Patty had put on, for the first time since her arrival, one of the dresses she used to wear when she was rich. It was exactly the colour of the palest blush rose, and fitted her slender figure like a glove.

"Patty, I can't tell you what I think of you in that dress!" exclaimed Margot. "How exquisite it is; but isn't it—isn't it rather too much?"

"Not for triumph—not for love," said Patty, with a reckless and almost wild ring in her voice. "Love is rosy like this dress; see how deep the colour gets in the folds."

"Yes," said Margot, in an almost frightened voice. "Are you ill, Patty? Have you a headache?"

"A headache, no. I never felt better in my life."

"You never looked more lovely. That dress reminds me of one of the clouds at sunset, it's so ethereal. Who is your dressmaker?"

"Worth made this dress," said Patty in a careless tone. "I have several others, much in the same style. Would you like to copy them?"

"Awfully, but they couldn't be copied. I feel quite a dowd beside you."

"Oh, Margot, if you knew everything you wouldn't change with me," said Patty. "It is sweet, it is lovely to be innocent like you—to have all your life before you to do what you like with."

"I don't wonder you fell in love with him," said Margot, walking to the window. "He's so handsome; I like his face so much. Do you know, Patty, that Sir Wilfred knew nothing about your engagement?"

"Don't tell me," said Patty, in a fierce voice. "I don't want to hear what Sir Wilfred thinks. Now, do let's come downstairs."

She picked up her gloves and fan and left the room impatiently. Margot followed her, a puzzled expression creeping over her bright face.

"'PATTY, I CAN'T TELL YOU WHAT I THINK OF YOU IN THAT DRESS!' EXCLAIMED MARGOT."

CHAPTER VII.—IN THE ROSE GARDEN.

THE first evening was over, it had gone well; in one sense it had been brilliant. Animated conversation, light repartee, the deeper notes which give tone to good conversation had

"SHE TURNED THE HANDLE OF THE DOOR."

not failed to animate the dinner-table. Dering was the pleasantest of men to have in the house. Ward was noted for his conversational powers. Mrs. Fletcher having eyed Ward with a keen and anxious glance from top to toe, decided that he was not the least like her preconceived ideas of the young Sir Wilfred Dering. Mrs. Fletcher had over and over again heard her husband speak of the Sir Wilfred who had been his greatest friend. Surely this keen, reserved, sarcastic, somewhat under-sized man was not his son? Mrs. Fletcher's first feeling was one of disappointment. Was it possible that Margot would fall in love with such a man?

Mrs. Fletcher took the head of her table with a depressed sensation, but by-and-by the power in Ward's strange face drew her; the wisdom of his words, the keen, knife like edge of his wit impressed her. Her own spirit bowed before his talent; she became satisfied with him as he was, and looked forward with pleasure to the fulfilment of an early dream.

In the drawing-room after-dinner music was the order of the hour. Ward had a tenor voice of remarkable sweetness. When he sang it seemed to those who listened as if shut doors of his character opened and the real soul of the man, sincere, earnest, white, resolved, appeared. The evening devoted to music was all that was delightful, and at last the young people retired to their rooms, and Mrs. Fletcher sat long after they had left her in her beautiful drawing-room wrapt in anxious thought.

As soon as they got upstairs Margot flew to Patty's room. She turned the handle of the door impatiently.

"Let me in; I must see you for a minute, Patty," she called.

Patty unlocked the door and stood before her.

"Well?" she asked, in an impatient voice.

"Why do you always lock your door, Patty? I want to come in. I want to have a good long exhaustive talk."

"And I want to have a good long exhaustive sleep," said Patty.

She said the words fretfully: there was not the ghost of a smile either round her lips or in her eyes.

"You don't look a bit sleepy," said Margot. "I never saw anyone fresher in my life. What a colour you have, and how wonderful your eyes look. If you are sleepy, too, don't you want to undress? Where's Sophy? Why doesn't she come to unlace your dress?"

"I sent her away. I couldn't be worried with her."

"Well, let me do it. Turn round; I won't be any time."

"No, thanks, Margot; I don't feel inclined to undress yet."

"But I thought you said you were dead with sleep."

Patty stared at Margot, then she burst into an untuneful laugh and walked across the bedroom.

"Forgive me, Margot," she said. "I didn't know what I was saying. No, I'm not a bit sleepy."

"That's comfortable then," said Margot; "we can have a good talk, after all."

"No, we can't. Pray don't settle down in that chair; I'm not in the humour."

For the first time, a pained expression crept into Margot's eyes.

"I thought—I hoped you would confide in me," she said.

"So I do; so I will, dearest, sweetest, kindest sister, but there come moments in life when one has nothing to confide."

"Oh, Patty; and you have spent a whole evening with *him!*"

"Near, yet afar," murmured Patty, drumming idly with her fingers on a table near which she had seated herself.

"And I think him so handsome," continued Margot. "I'm not a bit surprised—not a bit surprised at your having done what you did for him."

Patty rose impatiently, and began to put away her gloves and fan.

"I won't stay," said Margot, "as I see you really wish to be alone. I suppose you'll be more in the humour for conversation to-morrow?"

"Yes, much more. I want to think and to be alone to-night."

"Poor Patty! what a worry I must be to you. Oh, Patty, don't you think Sir Wilfred has a beautiful voice?"

"Beautiful! of course he has; all the world knows that," said Patty, fiercely.

"How energetic you are; I didn't think you knew anything about Sir Wilfred Dering."

"I know about that voice, anyhow. Oh, Margot, do let us say good-night!"

"Good-night, Patty. I do think Sir Wilfred is awfully clever. I don't know what there is about him; he seems to force one to think with him, and to go with him in his opinions, and to like him. He's not like Mr. Ward, he's not nearly so handsome. Oh, yes; you lucky Patty, you have got the handsome one, but I do think there's something very powerful about Sir Wilfred."

"I should think there is," murmured Patty under her breath.

She followed Margot to her door, saw her safely into her own room, and then returning to her bedroom deliberately locked the door. It was late—long past eleven o'clock. When the house was quiet, when all the lights were extinguished, she was to creep downstairs to meet *him* in the rose garden.

Yes; soon now they would meet. They had not met yet—not really. A veil had crept up to hide each from the view of the other. Their hands had once touched, it is true, but their hearts had moved apart. Patty stood in the centre of her room, the long train of her lovely dress sweeping round her, her heart beating wildly, the colour coming and going on her cheeks.

"I can't live through it," she muttered once or twice; "the situation is too much for me. I can't dissemble, I can't feign, I can't crush my heart. No, I can't—no, I can't."

She sank down on a low ottoman at the foot of her bed and clasped her long hands tightly together.

"Yes, I can," she said suddenly; "if he says 'Do it, Patty,' then I do it. Margot spoke of him as possessed with a power. God knows he has. He's a devil—a beautiful, terrible devil. I hate, I loathe, I abhor him—and yet, my God, I cling to him. I am wretched—he has defiled me—he has drawn the white soul out of me, and put a black soul in its place. Oh! I am a miserable girl—I am a miserable girl!"

The clocks downstairs struck twelve; Patty looked anxiously out. The night was a clouded one, but there was a full moon seen at intervals through the fast racing clouds. Patty beat her fingers restlessly against the window pane, then fearing that someone might hear the noise stepped back in dismay. Her room looked into the rose garden, and she fancied she saw the shadow of a man's figure standing motionless under one of the trees.

"In a moment's time I shall be in his arms," she said to herself; "and then, be he angel or devil, I shall be the happiest woman in the world."

She stepped softly to the room door, turned the key in the lock, opened the door and looked out.

The place was all in darkness, the house was quiet as the grave. Yes, the hour had come. Patty was a bride; she was going to meet her bridegroom. At this crucial moment, when her heart beat so hard as almost to suffocate her, the woman's desire to subjugate by the weapons of personal beauty, suddenly rushed over her mind. Anxious as she was to meet Ward, she deliberately went to her glass to see if she looked her best. A very brief glance satisfied her. Her face was pale with the intensity of her emotion: the expression in her eyes almost frightened her.

"I am beautiful," she said under her breath—she never gave her dress a thought; she knew at that moment that her beauty was of an order which rose high above mere accessories.

"I am beautiful enough even for him," she murmured.

"SHE LOOKED ANXIOUSLY OUT."

Her arms and neck were bare—she forgot to take any shawl to wrap round her. Flinging her long train over her arm she left the room, locked the door on the outside, slipped the key into her pocket and glided downstairs through the darkness.

When she got to the ground floor she turned abruptly to the left, and entering the library, where she had previously left the window open, stepped at once into the rose garden.

As she went into the library she was quite unconscious that she was observed. Mrs. Fletcher had not gone to bed: she had heard the light swish of Patty's draperies as she stepped softly across the great central hall, and, opening the drawing-room door, had seen her disappearing into the library. She suddenly remembered that Patty Neville and Ward were lovers, and concluded that they had agreed to meet in the library. At first she felt inclined to disturb them, but on second thoughts decided that she would say something either to Patty herself, or to Ward in the morning.

She then went upstairs to bed.

Meanwhile Patty found herself standing for a moment alone in the rose garden. The moon had come behind the sheltering clouds and shone all over her. The man who loved her, and who was waiting for her with impatience almost equal to her own, stood in the shadow for a brief moment or two to see her in the sort of unearthly glory which the moon threw over her. At that instant all that was human in Ward, all that was best in him, arose to the surface. He forgot his ambitions, his cynicism, his cold and calculating determination that the best of life should be his, no matter at what cost. The girl who stood waiting for him in the moonlight was his bride, his wife. She was more beautiful than any woman he had ever met, and he loved her to distraction. He came forward a pace or two, and Patty ran to him. He put his arms round her; she laid her head on his breast and gave a long sigh of content.

"At last, Jack; at last," she said, when she could find words to speak.

"At last we meet again, darling," he answered her.

He kissed her many times. They went and stood together under the shadow of the oak tree.

Patty turned and looked into his eyes.

"I can just see you," she said; "just see you, and that is enough. Don't let us speak—don't let us say anything for a time. We are together; that is quite enough."

Ward held her more closely to his heart.

He was thoroughly happy holding her so, but even still the cold and calculating part of him did not go to sleep. He said to himself: "I'll humour her until the clock in the stable-yard strikes the half-hour—after that, we must to business."

"How cold you are," he said after a pause.

"Cold!" exclaimed Patty. "My heart is on fire!"

"You poor little passionate creature," he exclaimed; "but even a heart on fire won't keep your body from getting chilled. You have nothing on your neck and arms."

"Oh, never mind," she said. "We are together; I am both warm and happy."

"You love me still, Patty?" he said after a long pause.

"Love you? I could *die* for you," she replied with fire.

Then she drew back her head from where it had rested on his breast.

"To die for you is not needed," she said, "so that expression of my love goes for nothing. I would live for you—there!"

"You would live for me in my way?" he said—and now he looked keenly at her, and drew her out from under the shadow made by the great oak tree. "You would live for me in my way, Patty?" said Ward.

As he spoke, the clock in the stable-yard struck the half-hour.

When he said this a second time, and when Patty saw his face, which showed hard and cold in the moonlight, she struggled to free herself from his detaining arms.

They instantly fell to his sides—she was free. She moved a step or two away.

"What do you mean by that?" she asked. "I am to live for you 'in your way.' What is your way?"

"Time will reveal it," said Ward slowly.

"No, Jack, it won't," exclaimed Patty. "I haven't patience to wait for the slow unveiling of time. The present position is unbearable; it cannot go on. I came out here to-night to tell you that it *cannot* go on."

"It shall not go on for long," said Ward.

"It must not go on at all; I can't endure it. There are limits; I have reached mine now. I can't play a part—not this part."

"Yes," said Ward, "you can—but not for long, Patty." He took her hand as he spoke. She struggled to regain it, but his strong fingers closed quietly over it: it lay after the briefest movement quite passive in his clasp.

"You can play this part," he said, drawing her to him again. "Why?—because I say so."

"You frighten me—you frighten me," said Patty.

"No, dearest," he said, in a voice whose tenderness thrilled her, "I wouldn't do that, my dove—not willingly. I would shelter

you. You are all mine, remember! you belong to me. I thought you would. When I married you I felt nearly sure of it: now I am sure. I have subjected you to a great ordeal, Patty—to a severe test. Your love survives the test—it is alive, I see it in your eyes."

"Yes, it is alive," said Patty tremblingly. She bowed her head; it fell on Ward's shoulder.

"You are part of me," he continued—"the brightest, the best part. We had two souls, now we have one. We move through time, and on beyond time, as one identity. Patty, we——" She interrupted him with passion.

"If we are one, we soar up together," she said; "if we are one, let us soar up."

"We soar upwards, *perhaps*," he replied in an intensely dry voice, "or—we sink. No matter, we are together."

"Yes, it *does* matter," she said. Her spirit struggled within her, but the struggle was a feeble one. She was overpowered—bewildered—subjugated.

"Now, listen to me," said Ward. His tone changed completely: the sentiment went out of it, it became strong, crisp, and bracing.

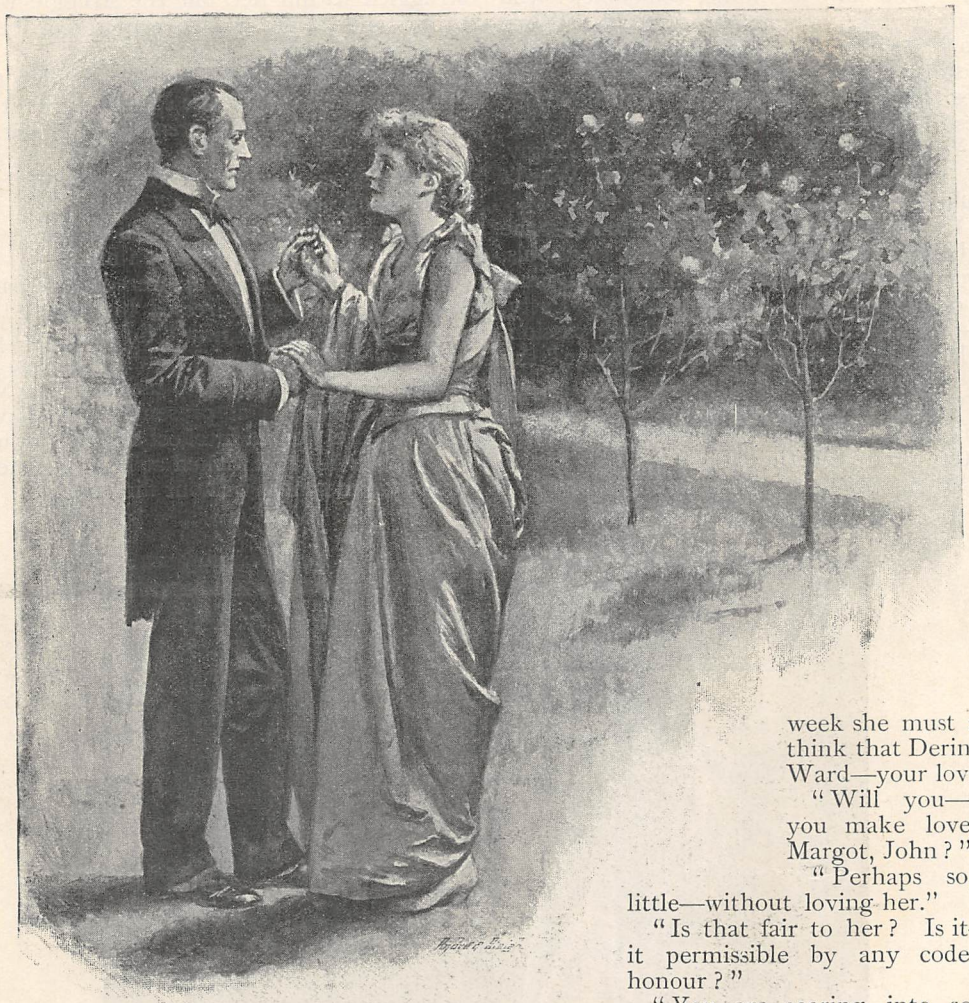
"Take my arm," he said, "let us walk about. You ought not to be here with nothing on your shoulders."

"I shan't take cold," replied Patty. "I told you that my heart was on fire."

"Poor little girl," he answered. He patted her fingers as they caressed his arm. "We won't talk sentiment now," he said. "I cannot see you alone and undisturbed in the daytime. We have got to play a part. Now, Patty, I want you at present not to have a heart on fire, but an intellect on fire—for me."

She frowned and looked at him; his steady grey eyes met hers without flinching.

"PATTY FOUND HERSELF STANDING FOR A MOMENT ALONE."



"'YOU MUST SEARCH IN THAT ROOM FOR THE WILL.'"

"Now then, to business," he said. "You know the strange position that I am in, in this house?"

"Yes, yes; I know. I—I can't bear it."

"At present," said Ward in his dryest tones, "we are not speaking about feelings. The position exists—it has, in a measure, created itself—it must be faced. The proposal is, that it should last for one week—no longer. During that week, Patty, you must keep your feelings in ice; you must be wary, you must be subtle, you must be the soul of quick tact, of resource, of stratagem. Your woman's part played brilliantly—brilliantly, remember—is essential to success. I could not have attempted the daring thing I have done, did not I know beforehand that I should have your help. Margot must think for one week that I am Sir Wilfred Dering; for one week she must also think that Dering is Ward—your lover."

"Will you—will you make love to Margot, John?"

"Perhaps so, a little—without loving her."

"Is that fair to her? Is it—is it permissible by any code of honour?"

"You are soaring into sentiment again, my dear, and this conversation is pure business. I promise not to hurt her seriously."

"And must I pretend—pretend to Sir Wilfred?"

"No, that is different. You need only pretend a very little before others; he knows the real position."

"But he doesn't know that I am your wife."

"Heavens, no! That secret is for ourselves alone."

"No, you are wrong there," explained Patty. "Nurse Joan knows, for you have told her."

"That does not matter."

"You did tell her?"

"Yes."

"When did you meet her? Why did you never tell me that you knew Nurse Joan?"

"I will come to that presently, Patty. Now I want you to rehearse your part."

"I know what you want me to do; it crushes me, it kills my soul."

"Again sentimental," murmured Ward. "You will obey me, Patty?" he said, giving her a keen glance.

"I—I—I don't feel that I ought," she stammered.

"You vowed to do so in church."

"Yes, but——"

"You took the vow; I claim it," continued Ward. "I claim your obedience."

"But why is this—this *awful* deceit necessary?"

"I will tell you some day, when the trial is over. You can yourself shorten the period. But that introduces another side of our subject."

"Oh, no; John—dear John! *don't* begin that. I know what you mean; I know what you are going to talk about. There is no will, I know there isn't."

"You have not looked for it yet!" exclaimed Ward.

"There is no will."

"I say there is. This place belongs to *you*. How much longer are you going to keep yourself, and your—your husband out of our inheritance?"

"I *can't* be a spy. I can't poke into corners, and injure those who have been good to me; it isn't my office. Do it yourself, if you believe in the will. The work is dirty; *I* won't touch it!"

Patty struggled again to free herself from Ward. He made no response when she threw her little taunt at him, but walked on, grave and still, his eyes fixed on the ground. When she loosened her hand from his, he folded his arms and walked slowly forward, leaving her standing alone and a little behind him. She looked after him, fascination in her gaze. The moon was rising high and bright in the heavens. It showed Ward's compact and well-knit figure, his massive head—the firmness of his attitude. He stood still after a time, and glanced back at Patty. She crept up to him again, shivering and frightened.

"I wish I'd never known you," she said with a gasp. "You're a wicked man—in some ways you are like a devil."

"Perhaps," said Ward, with the faintest of sneers.

"And I'm awfully afraid of you."

He held out his hand when she said this, and slipped it round her waist.

"Kiss me," he said.

She hesitated; then a flood of colour dyed her cheeks and forehead up to the roots of her hair.

"Kiss me," he repeated, "on my lips."

She obeyed him.

"Now are you better?" he asked.

"I love you—yes, I love you terribly!" she faltered.

"I know it, Patty," he said, with that tenderness coming again into his voice which constituted some of his strange power. "Poor little girl—poor dear little girl! what is the good of struggling against the inevitable? You are mine—to do as I will with! Am not I enough for you, Patty? Is not my love all sufficient?"

"Yes," she said, faintly.

"Better than a mere commonplace virtuous life without me?" he continued.

"Yes—oh, yes!"

"You are my wife; we are joined together—we are one. You don't regret it?"

"When I am with you I regret—nothing."

"Then don't struggle: trust me—obey."

"I will, Jack. I can't help myself; I will."

"I want you to find that will!"

"I—I!" she shivered.

"I want you to find that will!" repeated Ward.

"Yes, Jack; yes."

"It is in the house," continued Ward.

"I—I don't think so."

"I *know* it: you must look for it."

"Where am I to look?"

"The most likely place for it to be in," continued Ward, "is in the bedroom where Miss Regina Rhodes used to sleep."

"Mrs. Fletcher sleeps there now," said Patty, raising her head from his breast; "the will can't be there."

"I believe it to be there. You know the room better than anyone. You must search in that room for the will."

"How can I? Think of the awful, shabby meanness."

"I don't think of it; I think of the property, which I am determined to have, and which my wife is to give me as a beautiful gift. I will make an opportunity for you, Patty. I will see that you have abundance of undisturbed time You must search in that room for the will."

Patty was silent.

"Will you?"

"I—I *can't*; I can't."

"Look me in the eyes, and say that you will."

"I don't want to look at you, Jack."

"Look at me—raise your head."

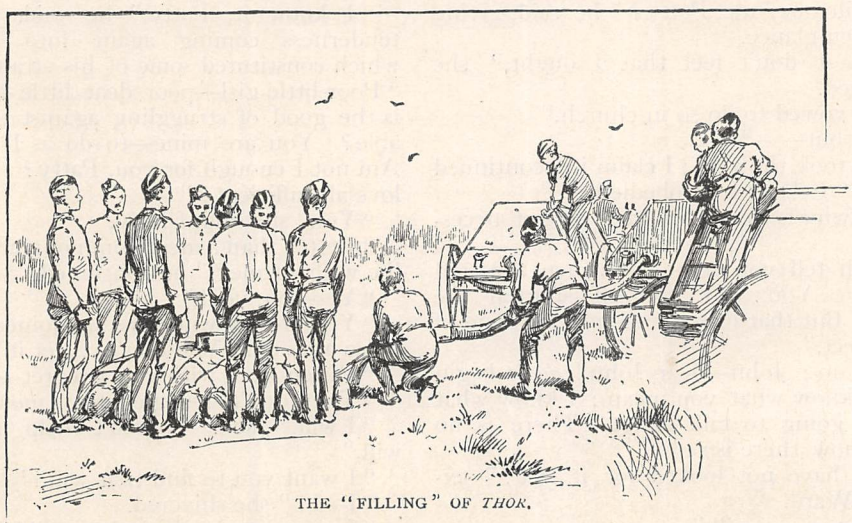
She did so with an effort. Her eyes had contracted and grown small with absolute terror.

"Now, will you?" said Ward.

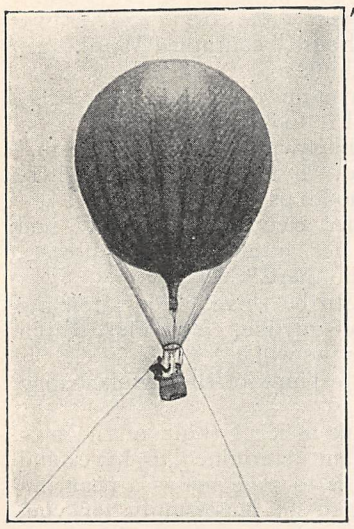
"Yes."

END OF CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

IN A WAR BALLOON AT ALDERSHOT.



THE "FILLING" OF *THOR*.



THOR "PLATFORMED IN MID AIR."
(*From a photograph by Major Harward.*)

THE "mere" editor, scornful of minute detail, and rightly regardful of his "space," does not see much difference between the military and the civil balloon. This, to the enthusiast, is very trying. "Why," said such an one to a young "art editor," whom she was defying in his own lair, "I have seen the *valve* of a civil balloon, and it was just like the top of an old tub." "Well," said that hard young man, nothing daunted, "for all *I* know" ("or care" he meant), "it *may* be an old tub!" He conquered; but that enthusiast resents it yet.

For in every respect the war balloon is vastly superior to those of a kind usually associated with pleasure-trips—sometimes of fatal termination. With an "envelope," not composed of silk or cambric, but wrought, by secret process of manufacture, to marvellous impermeability and strength, from so frail a thing as gold-beaters' skin; filled with hydrogen-gas, which, while far more portable than the coal-gas of civil balloons, is also of greater lifting power; the net and cords all thoroughly trustworthy and of special manufacture, the war balloon inspires both trust and admiration in all who know her.

And she is loyally served. She was not brought to such perfection without good work and true, without patience, great skill—I had almost said, without devotion. And this, no doubt, is the spirit which animates the quiet, rather solemn workers employed in the momentous work of fashioning the "envelope."

"We know that life depends on it," says pretty little Mrs. Wilkins.

And, looking at the faces of these women, of widely varying age, of widely varying physiognomy, yet all, that came under my notice, with the same subdued and self-respecting demeanour, one is forced to the conclusion, offered in no spirit of levity—that there is something peculiarly "elevating" in balloons—in the sense of responsibility involved in their manufacture, and most loyally obeyed.

To know the military balloon is to love and to trust her. And have I not known her? I have "interviewed" her, gazed at her, fingered her. Had I not duly learnt that that elegant spherical form, on which she justly prides herself, has its sufficient termination in what is called a "neck," I might add that I have daily sat at her feet. And, indeed, why not?

—seeing that the "neck" both encloses, and is afterwards enclosed by the "petticoat" (or "tail"). I have done—what have I not done in pursuit of her acquaintance? Have I not, in order to see the Section go through the drill of laying out the balloon "Tourist," "crowning" (with the valve), "filling," etc., left the gates of sleep behind me at 4.40 a.m., and sought the roseate hues in vain? For the air was chill, and the dawn was dull; I saw no lark brush the dew from his wing; but my footfalls helped to scatter the dust of Aldershot; and the weary sentry, yet in his watch-coat, presented arms to my commanding officer as we drew near the Balloon Depôt.

And at one inspection by H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief, did I not mark the Balloon-Section, with its waggons, pass the saluting point to the strain of

> "Wings to bear me over
> Mountain and vale away"?—

having first witnessed the departure, in order, from the parade-ground thus:

A detachment of mounted sappers, the officer in charge of a portion of the Section, a corporal and six men seated on the balloon waggon (which also bears the "drum" with the telephone wire, and to which, during an ascent, the "tail" rope is attached), the car with the balloon packed inside, and all things needful for an ascent—*e.g.*, the valve, the grapnel, a handful of pilot balloons (for testing the current)—all but the gas tubes,* which, to the number of thirty-five on each, 105 in all, are packed on three other waggons; a guard of mounted sappers bringing up the rear. Had the Duke wished to witness an ascent, the Section could easily have been made up to sixteen strong from trained engineers in the field; the balloon would have been "laid out," "crowned," and "filled," by means of pieces of skin-hose, each six feet long, laid on to the gas chambers at the end of the tube waggons; the three pieces of skin hose being joined to the balloon and to each other by means of zinc connections. Twenty minutes after the order had been given to "fill," an ascent of 1,000 feet could have been made; and in five minutes more a message could have been obtained.

ON THE MARCH.

All this I have seen. But one day my long-cherished hopes were "crowned"; and a safety "valve" was furnished to my enthusiasm. I, too, have been in Arcadia, have sailed on ether, and bombarded the heavens.

The morning of my ascent was a pleasant

* These are portable gas reservoirs.

and favourable one—fine, rather still; while the atmosphere was fairly clear. "Thor" was being filled; as I drew near, two waggons with the gas tubes were discharging their contents, in the manner I have already described, into the 10,000 cubic feet of space awaiting fulfilment, but, as a matter of fact, she did not receive quite 10,000 cubic feet of gas, and looked rather wrinkly in consequence. That does not signify; the gas expands, and if you fill to the entire capacity you have the less room for its inevitable expansion—sooner or later you have to open the "neck" and let off a little. The first day, when the balloon is at her fullest, is not the best, from an economical point of view, for attaining a good height. It is wiser to wait for the diminished volume of succeeding days, and the corresponding space for expansion.

Made in 1890, "Thor" is just four years old, and feels her years. A hole had been discovered and mended that morning. Before and during my ascent another was revealed in the leakage which was slowly going on.

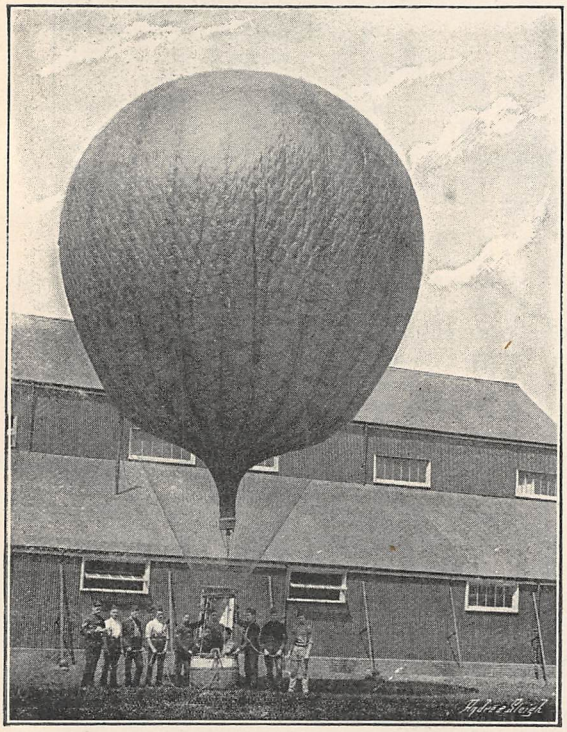
She has now nearly had enough. Round the net, at intervals, hang bags of sand-shot. These keep the balloon down, in process of filling. As the lifting power increases, the bags are lowered. Underneath the balloon is a man who smooths the "kinks" out of the skin hose, that the free passage of the gas to the envelope may meet with no obstruction. When "Thor," having received all the hydrogen she craved, had assumed a sufficiently shapely and debonair appearance, she had her photograph taken. You see her surrounded by her attendants. You also see her gaily poised aloft, the aëronaut and this scribe being, like the angels in Mrs. Browning's "Drama of Exile," thus—

"Platformed in mid-air."

There were telegraph wires to be crossed before we fairly started. The men got her safely over this *bête noire* of the balloonist. Holding fast to the ropes below, they led her to, and over, the obstruction, while the balloonist quickly threw the pilot rope across. From the open space beyond the Balloon Depôt we finally made our ascent, "Thor" having first been connected by the captive rope to the balloon waggon, at the end of which is the drum with the telephone wire which feeds it.

And so, at last, we entered the car, a brand-new one, made by convicts at Dartmoor. This contains two tiny seats. The lifting power of 10,000 cubic feet of hydrogen is 700 lbs. Allow for the weight of the envelope, 80 lbs.; of the valve, 4 lbs.; the net, 45 lbs.; the car, 23 lbs.; the hoop, 13 lbs.; the grapnel and rope, 25 lbs.; the balloonist's instruments (compasses, maps, aneroid, etc.), 14 lbs.; and the weight of two men of 150 lbs. each, with some sand for ballast, completes the freight.

The grapnel is the balloonist's anchor. It is made of best Lowmoor iron, and has four collapsable "flukes," which are held open or shut at will, by means of a small brass clamp. It is an ingenious and rather deadly-looking contrivance. I should not care to be its resting-place. But it is harmless enough. When not in use, it is hooked on to the side of the car. The head is furnished with an eye, to receive the one-and-a-half inch grapnel rope, by means of which it slides down to the ground, and where the knot and a cross-bar of wood check it; the other end of the grapnel rope being attached to the net hoop. This rope, like the cord of which the net is composed, is made of Italian hemp, and is always supplied by the same makers, the cord measuring 170 feet to the pound; the rope the same number of feet to the half-pound.



THOR AND HER ATTENDANTS.
(*From a photograph by Major Harward.*)

An Engineer officer, lecturing on ballooning, remarked that everybody says, on a first ascent, that the country looks "like a map." I may be "contrary," but certainly it would be at once a very ideal, and also an extremely realistic, map that was capable of giving a like presentiment. If one should ask me, "What, then, is it like?" I answer that this vast military settlement, with its far-reaching War Department Reservation of drill and manœuvre ground, represented on one side by the dusty Long Valley, on the other by the heather-clad Fox Hills—the theatre of military operations on the occasion of many a mimic fight—this, then, becomes to the balloonist's eye a fine model in miniature (such as that of the battle of Waterloo in the United Service Institute) of a phase of army life at once characteristic and unique.

Such a bird's-eye view I will not call lovely, though the neighbourhood is singularly beautiful. Those who look for such a description forget how much a landscape depends for this virtue of picturesqueness on the illusive charms of distance, comparative heights, natural perspective, with its blending of mystery and imagination, its restful vistas. Distance of a kind one has, but distance that equalises and levels rather than such as offers alluring contrasts. Thither, away to the south-west, stretches Cæsar's Camp, with Hungry Hill. How dwarfed, how flat! The Long Valley is but a patch—yellow and barren. The gardens of the Officers' Club House have shrunk curiously. The little tin soldiers and the toy cavalcade seem to crawl. The canal winds on with diminished breadth in the direction of Fleet, whose pond would make a fair-sized ball-room mirror; yet the former, at least, I may not despise. Its waters supply steam; steam constitutes the motive power that compresses hydrogen, hydrogen inflated and lifted this huge bubble that bears me aloft 1,000 feet. Below me lie the Liliputian boats about the landing-stage. Eight miles to the north-east is Bisley Volunteer Camp. Yet a little nearer is Sandhurst.

Then may I look down? Yes, but with caution. Do I feel ill? Wretched? Nay, but a little queer. Does the car sway intolerably, and does an unutterable sinking come upon me as the earth, and things earthly, seem to fall suddenly from beneath me? No, again; for they are winding out slowly and easily my thousand feet.

I have said that the balloon was leaking during the ascent. How dangerous! Not at all. In a high wind, and in the course of a protracted ascent, the hole might have

"EXCELSIOR!"

become serious. If it were very bad, the officer would throw out ballast, and so lighten the balloon. He might mount into the neck, and repair the damage temporarily with skin carried for patching, and an adhesive solution. This might be his course on a "free" run. And he might open the neck for a minute or two, and so relieve pressure. This latter course was followed by the officer in charge of the balloon. It was all that was required, except that we should not go very high. Nothing heroic happened. I have no dangerous ascent to record. The captive rope was wound up on the "drum" which is at the end of the balloon waggon. Slowly and steadily we came to earth. The descent is sometimes said to be the worst part of an ascent! This has rather an Irish sound, but in my case it is the literal truth. As we went up we paused for a second, and my inarticulate thought was: "Oh, what will it be to go down—to *sink!*" In the event I found it very bearable. The anticipation had been the worst part of this, as of many other troubles. I walked home through the Camp with slightly diminished colour—and that was all!

B. W.

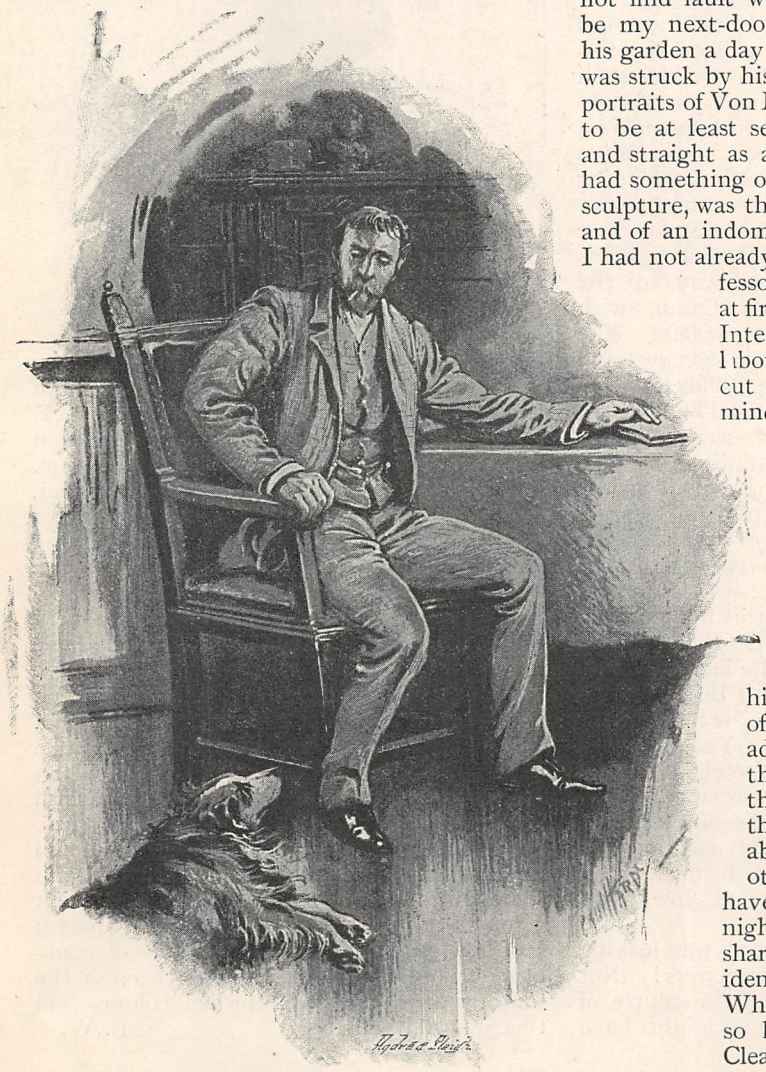
THE PURPLE DEATH.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

LAST winter I occupied a small villa in one of the towns of the Italian Riviera. To me it is a very delightful little town—partly, because it is extremely picturesque and, partly, because it is as yet almost unknown as a health-resort. You can live there without constantly hearing the cough of the consumptive, and when you do meet an occasional foreigner, he does not instantly begin to discuss the condition of his bronchial tubes, or to inquire as to the state of your own lungs.

Thank Heaven! my lungs and bronchial tubes are perfectly sound. My only trouble is insomnia, and it was for this that I sought the perfect repose and stillness of my sleepy little Italian town. There was but one other foreigner in the place, so I was told; and as I was assured that this foreigner was phenomenally strong and well, and was, moreover, a German, and hence presumably unable to converse with a man wholly innocent of any knowledge of the German language, I did not find fault with the fact that he was to be my next-door neighbour. I saw him in his garden a day or two after my arrival, and was struck by his singular resemblance to the portraits of Von Moltke. Although he looked to be at least seventy years old, he was tall, and straight as an arrow, and his face, which had something of the firmness and rigidity of sculpture, was that of a man in perfect health and of an indomitable constitution. Even if I had not already heard him called "the Professor," I should have known him at first sight as a man of culture. Intense thought and unremitting labour had chiselled those clear-cut features. I made up my mind that, instead of avoiding him, I should like to make his acquaintance, and I found myself hoping that he could speak English, or that, at all events, I could understand his French.

Twice during the first week of my residence next door to the German I saw after midnight a light in his garden, and heard the sound of a spade. It is one of the advantages of insomnia, that the patient learns to know the things of the night as well as those of the day. Had I been able to sleep as soundly as other people, I should never have noticed this mysterious midnight lanthorn or had my hearing sharpened sufficiently to note and identify the sound of a spade. What was the professor doing at so late an hour in his garden? Clearly, he could not have been engaged in gardening or ditching.



"HE HAD HARDLY SUFFICIENT STRENGTH TO DRAG HIMSELF TO MY FEET."

Even a German philosopher would not be capable of getting up at one o'clock in the morning to plant cabbages, or to improve the drainage of his garden. The only plausible explanation of his conduct was that he was engaged in burying something which he had reason for burying secretly. I knew that he lived absolutely alone, without a single servant. Hence, he could not be a murderer, who made a practice of burying his victims at night.

Then, again, he was a scientific person, and, of course, had no money for safe-keeping in the earth. The third time that I saw my neighbour's lanthorn in the garden, I discovered that I had an object in life, which was to find why he dug in the earth at an hour when, as he supposed, all his neighbours were asleep.

The mystery solved itself a few days later, and proved to be disappointingly simple. The arrival at my neighbour's door of a hamper of rabbits, and another of guinea-pigs, showed me at once that he was engaged in studies which involved the death of numbers of those unhappy little animals. Of course, when his guinea-pigs and rabbits had fulfilled their mission in life, it became necessary to bury their remains ; and the professor wisely performed this task at midnight in order not to offend the prejudices of those curious people who believe that vivisection is merely a form of vice in which inhuman men indulge purely for recreation. I had seen the professor, and I could have sworn that he was a kindly and gentle man. If his guinea-pigs and rabbits were cut down in the prime of life, I felt sure that they died in the interests of humanity, and their fate gave me no pain.

My acquaintance with the professor—whom I will call Professor Schwartz, for the reason that it was not his name—grew up gradually. We began by exchanging polite commonplaces over the garden wall, and I found that he spoke English perfectly. We were both methodical in our habits, and were accustomed to smoke in our gardens every afternoon at about the same hour. Gradually we passed from the discussion of the weather to more interesting themes, and, finally, the professor accepted my pressing invitation to come and inspect a plant growing in my garden, of the name of which I was ignorant. When I returned his visit, I accidentally discovered that, like myself, he was a devotee of chess. That put the finishing touch to our acquaintance, and we fell into the invariable habit of playing chess, every evening, from seven to nine.

I found him extremely interesting. He was a physician, though he had long since ceased to practise medicine, and had devoted himself, so he told me, to the study of bacteriology. He was, moreover, a man of wide culture ; and there seemed to be hardly any subject of which he had not a more or less thorough knowledge. But what charmed me in the man was his kindness of heart. His philanthropy was not bounded by any of the limitations of race or creed. The sufferings of the poor touched him as profoundly, whether they were Germans, Italians, or Frenchmen. His love for animals was unmistakable, in spite of the fact that he daily inflicted tortures on the unfortunate subjects of his experiments. I had a collie, between whom and Professor Schwartz a deep affection sprang up, and the man was never so happy as when the dog sat by him with its head resting on his knee. There is no reason why I should hesitate to say that Professor Schwartz came, in time, to be sincerely attached to me, for there can be no doubt of the fact. I wondered that such a man should live so completely alone ; but once, when I spoke of the matter to him, he gravely replied that a man should live for the benefit of others, and that his studies were of much more importance than his pleasures could possibly be.

One day, my collie came into my room, evidently suffering the greatest agony. He was swelled out to twice his ordinary size, and he had hardly sufficient strength to drag himself to my feet, where he lay moaning. My first thought was of my neighbour's medical skill, and I rushed over to his house, and implored him to come to the aid of the poor dog. The man came instantly, bringing with him a huge bottle of some disinfecting fluid, and showing an agitation which surprised me in one who had spent so much of his life as a practising physician. The dog was dead when we reached the room where I had left him, and the professor instantly poured the entire contents of the bottle over the carcass, and then sent me for his spade. When I returned, he carefully removed the dog's body to the garden, and buried it, exercising the greatest care not to touch it, except with the spade. Then he went to his house, bidding me remain in the room where the animal had died, and when he returned he disinfected the room and everything in it with chemicals that caused a thick but entirely respirable smoke. To my inquiry as to what was the matter with the dog, he merely replied that the animal had been poisoned, and asked me if I had seen the dog digging in his garden. I had seen nothing of the kind, but I saw that the professor suspected that the animal had dug up the remains of some guinea-pig or

rabbit that had died of an extremely infectious disease. This explained the elaborate care with which disinfectants had been used, though I could not but think that my friend had been unnecessarily alarmed.

I had been acquainted nearly two months with this mild and lovable vivisectionist, when one evening our conversation fell upon Anarchism. The usual bomb had just been exploded in Paris, and I was expressing a good deal of indignation at the miscreants who did such things.

"The Anarchist means well," replied Professor Schwartz, "but he is hopelessly stupid. He attacks the wrong people, and he uses absurdly inefficient weapons."

"What do you mean by saying that he attacks the wrong people?" I asked.

"Just what I say," he replied. "The Anarchist wants to kill men who have money—capitalists, and small or great shopkeepers, and employers of labour. These are the very people who are most necessary to the existence of humanity. If the Anarchist tried to kill labouring men, he would be working for the emancipation of the race from poverty and misery, but he cannot see this."

"I hardly see it myself," said I. "Do you mean that the true way to lessen suffering is to kill the sufferers?"

"Yes, and no," said Professor Schwartz. "My dear friend, listen to me. All the poverty on this earth is the result of over-population. Why does the Italian labourer work for two francs a day, and spend his whole life in a state of semi-starvation? The Anarchist says that the labourer is oppressed by the capitalist. This is rubbish. A man works for two francs a day because there are so many workmen that the price of labour is wretchedly low. Halve the number of workmen, and you would more than double the wages of the remaining ones. The same thing is true of the men in this town who make a miserable living by raising vegetables. Each man has a little morsel of ground, and he can hardly raise enough to keep himself from starvation. Reduce the numbers of these small proprietors one-half, and you would double the amount of land which each one would cultivate, and thus double their aggregate incomes."

"That sounds very mathematical," I answered; "but I haven't that sublime confidence in figures that I had when I was younger."

"Any man who sees things as they are must admit," continued the professor, disregarding my interruption, "that the world is horribly over-populated. If a pestilence should sweep off two-thirds of the workmen in Europe, the survivors would be able to live in comfort. Now, the Anarchist doesn't see this. He would kill off the capitalists—the very men who employ labour, and make it possible for labourers to live. I, on the contrary, would not harm a single man who has money to pay to others, but I would remedy this fatal over-population—an evil which grows worse and worse every year. Your English Malthus had a glimpse of what was coming, but he did not foresee what the remedy would be."

"Then, there is a remedy?" I asked.

"Yes. Did I not tell you that the remedy is to reduce the working population? The man who discovers how to do this most swiftly and effectually will be the greatest benefactor this world has ever known."

It rather amused me to hear this man, whom I knew to be gentle and tender-hearted, actually insisting that about one-half of the population of the globe ought to be murdered; but I thought little of it at the time. I knew how fond some men are of propounding bold and startling theories, which they themselves would be the very last to dream of carrying into action. Here was a man, whose business in life had been to heal the sick, and so to prolong the existence of the weakest specimens of the human race. And now he was saying that the extermination of millions of healthy, vigorous men was the one thing that the world needed! It was another illustration of the inevitable bee which, sooner or later gets into the bonnet of every scientific man.

I have said that Schwartz lived completely alone. A man in good health can do this, but if he is taken ill he soon finds that he must depend on the help of others. One afternoon Professor Schwartz did not appear in his garden, and when I went to his house, in the evening, he did not come as usual to open the door. Suspecting that he was ill, I went to the side of the house, where I knew his room was situated, and called to him. He answered, but without showing himself at the window. He was not quite well, he said, but assured me that he would be able to see me the next day, and that in the meantime he should want no assistance. He would not consent to see me; and I went back to my villa somewhat uneasy, and half determined to break into Schwartz's house the next morning in case he still refused to open the door.

That extreme measure, however, did not prove to be necessary. When I called at his house in the morning, he opened the door, and invited me to come in. He was looking

wretchedly ill, but he assured me that his attack was over, and that there was not the slightest cause for uneasiness. He took me into his library, and tried to converse with his usual ease. The attempt was a failure, and I saw that, besides being weak from the effect of his illness, he was both preoccupied and troubled. Finally, I asked him frankly to tell me what was the matter, and to permit me to be of any service that might be possible.

He remained silent for a little while, and then he said—

"My dear friend, I have made up my mind to trust you. My illness has shown me that it is no longer safe for me to keep my secret absolutely to myself. I shall die suddenly, and possibly very soon. In that case there must be someone who will know how to prevent the catastrophe which would otherwise happen to this pretty little town, where I have spent so many happy hours. Give me your word that what I shall tell you shall remain a secret so long as I live."

I gave him the desired promise—rashly, as I now know, but without dreaming of its nature.

He rose from his chair and told me to follow him into his laboratory. There was nothing remarkable in the appearance of the place. I had once before seen the laboratory of a bacteriologist, and it closely resembled Professor Schwartz's laboratory, except that the fittings of the latter were rather more elaborate and complete. On one side of the room was a series of shelves filled with carefully-sealed glass tubes, containing what I assumed to be gelatine. Schwartz called my attention to these, and said—

"If you should find me dead, or dying, some day, I want you to take every one of these tubes, break them one by one in a bucket full of the liquid which you will find in yonder glass jar, and then bury the contents of the bucket, glass and all, in the earth not less than four feet deep. Do this with the utmost care, making sure not to break a single tube except under the surface of the liquid, otherwise I cannot answer for your life. You perfectly understand me?"

"Perfectly," I said; "and I will promise to carry out your wishes. The tubes, I presume, contain the microbes of various diseases."

His face lightened up with a glow of enthusiasm. "They contain the microbes of diseases," he replied; "but the diseases are nearly all new. They are inventions of my own, and some of them are infinitely more deadly than any disease known to the medical profession. You remember the death of your dog? The poor fellow died of a disease which is absolutely new, and which kills in less than six hours. If that disease were once introduced into any city in the world, it would spread so rapidly that in a week the place would be depopulated."

"'LOOK AT THAT TUBE NUMBERED 17'" (*p.* 116).

"I do not understand what you mean by newly-invented diseases," said I. "How is it possible for a man to invent a disease?"

"Allow me to sit down," said the professor, "for I am too weak to remain standing. The answer to your question is very easy. Certain diseases are produced by certain microbes, and hitherto bacteriologists have confined themselves to trying to discover the specific microbe of each disease, and then to discover a remedy that will kill the microbe without killing the patient. No one but

myself has ever tried to develop the deadly powers of known microbes. Look at that tube numbered 17. It contains the microbe of typhoid fever, but I have cultivated it until it will produce the disease in twenty-four hours after the microbe is taken into the system, and will kill the patient infallibly in twelve hours more. That is only one of the dozen similar successes that I have obtained. Then I have crossed different microbes, or rather cultivated them together, so that they have become capable of producing a new disease, partaking somewhat of the character of each of the diseases which the same microbes, if cultivated separately, would produce. It was I who invented, in this way, the present variety of influenza, by crossing the microbes of malarial fever with those of pneumonia. I was living in St. Petersburg at the time, and I accidentally dropped the tube containing the germs of influenza. Someone must have found it and opened it, for when the influenza broke out I instantly recognised it as my own invention."

"I have always heard," I ventured to remark, "that the influenza is a disease which has appeared in Europe several times during the present century."

"There have been epidemics of a disease called influenza," he replied, "but they differed from the present one. They lacked the symptoms of malarial poisoning, which are characteristic of my own influenza. I have always been very sorry that I lost that tube, for an epidemic of influenza can do no possible good, and does great harm. But to come back to what I was saying before we spoke of influenza. Look at tube number 31. It contains microbes that will produce a disease having some of the characteristics of hydrophobia, and some of those of dropsy, while it also has symptoms which are entirely new. It was one of the earliest of my new diseases, and would certainly be very efficacious, should it ever become epidemic. I have, however, invented other diseases which are far superior to it. Here is a tube," he continued, taking it almost lovingly in his hand, "which contains my *chef d'œuvre*. The microbes are a cross between those found in the venom of the tuboba, the most deadly of all known serpents, and those of the Asiatic plague. By the way, I am the first man to discover the existence of microbes in snake-venom. I call the new disease which these crossed microbes produce the 'Purple Death,' for the reason that the body of the person who is attacked by it becomes purple before death. It kills in less than thirty minutes, and there is no remedy which has the slightest effect upon it. As to its infectious qualities, it is the king of all diseases. If I were to break this tube while we are in this room together, you and I would be dead within an hour, and from this house the infection would spread so rapidly that in two days, at furthest, not a human being would be left alive in this poor little town. Think what would happen, were we Germans to use these microbes in our next war with France. A single bomb filled with the Purple Death, and thrown within the lines of a French army, would render a battle an impossibility. Before six hours were over there would not be left in an army of four hundred thousand men survivors enough to bury the dead!"

The man's eyes sparkled with pride. His weakness had almost vanished while he was talking, but suddenly he sank back on his chair, and feebly begged me to assist him into the other room.

When he was lying on the sofa, and had somewhat regained his strength, I asked him what possible good he expected to accomplish by adding to the number of diseases which already afflicted humanity.

"I have told you," he said, "that I am a philanthropist, only, unlike other philanthropists, I have intelligence and, I hope, the courage of my convictions. You have heard me say that all the poverty and misery of the world are due to over-population. Well, I have there in my laboratory the remedy for this evil. I can, with merciful swiftness and with absolute certainty, reduce the population of Europe to a half, or a third, of what it now is. I have only to take my Purple Death, and scatter the teeming gelatine on the side-walk of the most crowded street of your London. It will dry quickly, and under the trampling of hundreds of feet it will become pulverised, and the particles will float in the air. That very day the physicians will find themselves in the presence of a disease wholly unknown to them, and against which medical science can achieve nothing. In a few days London will be silent. The working-classes and the poor will be dead, and everyone who can possibly fly from the stricken town will have fled. When the pestilence has spent its force we shall hear no more of the unemployed workmen in London. There will be more work than workmen can be found to do, and the very street-sweepers will receive wages that will permit them to live almost in luxury.

"Or say that I wanted to decrease the population of Berlin. I simply place some of that gelatine in an envelope, and send it through the post to the head workman in some factory. He opens it, and the Purple Death breaks out among the workmen.

Nothing can stop it until it has run its course. Of course, a percentage of capitalists and employers of labour will fall victims to the disease, but its ravages will be chiefly confined to those who have not the means to escape from the city. Did I not tell you that the Anarchists select the wrong victims, and that their favourite dynamite is absurdly ineffective in comparison with the weapons that I can use. Now you see that I told the truth. Man, the lives of half Europe are in my hands!"

I made no reply. The vastness of the man's horrible scheme stunned me. I had not the least doubt that he spoke the truth, and I had promised to remain silent while his devilish project was carried out.

Presently he resumed—

"I do not want my weapons to fall into hands that would use them ignorantly. That is why I have asked you to destroy every one of those deadly tubes in case I should die without having been able to do it myself. I made the discovery yesterday that I may die at any minute, and I am physician enough to be sure of what I say. If I should find myself dying, and should have the time and strength to act, I should set this house on fire, and blow out my brains. So if you should happen to find my house burning, you

"I CARRIED THE BUCKET INTO THE GARDEN AND BURIED IT DEEP WITH ITS CONTENTS" (*p.* 118).

will take no measures to check the flames. But I fear that I shall not have the time to do this myself, and so I rely on your help."

"How long since you invented the Purple Death?" I asked.

A troubled look passed over Schwartz's face. "Nearly two years ago," he replied.

"Why have you delayed to use it?" I asked, a sudden hope that the man was not quite so mad as he seemed to be, springing up within me.

"As yet it has killed no one, beside the guinea-pigs, except your dog," he replied. "The dog must have been digging where the guinea-pigs are buried, and so contracted the disease."

"But why have you not carried out your scheme of depopulating the world during these two years?"

"My friend," replied the professor, "I am not so strong as I believed myself. The truth is, I have lacked the courage to begin the work. I have been like a surgeon whose nerves will not permit him to perform a painful operation, although he knows that it is the only means of saving the patient's life. But I shall delay no longer. I may have very little time to live, and, besides, now that I have told you all, my secret is no longer safe. Oh, I do not for an instant doubt your word, and I have perfect confidence in your friendship, but when a secret is known to more than one person it is no longer a secret. But I will have more courage. In another week I shall be as well as ever, and then I will begin the work of redeeming the world from poverty. Now I must ask you to leave me, for I must try to sleep. By the bye, you will find a duplicate key of my door hanging on a nail in the hall. Take it with you, and don't hesitate to use it in case of necessity."

I left the professor, and returned to my house, in a most unenviable state of mind. I had not the slightest doubt that what he had told me was strictly true. Granting that the man was mad—and surely no sane man could have calmly proposed the murder of hundreds of thousands of unoffending men—still the death of my dog was sufficient evidence that Schwartz's claim that he had invented microbic poisons was true. I had given him my word to remain silent. If I kept my promise I should be accessory to the crimes which he unquestionably meant to commit. If I betrayed him, I not only broke my word, but I made it certain that either he would be condemned to a madhouse, or would be sent to the gallows. I could not determine what it was my duty to do, and I spent a night of more terrible anxiety than any criminal ever spent who knew that the gallows awaited him in the early morning.

All night long, and far into the next day, I ceaselessly debated the question what ought I to do. Towards noon, not having yet heard any sound of life in my neighbour's house, I took the key, and, entering, went up to his bedroom. He was lying in bed, with the bedclothes drawn up close to his chin, and I spoke to him, but he did not answer. When I touched his forehead I found that he was dead and cold. He had evidently died soon after going to bed, for the body was already perfectly rigid.

I did not lose a moment in destroying the tubes in his laboratory. I placed them carefully, one by one, in a bucket filled with the disinfecting fluid which he had shown me, and broke them with a blow of a marble pestle. When this was done, I carried the bucket into the garden and buried it deep with its contents. I should then have been ready to send my servant to notify the authorities of Professor Schwartz's death had it not been for one thing. The tube containing the Purple Death was missing from its place on the laboratory shelf, and I had been totally unable to find it. So long as this remained above ground, all that I had done was comparatively useless. Doubtless the tube would be found by the officers whom the Syndic of the town would send to search the apartment, and take charge of the dead man's effects. Then it would be broken, purposely or accidentally, and the frightful consequences that Schwartz had predicted would be inevitable.

I searched every corner and cranny of the house without finding the tube. Finally I began to hope that the professor had himself destroyed it, fearing that he was near his end, but that he had been unable to destroy the rest of his poisons. Comforting myself with this solution of the mystery, I went to his bedside to smooth the bedclothes before sending for the police, and in so doing I found the Purple Death clasped firmly in his hand!

It was impossible to loosen the dead man's grasp, and, after vainly making the attempt, I gave it up, fearing to break the tube in the effort. I called my servant, and told him to go first for the village doctor, and afterwards to notify the police, and then I sat down to await events.

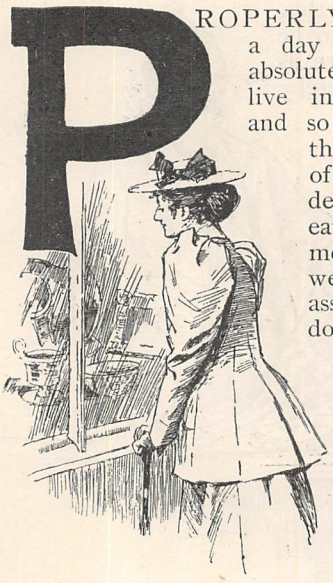
The doctor arrived promptly, and proved to be a very intelligent man. I told him the whole story that the professor had confided to me, with the exception that I did not hint at the use to which the dead man had

proposed to put his terrible inventions. The doctor found no difficulty in believing what I told him, and it evidently gave him a profound respect for his deceased *confrère*. He agreed with me that it would be dangerous to meddle with the tube which the corpse clasped in its rigid hand, and promised me that even if an autopsy should be necessary, he would see that the tube remained undisturbed. I think he was a little shy of coming too closely in contact with the body, lest the professor should have died of one of his new diseases. At any rate, he decided to accept my theory that Schwartz had died of heart-disease, and persuaded the Syndic that an autopsy would be quite superfluous.

Professor Schwartz was buried within twenty-four hours, with the Purple Death still in his right hand. The police were easily persuaded that it contained some holy relic, and that it would be impious to meddle with it. When the funeral was over, I left the place as soon as I could pack my boxes, and surrendered the lease of my villa. I have never seen it since, and never want to see it.

On my way back to England I passed through Berlin, where I went to see an eminent bacteriologist, and asked him how long microbes inclosed in a tube containing gelatine would retain their vitality. His answer was, "For ever, so far as is at present known." That answer has poisoned my whole life. Six feet underground, in the grave of Professor Schwartz, lies the Purple Death, waiting until the day when the cemetery will share the fate of all cemeteries, and be cut up into building lots. Then the tube will be exhumed and broken, and the pestilence that is to sweep away the teeming millions of Europe will begin its work. Sooner or later, this is morally certain to happen. I have sometimes thought of exhuming the coffin of Professor Schwartz, and searching for the fatal tube, but to do this would be to invite the catastrophe which I dread, for in all probability the tube has become unsealed by this time. My only hope is that an earthquake will some day bury the cemetery too deep for any spade to reach the grave of my poor mad friend.

A WOMAN'S DAY IN TOWN.

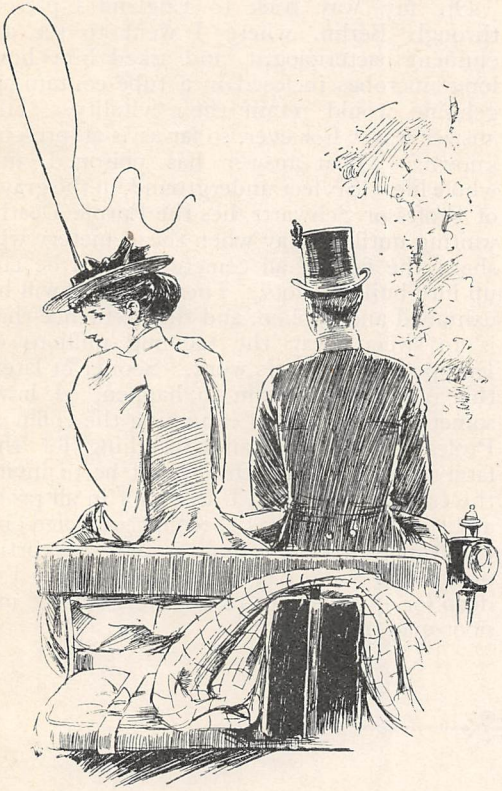


PROPERLY to appreciate a day in town, it is absolutely necessary to live in the country, and so profit by the thorough change of scene. It is delightful to start early, amidst the messages and farewells of the family assembled on the doorstep, and to drive through the fresh crisp air to the station, exchange greetings with friends, have a chat with the station-master, and finally, newspaper in hand and favourite seat secured, enjoy the unwonted luxury of an early look at the news.

The first thing to be done on reaching London is to dispose of the shopping for "the house"—not paying amusing visits to an elegant dressmaker or a charming milliner, but downright marketing at the stores: laying in the delicacies and condiments not to be had in the village at home or even at the nearest town, and seriously testing cheese and bacon.

Jack has, of course, made out a list of materials for his fretwork. Tom wants nails and hinges for a box he is constructing. Mary must have silks for her embroidery; and nurse has dictated a column of requirements, such as gloves, stockings, braces, needles, cottons, tapes, buttons, flannel, house-cloths, and dusters, as if they need not be paid for. Buying these goods is the prose of shopping, and the work is put through with speed.

Next comes a visit to any art gallery that may chance to be open. Pictures by Burne Jones are sometimes on view; and what a pleasant interlude it makes to pause before some of the poems in colour of this artist! To spend twenty minutes beside "King Cophetua" or the "Pygmalion" series, or to wonder at the marvels of the "Seven Days of Creation," is to go away helped and refreshed for the rest of the day.



"IT IS DELIGHTFUL TO START EARLY" (*p.* 119).

We wish next to go to St. Pancras, perhaps, on the way to lunch with a friend living on the Midland Railway. How many women from the suburbs know exactly how to go from the middle of Regent Street by the cheapest route to that station? We do not, at all events; so we ask policeman X1, and a conversation ensues.

"How shall I get to St. Pancras?"

"Do you want to walk?"

"No; I wish for an omnibus."

"Then take a 'bus as *goes* there!"

"Of course; but which of them does go there?"

"You get into one marked *Walworth Road*, and it'll put you down at the door."

We wait and watch, and feel cross at not having asked policeman X1 what is the colour of the 'bus we want. How is it possible to look all over green, yellow, blue, and red vehicles to see if *Walworth Road* is among the things written there? We go presently to the oasis a little further up the street, where stands another policeman.

"What is the colour of the omnibus going to St. Pancras?"

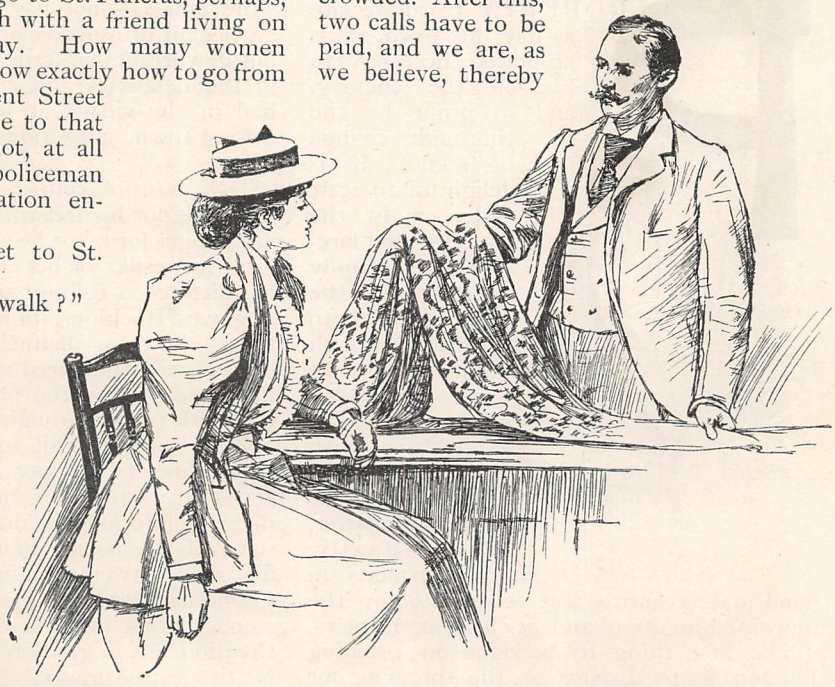
"A blue Favourite will be the one, ma'am; they comes by here."

Again we stand patiently, this time with more hope, but, to our dismay, policeman No. 1 re-appears, and marches across the road, saying—

"If you'd 'a done what you was told, you'd 'a been on the road to Pancras by now. You've missed your 'bus, and you'll have to wait ten minutes."

Talk about grandfatherly legislation: here was a specimen! This policeman took us in charge, and returning to the first position, kept guard till the right omnibus came, when he put us safely in and departed.

The middle of the afternoon finds us again in the busy thoroughfares, and we enjoy a walk down Bond Street, and note the beauty and small numbers of the articles in the shops—each thing having plenty of room to be shown in, and being well worthy of inspection; then we go into Oxford Street, where the enormous quantity of materials and goods strikes us, the things heaped up and sadly crowded. After this, two calls have to be paid, and we are, as we believe, thereby



"BUYING THESE GOODS IS THE PROSE OF SHOPPING" (*p.* 119).

"'TAKE A 'BUS AS *GOES* THERE!'"

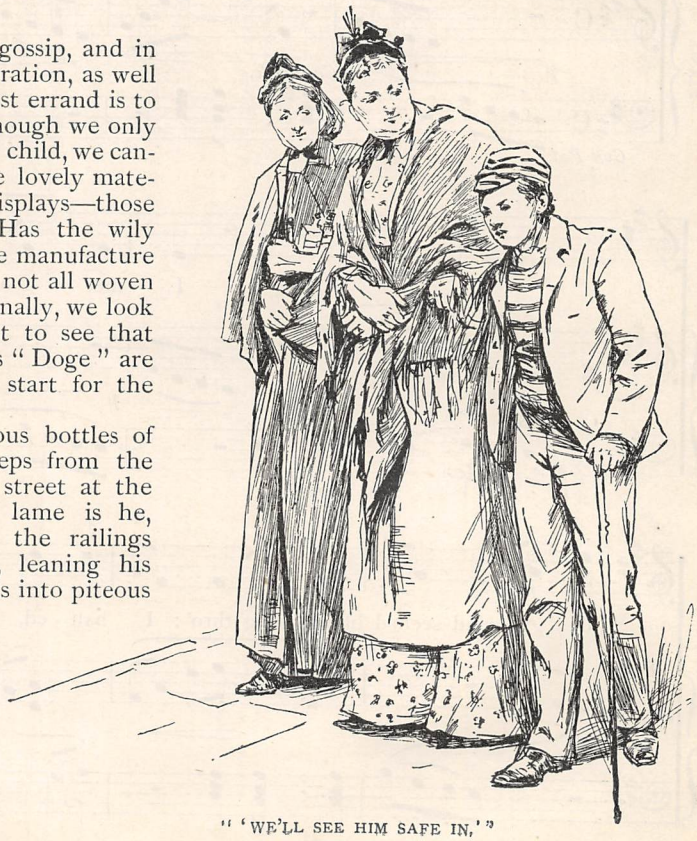
posted up in the latest town gossip, and in novelties of furniture and decoration, as well as dress and "chatter." Our last errand is to an æsthetic draper's, where, although we only want stuff for a frock for a small child, we cannot resist an examination of the lovely materials and colours the shopman displays—those things with Indian names! Has the wily Hindoo ever had a finger in the manufacture of any one of them? Are they not all woven in Manchester or Bradford? Finally, we look in at the National Gallery, just to see that Moroni's "Tailor" and Bellini's "Doge" are still in their places; then we start for the station once more.

A poor lad with two enormous bottles of medicine is coming up the steps from the Charing Cross Hospital to the street at the back of it. As we pass, so lame is he, and so hindered, he clutches the railings for a step or two, and then, leaning his face against the cold iron, bursts into piteous sobs. What can we do? There is but little time, yet the poor lad must not be left here. He is a martyr to rheumatism, it appears, and all the help we can think of is to give him money for a cab to his home. Two motherly-looking women, however, come along, and apparently take in the situation at a glance.

"Rheumatics, is it? Bad things, them, when they ketches yer like that. Cab, mum? Lor' bless yer, no!—frighten his poor mother out of her wits, it would! Tuppence for a 'bus, if yer like; we'll see him safe in;" and one good soul takes the bottles and the other pulls the boy's arm through hers, and off they go towards the Strand, leaving us with pleasant memories of their rough Good Samaritan-like faces.

An express train soon takes us back to the woods and fields, and the scent of wild flowers and gorse is like a breath from heaven on our faces as we alight at the little roadside station. The yard is crowded with vehicles, from the coach of the local magnate, the trim broughams and phætons of the lesser luminaries, to our own little cart, into which we gladly scramble, and with a pat to the mare, and a glance to see the small groom has not broken his limbs in his frantic jump to the back seat, we are off up the hill, and soon once more at home, where the lawn seems greener, and the flowers of brighter hue than ever, after our few hours of absence.

IVOR MERLE.



"'WE'LL SEE HIM SAFE IN,'"

Words by NORMAN R. GALE. *Music by* THOMAS ELY, B.Mus., London, F.R.C.O.

Andante con moto.

PIANO.

p *Cantabile.*

Con Ped.

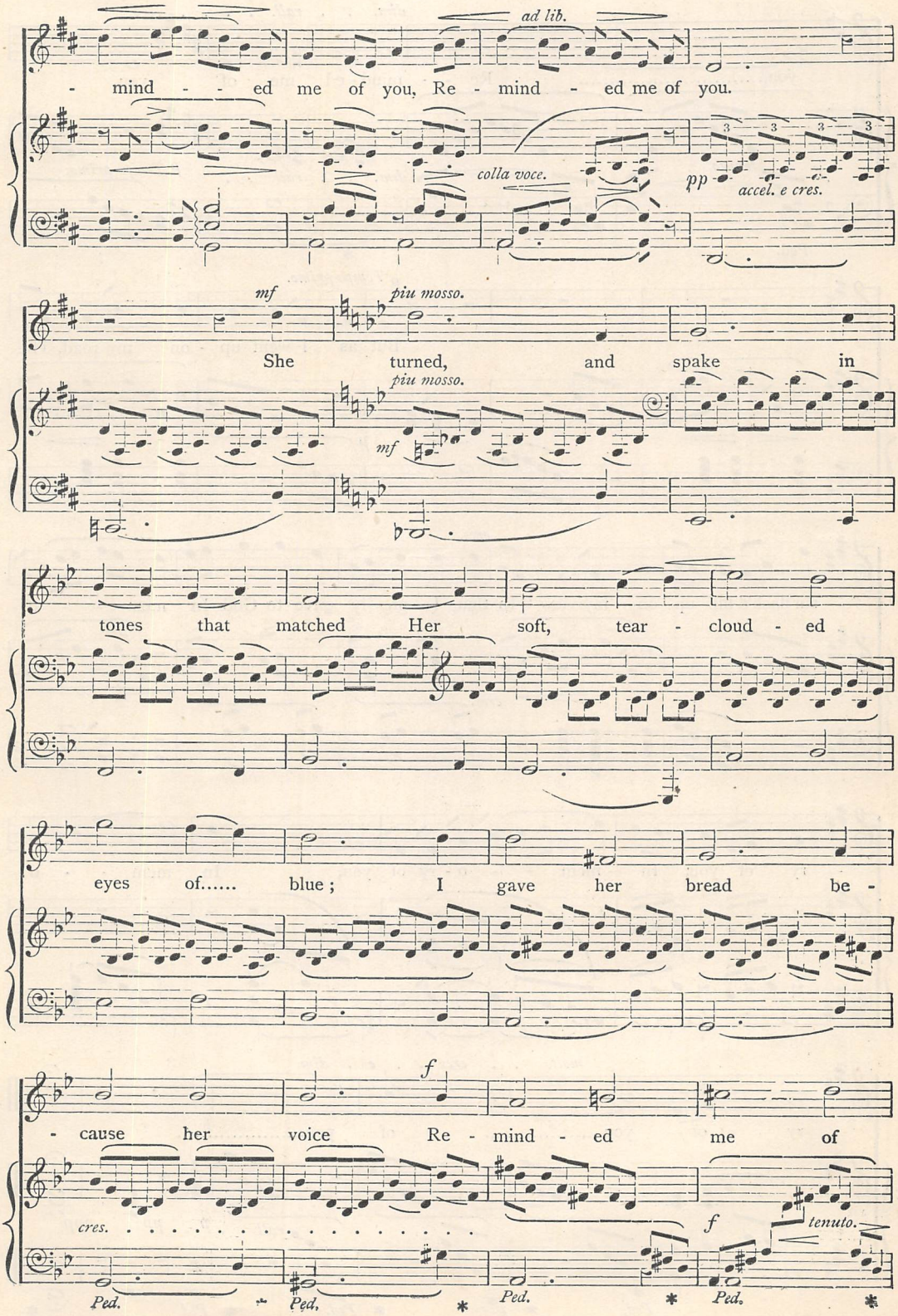
I met a wo - man in the street, The

p

cres.

an - gry wind seem'd blow - ing thro': I halt - ed, for the way she trod Re -

cres.


ad lib.
- mind - - ed me of you, Re - mind - ed me of you.
colla voce.
pp
accel. e cres.
mf
piu mosso.
She turned, and spake in
piu mosso.
mf
tones that matched Her soft, tear - cloud - ed
eyes of..... blue; I gave her bread be -
f
- cause her voice Re - mind - ed me of
cres.
f
tenuto.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

dim. . . rall. . . . . .

you,..... Re - - mind - ed me of you.

f tenuto. dim. . . rall. . . p Tempo primo.

Ped. *

p Tempo primo.

But as I went up - on my road, The

p

cres.

sin flash'd full up - on my view— In that I on - ly gave to God In mem - - o -

cres.

- ry of you, In mem - - o - ry of you, In mem - - o -

molto . . cres . . e . dim.

- ry of you,..... of you.....

rall. p pp ppp

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

THE PICTURESQUENESS OF THE PEERS.

BY ALFRED F. ROBBINS.

THE ROYAL ASSENT.

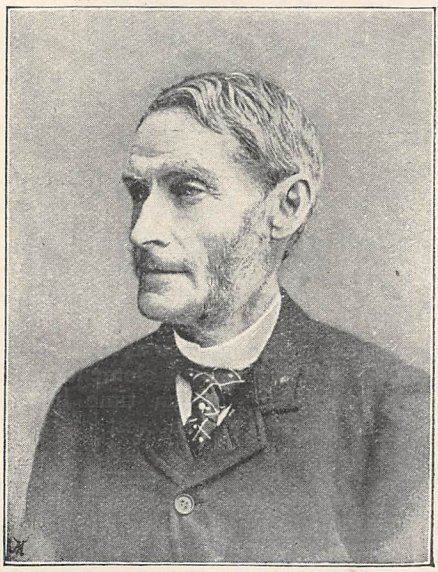
THAT there are various lights in which the House of Lords, as an institution, can be regarded, is being made sufficiently evident just now to every student of politics or reader of a newspaper. But there is one which, standing outside partisan discussion, is worthy of note amid all the blare of the contending battalions, and that is the picturesque. The idea—popular among children, and not altogether unknown to those of larger growth—that a peer is always to be distinguished from his fellow-man by his coronet and robe is, of course, illusory. These trappings of state are donned only on rare occasions; but despite the fact that the occupants of the House of Lords wear the sober black of the ordinary citizen, and have even been seen in the Gilded Chamber in something close akin to hodden-gray, there is a picturesque element attached to their proceedings which time has done little to lessen, and the interest of which it has even increased.

Nothing in these days can approach, of course, the aspect the House of Lords must have presented in earlier times when bishops and mitred abbots sat among the mail-clad peers, and when the possibilities of turbulence were such that, as the hasty word was apt to be

followed by the heavy blow, a royal order had to be issued, directing that no one with horses or arms should repair to the Parliament.

No more is there likely to be witnessed such a scene as that presented by a fourteenth-century archbishop who, when on his way to his place in the House of Lords, there to join "the Magnates in Parliament"—an early English term for the peers which survives in the name of the Hungarian Upper House to-day—he was met at the door of the Great Hall of Westminster by the Steward of the King's Household and the King's Chamberlain, and told that he must answer in the Law Courts for offences alleged against him before he could be allowed to take his seat. One can as little imagine the Marquis of Breadalbane and Lord Carrington staying Archbishop Benson's onward progress in this fashion, as one can expect the repetition in full Parliament, by the Sovereign's command, of the apology once made by an Earl of Arundel to a Duke of Lancaster.

"Sir," said the Earl, in one of the first Parliamentary speeches ever reported, "sith that it seemeth to the King and other Lords, and eke that each here hath been so mickle grieved and displeased by my words, it forethinketh, and I beseech you of your grace and lordship to quit me your man-tallant." The sentiment will seem excellent, even to those to whom the sense is obscure; but the scene was one that, for the honour of the peerage, obviously did not bear frequent repetition.



THE EARL OF ANCASTER, JOINT HEREDITARY LORD GREAT CHAMBERLAIN.
(From a photograph by Walery, Ltd., Regent Street, W.)

In these times, the most striking effect that is witnessed in the House of Lords is when the Sovereign opens Parliament in person. During the greater portion of our history the practice was almost invariable, and the attendant pageantry was always marked. In the spacious days of great Elizabeth, the monarch was accustomed to proceed to Westminster on such occasions with the pomp in which her soul delighted, though occasionally she may have had prickings of conscience—for she was economical to the degree of niggardliness—on the score of cost.

When arrived in the House of Lords, she seated herself in the Chair of Estate (or, as it is commonly called, the Throne), and then, as now, there was a chair to her right and another to her left, which throughout Elizabeth's reign remained vacant, for the former was anciently placed for the King of Scots, when he came to our Parliament, while the latter was for the immediate heir to the Crown.

How closely the procedure then adopted is followed to-day can be judged from the fact that not a single discoverable detail of the ceremony has been altered; and a description of an opening of Parliament by Queen Victoria resembles in all essential particulars that of a similar function by Queen Elizabeth.

When the Queen performs this duty, the peers are robed; and while this gives a prevailing touch of scarlet to the centre of the Chamber, which is added to by the robes of the judges, who are privileged to be present upon such occasions, there is much relief, not, as might be thought, from the lawn sleeves of the bishops, who then are clad not unlike their lay colleagues, but from the dresses of the peeresses. These ladies are permitted, with a gallantry which the House of Lords shows in various ways to visitors of the gentler sex, but from which the sterner assembly "in another place" would shrink with terrified apprehension, to occupy all the seats usually allotted to peers, except the very front ones. "Drawing-room" dress is the rule; and, as if this would not suffice to brighten the scene, the diplomatic representatives of the foreign Powers (mostly in dark blue and gold, but mingled with the severe black-and-white of the United States Ambassador's evening-dress and the flowing robes of the Chinese Minister Extraordinary) are accommodated with seats behind the Bishops' Bench. The great body of the peers meanwhile have to find places where they can, temporary benches being placed for them on the floor of the House, for they cannot even take refuge in the galleries, which such of their lady friends as are not peeresses fill to overflowing. In this respect, indeed, the resemblance to

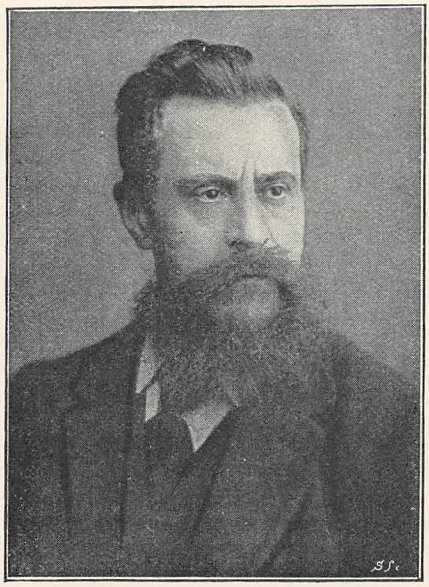
SIR ALBERT W. WOODS, K.C.M.G., C.B., GARTER KING OF ARMS.
(From a photograph by W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.)

earlier times is singularly close; for centuries ago it was recorded that on the opening day, owing to "the number of peers being much encreased, divers of the Barons do sit upon Forms, placed crossways at the lower end of the House."

Into this great gathering the Queen enters in full state. There are six Heralds to lead the way, those of Chester, Windsor, Lancaster, York, Somerset, and Richmond, accompanied by the four Pursuivants, Portcullis, Rouge Croix, Bluemantle, and Rouge Dragon. The three English Kings-of-Arms, Garter, Clarenceux, and Norroy, clad in their gorgeous tabards, follow; and then come the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, the Lord Great Chamberlain, and the Hereditary Earl Marshal (the Duke of Norfolk). Immediately preceding the Queen are the Hereditary Bearer of the Cap of Maintenance (the Marquis of Winchester, the premier marquis of England) and the Lord Privy Seal, the last clasping with both hands the Sword of State; and when the Sovereign, clad in a robe of imperial purple, has seated herself upon the Throne, the faithful Commons are desired to present themselves to listen to the reading of the royal speech, "in her Majesty's own words," as the Lord Chancellor, without the suspicion of a smile, is careful to announce.

But this spectacle has seldom been seen of recent years, 1886 having been the latest occasion of its presentation; while not since the death of the Prince Consort has the Queen herself read the Speech, which she had always previously done when there, and in the clear and ringing tones which still mark her utterance, as those present at the inaugural ceremony of the Imperial Institute can testify. The opening of Parliament by commission is a very mild and meagre ceremony compared with the one which has been described, and few visitors, and even fewer peers, trouble themselves to attend. An element of the ludicrous rather than the picturesque, indeed, attaches to the occasion. The Lord Chancellor and four other peers are delegated by the Queen to perform the function; and, arrayed in shapeless scarlet robes slashed with ermine—the number of slashes telling to the initiated their degree in the peerage, as the number of chevrons distinguishes lance-corporal, corporal, and sergeant—and wearing cocked-hats which seldom seem to fit, they sit in a row in front of the Chair of Estate, looking uncomfortable and far from happy. The Clerk of the Parliaments reads the verbose document giving them power to open Parliament in the Queen's name; and as each is mentioned, there is a pause, during which the cocked-hat of the peer referred to is raised with a bow. The same unimpressive ceremony attends a prorogation; but in the latter case it is always preceded by one much more quaint, and that is the giving of the royal

ADMIRAL THE HON. SIR JAMES R. DRUMMOND, G.C.B.
GENTLEMAN USHER OF THE BLACK ROD.
(From a photograph by Thos. Fall, Baker Street, W.)



THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, K.G., HEREDITARY EARL MARSHAL.
(*From a photograph by Walery, Ltd., Regent Street, W.*)

assent to such measures as both Houses have passed.

The fashion in which our Constitution has evolved is in no one function more clearly shown than in the process of giving the royal assent. The student of the ponderous tomes known as the "Lords' Journals" will be aware of the mixture of languages their pages contain. In the very first day's record that exists, this referring to the earliest Parliament of Henry VIII., the body of the entry is in Latin, and a portion in Norman-French, while a proxy is noted as endorsed in English. The Latin has by this time disappeared from the "Journals," save at top and bottom, for the day of the sitting is still entered in that tongue, and Mr. Henry Graham signs the daily record not "Clerk of the Parliaments," but "Cler. Parliamentor." The Norman-French lingers in one set of entries alone, and that in regard to the royal assent, which is given in the language of the Conquest, as it has always been since England had a Parliament.

Something of athletic training is required for the leading performers in the ceremony. The Lords Commissioners are seated at one end of the Chamber, and the representatives of the legislative partner, the Commons, are standing, headed by their Speaker, at the other. The Clerk of the Parliaments stands at one side of the table midway, and facing him is the Clerk of the Crown. The latter takes up a Bill, faces the Lords Commissioners and bows, turns to the Commons and bows, and reads the title: the latter, having performed the same evolutions, announces the royal assent in the words "*La Reyne le veult*," a process which is repeated with every measure on the list, save in the case of Finance and Private Bills. In the case of these last, the formula employed is "*Soit fait comme il est désiré*"—the Queen wills it in the one case, in the other she is content that what is wished shall be done; while to a Money Bill it is said, "*La Reyne remercie ses bon Sujets, accepte leur Bénévolence, et ainsi le veult.*" When the Clerk of the Parliaments has turned to the right-about some forty times, he must be glad to have only one Finance Bill on his list, or he would be rendered breathless. But he has cause for gratitude in that he is not called upon to use the ancient formula of assent to a Subsidy Bill: "*Le Roy remercie ces Communes de lor boons cuers enfaisant lez Graunts, ac accepte et tout le content en l'endenture avandit especifie graunte et approve avesque l'act et les provisions a cest indenture annexez.*" For phrasing and spelling alike, the "Lords' Journals" must be held responsible.

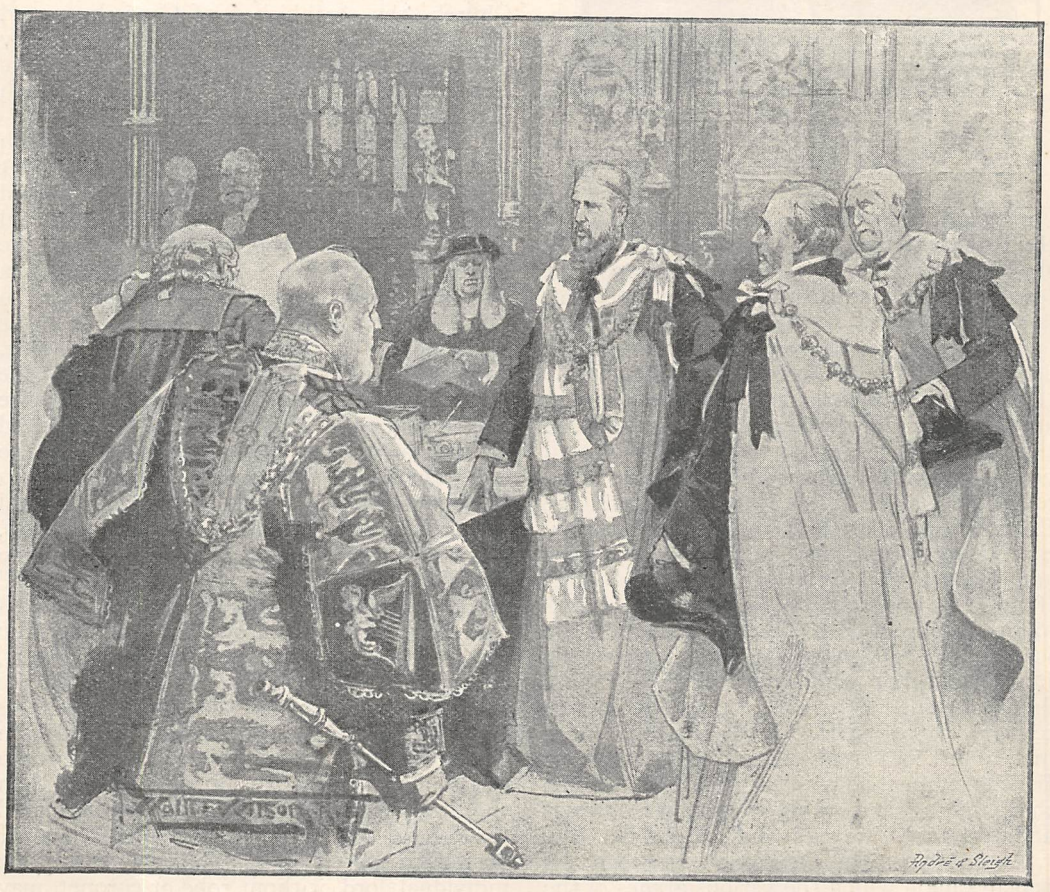
It is only by long practice that the ceremony of giving the royal assent can be carried out with the sonorous dignity with which it is invested by its present chief performer, whose predecessor at the commencement of the reign was so staggered by the change of sex in the monarch that he stumbled in sad fashion when acting for the first time under the Queen. Ten days of the new *régime* had not accustomed him to the idea; and while to some of the forty measures earliest sanctioned by her Majesty the Clerk of the Parliaments duly said "*La Reyne le veult*," to others he exclaimed "*Le Roy le veult*," as he and those before him had been accustomed to do for over 120 years.

Not for nearly two centuries has the Clerk of the Parliaments been directed to utter the euphemistic formula by which the royal assent is refused. The right was frequently exercised by Elizabeth, who was accustomed to use the words "*La Reyne s'avisera*" with a freedom now imitated only by Presidents of the United States. Charles II., not long after the Restoration and as if to show with emphasis that the King had come by his own again, vetoed three Bills in a single day, the most important of which seems to have been one "for Confirmation of the Office of Register of Sales and Pawns made to Retailing Brokers in London and Westminster and Places adjacent." Having done enough for honour, the Merry Monarch used the right only once again, and upon a solitary Bill, during the

twenty and more years of his reign; but William of Orange improved upon his example, and five times declined to endorse measures passed by his Parliament.

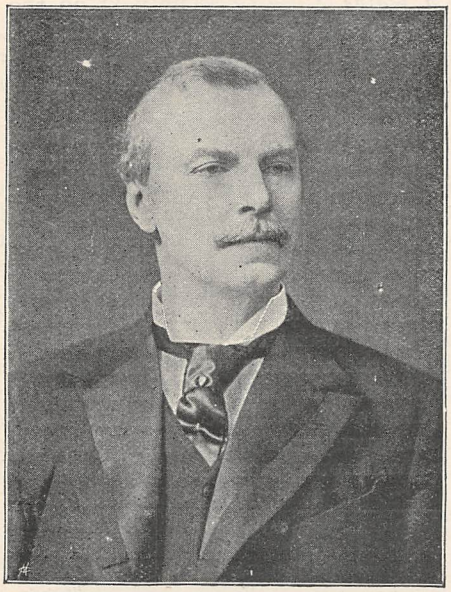
A practice which was palpably growing was, however, to die at its height, and March 11th, 1708, is the day to be associated with its last use—1707, the date usually given, being an error founded upon forgetfulness that at that period the year began with Lady Day. Bald is the record that is left of a scene which, if repeated in these times, would prove thrilling. Anne was then the monarch; and having come to the House of Lords, "Her Majesty, being seated on Her Royal Throne, adorned with Her Crown and Regal Ornaments, attended with Her Officers of State (the Peers being in their Robes), commanded the Deputy Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod to let the Commons know—'It is Her Majesty's Pleasure that they attend Her presently, in the House of Peers.' The Commons arrived, and there having been read by the Clerk of the Crown the titles of eight measures (which, among other things, suspended the *Habeas Corpus* Act and repealed a Jacobean statute "for the well-garbling of spices"), "to these Bills the Clerk of the Parliaments pronounced the Royal Assent, severally, in these Words, "*La Raine le veult.*" The next on the list was "An Act for settling the Militia of that part of Great Britain called Scotland," and the official record merely adds, "*La Raine se avisera.*"

This was in the earliest year of the first Parliament of Great Britain; and it is curious to note that in the closing year of the latest Parliament of England it had been ineffectually sought to substitute an English formula for the old French one, which, as it happened, was to be employed in refusal only once again. The Lords in 1707 directed the judges to "forthwith prepare, and bring in, a Bill for the endorsing Bills, and giving the Royal Assent to all Acts of Parliament, in the English tongue." The command was obeyed; the measure rapidly passed the Lords, and was unanimously accorded a second reading



INTRODUCTION OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

in the Commons; but it is as unfortunate for a measure as for a man when all speak well of it, and, as this one aroused no antagonism, it evoked no warm friendship. An early



HENRY J. L. GRAHAM, ESQ.,
CLERK OF PARLIAMENTS.
(From a photograph by J. Thomson, Grosvenor Street, W.)

prorogation killed it; and in 1895, as in 1706, the French tongue continues to be used by an English monarch in the most important royal function, and this despite the fact that, just half-way between, the archaic pretence that our Sovereign reigns over France was quietly dropped into the limbo of the has-been.

Midway between the ceremonies of opening and closing Parliament may be considered that of the introduction of a newly-created peer. When the favoured person has received his patent, he is formally brought into the Chamber, appropriately robed, preceded by Sir Albert Woods as Garter King-of-Arms, and accompanied by two peers as sponsors. If he is a simple Baron, he is led to what is known as the Barons' Bench, on which he seats himself, and then rises and bows to the Lord Chancellor, who removes the cocked hat he has assumed for the occasion, and bows in return. But if he is a viscount, he has to make a further peregrination to the Viscounts' Bench; while if he is an earl, marquis, or duke, the marchings and counter-marchings, bowings and obeisances, are more and more still.

At one time the distinction between the benches upon which the various grades of the peerage are presumed to sit was a tangible one; but it is now adhered to only at the introduction of a new peer—and then merely in form—and at the opening of Parliament by the Sovereign. One important exception, however, is to be noted, and that is that the Lords Spiritual continue to sit alone, and mark themselves off from their colleagues by a distinctive costume. The benches immediately to the right of the Chair of Estate, and nearer the Throne than those of the Ministers of the day, are occupied, as they have ever been, by the prelates. As lately as the first Parliament of Elizabeth the Abbot of Westminster sat with the Lords Spiritual; and when he vanished from the roll of the peerage, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York were accustomed for a period to occupy a whole front bench to themselves, the bishops sitting upon two forms behind them, those of London, Durham, and Winchester having the most prominent positions, and the remaining prelates ranging in the order of their consecration. The same strictness of precedence is not observed to-day, for, during debates which touch questions critical to the Church, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London may be seen side by side in eager consultation, with a prelate close at hand who comes from a see of which Henry VIII. never heard.

The bishops, clad in lawn, but deprived of much of their picturesqueness by their abandonment of the wigs which became them so well—and the wearing of which George III. considered essential to the orthodox soundness of the episcopate—make a striking feature in a Chamber which admirably lends itself to illustration. The gilded ornament shows well above the red benches: the woolsack, lingering emblem of the time when the prosperity of England depended upon the length and quality of the fleece, is a marked feature before the empty Throne; and the cross-benches, which have no counterpart in the Commons, have created that psychological condition, unexamined as yet by philosophers, but the cause of much trouble to successive Prime Ministers, "the cross-bench mind." Upon the occasion of a great debate, when the steps of the Throne are occupied by Privy Councillors and the eldest sons of peers, and when the pen allotted to members of the House of Commons at the opposite end is crowded; when the galleries are graced with the presence of ladies, whom the peers are not so ungallant as to shut in a cage; when the benches are filled, the lights are high, and the discussion is animated, the Gilded Chamber presents a spectacle not to be forgotten. The individual lord, without robe or coronet, may not be striking, but there is no question about the picturesqueness of the collected peers.

A BLACK SHEEP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A DAY OF MY LIFE AT ETON," "ACROSS FRANCE IN A CARAVAN," ETC.

THERE could be no doubt that he was a black sheep. When he joined us as one of the contingent of passengers at Cherbourg we were much impressed in his favour, by the extreme neatness and superiority of himself and his belongings. He looked, in fact, a thorough gentleman: nothing was flashy about him, and his Gladstone bag was as smart and well-kept as if it had come straight out of the Army and Navy Stores. He had a handsome, even though it was rather a sad face, and all the ladies agreed that he would prove a most charming addition to our little society.

Then came an interval, on whose events it would be unnecessary to expatiate to any great length. But after we had passed through the terrible Bay, and had left Lisbon behind us, on resuming our occupation of the deck, we found the nice-looking passenger keeping a good deal to himself; smoking alongside the funnels when he did smoke, reading in his stateroom or in some secluded corner of the saloon, instead of in a chair on the promenade deck, sitting at the extreme end of the dinner-table, and otherwise seemingly avoiding, or being avoided by, the rest of his fellow-passengers.

And gradually a rumour crept round the ship that he was a young man who had figured during the past season in a scandal of so particularly flagrant a nature that it had caused Society to throw up its hands in wonder that such wickedness could take place in these civilised times.

Mrs. Hooligan was the first to spread the report; she had it from her husband the colonel, who had known him, and belonged to the same club with him in the old days before the scandal came out. She told it to Mrs. Barton, who passed it on to Miss Chicksel, the spinster lady, and after that it might as well have been posted up on the notice board in the saloon under the day's run, for it was all round the ship before the afternoon was over. For at least four days our little community was in a state of absolute flutter, at least as regarded the feminine portion of it; and those of the married ladies who had daughters with them drew them under their wings when he passed, and impressed on them that they were on no account whatever to have anything to do with that dreadful man; reasons for which ordinance, as is natural in such cases, not being given. Little Bella Hooligan, aged thirteen, who was caught by her mother leaning over the rail beside him and asking him some innocent question about the colouring of the ocean, was sent down to her stateroom for the whole afternoon, there to devote her energies to committing Messrs. Tate and Brady's rendering of the First Psalm to memory, though it was quite unlikely that the poor little thing in the least appreciated either the enormity of her offence or the point of her particular punishment.

I must say that I felt sorry for the poor fellow. Not that I profess to be in any way better than other people; but he seemed to take this treatment so resignedly, albeit there was a wistful look about his eyes, as if he longed for some sympathy in his loneliness. He was always very civil to me in a quiet way; we were generally first on deck in the morning, and he used to greet me with a quiet "Good-morning, Sister," when he first saw me, though beyond that he made no further attempts to intrude himself on my acquaintance than he did on that of others. There was a something that seemed to draw me to him: it may have been that there was a certain likeness between him and—but that is an old story, to be forgotten for ever.

No, it must have been conscience that was impelling me; no doubt he regarded me as one whose profession gave him a right to expect some kind word from me in his trouble; and was it not my duty, indeed, to grant it him? For had I not bound myself by my vows to nurse the sick, help the unfortunate, comfort, and, as far as in me lay, raise up the sinner?

I was a coward for having hesitated at all, but I did at last screw up my courage to do what I undoubtedly ought to do. The occasion when I came to this determination was on the evening after we had left St. Vincent, and which the more energetic spirits amongst us had chosen for that event which may perhaps be regarded as the climax of the various efforts to while away the time on an

ocean voyage, the Concert and General Entertainment in behalf of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund of the Merchant Service. We had a good deal of genuinely first-class amateur talent on board, besides a professional opera singer, who, though she was making the round voyage for her health, had good-naturedly volunteered to help in so good a cause, so that there was every promise of a very successful evening. I had, however, never succeeded in feeling quite myself in the comparative confinement of the saloon, so that, reflecting that this evening there would be even a greater crowd than usual, I thought it would be more judicious to listen to the entertainment from the deck.

The concert had begun. I had taken up my position close to the skylight, whence, though I could not see anything except the heads of that portion of the audience immediately beneath me, I could hear the whole of the proceedings very well. The *prima donna* had just finished singing: the audience had not been content with her first piece, a brilliant rendering of Marguerite's Jewel Song in *Faust*, but had rapturously insisted on an encore, in response to which she had given "Home, Sweet Home," which simple but touching ballad she had sung with so true a depth of feeling, that I could see from where I was standing some of the strongest men present were visibly affected—many of them, no doubt, poor fellows, being, as they were, among the second-class and steerage passengers, knowing that there was little chance of their ever returning from the new home which they were about to make for themselves in a distant country, to that older and dearer one which they had left behind them.

"I TURNED DIRECTLY TOWARDS HIM AND HELD OUT MY HAND" (*p.* 134).

As the last notes of the song died away, I heard a sigh to the left of me, and, turning,

rather startled—as I had not known before that there was anyone on deck besides myself and those of the crew who were actually on duty—I saw that the unfortunate "black sheep" was standing near me, evidently attracted thither, as I had been, by the wonderful voice of the last singer. It was then that I actually formed my resolution; my pity for him increased as I remembered that if those others below were moved by the thought of home, when they were of their own free will emigrating with a view to their own advantage, what infinitely greater pangs must he feel who was leaving his country as an exile, and with no one to regret him; unless, perhaps, there were some who still loved him, in spite of all, but to whom his remaining would have been a perpetual disgrace.

It is easy, however, to make a resolution, but not always so easy to carry it out; and it was he who eventually opened the conversation.

"What a lovely voice!" he remarked.

"Yes," I replied, "it is, indeed. Then in desperation for something better to say, I continued: "You prefer being up here in the open air, I see, like myself."

I saw by the light that fell on his face from the skylight that he looked pained for a moment, and I could have bitten my tongue off for not having been more careful against wounding his sensibilities. But he passed his hand nervously across his face, as if to remove all trace of weakness, and then, doubtless with the object of giving me the impression that he regarded this part of his troubles very lightly, said in as nonchalant a tone as he could assume:

"Well, not exactly; it's chiefly, you know, because I shouldn't be awfully welcome down there."

Here seemed to be my opportunity. "But I don't know," I answered, "and," here I tried to speak as cheerfully as I could, "are you quite sure that you know?" I had gone rather far now, and the courage that I had wanted now came to me to go further. "You won't think it rude of me, I hope, but I haven't been able to help noticing that you don't seem to try to make friends with any of the other people. Perhaps——"

He was gazing at me with astonishment. "Do you mean to say," he interrupted, "that you don't know about me?"

"I am afraid," I replied, somewhat awkwardly, "that I have heard a great deal about you. But very likely there has been some exaggeration. People don't mean to add to stories, but they very often do it unconsciously."

"There's very little chance of that in my case," he said, with a sigh. "Look here, Sister, it isn't everybody that I would say this to, or, indeed, there isn't anybody on board this ship except you; but I like you. You may not think that you've done much, but you've done a great deal for me. I can tell you that your kindly 'Good-morning' has been something for me to look forward to every day, and I have lived on it, if you can understand what I mean, through this voyage. And now I will say this to you, though perhaps it may make even you turn against me like all the rest, that I don't think there is a single word that can be said against me that you can't believe! So there is my confession!"

He was looking me full in the face at the conclusion of this address, almost defiantly, as if challenging my powers of further forbearance towards him.

"But," I urged, "don't you think that perhaps you are taking too gloomy a view of your position? Of course, it is quite right to blame one's self when one has done wrong; but don't you think if you tried to make some friends amongst the passengers—if you made some little advances, for instance, the same as you have done to me—you would find—well, you know——" for I didn't seem to be quite able to shape my words so as to say what I meant, and at the same time avoid perhaps giving him offence, "don't you think that if one feels charitably, other people very often feel charitably to one's self?"

"I know what you mean," he answered, "if you don't kick another man when he's down, you've got a right to expect that he shouldn't kick you when you're down."

"Yes, that's it," I said, "except, perhaps, it oughtn't to be called a right; but it is so difficult to put these things plainly——"

"Well, it about amounts to this," he interrupted, "that I deserve all I get; but if there's any Christian charity left about in this world, I might—humbly, of course, for I know you're right in hinting that I don't deserve anything—well, not expect, but hope for some kindness from others. Be thankful for the smallest mercies I am permitted to obtain, you mean. No," as he saw me make a deprecating gesture, "I am not getting hardened, if you're afraid of that. I think I know as well as most people what's right and what's wrong, and if other people can't forgive me making a slip, I am sure I don't forgive myself, and I don't think I ever shall. But, though in the kindness of your heart you try to think it isn't so, there isn't a man on board here who would speak to me, or let any of his family speak to me. Do you suppose I can't see that if they were willing to forget what I have done, they could have shown it in fifty

different ways? I have made up my mind to make a fresh start in life, and I hoped to have begun directly I put foot on this ship, so as to lose no time; but there is nothing to be done here, and so I have got to wait. It's hard, though, and it's curious, with all one hears talked about charity, and all that sort of thing. I must say I fail to see that the proper way to help a fellow up when he has slipped is to shove him down again."

He paused in his tirade, evidently expecting me to say something in reply, but I am ashamed to say that I remained silent. I pitied and sympathised with him from the bottom of my heart, and yet I felt that I ought in some way to point out to him that though men might be expected to forgive him, yet on the other hand they had their wives and daughters to consider; that it is a man's duty to preserve his womenkind to the utmost of his power from the slightest risk of contamination and—— It was a problem that I had never had to face so directly before, and for the moment it was too much for me.

"You haven't got anything to say for me, then?" he said at last: then a pause, and more bitterly—"are you going to turn against me, too?"

"No, please don't say that," I gasped out, "I do indeed want to be your friend from the bottom of my heart; but I was thinking——" and I stopped again.

"What were you thinking, may I ask?" he exclaimed, it seemed almost with a sneer, and I thought, "Good God! if I have been so near doing some good to this poor unfortunate offender, am I to throw away my chance even while it seems within my reach?" I turned directly towards him and held out my hand.

He seized it and held it fast. "No, forgive me," he said, "I am a brute: I do believe you are willing to be my friend; but don't be afraid, say right out what you meant to say. I shan't be offended, I promise you."

"I was thinking," I at last blurted out, in response to this appeal, "about the ladies."

"I see," he answered, dropping my hand. "I see. You mean that these men couldn't very well speak to me while their wives and children are about. Yes, you're right. It's the world's way. We hear so much in theory about the elevating effect of woman's society; and then, when the time comes for turning from the abstract to the concrete, and an opportunity offers itself for experimenting with this elevating influence on a man who above all others may be supposed to require it, nobody is willing to make his women the subject of the experiment. I am such a blackguard—forgive me expressing it strongly, but that is the only word—such an utter outcast from society, that I am not fit to associate with any decent woman. I should contaminate them. Oh, good God! what a rotten thing the Christianity of society is! I have been found out; there is the whole gist of the matter; and there is only one woman who dares to come to me and tell me that she is ready to do what she, and all the others, are professing to do every day!"

He paused for a moment with a gesture of scorn, and then continued—

"Look here, Sister, I will tell you a little story. There was once a young man—a man holding Her Majesty's commission—who ought, if honour is to be measured as it possibly is by a man's position in life, to have had a double sense of honour, that of an ordinary gentleman, and that of a servant of his Queen and country; and that man came to a friend, an old school friend, and confessed to him that he had—well, we will call it, made a slip, which, if found out, would bring inevitable disgrace on himself and on his family. It was a matter of money, and it would take some hundreds of pounds to repair the slip, and that quickly, to save it's being discovered. For the sake of old friendship, for the sake of his mother's and father's grey hairs, and for the sake of the man's own reputation, which had hitherto been blameless, the friend lent him the required money, and his good name was saved. He repaid the money in course of time—perhaps, though," he interrupted himself reflectively, "that ended the obligation?"

"I shouldn't suppose the man would think so, if he had the feelings of a gentleman," I exclaimed.

"It would almost seem so, however," he went on, "for years afterwards, when the man had risen to an honoured position in the service, and had grown old, and the friend was dead, the friend's son fell into trouble. He felt it best to leave his country for his country's good, some witty people might say, and when he thought he might begin to regain some of his lost ground, the first man to remember who he was, and to consider that his presence would be a contamination to his wife and daughter——"

"Stop!" I cried, "you are telling me your own story: you mean the colonel!"

"I name no names," he replied. "But the concert is over, and the people are coming up on deck. You had better not be seen talking to me. I don't want to get you tabooed. I will wish you good-night now, and if you don't mind, we will have another talk to-morrow evening."

He was turning away, but stopped for a moment as I held out my hand to him.

"Good-night," I said, "till to-morrow."

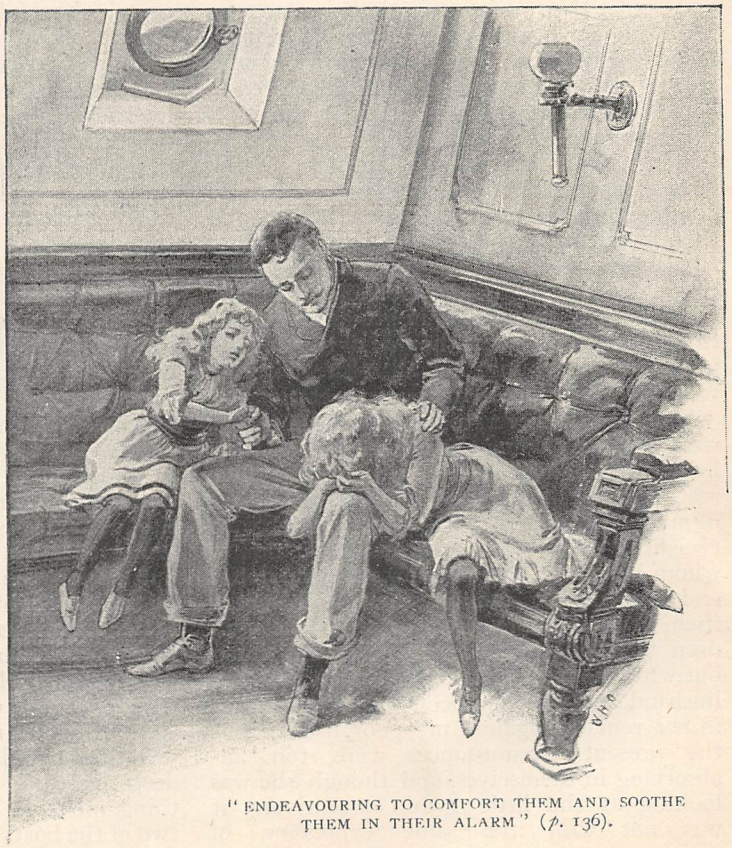
"Good-night," he repeated, "and God bless you for being a friend to the friendless."

I went below full of thought. If, as I believed, he was telling me his own story, it was hard to suppose that such treachery could exist under the guise of worldly wisdom. Surely there must be some sense of honour left to everyone, however worldly wise—even in the worst sense of the word. But I must await developments, if there were to be any developments; and if there was anything that a poor weak woman like myself could do, I must nerve myself to do it.

When I came on deck next morning, a great change had come over the sky, and in place of the clear, bright blue vault to which we had now become accustomed, there were to be seen overhead great masses of dark clouds, seemingly the advance guards of an immense black bank which lay on the horizon. The few passengers who were on deck were leaning on the rail talking amongst themselves, instead of disposing themselves on their deck chairs to get through the morning as easily as possible. The captain was on the bridge, contrary to his usual custom in the morning, and I could see that both he and the other officers who were on watch about the deck were looking anxiously towards the dark line, which, as we watched, seemed every moment to be growing larger and nearer. Both officers and men were dressed in abundance of oilskins. As I was standing in the door of the companion, one of the quartermasters passed me, on his way to the stern with two or three others of the crew.

"Better get down below, miss," he said, touching the brim of his sou'wester, "there'll be a hurricane down upon us in five minutes as big as ever anyone on board this 'ere vessel has ever set eyes on."

I thanked him and went down, followed almost immediately by the rest of the passengers who had been on deck, and who had received the same friendly warning from the quartermaster. We were scarcely all down, and the door of the companion slammed to and fastened from the outside, when the storm burst upon us in all its fury. The whole ship quivered under the shock, and lay over suddenly to one side, causing great havoc in the saloon, everything movable on the tables and racks being thrown to the ground; and not a few of the passengers, who had either not had the time to catch hold securely of anything stable, or had not been sufficiently wary to do so, were violently precipitated from what was now the higher to the lower side of the ship. Some of the gentlemen managed to crawl along by the aid of the fixed furniture, and assisted the hapless ones to arrange themselves in safe quarters on the lower side of the slant, and there we for the most part sat on, wherever we happened to be, listening to the thundering of the storm outside, and hoping that some change would come in the fury of the wind and sea.



"ENDEAVOURING TO COMFORT THEM AND SOOTHE THEM IN THEIR ALARM" (*p.* 136).

But our hoping was in vain. After continuing for what must have been something about an hour, though to us it seemed much longer, the gale suddenly ceased, allowing the ship to right herself; but it was only for a moment. Fortunately none of us, though we were on the point of moving, had actually done so, for a second hurricane struck us, laying the ship down on her side again, while at the same time a fearful crash announced that some serious disaster was occurring on the deck overhead. On we rushed through the rage of waters, the whole ship creaking and groaning with the strain that was being put upon her, lifting occasionally and then lying down again; and every now and then fresh crashes above, as the successive bursts of the storm followed closely one on the other, made the bravest of us turn pale at the thought of how this was going to end.

Three or four more hours must have passed thus, but we had lost all count of time, and were content to patiently await our fate, whatever it was to be. The tables had been laid for breakfast when the tempest had sprung up, but no attempt had been made by the stewards to clear them, and now their contents, cloths, crockery, plate and food were all lying in a confused heap on the deck, nobody caring to remove them; and even if the stewards had dared to do so, and to prepare the tables for lunch, it was very questionable if any of us could have so much as looked at it. The light in the saloon was very dim, the sky being completely obscured by the blackness of the storm, and there being no possibility of lighting any of the lamps. Still in this dimness I could just make out the forms and faces of my fellow-passengers as we huddled in groups of two or three along the seats at the side of the saloon; faces old and young, but all with the same wearied expression of anxious expectation.

The men, however, to give them full credit, were evidently doing their best to cheer their weaker belongings by trying to disguise their real feelings as far as possible. I caught sight of my "black sheep" sitting in a corner with two little girls, one on each side of him, to whom he was talking in a low voice, no doubt endeavouring to comfort them and soothe them in their alarm. I recognised the children as belonging to a lady who was going out with them to Buenos Ayres to join her husband, and who had been particularly bitter in her remarks against my poor friend; but the present circumstances were too all-absorbing in themselves, and though she was looking at the little group attentively, it was not with the same expression of disapproval that it would have been only the day before.

Half an hour after I had seen him there was another sudden lull, and though this was succeeded by a series of further gusts of wind, yet these became each shorter in duration and milder in force than the one before it, till they at last died away altogether. We were not yet at peace, however; for though we had not the constant roaring of the wind in our ears as it passed over us, the waves were still as high as ever, and the rolling to and fro to their motion, now that we had not the wind to steady us, was perhaps even a worse sensation to our unaccustomed minds than before. And now, too, were heard here and there the forebodings of some of the more experienced passengers that there might still be worse to follow: that the ship was an old one, and she must have had a terrible shaking. One long period of anxiety had only come to an end to be followed by another, as we awaited the news which those on deck would have to bring us when they were able to come below.

The news came at last, and it was bad.

"Not as bad as it might be," said the captain hopefully, when he came down into the saloon, his oilskins dripping with water from every crease, to cheer as far as possible the drooping spirits of those whose lives he had in his earthly charge. He could not disguise from us—indeed, he said he did not think he would be right in doing so—in answer to our inquiries as to how we were situated, that things were bad. The ship had been most severely strained, and was taking in water; he could not yet say how fast, but steps were being taken to ascertain, and also where the leak was, and the pumps were hard at work. Meanwhile, he was heading back for St. Vincent; and he had little doubt that, under God's providence, we should reach safety before very long.

It was a terrible race against time. The stewards, who had now returned to their duty, placed some sort of show of a meal on the tables, mainly scraps and remnants, as we learnt that the kitchen had been swamped out during the gale, and as yet it was not possible to light a fire; but it mattered very little, for either we should be on safe dry land before many hours were past, or else—we should be where earthly hunger and thirst were no longer of any consequence.

Some of the more venturous of the gentlemen made their way from time to time on deck, and came back to report. Nearly everything movable had been swept off the ship; two of the boats were gone; two poor fellows,

"THE SHIP GAVE A PITCH FORWARD" (*p.* 138).

who had been at the wheel, had been washed away, and carried far into the sea, never to appear again. The waves were still running mountains high: we were making very good way through the water; but the leak was still undiscovered, and though the water in the hold did not seem to be perceptibly rising, all the working of the pumps was doing little, if any, more than keep it stationary.

My friend had gone up amongst the first, and was longer away than the rest; and when he returned, I saw by the graveness of his face, as he came towards me, that he had something very serious to communicate.

He drew me aside into a corner, and in a low voice told me that he had been forward amongst the crew whilst they had been waiting for the result of the search for the leak; and that now it had been discovered, there was every reason to fear that the captain's hopes would not be realised.

I was shocked at this startling intelligence, and for a moment or two, was hardly able to think. Then I said—

"This is terrible! but don't you think it would be right to tell the other people?"

"I was wondering about that myself," he answered. "But perhaps it would be almost better to keep it back a little. We may get in in time; and there are some here whom, perhaps, it might injure for life to tell them, and it might, after all, be unnecessary. And even if they have to be told, it might be better if some of the ship's people did it, as they might take it easier from them."

Just then the captain and chief officer came down. In a few short but only too plain sentences, the captain told us that all hope of saving the ship was gone, and that we should have to entrust our lives to the boats. It would not be for long, he hoped, but no time must be lost; the boats were ready, and he looked to us to assist him and his crew by avoiding all panic and confusion, and taking our places in turn as orderly and quietly as possible. Those who had shawls or wraps of any sort with them had better bring them, but those who had not must come as they were.

Some of the ladies were crying, and mothers clasped their children closely to them, as it were, in one long last embrace, but no one of us showed even the least inclination to in any way contravene the captain's wishes. In perfect discipline we made our way to the deck, where we joined the second and third class passengers who were there likewise assembled, and waited our turns to be transferred to the boats. Women and children first, we were all safely lowered one by one over the side into the strong arms outstretched to receive us, and safely deposited in the stern sheets of the different boats. The men followed, and took their places wherever they could find room.

Our boat was the first to receive its complement, and at the direction of the officer in charge, we were rowed to a little distance from the ship, to avoid the danger of being crushed by her as she rolled, and waited till the other boats were filled, that we might all move away in company. There were still a good number of the passengers and crew to be taken off the ship, and as we lay there and watched the other boats loading up, and gradually getting deeper and deeper in the water, a horrible contingency suggested itself. The loss of the two boats during the storm had thrown their work on to the remaining ones; ours was packed as tightly as it could be with its living burden, and the others were fast approaching the same condition, and there were still nearly twenty left on the ship. Would there be room for them all? Still no word was said, and breathlessly we watched the number diminish on board, till there were at last only nine left: the captain, six of the crew and two passengers. One of those passengers was the colonel, the other the "black sheep."

As we rose and fell with the waves, we could see the three, the captain and the two passengers, talking among themselves, and an awful whisper passed round us that there was no more room. The boats were already crowded far more than they ought to be, and even one more person in any one of them might mean the sacrifice of the lives of the whole. I looked appealingly at the officer of our boat, but I could see by his grave look and his sorrowful shake of the head that he could only confirm our fears. The captain came to the side and said something to the other boats, and they, too, shoved away from the ship, all but one, which still held on, as if offering one last hope of rescuing at least some of the doomed ones. We could see the captain return to the little group on board, and address a few words to his men, and they at once fell back. Then he turned and said something to the other two, and these appeared to engage in an animated discussion, till the captain again came forward, and, pointing to the side where the boat was lying, evidently reminded them that there was no further time to lose.

The two walked together to the gangway. There they turned towards each other, and the "black sheep" held out his hand. The colonel took it and wrung it warmly. And then the older man turned slowly away, and descended into the boat, and a groan of horror arose from us as we saw it cast loose and row away from the ship.

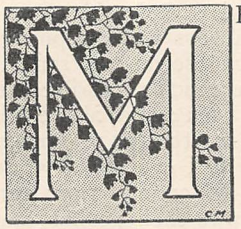
Three minutes later the ship gave a pitch forward, and slowly disappeared into the depths of the sea. We watched the devoted little band as they stood calmly awaiting their fate, and waving their hands to us as though we were merely leaving them on some pleasure excursion. Then came a sudden explosion, and whole masses of water were thrown up, blotting out all further view, and when the chaos had subsided, we were alone in our boats upon the ocean.

The "black sheep" had purged his offence.

WHISTLING AS A PROFESSION.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. CHARLES CAPPER.

"Can you whistle?
"Whistle, ma'am?
"Yes, whistle tunes."



MR. CHARLES CAPPER can whistle tunes much better than ever poor Tess of the D'Urbervilles did; and that, not for piping bullfinches, but to please intelligent human beings.

A short time back he was performing with Barrington Foote, Esther Pallisser, Marian Mackenzie, and other well-known artistes at the Portman Rooms, where 2,500 of the "best" people in town were present at an At Home in aid of the Gordon Boys' Home; and the writer was fortunate enough to get Mr. Capper to talk about his career, and to give some hints for the benefit of those anxious to learn to whistle.

"I was only four or five when I first began to make a noise in the world after this fashion," he said, "and my people used to be very fond of trotting me out as a little whistling prodigy among our friends. But it was through mere chance that a few years ago I decided to do what the sailors are fond of doing—to raise the wind by whistling. I was playing the piccolo one evening at an At Home at the Bedford Park Club, when one of the brass keys came off my instrument, and abruptly terminated the performance. A friend who knew of my fondness for whistling was equal to the emergency, and promptly rose to say that Mr. Capper would whistle the remainder of the piece. 'Mr. Capper will do nothing of the sort,' I said; but my objections were overruled, and the reception I met with was so very gratifying that I decided then and there to follow up my success by appearing as a professional whistler. Since my first appearance, at the Lyric Club, I have whistled at all sorts and conditions of places; mansions and madhouses, *soirées* and 'smokers,' clubs and churches; theatres, bazaars, schools, dinners, regimental messes, and the like; and now frequently have to attend four or five functions in different parts of town or country in one evening. I have whistled at At Homes at the homes of most of the aristocracy, and have appeared several times before royalty—on one occasion, at Bury St. Edmunds, before the Duke of York, who sent for me and shook hands after the entertainment. The life is an immensely enjoyable one, for there is plenty of variety, and one mixes with nice people, and people whose names are household words, both in one's hosts and one's fellow artistes; having in addition the satisfaction of knowing, as one buzzes like a bee from one place to another, that honey is being made in the shape of fees of five guineas or so for one's services."

Mr. Capper's glowing account of a whistler's life generated sincerest flattery, in the shape of a desire to imitate; and the writer asked whether any "tips" likely to be of service to a would-be whistler were forthcoming.

"Well," was the reply, "you know what Josh Billings' instructions to people who want to whistle are—screw up your mouth and make a noise through the hole. I don't know if I can be much more explicit than that, but I will try and give some hints. Really, the two or three people I have tried to teach have turned out so badly that I am almost beginning to think that the good whistler must be, like the poet, 'born, not made.' One gentleman, however, a major who could already whistle fairly well, took six lessons from me, and could certainly whistle much better at the end of them—with the aid of fruit salt, a beverage he found more suitable than any other for wetting his whistle, and imbibed freely during every lesson. I usually like a glass of champagne before performing; it makes the notes ever so much more mellow, especially, curiously enough, when washing down a good dinner. I have to thank good teeth, a high roof to my mouth, and a slight peculiarity in my upper lip, for much of my success. As an illustration of the use of the latter item, just listen to this," said Mr. Capper, whistling a few bars of a little staccato air which set the feet instinctively dancing. "Pretty, isn't it? That's a Dutch air, brought across the water for me by a friend; I really don't know its name. The majority of people would find some difficulty in whistling that as quickly and correctly as I do; simply because for each staccato note they force up a fresh supply of air from the lungs, while I check a continuous current of breath by the rapid use of my

upper lip, shutting off and releasing the sound as quickly and as often as I like. Whistling therefore very rarely tires me, and is absolutely no strain upon the lungs, because articulation is obtained without frequently checking their deflation. One thing I should like to say to those anxious to whistle: never attempt anything in too high a key, for both notes and expression are better within an easy range. I should also advise beginners not to obtain notes by in-drawing of the breath; I have never made use of that method, as it appears to me that it affects the purity of the notes. Of course, that is only my opinion. Mrs. Shaw, whom I followed at the Promenade Concerts at the old Her Majesty's Theatre, where I had a nightly engagement for several weeks before it was pulled down, evidently thinks differently, for she whistles both while deflating and inflating the lungs. In whistling I always throw my head back to its full extent, in order that the sound may fill the hall. A little while ago, to decide a bet between a couple of gentlemen, I whistled in the Albert Hall, and succeeded in proving that the sound filled every part of the empty building—a far more difficult feat than making one's self heard in a well-filled hall. To sum up my rules to novices, I should recommend them to whistle always while *ex*piring, and not *in*spiring; to choose an easy range; to utilise the upper lip as much as possible; to keep the head thrown back; and, above all, to practise with the piano: though personally I get as much practice as I can stand while actually performing. Of course, they can adapt my champagne tip to their pockets and their principles; that is simply my personal experience."

MR. CHARLES CAPPER.
(From a photograph by C. J. Schmidt, New Southgate, N.)

"Can you recommend any particular kind of music suitable for whistlers? If I were taking up the art, for instance, I should probably have no little trouble in deciding what to whistle."

"It is certainly very difficult to select suitable music," said Mr. Capper, "though I have now about forty pieces in my *répertoire*. Sir Henry Bishop's pieces 'Should he Upbraid,' 'Bid me Discourse,' 'Tell me, my Heart,' and the like, have proved more useful to me than any others. On one occasion, at an At Home at Lord Aberdeen's, where the late Lord Granville and several other prominent men were present, Sir William Harcourt was so pleased with 'Bid me Discourse' that I was encored three times. I had a very lucky find some little time ago. In turning over some of my mother's music, I came across an almost unknown piece of Bishop's, 'Oh, Light Bounds my Heart,' splendidly adapted for whistling, and so rare that I believe there are only two or three copies of it in existence. Echo effects go down well with most audiences; though I think the 'Harmonious Blacksmith,' with variations, which constant repetition has made me thoroughly tired of, is about my best selection. Cornet solos are very suitable for whistlers, and my power of double and

triple tongueing—I believe, by the way, that I am the only whistler before the public who *can* triple-tongue—enables me to render them very effectively. How is triple-tongueing managed? Well, it's almost as difficult to explain by voice as on paper; of course it is done entirely with the lips and tongue: somehow like this," he continued, illustrating his method by whistling a bar or two of a cornet solo. "Really, I can't describe the method; it's almost like softly spitting out the notes. The teeth do not come into use at all."

"I suppose you have had no end of queer experiences, Mr. Capper?"

"Oh, no end. You know I've been to several lunatic asylums—only professionally, you understand—to Bedlam, Ticehurst, and others. Ticehurst is a very aristocratic place; the inmates live in most magnificent style; and when I was there, an English countess was among my audience. I shall never forget my sensations on whistling before my first audience of lunatics. There was not a murmur of approval; not a hand raised to applaud; and all the time I was whistling, my audience sat making such curious, and in some cases such horrible grimaces at me, that even the pathos of their condition could hardly keep me from laughing. And laughing, let me tell you, is a very serious difficulty on the stage. Time after time my puckered-up lips have spread out into a smile, and the smile become a broad laugh, while doing my turn. Once, for instance, this occurred at an At Home at the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Ashley's. I was in the midst of a piece, and, with my eyes almost shut, my mouth puckered-up, and my head thrown back, I've no doubt I looked fairly ludicrous, when a child in front, who had been regarding me very attentively, suddenly burst out quite audibly, 'Oh, mamma, look at that funny man: what a funny face he's making!' That collapsed me altogether.

"A little while ago I went down to Wellington College to whistle, and had a very amusing experience. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Upton preceded me to the school; I had another engagement, but was to get down there by six o'clock. I started, and got to Wokingham, where, possibly through a misunderstanding, a railway man told me it was only two miles to the college. At a quarter to six, after a walk of three miles, I arrived at a large country house, and was horrified to find that private people lived there, and that Wellington was three miles further on. I had a quarter of an hour to do the distance in; and, clad as I was in frock coat, silk hat and patents, with rain just beginning to fall, I set off at racing speed. Well, I arrived at length, but was unable for a long time to find my way into the school, until a small boy whom I managed to unearth, and who was kept out of the concert room for his misdemeanours, volunteered to pilot me to the door of the gymnasium in which the affair was being held. Whether that small boy was playing me a trick or no I know not; but when, after no end of knocking, peering through key-holes, and the like, the door was opened by Mrs. Fred Upton, I found to my horror that I was actually on the stage itself; that I had interrupted Mr. and Mrs. Upton in their piece; and that an audience of some four hundred boys and their visitors were roaring with laughter at the ludicrous appearance which, with my hat at the back of my head, my face streaming with perspiration, my frock-coat wet and my patents muddy, I must undoubtedly have made. Later on in the evening a young lady insisted on playing a polka accompaniment in waltz time, with the result that after a time I burst out laughing, she burst out laughing, and the whole of the audience followed us with peal after peal; and the Uptons and I finished the adventures of the evening by walking arm in arm through Egyptian darkness to Wokingham, and losing ourselves by the way.

"Is there anything else personal I can tell you?" Mr. Capper asked finally, before saying good-bye. "I am twenty-seven years old; am fond of fishing and gardening; go in for all kinds of athletics under the sun—though I prefer them out of the sun if possible; have, as I can fortunately say without egotism, a charming wife and equally charming son; and live at Hampton on Thames. You can examine me in all lights to see what I look like: I am fair, have a curiously shaped head, and am very much like my brother, Alfred Capper, the thought-reader, a fact that has led to some amusing mistakes; I wear sixteen inch collars; I wash myself with——"

"Thank you, Mr. Capper, that will do. But how on earth do you make that noise?"

With his lips parted, he was making a curious, hollow, ventriloquial whistle, not unlike the note of an ocarina.

"That's my trick whistle," he explained, "done by sending the breath round the roof of the mouth between the cheeks and the teeth. Is there anything else I can tell you? No? Then I suppose I must be going."

And so Mr. Capper, having good-naturedly divulged all his trade-secrets for the benefit of possible rivals, rushed off, whistling his sepulchral trick-whistle, to amuse another London audience before returning to his Hampton home. Lucian Sorrel.

DAINTY ORANGE DISHES.

THE fruit under consideration needs no recommendation. Much might be said in its favour, and little or nothing against it. Amongst other advantages, its appearance, cheapness, and wholesomeness may be specially named. The people who find oranges disagreeable are in the minority; and although in a few cases the peculiar acid found in the tribe of fruits of which the orange, lemon, and lime are familiar types, causes discomfort, for the most part, "golden pills of health," as a well-known surgeon has christened oranges, is a well-deserved title.

Such dishes as "orange jelly," "orange sponge," and others of a like nature, are not enumerated here, being pretty well known; my object is to introduce a few less familiar dishes, which will be found economical and delicious. Here is a dish that is pretty enough to put on the table at a wedding-breakfast, and simple enough for the birthday tea of a four-year-old child, being far less hurtful than the indigestible fruit cakes one often sees on such occasions. Not that fruit cakes are of a necessity unwholesome; I am speaking relatively.

Orange Cake

Take a plain sponge cake, of a pound weight and not less than two days old. This may be bought of a confectioner or made from any reliable recipe. A very good one is to allow as much sugar as the eggs used weigh in the shells, and two-thirds the weight in fine flour; say, six ounces each of the first-named and four ounces of flour. The flavouring should be the grated rind of an orange or a few drops of essence, or the two mixed.

Then proceed as follows:—Cut the cake in slices—a sharp knife, please—and let the layers be even in thickness; then squeeze the juice of an orange and sweeten it a little; spread each piece with a thin coating of good, genuine orange marmalade, and moisten with the juice, then build the cake up to its old form. Now for a mixture to coat your cake. This is simplicity itself.

Two more oranges will be wanted; the rinds are to be grated with that of a lemon—it is wonderful, by the way, what a difference the addition of a lemon makes to all sorts of orange dishes; then add all the juice—strained, let me remind you, for a single pip will make it bitter. Then put in water to make the whole up to half a pint; add a tablespoonful each of sugar and marmalade and a little orange essence, and thicken with a generous tablespoonful of corn-flour, smoothly mixed with some of the liquid. The boiling-up does want care, easy as it is to avoid lumps, and as soon as the mixture does boil, remove the pan to a cooler part of the stove and let it simmer a minute; but do not cease the stirring, and use a wooden spoon. Then, when cool, spread the top of the cake smoothly, using a palette-knife.

The dome part only is to be coated, the sides being left uncovered. For the finishing touches, chop up a morsel of any green dried fruit and shake over the top, then cut a few strips of the same—there is nothing better or cheaper than angelica—and with a wooden skewer make some holes round the cake, and put in the strips to form a pattern. Or, in place of fruit, some fondants may be used; green and yellow mixed are the most effective, and they should be fastened on with a little icing sugar, mixed to a stiff paste with the white of a raw egg.

Those used to icing cakes will know how to set about this task. A last reminder: Serve this in thin slices from top to bottom, that all may get some of the top coating, which is the making of the cake. For the sake of appearance, dish it on a green paper or on a white one with a garniture of green leaves.

Orange Pudding.

This ought to be called a soufflé, for it is too light for an ordinary pudding; but some are alarmed at the mention of a soufflé, which is often supposed to be too much of a mystery for ordinary cooks, so to encourage a trial of it I have given it a homely name. It sounds a good deal more extravagant than it is. The materials should be all to hand; they are four eggs, two ounces of the finest rice-cream, two and a half to three ounces of castor sugar, four oranges, half an ounce of butter or a dash of cream, a little orange essence, and half a pint of milk. The mode is simple, but involves care; those who possess a copper or steel pan, as bright as hands can make it, should use it; a burnt pan will ruin the dish. The rice-flour is to be mixed with some of the cold milk, and it *must* be smooth; the rest of the milk is to

be boiled with the sugar and butter, and stirred to the rice, and then boiled up; remove the pan, and add by degrees the grated rinds of all the fruit, and the juice of half the number, together with the pulp, which must be freed from any trace of white, and should be rubbed through a coarse hair seive; but which may, if more convenient, be scooped out with a spoon. A hint that will perhaps bring a smile to the face of the experienced cook is to wipe the fruit with a cloth before grating it, and to remove the grater before the white is reached. How many puddings and cakes have been made bitter for lack of this precaution!

The milk cannot be too good and fresh for all dishes containing fruit. Now put in the yolks of the eggs, one at a time, without previously beating them, and give a good vigorous beat between each addition. The mass by this time should be smooth and rich-looking. The whites of eggs are the final addition. Some of my readers are new ones, without doubt, and many may be novices in the culinary art; if of the latter class, they have it in their power to completely spoil this pudding. But we will pass over the wrong way and detail the right.

Put the whites on a large plate with the tiniest pinch of salt—I am assuming that in breaking the eggs no trace of yolk got mixed in the white—then beat (in a current of air) with a knife, until the mass is so stiff that, when the plate is reversed, the eggs show no tendency to drop. A simpler way to some is to put the eggs in a jar and beat with an egg-whisk. The fresher the eggs the firmer the froth; do not try to beat stale ones in this fashion, for it cannot be done.

Now transfer the snowy mixture to the pan with a few light strokes, so as to incorporate the whole without any more beating. Remember you have now filled the pudding mixture with a number of air bubbles, which with the heat of the oven will expand, and bring about the lightness that is the feature of this dainty. The dish for baking should be deep and well-buttered, and the oven should be what is known as "sound and steady," without being fierce enough to burn the top.

It should be firm to the touch, and a delicate brown when done. This is good without sauce, but better with; and here is a famous one, as nice with hosts of other puddings as with this particular one.

Orange Sauce.

Melt in a stewpan two ounces of fresh butter, and take care to skim away any scum; then stir in two ounces of fine dry flour, a little at a time. The precaution of sifting should not be forgotten; stir and add the juice of two oranges left over from the pudding, and enough water to make about half a pint of liquid; when this boils add sugar to taste and a little of the clear part of some orange marmalade, quite free from any chips—say a tablespoonful—then put in a few drops of yellow colouring.

Remove the pan and add another ounce of butter, a bit at a time, stirring it well in, and do not let it taste the fire again. The use of a quarter of a pint of whipped cream will be better liked by some, but the sauce loses in heat what it gains in richness. Another way is to use a little cream only with about half an ounce of butter.

In all these ways the sauce may be recommended. When a fuller orange zest is liked, a few drops of orange essence may go in. A mixture of orange and vanilla essence is thought to be better than anything else by some cooks; the blending of the two flavours is certainly very pleasant, but the vanilla must be good, and not used in excess: that is, the dish must not actually taste of vanilla, but owing to its variable strength the precise amount to use can only be determined by the cook.

The sauce and pudding must be so timed that neither waits for the other, and no time is to be lost in sending them to table.

Orange Butter.

This is easy to make. Take two hard-boiled eggs and put in a mortar with an ounce of butter, a tablespoonful of thick cream, an ounce of blanched chopped almonds, two ounces of sugar, the grated rind of an orange, and a little colouring; then pound all and moisten with orange juice until a softish paste is formed. Sometimes a mixture of orange-flower water and orange juice is preferred, but the first mode is the cheaper and better liked, as a rule. The whole should be sieved.

Lemons and oranges can be thus blended, and the exact amount of sugar regulated by taste. Set by in the coldest part of the house until the time comes for using—best of all, set on ice. As to the uses, they are very numerous. Serve with biscuits or thin bread and butter, or make sandwiches by putting the "butter" on one slice of bread and a morsel of honey or nice preserve on the other: sweet sandwiches are now quite a feature at afternoon teas. With many puddings, both hot and cold, instead of sauces of the ordinary kind, this butter is acceptable; and a particularly good dish is made by cutting up a sponge or Madeira

cake into little blocks—triangular, for instance—and spreading one side with the butter and covering it with Devonshire or any other thick cream.

I have seen this made so stiff, by using more egg yolks, that it can be moulded into little pyramids, but then there is not a chance of working in so much of the juice, and the taste is not nearly so nice. The deficiency is then made up by an extra supply of grated rind.

Tangerine Creams.

This is one of the best dishes on my list. The peel is to be taken off and the fruit cut up in thin slices, and put on to boil with half its weight in crushed lump sugar. Then to every half-pound of sugar used allow half a pint of water and the juice of a lemon—bearing in mind these proportions, any quantity can be made. The whole should boil—about ten minutes should suffice—then add an ounce of sheet gelatine, stirring until it is quite melted, for every half-pint of water. When on the point of setting, take some tiny glass dishes, rather deep, or some of the little fire-proof china cases of any fancy shape, and three-parts fill them.

When quite cool, pile on the top some stiffly-whipped cream that has been sweetened and nicely-flavoured with orange rind or essence. The mixture *may* be poured in one large dish, and finished off in the same manner, but it is not intended to be moulded and turned out; it should be served from the dish into which it is poured.

For a more elaborate sweet, some green fruit or coloured sugar can be used for garnishing the cream; or lumps of orange jelly can be put about it. I can recommend a variation that entails but a trifle more trouble and expense. Reduce the water to half, and when the pan is taken from the fire add some good orange jelly that has been just melted, and if this is stiff and the weather cool, very little gelatine need be added, for the precise consistence is a matter of taste. Then again, you may pour a good orange-flavoured custard over instead of cream, or cream can go over the custard. In all these ways I venture to say that it will be a case of "Cut and come again." Jaffa oranges can be used instead of tangerines.

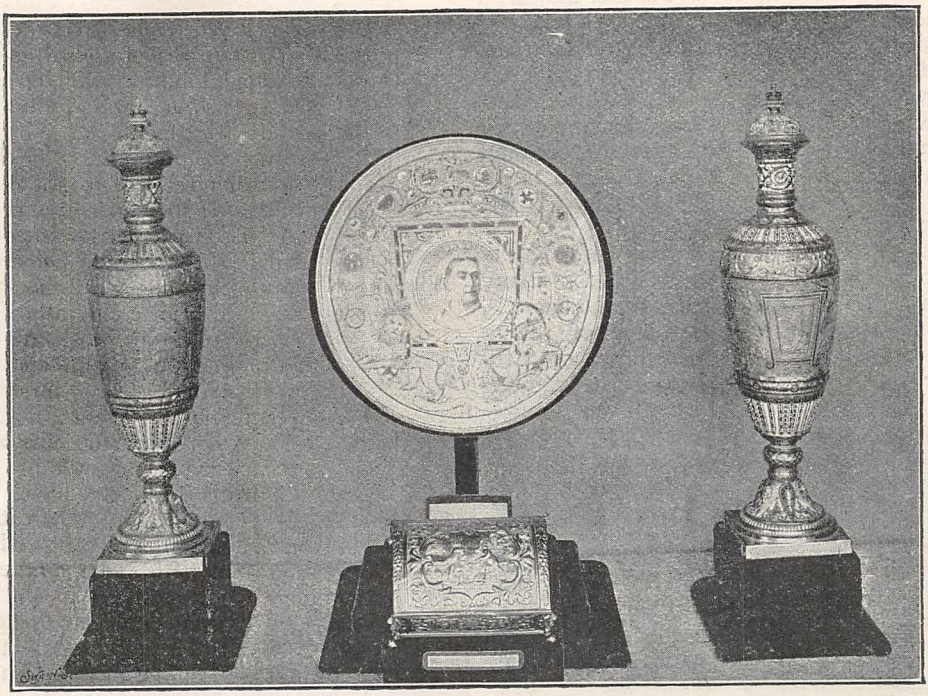
Orange Trifle.

This is a dish for festive occasions, and no one need be alarmed at a request for more from the juvenile members of the family. Some ordinary penny sponge cakes are to be sliced into a deep glass dish, and moistened with orange jelly that is tepid and just beginning to set. When the slices have formed a layer nearly an inch thick, a thick plain custard should go over; one made from cornflour answers admirably, but it should be coloured a little and be well-flavoured with orange rind.

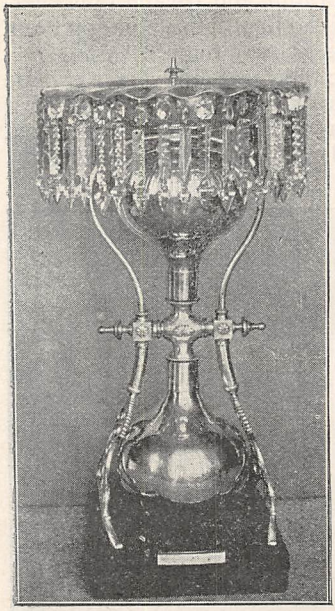
Then have a compôte of oranges, made by dividing the fruit in its natural sections and removing the pips, and stewing the fruit in a thin syrup of sugar and water until done. The syrup should be reduced and thickened by further boiling after the fruit has been taken up. This must be cold before it is laid on the custard, and that should be cold; if either be warm, a messy dish is a sure result. There must be only enough syrup to coat and moisten the fruit. Now take some whipped cream and some lumps of orange jelly; the latter may be made by pouring the jelly into a tin or deep dish, and cutting in squares when cold.

Use these for garnishing, putting some jelly and cream alternately, covering all but the centre; to be explicit, make a ring of the garnish. The centre should be highest, some more of the stewed fruit being piled up at the last. The colder this is served the nicer; and those who will look over the preceding hints and recipes will see a number of ways of varying it when tired of it in its present form.

A PEEP AT SOME ROYAL KEEPSAKES.



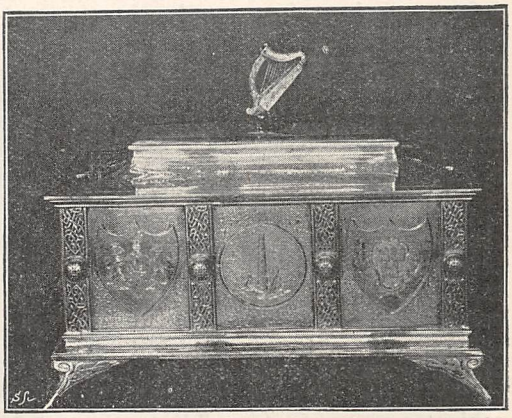
PLAQUE OF CROWN DERBY WARE FROM THE INHABITANTS, AND VASES FROM THE LADIES, OF DERBY. OLD ITALIAN SILVER CASKET FROM DR. HERON WATSON, OF EDINBURGH.



SILVER SCENT FOUNTAIN (*see p.* 148).

ROYAL personages are always the recipients of a great many presents, splendid mementoes given on special occasions by other royalties who are privileged to claim kin as well as friendship with them, stately gifts from public bodies in their own and other countries, valuable curiosities from all parts of the globe, and occasionally quite humble offerings prompted by genuine loyalty from private individuals.

There is probably no sovereign in the world who has ever received so many presents as Queen Victoria. Not only has her reign been exceptionally long and glorious, but she

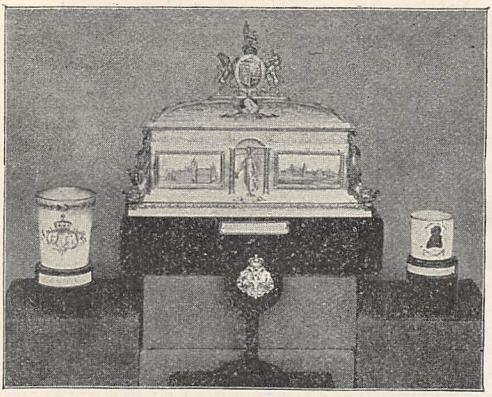


GOLD CASKET, FROM THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

came to the throne in all the glamour of her winsome youth, and the great British nation at once acknowledged her as Queen of Hearts, and has followed every step of her

career with a loyal affection that has found many ways of expressing itself. The great opportunity of all, however, was Her Majesty's Jubilee in 1887. Such celebrations must of necessity be rare, and though her grandfather, King George III., kept the jubilee of his accession with much solemnity and pomp, he was only King of Great Britain and Ireland, while Queen Victoria is also Empress of India, and reigns over a realm on which the sun never sets. The position is unique, and so is the Sovereign.

From east, west, north, and south came the gorgeous and costly gifts, and for many months, and in several parts of the Metropolis, the public had the opportunity of seeing them. They have now been gathered together at Windsor Castle, and the majority



GROUP, SHOWING THE CASKET, FROM THE BOROUGH OF READING, ETC. ETC.

are arranged in handsome oak cabinets in the lofty vestibule to the state drawing-room and St. George's Hall. Some are more appropriately removed to the Gold Pantry, others to that department of Her Majesty's private apartments called the Wardrobe, and a few are at Osborne.

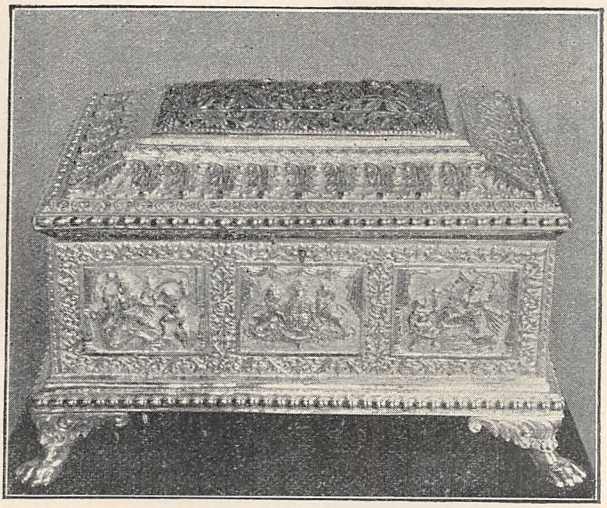
The first glance round the vestibule shows a vast number of gold and silver cylinders of curious workmanship, nearly all of which originally contained the illuminated and blazoned addresses in many languages from all parts of the civilised and uncivilised world, which are now fastened up at the back of the cabinets, as near as possible to the presents that most of them accompanied.

The Prince of Wales gave his Mother an oil painting by Carrodi of Rome, and the united children and grandchildren of the Sovereign

EMBROIDERED CASKET, FROM THE LADIES' DECORATIVE NEEDLEWORK SOCIETY.

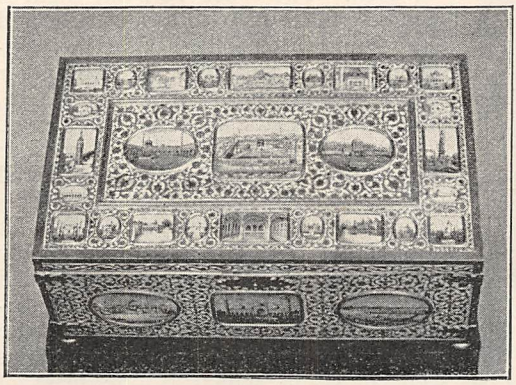
gave her a gold and silver plateau with the British lion and unicorn, inscribed with all their names. Naturally, these are kept in Her Majesty's private apartments.

The King of Denmark sent a splendid vase and cover of Danish porcelain with a clear primrose-tinted ground on which swans and other figures are raised in white. This occupies a conspicuous place in one of the vestibule cabinets. All the great towns and cities of Great Britain and Ireland sent offerings, and one of the handsomest among them was the gold casket surmounted by an Irish harp from the city of Dublin, which will be seen in our illustration. Three gifts that particularly pleased the Queen are grouped together in the large illustration on page 145.



SILVER CASKET, FROM POONA.

The central plaque came from the inhabitants of Derby, and is a magnificent specimen of the famous Crown Derby ware. Conspicuous on



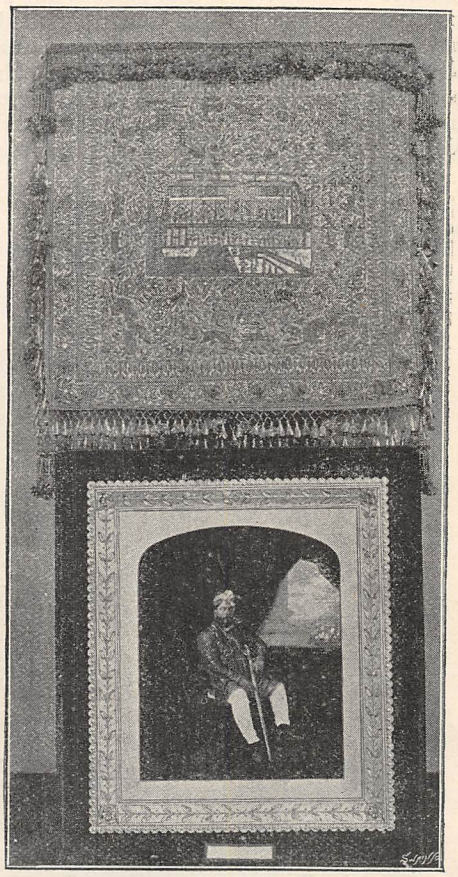
IVORY CASKET.

its surface is a portrait of the Queen, and round it is a very apt quotation from one of the late Prince Consort's speeches. The tall vases with covers on either side are of the same precious porcelain, and were presented by the ladies of Derby. The heads on the medallions that decorate them are emblematic of Painting, Sculpture, Poetry, and Music. In the centre, under the plaque, is a richly-chased and curious old Italian silver casket, given by Dr. Heron Watson of Edinburgh. The "faithful city" of Worcester and its ladies, not to be outdone by Derby, presented a couple of most beautiful vases with covers of fine Worcester porcelain.

Another group shows in the centre the beautiful casket presented by the borough of Reading, which, as the county town of Berkshire, in which Her Majesty's chief residence is situated, felt particularly desirous of distinguishing itself, and succeeded admirably. Underneath it is hung on a dark velvet mount, the gold brooch sent from the British residents of Geneva, and containing a fine miniature portrait of the late Prince Consort. The mugs on either side are interesting because they mark the development of ceramics in England during the present century. The right hand one is a well-preserved specimen of the mugs made for the jubilee of King George III. in 1810, sent to the Queen in 1887 by Captain Baxter, R.E. The left hand mug is one of those that were made for distribution among the children assembled in Hyde Park on the day when Her Majesty's jubilee was celebrated. The artistic needlework of English ladies is exemplified by a splendidly-embroidered casket in Italian style, made and presented by the Ladies' Decorative Needlework Society. The cylinder laid under it contained the address that came with it. The Warwickshire watering-place whose full style and title is Royal Leamington Spa sent an ivory and silver-gilt casket, containing an address, so that the very heart of Offa's old kingdom of Mercia offered its tribute of love and loyalty.

The gifts that literally flowed in from the gorgeous East may almost be said to form the bulk of the collection in the vestibule at Windsor Castle, and as far as possible they have been kept together.

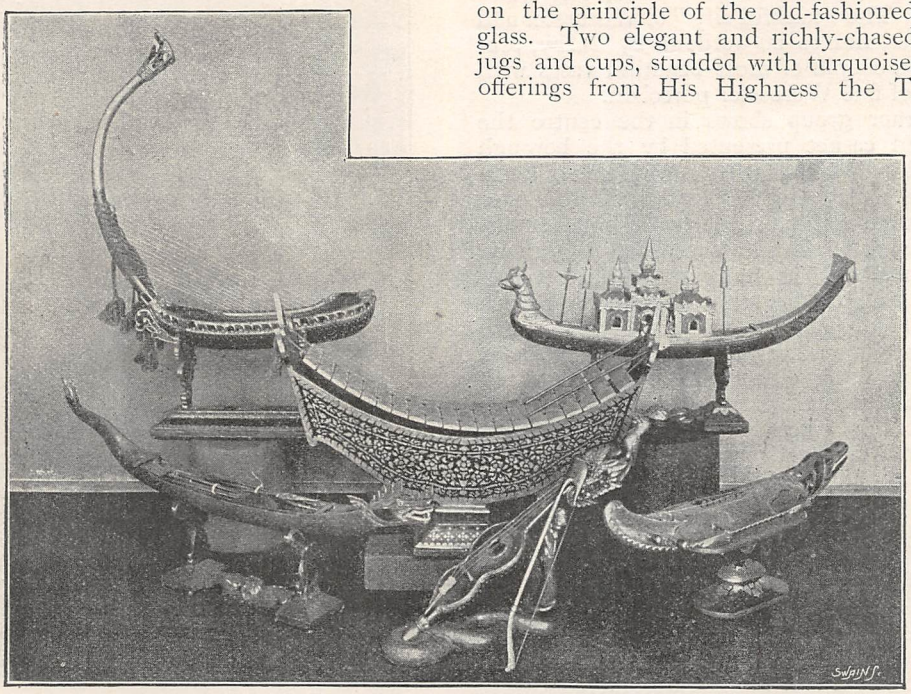
It is impossible in looking at them not to be struck with the individuality of work executed in metal, ivory, and precious stones by the Oriental human hand, as compared with work of the same character executed by Western nations who are more or less assisted by machinery that stamps out discs, turns columns, and makes balls and beads of regulation size. This holds particularly good with regard to a wonderfully-wrought silver casket mounted on a stand given by the inhabitants



FRAMED PORTRAIT (AND CASE), FROM THE MAHARAJAH OF BURTPORE.

SILVER JUGS AND CUPS, FROM THE THAKORE OF LIMRI.

of Poona, in the Bombay Presidency. A marvellous piece of workmanship (illustrated on page 147) is the ivory casket enriched with gold, in which are embedded exquisitely-painted plaques representing mosques and other places of interest, presented by a potentate who rejoices in the patronymic and territorial designation of Khan Bahadur Nawab Mahomed Mahmoud Alikan, Raio Chitori Zila, Bulandsharh, North-West Provinces. Close to it in the same cabinet stands an oval silver casket, the lid of which is formed of a splendidly-marked piece of jasper, the gift of Rajah Runybur Singh. Near it is a box made of fine, hard, white wood adorned with a few small circles with birds in the centre of each. The space between them is entirely filled up with small white and red flowers and foliage, all most carefully painted, and none of them larger than a hawthorn blossom. Here, again, the endless variety of artistic hand-work is remarkable, as well as the neatness of the gold-embroidered velvet that lines the interior. This was sent by the Municipal and District Boards of Jaunpur, and it probably represents a local industry. A coloured photographic portrait of the Maharajah of Burtpore in an elaborate frame came enclosed in a distinctly precious case seen above it, which is one mass of needlework enriched with pearls, emeralds, and turquoises, every one of which is separately sewn on, and finished with a rich silver fringe, now getting a little tarnished by our northern atmosphere, despite all the pains taken to protect it from the air while exhibiting its beauty. An Indian ruler whose name figures below his gift, sent the Queen an exquisitely delicate silver scent fountain (see page 145), in which the liquid perfume is placed in the upper globe, and plays out at the top, until the lower globe is filled, when it turns over and begins afresh, something on the principle of the old-fashioned hour-glass. Two elegant and richly-chased silver jugs and cups, studded with turquoises, were offerings from His Highness the Thakore



NATIVE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, FROM BRITISH RESIDENTS IN BURMAH.

of Limri. The gold model of the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park, that has been so often exhibited, was presented by the Sultan of Johore.

A gold necklace that is conspicuously placed in a case at the entrance of the vestibule, and is a specimen of the work of the goldsmiths of Timbuctoo, was presented by Colonel Peyton and the British residents in Mogador. This has never been sketched or photographed, or so it is believed.

The gift of the inhabitants of Cape Colony was a robe and train of snowy ostrich feathers, studded with diamonds contributed by diggers at the mines. The Governor of Cape Colony sent a splendid pair of white ostrich-feather screens, six feet in height; and the Governor of the Gold Coast sent a casket made of thirty nuggets of fine gold found on the West African coast.

THE GREAT MILITARY TROPHY.

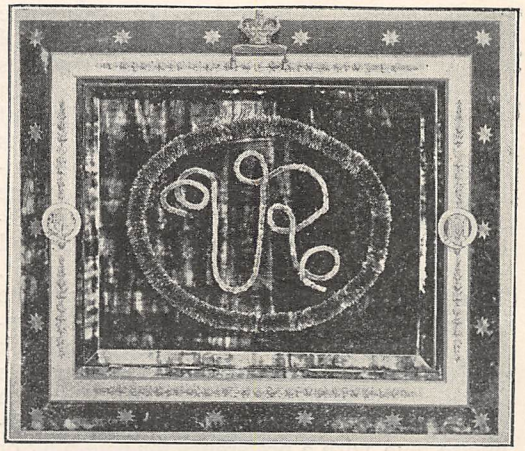
The Queen of Hawaii perpetrated for this great occasion an extraordinary piece of needlework with her own hands, or rather sewed together thousands of the feathers of a bird which only inhabits the Sandwich Islands, and each bird has only two of these particular feathers. It was mounted on royal blue plush, adorned with the arms of our Queen and those of Queen Kapiolana, and golden stars representing the Sandwich Islands.

The Queen of Madagascar sent a quaintly beautiful brooch of carved mother-of-pearl, and the late Khedive of Egypt a necklace and pair of earrings of most curious workmanship. The British residents in Burmah forwarded a set of six native musical instruments and stands in the form of boats, and they are not only grotesque, but quite delightful in their ugliness, which is nevertheless delicate in workmanship. Three silver elephants and a jewelled casket were sent by the people of Ceylon.

The late Dowager Lady de Ros, who was then in her ninety-second year, presented the Queen with a card she had illuminated herself. This little gift was of great personal interest.

The women of Heligoland, though no longer British subjects, testified their affectionate respect for Queen Victoria by sending her an album of views of their island bound in red morocco; and the women of Boston, U.S.A., forwarded an illuminated address in a wonderfully-carved oaken case lined with white satin.

Souvenirs of the Jubilee that were and are of public interest are the two silver models of line-of-battle ships representing the types considered best at her accession and half-a-century later. One was the *Britannia* of 1837, the other the ill-fated *Victoria*. The longer they are looked into, the more wonderful they seem, and as they were on view at the recent Naval Exhibition, the public has had every opportunity of seeing them. The great Military Trophy has not been very much



THE PIECE OF NEEDLEWORK, MOUNTED ON ROYAL BLUE PLUSH, FROM THE QUEEN OF HAWAII.

seen: it did not arrive till 1890. It is the work of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A., and took three years to complete. The centre piece is of hammered silver gilt, and symbolises the power and greatness of the Empire by a sea of coloured marble, mounted on an ebony base which two tritons support on their heads and tails. On the front edge stands St. George with the Dragon's head in his left hand, and on the rear edge is a figure of Britannia, with the legend *Sol mea testis* round her head. A stem rises out of the basin bearing a crystal globe, on the top of which rests a double-tailed mermaid, both wings and tails being inlaid with mother-of-pearl. They support a shell, and from its knob rises the head-piece, which is the Goddess of Peace on the summit of a lapis-lazuli globe, wearing a double crown, and bearing in one arm a sheaf of palms and in the other hand a flaming torch. The aspect we show gives the front figure of Britannia.

Some very beautiful medals were presented by different towns—especially one giving the Queen's profile at her accession, side by side with her profile in 1887. Lancaster and Norwich distinguished themselves in this way; some of the medals were in gold, and one from St. Giles's, Cripplegate, was in bronze.

A present that shows how well the Queen's domestic qualities are understood is an elaborate work-box with gold fittings, showing thimble, scissors, and all the small paraphernalia dear to the heart of a woman who knows how to comfort herself and beguile long hours with a bit of homely sewing.

It would require a volume to describe all the Jubilee presents assembled in the lofty vestibule at Windsor Castle, and another volume for the illustrations. Those we give show some that are extremely interesting, and we have been favoured with Her Majesty's special permission to see and sketch them for our readers. Nothing, however, gives the details of chasing and inlay like photography, and we have gratefully availed ourselves of photographs taken by Mr. Leopold W. Cleave, who holds the private appointment of photographer to the Queen.

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

JANUARY.

WERE we gifted, standing as we do at the present moment upon the boundary line of the Old and New Year, with the faculty of the mythical Janus, we should see in the retreating perspective of the past seasons, and forward across the present into the near future the form of the firmly established "blouse," so termed, bodice, serviceable and ornamental, evolved from the original of silken fabric into the velveteen with its softened lights and "bloomy shadows" in every gradation of lovely colouring. One of the least of the merits of this style is its decorative quality when donned of an evening in unison with a simple skirt of black lace or cashmere, fashion requiring neither oneness of colour nor of texture in bodice and skirt, individual taste deciding that point. Thus, a dark type of woman would combine with a black skirt a blouse as in our illustration, in rich rose pink ornamented with black ostrich feather trimming, the feather rosettes fastening the belt centred with jet; whereas a fair type would select velveteen in pale turquoise blue, with a preference for pale pink or white feather and small paste ornaments in place of jet. Light-blue decidedly possesses the quality of imparting a youthfulness to the face and figure of the wearer, and the white trimming increases the dressy effect of the

VELVETEEN EVENING BODICE.

bodice by giving it the appearance of being cut lower by a couple of inches.

Our design is made in a rich deep shade of emerald green velveteen bordered with black ostrich feather trimming, the fulness drawn to the centre and clasped by a wide belt, the back showing less fulness. The shallow basque, cut on the round, being adjustable, the blouse can be varied, and this worn or not, as fancy shall decide. Sleeves, as I noted last month, that are extreme in dimensions, on the merit of good style are permissible, yet at the same time they cut into a large quantity of material, but things worth having are worth their cost, and doubtless these sleeves impart grace to a slim, tall figure and importance to a short, plump figure. To add to the becomingness of this blouse wear tight-fitting sleeves of good imitation lace mounted on white net and yoke of the same with the collar fastened with a rosette of feather; the white net lining imparts a brilliancy to the skin seen through the lace, which is very fascinating. Many charming colours suggest themselves, such as mauve and sable trimmings, pale green and flesh-pink, sapphire-blue or peacock-blue and black ostrich feather.

Henry Heath's Millinery.

Every woman who aims at refinement of style in her headgear will take particular pleasure in the hats of soft fine felt or beaver to be purchased at "Ye Hatterie." A tailor-made gown is complete when one of these simple yet stylish hats crowns the costume, either close-fitting slightly lifted at each side and ornamented with ribbon, or velvet and wings or plumes; their durability is undeniable, and they have the merit of retaining form and style to the last. A beautiful specimen is here portrayed in fine felt and velvet loops placed squarely across the front, pinned to the brim with small ornamental pins, an imitation bird in the centre and two exquisite ostrich feathers at each side drooping on to the hair at the back. This design exactly suits the present style of hair-dressing, and is becoming to the fair in grey felt and black velvet and feathers, or to the brunette in tan or biscuit-colour, and brown velvet and black feathers.

Child's Fancy Dress.

I have sketched a fancy dress as a suggestion for a flower fête or flower bazaar, where each stall would be draped with a flower's peculiar hues, and the stall-holders and their attendants dressed to represent flowers, or fruit, in natural colours, either hawthorn, harebells, filberts, or many others. The dress selected for illustration is a "black-

FROM MESSRS. HEATH, OXFORD STREET, W.
(*From a photograph by Walery, Ltd., Regent Street, W.*)

berry, with a blossom reproduced as a head-dress and two long ends of black velvet hanging down over the hair which should fall loosely in waves or ringlets. The bodice is of black satin and represents the fruit, and is crossed and recrossed with tiny silk cord, the braces of green velvet fastened on the shoulders with bunches of fruit and foliage; green velvet is also used for the pointed pieces resembling the calyx on sleeves and around the waist, the petals being of white silk with waved outline having a very fine wire inserted between it and the lining, a gold bullion fringe of unequal lengths appearing between each petal. Very tightly-fitting sleeves of green velvet show points over the hand edged with blackberries. To relieve the monotony of the green and white, the skirt is arranged to appear as foliage, and is made in bright red sateen with a four-inch flat pleating at the hem, covered to within half an inch of the edge by one of green net, and a deeper one reaching to within a few inches of the waist in golden brown net pounced at the edge in broad points. The semi-transparency of these frills allows of the red under-colour showing through, thus giving exactly the effect of tinted foliage.

The shoes are black with bunches of berries

and leaves, and the stockings either in green, brown, or black.

Evening Dress for Young Girls.

In the intense usefulness of the present day it is a fact, overlooked by many young girls, that their province is to look charming and dainty, that they are the flowers of the earth to beautify existence for their elders and to brighten the sad. Soft femininity is not foolishness, but rather the reverse in its influence, and the bent of the mind is expressed in the dress. A girl of refinement will assuredly evince the same in her toilet, and if an added charm be wanting to beauty, "sweet temper and a fresh frock" will supply it.

The inexpensiveness of artistic and appropriate materials afford every assistance in the choice of pretty evening dresses, and the simplicity of the accompanying design will appeal to many: it is in crinkled wool crépon of a pale primrose hue with bands of amber-gold velvet. The plain skirt is edged with two tiny frills cut on the bias, and the back is set in deep fluted pleats that are not extreme. The pretty fan-shaped puffs of the sleeves are pleated into the armhole, as, indeed, all sleeves should be, and are braceletted above the elbow with a band of the velvet, which is also arranged as a waistband with ends, and as a bodice trimming encircling the square neck, fastened at the left side with a knot and two erect ends; it is a pretty fancy to have perfume powder put between the double velvet of these ends, and a little sachet sewn in the pocket to perfume the handkerchief. The only ornaments worn are a triple bangle of cut steel and a long clasp crossing the velvet in front of the bodice. A single crimson rose is worn in the dark hair.

CRÉPON EVENING DRESS.

Shoes and stockings match the velvet, and suède gloves reach to the elbow.

For a more dressy occasion and a more elaborate style, a soft white satin may be used instead of the crépon, and pale green velvet embroidered in silk and gold thread, white moiré shoes with steel rosette buttons on the instep.

For half-mourning a very pretty dress could be arranged as our sketch in black wool crépon and mauve velvet with clasp of jet.

Thin white Indian cashmere, if lined through with mulle muslin, makes a charming frock for social gatherings; the skirt plain, measuring four and a half yards at the hem—I do not advocate the extreme fulness—has a seven inch frill of box-pleated muslin inside to set it out. Ribbons of rose-pink velvet hang in long loops straight down the seams each side of the front, a broad waist-belt of the same, and bodice of pink chiffon fully gathered into a round neck cut low with the ribbon taken diagonally across the figure to

CHILD'S FANCY DRESS—"BLACKBERRY BRAMBLE."

the left shoulder and fastened with long loops clasped with steel; the sleeves are in one large full puff to the elbow, and are finished with a small frill.

Evening shoes are chiefly of satin in colours that tone with the dress. Black and bronze are also worn.

An item of importance that demands attention is the wrap or cloak, and very pretty and useful are those made in cashmere, cut circular shape, reaching half-way to the knee, bordered with embroidery in a bold conventional design—here the skill and industry of the girlish wearer has an opportunity of development. The yoke may be either round or square, bordered with narrow fur, and the collar high, closely encircling the throat to the ears, and edged with ostrich feather or silver fur or silver fox. Pink, ivory white, and grey are good colours, red may be worn by the very few. The cape should be lined throughout and, if necessary, quilted with a thin layer of wadding.

Juvenile Costumes.

Visiting Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's recently, I was shown some handsome costumes for children, one of which is here illustrated made in peacock blue cashmere braided in a novel way with black. It is a style suitable for a child of twelve or fourteen years of age, and many and varied are the colourings to choose from. The bodice is exceptionally pretty, and the skirt is arranged in an entirely novel manner with shaped piece around the hips, braided at the sides and plain both back and front. A frock exactly suitable to the bright eyes and rosy cheeks of a child of seven years was made in brown cloth with a shade of pale mastic as vest, belt, and pointed rever that buttoned down one side of the skirt, a large square collar turned out from the vest outlined with the light shade of cloth, and the tight-fitting sleeves had large shoulder puffs pleated and arranged in waving folds. The vest was braided horizontally.

Delightfully soft and warm to the touch, and seasonable for wear, was the light tan-coloured cloth made with full plain skirt fastening the whole length of the left side, with an elaborated bodice in a combination of cloth and velvet, a costume one would vote just the style for a young lady of seventeen. The bodice was truly original in design, and merits description. Plain, tight-fitting to the waist, clasped with a broad belt of velvet-bordered cloth, over it was arranged an entire front of velvet pointed to the waist and drooping in double points on each sleeve with a plastron of the cloth buttoning straight down the front and on each shoulder, and cut out at the neck to show the velvet. The sleeves, tight to the arm, terminated in a pointed buttoned cuff, the upper part being draped with fully-pleated cloth, the whole so daintily arranged that a charming costume was the result.

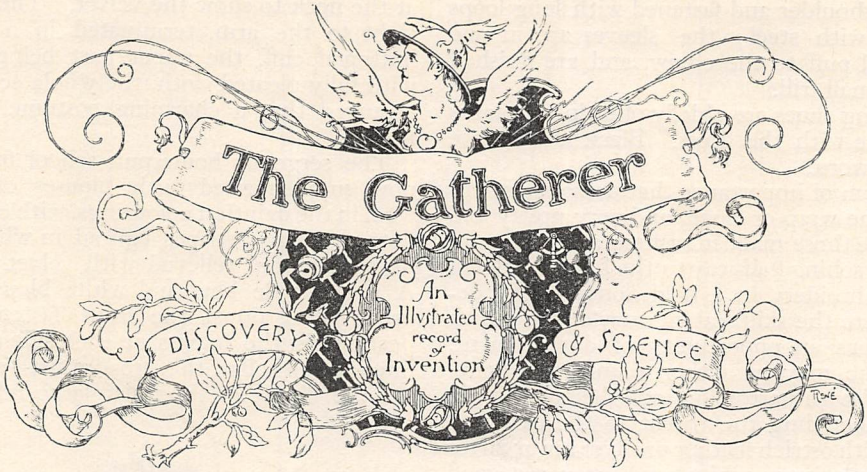
The serge or homespun school frocks are now supplemented with blouses of Alpine wool in the daintiest colourings, with elongated dots or narrow stripes figured in white upon its surface and relieved with velvet ribbons. A pretty pale blue and white blouse had a broad pleat down the front fastened with pearl studs, the fulness at each side drawn in lines at the collar, the broad waist-belt finishing the blouse at the waist, large full sleeves

CHILD'S COSTUME.
(*Sketched at Messrs. Debenham & Freebody's, Wigmore Street.*)

fastened in front of the arm from wrist to elbow. A velvet ribbon in a pretty shade of moss-green formed the neck band, fastening in a square bow at the back of the neck, and a girdle of the ribbon passed around the arm-hole and continued to the centre of the waist at the back, where it fastened to the skirt in a bow, a most sensible arrangement as it eased the weight of the heavy skirt—winter clothing is always weighty—from the waist to the shoulders, as it always should be arranged for delicate or growing children.

A. Ll. Griffiths.

Cut paper patterns for making costumes from the original designs illustrated in this article may be had, cut to the sender's measurements, for one shilling each, and one shilling and sixpence in the case of the crêpon evening dress. Application should be made to the Author of "Chit-Chat on Dress," care of the Editor of Cassell's Magazine, *La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.*



Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in THE GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

A Pneumatic Skate.

The figure shows a novel road and rink skate, having two wheels three and a-half inches in diameter, with pneumatic tyres like those of bicycles. The wheels support metal clamps for the feet, and the skate is belted round the ankle with the help of a pad, which makes the fastening easy. The skates are noiseless in their action and can be used on roads, lawns, sands, and pavements as well as skating-rinks. They only weigh three pounds, and according to the inventor, enable a skater to cover ten or twelve miles an hour.

Films of Gold.

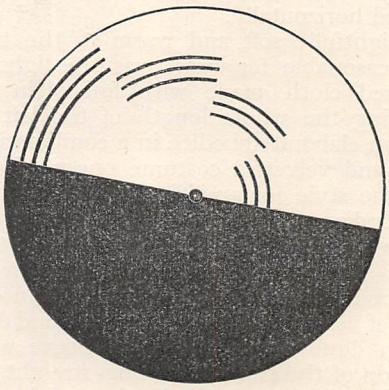
Ordinary gold-leaf is notoriously thin, but Mr. J. Wilson Swan, the well-known electrician, has recently produced a foil, or rather film, of gold which is five to ten times thinner. He has done so by depositing gold on copper with the electric current, as in electro-plating, and then dissolving away the copper with a solution of perchloride of iron. The film of gold is left untouched by the solution. Should the process become an industry, it will be possible to gild objects with a much smaller quantity of gold than in using the ordinary gold-leaf.

A Spectrum Top.

The little scientific toy which we illustrate is a modification of the chromoscope of Mr. B. W. Bettas, recently made by Mr. C. E. Benham, of Colchester. When the disc is spun round like a tee-to-tum, coloured rings are seen, red, yellow, green, and blue, after the manner of the rainbow. The effect is something of a puzzle, as it is undecided whether the colours are subjective—that is to say, have no real existence outside our eyes—or not. It reminds us of Goethe's idea (now disregarded) that colours were due to the mixture of white light and darkness, and its performance would certainly have delighted the great poet.

Trees and Lightning.

According to experiments made in Germany, trees containing starch are more liable to be struck by lightning than those containing fatty matter. Of starchy trees the oak, poplar, plane, elm, ash, and willow may be mentioned, and of fatty trees, the lime, walnut, beech, and birch. Poplars are often struck with lightning, and, indeed, are planted near buildings to act as natural lightning-rods. One should be careful not to take shelter under a poplar in a

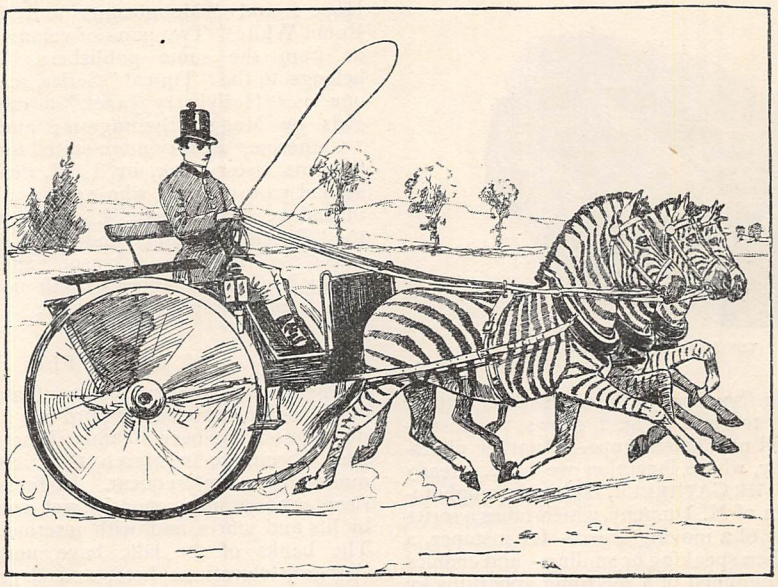


A SPECTRUM TOP.

thunderstorm, especially if there be water at its base and one is standing between the trunk and the water. This precaution, in fact, applies more or less to all trees, and even buildings. According to Franklin, it is safe enough to stand at some little distance, say forty to fifty feet from the tree. Fir-trees, which are starchy in summer and fatty in winter, are more likely to be struck in summer than in winter. Soft hairy leaves on a tree lessen the chances of its being struck, as the hairs act like the discharging points on a lightning-rod; hence, perhaps, red beeches are not often struck. While upon this subject, we may mention that whenever a person is found insensible, and apparently dead from lightning stroke, every effort should be made to resuscitate him or her by artificial respiration and stimulating the circulation, as in cases of drowning, for the space of an hour at least. It has now been discovered that persons believed to be killed not only by lightning, but by a powerful shock of electricity, however produced, are often not really dead, but only in a state of suspended animation; and the fact cannot be too well-known, as many lives have probably been lost through ignorance of it in the past.

Zebras in Harness.

A merchant of the Transvaal, South Africa, has succeeded in breaking to harness a number of Dauws, better known as Burchell's Zebras (*Hippotigris Burchelli*). The animal is pretty and intelligent, and comes between the ass and horse in the scale of usefulness—that is to say, it is not unlike the Shetland pony. The method of breaking was based on a mixture of gentleness, patience, and firmness, but no particulars of it are forthcoming as yet. We may remind our readers, however, that M. Mènard, of the Jardin d'Acclimatation, Paris, formerly attempted to tame these wild animals by accustoming females to wear the different parts of the harness in company with horses, a horse between each pair of zebras. They were put into a light vehicle and walked about before they were driven at a trot, but always with a man at their heads. Unfortunately, the process was interrupted at this stage by an offer from a horse-trainer, and the animals were handed over to him; but he employed more violent means, and the experiment proved a comparative failure.



ZEBRAS IN HARNESS.

Cold and Life.

Lieutenant Peary, the Arctic traveller, reports that the thermometer fell on one occasion to 62 deg. below zero Fahr., or 94 deg. below the freezing point, during last winter on the Greenland ice-cap, and he considers that the human frame can withstand any degree of natural cold to be experienced on earth. M. Pictet, the well-known chemist, has been trying the effect of extreme cold on the life of lower animals and organisms, by submitting them to an atmosphere cooled with liquefied air. A dog perished in one and a half hours on exposure to a temperature of 108 to 162 deg. Fahr. below the freezing point. Insects resisted the cold down to 63 deg. below the freezing point, myriapods to 92 deg., and snails to nearly 270 deg. Infusoria died at 162 deg., but bacteria remained active at 380 deg. Fahr. below the freezing point. We may add that M. Pictet is about to introduce a "stove," which maintains a cold of 180 deg. Fahr. below the freezing point.

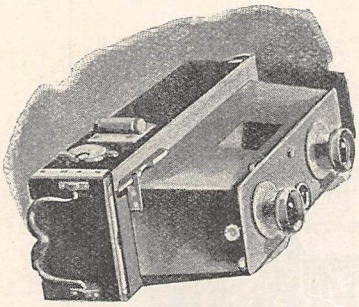
A Fever Bath.

An American doctor recommends the following device for giving fever patients a bath. An india-rubber blanket or sheet is passed under the patient in bed, and the corners raised so as to make a dish

into which the water of a suitable temperature is poured. A makeshift shower bath can also be given in the same way by means of a watering-pot with a rose on the spout. The bath can be emptied again with a syphon, sponge, or cup, and the rubber cloth withdrawn without incommoding the sufferer.

The Verascope.

This new apparatus, which we illustrate in Fig. 1, is virtually a stereoscopic camera, which enables the user to take two stereoscopic views of an object at once, and, after developing them, see them as in a stereoscope, with the illusion of reality. Space would fail us to explain the optical principle of the instrument, which, we may add, is light, compact, and portable. It is, moreover, a magazine



THE VERASCOPE.—FIG. 1.

camera, and far from costly; hence it is likely to be in demand by tourists. Fig. 2 shows the instrument employed as a stereoscope.—Another photographic novelty, whose inception we have already chronicled in THE GATHERER, is the chronophotographic camera of M. Dumeny, which takes a series of photographs of a moving object—for instance, a human face when speaking or smiling—and enables them to be recombined in a zoetropic apparatus by the same inventor, thus producing a literal "speaking likeness." M. Dumeny's apparatus is, in fact, similar to Edison's kinetograph, which we formerly described, but it is simpler and more portable.

"British Butterflies and Moths."

Any of the young collectors who were enlisted in the ranks of naturalists by Mr. Furneaux's "Outdoor World" during the last year, and who have devoted their attention to butterflies and moths, should see the handsome volume under the above title which Messrs. Longmans have just published. It is illustrated by twelve beautifully coloured plates and upwards of two hundred woodcuts in the body of the work; and Mr. Furneaux's directions to the young collector are at once full and clear, and easily comprehended.

The Falling Cat.

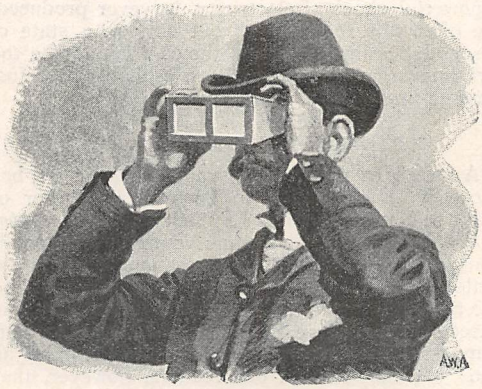
According to Marcy, the cat makes a half-turn in the air so as to bring the feet undermost, and keeps them so during the remainder of the drop. He has proved this by taking 60 photographs of a falling cat in a second. Provided the animal has three feet of descent to enable it to make the half-turn, it always lands on its feet. Seeing that the body acquires a rotary motion in this three feet, it is not easy to understand how the cat stops it and falls straight down.

Some Christmas Books

Which ought to be popular all the year round, and are only called "Christmas books" because of the season of their publication, are sent us by Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co. There is a healthy, natural ring about "The Satellite," by the Hon. Eva Knatchbull-Hugessen, that must commend the volume to all who are in search of a good gift-book for young readers. Then the new "Dainty Books" well deserve their name and their place in the series. There are three of them—"Messire," by Frances E. Crompton; "Toby," by Ascott R. Hope; and "Moonbeams and Brownies," by Roma White. Two pairs of volumes are also sent us from the same publishers. The first pair belongs to the "Tip-cat" Series, and of these the one is "Hollyberry Janet," a capital story for girls by Maggie Symington; and the other is "Catherine," a story more suited for older readers than its sister work, by F. M. Peard. With the second pair, children who were not pleased would indeed be hard to satisfy. They are included in the "Roseleaf Library," and are "The Real Princess," by Blanche Atkinson, and "Happy-go-Lucky," by Ismay Thorn. Both books are fresh, bright, and attractive throughout.

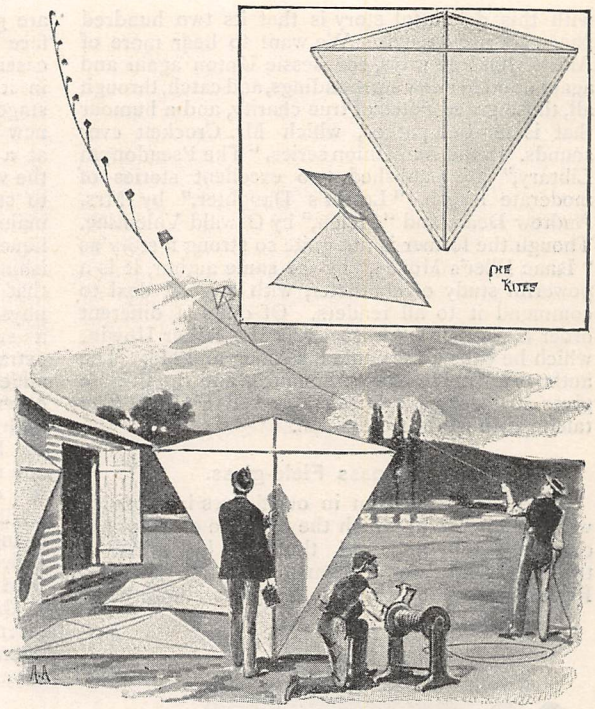
A Lake of Fire.

The level of the great lake of lava in the crater of Kilauea, of which Miss Bird has given us a vivid description, has been steadily rising since the last great discharge in March, 1891, and overflows of molten lava are frequent. In fact, the lake has risen 447 feet in 19 months, not continuously, but by fits and starts, and with intermediate sinkings. The banks of the lake have undergone many changes, elevations here, and depressions there, with the formation of new blow-holes and cones. When the lava sinks, the solid bank or rim of the lake, being deprived of the support of the molten lava, is apt to fall in. Enormous masses of rock, cold or partially red-hot, thus break away like icebergs from the end of a glacier, and plunge headlong into the molten lake, making columns of fire



THE VERASCOPE.—FIG. 2.

shoot into the air, and waves roll over its glowing surface to dash on the opposite cliffs in red-hot surge and spray. Sometimes, according to a recent observer, the mass of falling rock would be 500 feet long by 200 feet wide, and 20 to 30 feet thick. It would fall with an awful crash, and float away like an island or an iceberg for a time. The smaller pieces usually sank at first, then rose to the surface streaming with lava. The red-hot walls of the crater, exposed by the sinking of the lake, were seen to be caverned and tunnelled with passages leading to other parts of the volcano, and the sinking of the lake was doubtless due to a discharge of the lava through one of these. As the colours of the rocks and glowing lava run through all shades of red and black, the spectacle was most magnificent, especially as night came on.



THE KITE IN METEOROLOGY.

The Kite in Meteorology.

Balloons are now in regular use for observing the condition of the higher atmosphere, and kites are being adapted to the same purpose. If the balloon is a free one, it is provided with a small aluminium anchor to catch the ground when it sinks low enough. Our illustration shows a tandem of Malay tailless kites, made by Mr. W. A. Eddy, of Bergen Point, New Jersey, U.S.A., and sent up from the Blue Hill Observatory, near Boston, Mass., with aërial thermographs, to observe the temperature at various heights. The thermographs were of Richard's type, made with aluminium parts, and weighing 2 lbs. The kites varied in length up to 9 feet, and carried the thermograph to a height of 1,400 feet, where the temperature was found to be 6 deg. lower than at the surface. Without the thermograph, heights over 3,500 feet have been attained.

A Buttermaker.

A neat machine for making small quantities of butter has been brought out. On turning the handle, a small clear glass churn containing the cream is oscillated by a simple mechanism, and the formation of the butter is readily seen inside.

What is an Earthquake?

Recent earthquakes have attracted the attention of M. Meunier, the well-known geologist, who has made experiments as to the cause of earthquakes in general, and actually experienced one at Nice. He declares that in spite of Humboldt's and other fine descriptions, nothing short of an apprenticeship to earthquakes will enable a man to encounter one without emotion. At first vague rumblings are heard, then distinct noises under the ground, which culminate in a series of irregular and indefinite shocks. At Nice only three shocks running were felt, but in Atlanta, in Greece, lately, as many as 365 shocks occurred one day. Earthquakes are not isolated phenomena; but associated, as a rule, and shocks are felt over vast areas. The Atlanta earthquake was connected with those of Zante last year, and of Syracuse, Legonegro, and Constantinople this year. The shocks wreck houses, bridges, and other engineering works, and produce fissures in the soil, or circular pits, which soon fill with water. At Seville, in 1884, a crack opened so suddenly as to split a large tree from the root to the branches, leaving one half growing on each brink. When the shock occurs beside the sea a flood-wave overwhelms the land, strewing fish and vessels on the shore, as at Lisbon in 1755. The moral effect of the shock is even worse than the physical, for a panic often occurs, and a disposition to doubt everything, as well as bodily sickness and loss of equilibrium. The motion of the soil is compounded of a horizontal and vertical impulse, which at Charleston, in 1886, threw a train off the line, and at Rio Bamba, in 1797, ejected the remains of the dead from their graves near the city, to a height of several hundred feet.

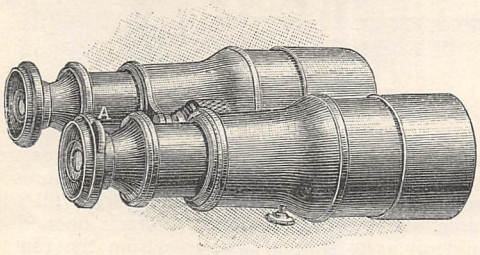
Stories that are not too Long.

Happy the writer of whose works complaint is never made that they are too long! There are not many such favoured ones, but Mr. Stanley Weyman must surely be reckoned among the number, and no one who has read "The Story of Francis Cludde" or "The Man in Black," to say nothing of this author's later works, would say that these excellent stories are a line too long. With Mr. Dolman's article fresh in mind, it is natural to think of Mr. Weyman as one of the newer writers whose work is never too long. Then there is Mr. S. R. Crockett, whose latest story is "The Playactress," which Mr. Fisher Unwin sends us as a volume of his "Autonym Library." The only fault to be found

with this delightful story is that its two hundred pages are not enough. We want to hear more of Ailie's winsome ways, see Bessie Upton again and again amid her new surroundings, and catch, through all, those grand notes of true charity, and a humour that is all but pathos, which Mr. Crockett ever sounds. In the companion series, "The Pseudonym Library," are published two excellent stories of moderate length, "Lesser's Daughter," by Mrs. Andrew Dean, and "Helen," by Oswald Valentine. Though the former is not quite so strong a story as "Isaac Eller's Money," by the same author, it is a powerful study of character, with a good deal to commend it to all readers. Of quite a different order is another work issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin, which he calls a fairy tale for young and old. The author is Mr. Herbert S. Squance, and the title he gives his story is "Miss Mackerell Skye." The tale is both fresh and fanciful.

A Compass Field-glass.

The field-glass shown in our figures is provided with a compass by which the distance of an object can be found, and will therefore be useful to travellers, naval or military men, and tourists. Fig. 2 is a section through the glass showing the

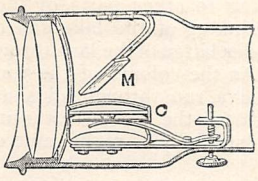


A COMPASS FIELD-GLASS.—FIG. 1.

compass C, with a mirror M inclined over it to enable the observer to read it while looking through the glass at the object. By shifting his point of view, two angles are measured by the compass, from which the distance can be readily found by plotting them on paper or by calculation.

Milk and Bacteria.

Experiments made at the Stoers Agricultural Station, America, and described in the Sixth Annual Report of the institution, show that bacteria promise to be very useful in making butter. The cream is warmed to a temperature of 70 deg. Centrigrade (158 deg. Fahrenheit), and inoculated with bacteria from sour milk, which should be obtained at a good dairy. The preliminary heating tends to kill the germs of disease and useless bacteria. The inoculated bacteria ripen the cream and produce a butter of excellent flavour, if they are of the right sort. The experiments are still in progress, and will, no doubt, lead to very useful results. We may add that Dr. A. Bernstein, of Berlin, has discovered a bacterium which rapidly makes sterilised milk transparent and, what is still more important, peptonises it, that is to say, renders it easily digestible. The fresh milk is inoculated with the milk in which the bacteria are growing, and the action spreads from the surface downwards, the milk growing clear, while the casein, or principle of cheese, and other proteids in it are converted into peptone. Milk in this stage is prepared as an article of food by mixing new skim milk with it and keeping the mixture at a temperature favourable to the bacteria until the whole is transparent. It should then be boiled to sterilise it and coagulate any casein that remains. The product is a slightly reddish acid liquor, having a pleasant aroma, and is both nourishing and digestible. We may mention here, that an American physician recommends a small quantity of extract of malt to be added to fresh milk in order to peptonise it, and the whole should be boiled to destroy any noxious germs, or, in other words, to sterilise it. Dr. Bernstein is of opinion that a bacterium similar to the above is instrumental in ripening cheese. Bacteria which have so long been regarded as inimical to the life of man, are now demonstrated to be essential to his very existence, and in the hands of science are being turned more and more to his advantage.



A COMPASS FIELD-GLASS.—FIG. 2.

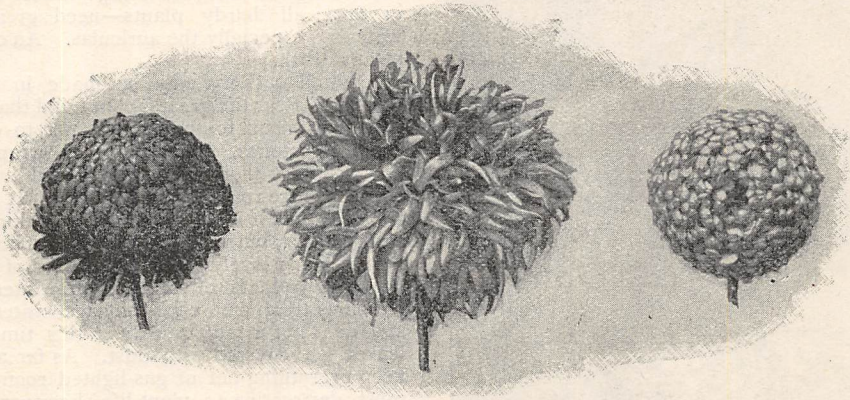
Books for the Household.

Readers of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE need no introduction to Miss Lizzie Heritage as a writer on cookery. In "Cassell's New Universal Cookery Book" she has just completed a larger and more important work than any she has previously essayed. When we say that the volume contains more than thirteen hundred pages, and is accompanied by twelve coloured plates in addition to the numerous illustrations scattered about the work, we have said enough to show the comprehensive character of the book. But it is more than that, for it is thoroughly "up to date" in every respect, is well and clearly arranged, and pays special attention to the economical and artistic preparation of the dishes it suggests.—Messrs. Ward, Lock & Bowden have just published "The Profession of Cookery: from a French Point of View," by Miss Lucy H. Yates, in which some excellent and appetising French dishes are popularly and concisely explained for the benefit of English cooks.—At the same time we may notice a handy and practical little text-book on "Personal Hygiene," by Mrs. Ada S. Ballin, which is published by Mr. F. J. Rebman.

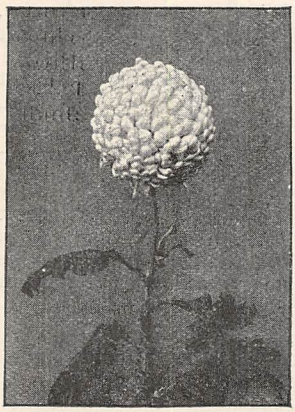
"Pomona's Travels."

Who among readers of "Rudder Grange" would have expected to meet the "Pomona" of those days travelling in Europe, putting up at the best hotels, and seeing our country from north to south as comfortably and conveniently as possible? But Mr. Frank Stockton has brought her to life again; and the story of her stay in England, the sights she saw, and the people she met, is pleasantly told in the handsome volume published by Messrs. Cassell, and illustrated so effectively by Mr. A. B. Frost.

CHRYSANTHEMUM COMPETITION.



PRIZE BLOOMS (AMATEUR DIVISION).



ONE OF FIRST PRIZE (AMATEUR) BLOOMS.

IT will be remembered that in this Competition prizes were offered in two divisions, one restricted to trade growers, and the other restricted to amateurs. The sets entered for the Competition included, as will be seen from our photographic reproductions of them, some very fine examples. Mr. E. T. Cook, who acted as judge, highly commended the exhibits of the amateur competition, to which he gave the palm in the Competition.

The FIRST PRIZE of TWO POUNDS was awarded to MR. HENRY BENNETT,
3, Syon Terrace, Brentford;

The SECOND PRIZE of ONE POUND to
DR. GEORGE WALKER,
Worple Road, Wimbledon;

And the THIRD (Extra) PRIZE of HALF A GUINEA to
MR. ALFRED ALLAN,
Suffolk House, Duppas Hill, Croydon.

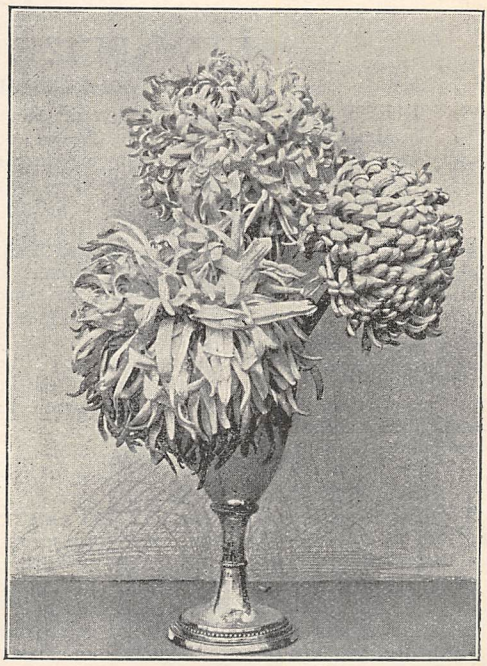
In the Professional division, open to trade-growers only, the judges did not feel justified in awarding the First Prize, which is withdrawn in accordance with No. 6 of the "General Regulations," published with the announcement of the competition. The SECOND PRIZE of ONE POUND is awarded to

MR. H. F. ROSOMAN, F.R.H.S.,
The Nurseries, Spring Road, Sholing.

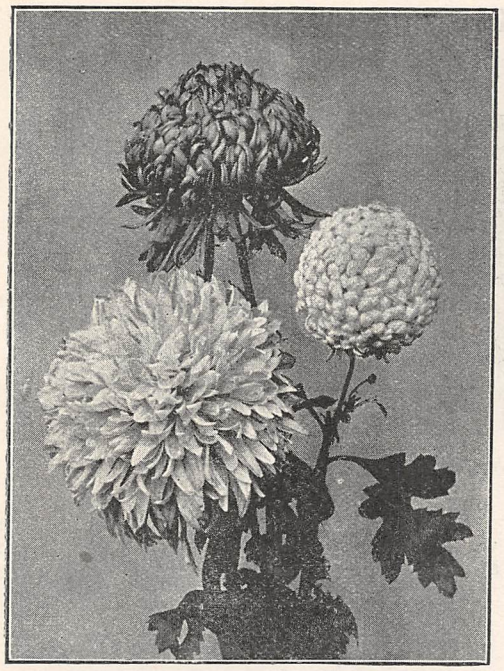
The illustrations on this page and the next are, with the one exception marked, taken from blooms selected from sets submitted by amateur growers.

GARDENING IN JANUARY.

JANUARY is a dreary month for the outdoor garden. A whiff of fragrance may come from a tuft of coltsfoot, and a gleam of crimson from the calyces of the winter cherry, but no chrysanthemums linger now. Our thoughts should be of the greenhouse, which may be lit up with colour from the "geranium," salvia, Chinese primroses, and many other plants that bloom in the winter season.



SELECTION FROM PRIZE SET (PROFESSIONAL).



FIRST PRIZE—AMATEURS.

Remember that the frosted plants should not be plunged into heat, but allowed to thaw in quite a cool temperature and in the dark. It seems natural to place the afflicted plants in heat, fatal, however, to them. It is well to protect the roots of trees and shrubs planted in the late autumn with litter. Such things as auriculas and primroses in frames—in fact, all hardy plants—need great care in watering, especially the auriculas. An over-supply means death.

A small rockery may be made in the winter months. Bear the great fact in mind that a rockery is only a means to an end, and not to display the rocks or stones. One wants to wrap these in flowers. Let there be plenty of soil between the stones for the roots to descend into. If the garden be very small it is not worth while making such an affair as this, but in a good place it affords a home for the many lovely mountain flowers of Europe.

Window-plants often suffer in winter from injudicious treatment, especially over-watering. The soil does not dry up quickly at this time, and the leaves get covered with dust. As far as possible, keep everything out of gas-lighted rooms. Gas is most destructive to plant-life, however vigorous. No window-plant is more useful than the so-called parlour palm (*Aspidistra lurida variegata*). It is rather expensive, but well worth a good price, because of its adaptability for such a position. It increases slowly but surely.

This is the month to thoroughly dig up vacant land. Frost purifies the ground—also rains; and, if this digging up be not done, the earth gets sour—quite unfit for the growth of plants and vegetables. If the soil is heavy clay, apply plenty of lime, chalk, or road-grit to lighten it. Every successful gardener digs up all vacant land. It is not too late to plant fruit-trees or shrubs, and in the winter opportunities often occur for this work. Hardy flowers may be put in, and everything possible done to create in the garden pictures of colour at all seasons.

NEW PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OPEN TO ALL OUR READERS.

SUBJECT in each case to the General Regulations, published on page 80 of our December number, the following further prizes are offered for competition:—

Puzzle Competition.

Three Prizes of Two Guineas, One Guinea, and Half-a-Guinea respectively, are offered for the best, second-, and third-best original word-puzzle formed out of the words, "Cassell's Family Magazine." The puzzles may be in the form of an anagram, hidden word, or any other word-device at the option of the competitor, but must be written on a postcard and reach the Editor not later than March 1st, 1895.

Cookery Competition.

Two Prizes of Two Guineas and One Guinea respectively are offered for the best and second-best set of original suggestions for six new dishes, with full directions as to the cooking and cost of each dish. Each set of dishes should be included in a paper of not less than 1,000 or more than 2,000 words, and credit will be given to the readable character of the description, as well as to the originality and economy displayed. Each set must comply with the General Regulations and reach the Editor not later than April 1st, 1895.

Drawing Competition.

Three Prizes of Two Guineas, One Guinea, and Half-a-Guinea respectively, are offered for the best, second-, and third-best original sketch in pen-and-ink, outline or otherwise, and in any position, of an ideal or favourite face, male or female. The sketches are to be drawn on post-cards, and are to be signed and countersigned in accordance with the General Regulations, and reach the Editor not later than June 3rd, 1895.

"Home Life" Competition

Three Prizes of Five Guineas, Three Guineas, and Two Guineas respectively, are offered for the best, second-, and third-best descriptions of the Home Life and surroundings of any celebrity, living or dead. Each paper in this Competition must not be less than 1,500, or more than 2,500 words in length, and special credit will be given when original photographic or other material for the illustration of a paper accompanies it. Each entry must comply in all respects with the General Regulations, and July nd, 1895, is the latest day for receiving entries.

(*From a drawing by* RALPH PEACOCK.)

GOOD-NIGHT.

SOME ROYAL PETS.

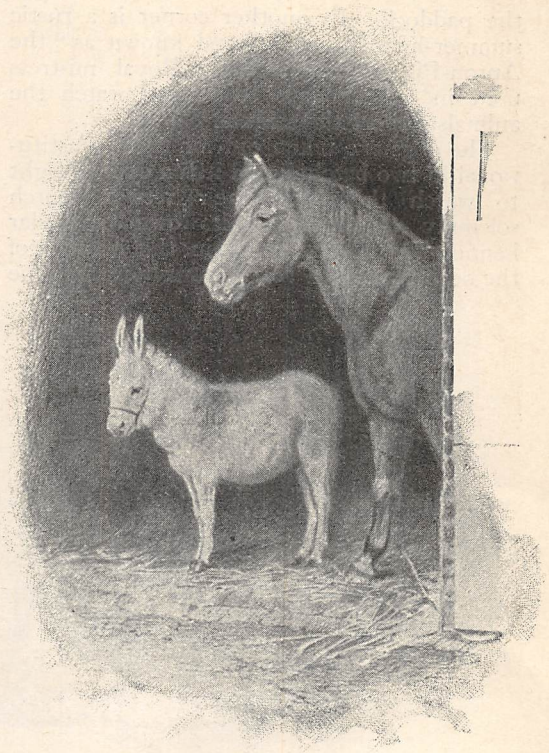
SPOT.

IF the public life of Her Majesty the Queen is exposed to the critical glare of that "fierce light" which is said "to beat upon a throne," her home life is, on the other hand, illumined by the rays of a very kindly light indeed. The Queen has herself raised the veil to admit that light by the publication of her journals, and has, time after time, given facilities to others to publish glimpses of that home-life she has established in the Royal castles which is so essentially English.

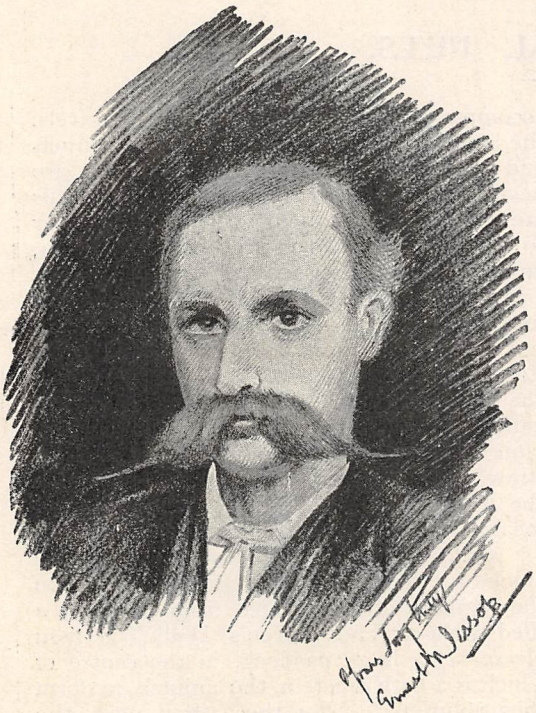
The latest instance of Her Majesty's willingness to respond to the public demand for information about herself is found in the permission she gave to Mr. Ernest M. Jessop to make pictures of her pets. It is some two or three years since the opportunity was afforded him; and, as he was given *carte blanche*, a large field of interest was opened for the occupation of his pencil. To complete the work, he made application to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to include drawings of the pets at Sandringham in the same collection. Permission being readily accorded, the result of two years' steady industry on the part of the artist was seen in the large number of silver-point drawings recently exhibited in London. It is from these that a selection has been made to illustrate this article.

The Queen has a most wonderful memory, and never forgets any of her pets; and although there are one or two, like "Spot," the fox-terrier, and "Marco," the red Spitz dog, who accompany Her Majesty on all her travels, the larger number, who reside at the kennels and on the various farms at Windsor, are never overlooked. The keepers of the animals are liable at any moment to be asked after, or to be called upon to produce for inspection, any one of their charges.

At the Windsor kennels, situate about a mile from the Castle, there are upwards of sixty dogs of various breeds, ages, and sizes. Each one has his own residence—a little chamber from fourteen to fifteen feet square, with a neatly-tiled yard in front of about the same dimensions. A comfortable bed of clean straw, renewed every day; a tap of water in the front yard, always dripping; two good meals *per diem;* an attendant to take them for walks—how are the Royal dogs to be envied by their plebeian brethren! Opposite the kennels, and separated from them by a tiled walk—"The Queen's Walk," if you please—is a large paddock, in the centre of which is a bath wherein the animals perform their ablutions. After the bath is over, the pets adjourn to a drying tent in a corner of



NINETTE AND THE CHARGER.



THE ARTIST.
(Drawn by Himself.)

the paddock. In another corner is a rustic summer-house railed off, and known as "the Apron-Piece," where their Royal mistress used in former days to sit and watch the animals disport themselves.

The dogs are taken out for their constitutional in two batches, and it is a curious sight to watch them, on their return, march solemnly off, each to its own particular kennel, for all the world in the manner of the occupants of a row of almshouses. One wonders do they gossip in their doggy way about the Castle folk, and talk scandal of the Dogs-of-Honour-in-Waiting to Her Majesty—the more fortunate "Spot" and "Marco," Her Majesty's personal dog attendants? It was the latter, by the way, who figured in the picture painted by the late Mr. Burton-Barber, and exhibited at the Royal Academy a year or two back, standing upon Her Majesty's breakfast-table.

In the keeper's cottage at the kennels is a small plainly-furnished apartment, known as the "Queen's Room," the walls of which are covered with paintings by artists of note of favourite dogs now deceased. In the frame of each, protected by a glass plate, is a small piece of the coat of the departed pet. Scattered about the grounds of the Castle, too, are the graves of special favourites, each marked with a block of granite, on the top of

SANGER.

which is a marble representation of the animal commemorated.

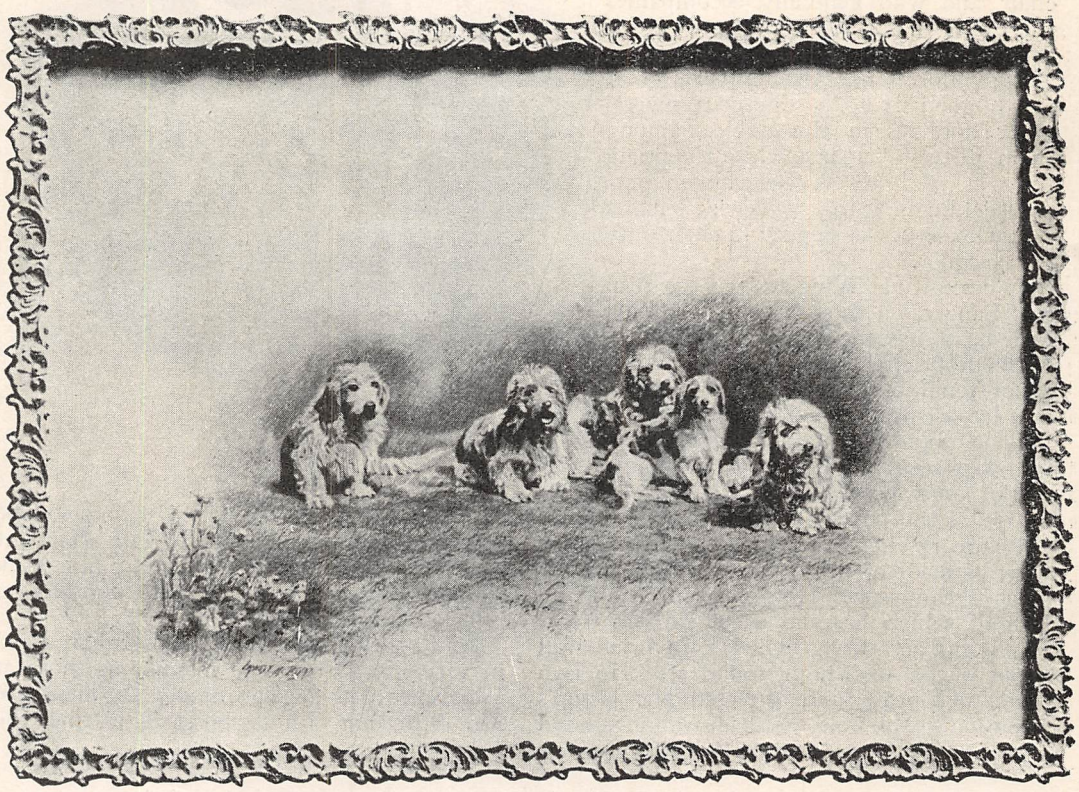
One of the most noted of these departed pets was "Sharp," a fine collie. It was this dog's delight to detect a visitor to the Castle touching anything in the room in which he happened to be. The dog's delight, but the unhappy visitor's woe! For "Sharp" would not allow him to leave the room afterwards until the word of release was given by someone he knew.

At the Shaw Farm—established by the Prince Consort—resides the Queen's land-

JACQUOT.

steward, Mr. Tait, in whose charge are all the animals, save the horses, which are under the special care of Mr. Manning. At the stables adjoining the Castle, the first animal claiming attention is "Jessie," the Queen's favourite riding-mare, who has now attained to the ripe old age of twenty-six years, and who, it may surprise some to know, as recently as three years ago carried Her Majesty upon her broad back. "Jessie" is undoubtedly first favourite among the horses, and whenever the Queen is at Windsor is brought up to the Castle for inspection. Two other horses well on in years were presented by the late King of Italy, Victor Emmanuel. This fact will serve to show that they are far past youth, but though, as with "Jessie," their working days are ended, they spend the evening of their lives in clover.

Another special horse is the gigantic charger presented by the late Emperor Frederick to Prince Christian. He stands nearly seventeen hands high, and is bright chestnut in colour. His portrait is presented with that of his queer stable companion, "Ninette," a diminutive donkey purchased at Grasse by the Queen and given to the Princess Patricia of Connaught. Mr. Manning showed this couple to Mr. Jessop in answer to a question as to whether he had anything curious to let him see. "Ninette" can easily pass under the stomach of her big companion, and is a tyrannical little mistress to him, never hesitating to belabour him with her pretty hoofs if displeased. But the two are quite inseparable, and when "Ninette" was brought out into the paddock for the artist's inspection the big horse charged from the loose box down upon the group of onlookers, smashing the stable bar in his course. The two were finally united again, and expressed their delight by a vigorous kicking-up of heels and other manifestations of joy. This is not the only instance in the Royal stables of incongruous pairing. The animals are allowed to choose their own companions according to disposition, and not by any means according to breed.



GROUP OF BASSET HOUNDS.

Yet another venerable pensioner is "Jenny," a pure white donkey, twenty-six years old; who lives in a black weather-board house, and at the time of Mr. Jessop's visit had for

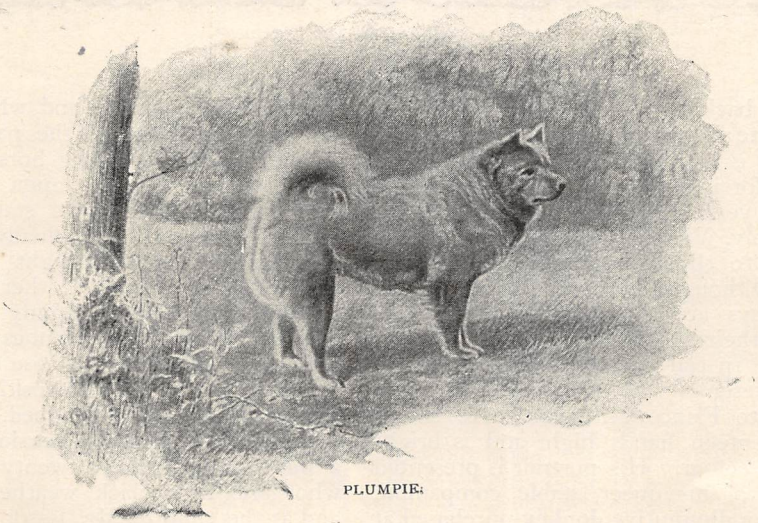
her boon companion a small chestnut foal, seven or eight months old. A clear case of May and December! "Jenny's" back is as broad as two average-sized donkeys' backs, and her coat is beautifully thick and woolly. She was born at Virginia Water, and was a great favourite with the Royal children. "Jacquot" is another well-known donkey, whose duty it is to draw the Queen's chair, and who generally accompanies the Court in its peregrinations. He is a most intelligent animal, and, as Mr. Jessop informs us, "has a very great idea of good living." There are several other donkeys in the stables, among them "Tewfik," a large white Egyptian, the gift of Lord Wolseley, who purchased him in Cairo. "Tewfik" has a son, who serves as deputy in chair duty to "Jacquot."

A curiosity at Windsor may be seen in "Sanger," a most eccentric-looking little beast, presented by the well-known circus proprietor to the Queen. He was about ten months old when sketched, and has a thick buff-coloured coat, with pink eyes and long white eyelashes, and legs that seem to straggle to all points of the compass. He is in the special charge of the boy who is sketched with him.

JACK.

Before leaving the Windsor pets, mention must be made of the strangest of them all—"Jack" the bison. He resides in a stable by himself, which has the usual yard in front, but is further strengthened by a brick wall about seven feet high round it. He is a ponderous beast, and attracted Mr. Jessop's attention by the noise he made walking round his domain. The artist asked if he could be brought out to be sketched. The attendant said, "Yes, sir; but who's to put him back again?"—a very pertinent reply, considering "Jack" weighs about a ton.

At Sandringham the kennels are arranged in very much the same manner as those at Windsor. The dogs are under the charge of Mr. Brunsdon, whose boast it is that the



PLUMPIE.

animals have all been trained by kindness; indeed, he never carries a whip, except when in full uniform, of which it is supposed to form an item.

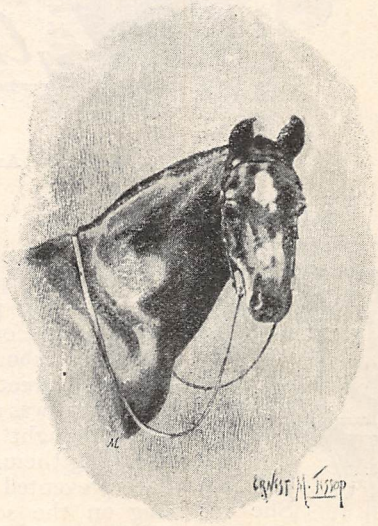
When the Princess is at Sandringham, she visits the kennels every day, accompanied by a keeper carrying two baskets full of bread. With her dress enveloped in a huge white apron as a protection against the paws of her friends, she proceeds to distribute the food amongst them, calling each dog by name to receive its share. Should any guests be present, they have to keep at a respectful distance from the Princess, for the dogs are very fond of her, and look upon strangers as possible sources of harm to her.

Foremost among the Sandringham dogs must be mentioned the red Chinese Chou-chou "Plumpie," who is the Princess's favourite, and has been her travelling companion for many years. "Plumpie" has three children, who delight in the names of "Buz," "Fuz," and "Foxey," and who share with their parents the special favours of the Princess.

"Blackie," whose portrait we also give, is a little black Spitz dog, who turns the scale at four pounds. He was purchased by the Prince of Wales in Hamburg, and presented by him to the Princess Victoria. The group

BLACKIE.

shown on page 165 is a family party of rough Basset hounds, special favourites of the Prince. The father and mother, "Babil" and "Bijou," who sit on either side of their offspring, were given to the Prince by the Comtesse de Paris. All four are very intelligent, and took up the positions they occupy in the drawing at the command of their keeper, sitting quite still while their portraits were taken.



HUFFY.

One of the oldest dogs at Sandringham is "Snowdrop," a pure white collie, who spends his honourable old age in the company of "Tiny," a very small curly black Spitz, under the special care of Mr. Jackson, the head-keeper.

From among the horses we have selected for illustration "Huffy," the pet driving pony of the Princess. He has the honour of drawing the "Blues Cart"—so called from being painted in the Guards' colours—in which the Princess drives about Sandringham when making her welcome calls among the tenantry.

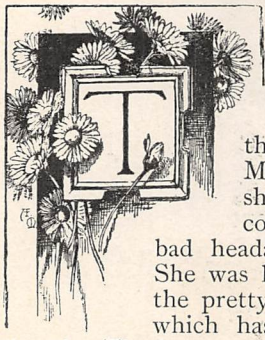
Some years ago there was a monkey-house at Sandringham, but the occupants were not in very great favour, and were exiled. Their abode is now occupied by a number of doves and some Australian birds, who receive the special attention of the Princess.

One of the oldest pets at Sandringham is "Cockie," a white cockatoo, who for more than twenty years was ensconced in the Princess's dressing-room, but a year or two back was transferred to a cottage at the kennels, where he occupies a room generally shared with him by "Blackie." He is a queer old bird, who amuses himself by divesting his body of as many feathers as possible, apparently thinking that the clothing Nature has bestowed upon him is quite a superfluity.

Arthur Fish.

By L. T. MEADE, Author of "The Medicine Lad" &c. &c.

CHAPTER VIII.—A DISCOVERY.



THE next afternoon the house was quiet—the young people had gone out to wander about at their own sweet will. Mrs. Fletcher was alone; she had thought of accompanying them, but a bad headache prevented this. She was lying on the sofa in the pretty little morning-room which has already been mentioned. The house was so still that the proverbial pin might have been heard to fall. Mrs. Fletcher lay on the sofa with closed eyes; after a time, she opened them and looked round her. The perfect quiet had made her head better; she got up and walked to the open window. The extreme fairness and beauty of the scene which met her eyes gave her pleasure for the moment, then she sighed heavily, and went and sat down near her little work-table. She took up some crewel-work and employed herself for a short period in trying to match the silks for a rose which she was embroidering. She was not in the mood for work, however; she threw down impatiently the tea-cloth which she was engaged upon, and took up the third volume of a novel.

Voices far off of haymakers at work over their pleasant toil floated to her ears. All the available men on the place were making hay to-day in the south meadow. The south meadow stood high, and commanded a view of the sea. Mrs. Fletcher looked out across the trim garden and gently-sloping park to where the haymakers were toiling in the full heat of the sun; their voices came between her and her novel; she closed the book and leant back in her chair.

She felt strange—disturbed—uncomfortable. She quarrelled with herself for giving way to the attack of nerves which had seized her.

A year ago her resources had been so limited that there would not have been a moment for nerves to play a part in her life. Now, in the most unlooked-for way, she was rich; with riches had come leisure, time for reflection, time for nerves to assert themselves. They were in the fashion—very much in the fashion—in this last decade of the century. Mrs. Fletcher considered this fact with a slightly cynical smile.

"It is quite ridiculous," she said at last to herself; "there isn't a woman in existence who has more cause for thankfulness than I have. I have got the best of daughters, the most beautiful home, and abundant wealth. Why do I sit here, overcome by a sort of apprehension? I have felt it ever since those men came into the house. Ever since *then?*—nay, I must put it farther back—I have felt it ever since Patty Neville came here. Now, what does this mean? Am I going to turn into a helpless hypochondriac, or have my fears the faintest ghost of a foundation? This enemy, which comes between me and my peace, must be faced, and, if he has no right to steal on to the horizon of my life, he must be routed. Now, then, to think the matter over."

Mrs. Fletcher stood up; she walked across the morning-room, and, stepping out through the French windows, stood where the soft warm air, fresh from the sea, could fan her face. As she stood there her thoughts were busy. Her great anxiety at the present moment was centred round Margot. Margot was her only child—the apple of her eye. When she was a poor woman she thought on more than one occasion of the friendship between her husband and Sir Wilfred Dering, and the schemes which the two men used to talk over with regard to a marriage between their children. But Margot poor, seemed to Mrs. Fletcher as no suitable mate for the owner of the Hind. Pride stepped in to interfere with such an alliance. Mrs. Fletcher said over and over to herself that like should wed with like, and the poor girl, if she ever married at all, would be happier with a man

who was more her equal as regarded money and position.

But when wealth came unexpectedly, Mrs. Fletcher thought far more kindly of the old idea. She had never met the younger Sir Wilfred, but at long intervals she had corresponded with him, and when she was comfortably settled at the Red Lodge, she invited him and his secretary on a visit.

"The visit can do no harm," she said to herself. "Sir Wilfred may never have heard of what Margot's father and his used to talk about so much. Even if he has heard of it, he must know that I would not force Margot on any man, but if he is a worthy son of his father, he is also sure to be a worthy husband for my little girl. I will give the young people a chance; they shall meet, and meet here. They shall meet in Margot's beautiful home, where she looks her best and is her best; then, if she likes him, and he likes her, all will be well; if not?—why, if not, no harm will have been done."

The guests were invited, the invitation was accepted; but on the same morning a very unlooked-for and unbidden guest appeared upon the scene. This guest was no other than the girl who, under ordinary circumstances, would have inherited the property which Mrs. Fletcher now owned—the girl had come back to the old place where she had been brought up, literally a beggar. She had prayed humbly for admittance on any footing—even that of a paid subordinate—in the house which ought to have been her own. She was a beautiful girl, with pride, dignity, and a look about her which pretty Margot, who was the real heiress now of all the wealth, could never aspire to. Although she was a beggar, she had a haughty and self-assertive way. She was taken into the house with open arms; she was welcomed and made much of. Margot fell in love with her on the

"HER THOUGHTS FLEW FROM PATTY TO SIR WILFRED" (*p.* 170).

spot ; Mrs. Fletcher felt the charm of her beauty and her grace. She also, however, felt that she and Margot showed at a strange disadvantage beside her. The place was not Patty's : it had never been hers ; but she had lived here from her infancy. Where Mrs. Fletcher and Margot were strangers, Patty was at home. Wherever she went, wherever she turned, faces smiled at her and voices blessed her. Children ran to kiss her and bring her flowers, the old people called her aside and gave her their confidences. Even the servants in the house, while they performed their duties in the spirit of bare service for Mrs. Fletcher and Margot, would have toiled without money or price out of sheer love for Patty.

Yes, the position was uncomfortable. Mrs. Fletcher acknowledged it as she stood by the open window. Of course, she was fond of Patty, dear child—poor, beautiful child—but she did not think it would be right for her to remain always at the Red Lodge. The place was Margot's now—Margot must assume her right position ; Margot must win the love and the smiles, the blessings and the confidences of the people ; Margot must be served for love, not for gold. Yes, yes ; certainly Patty must go.

What more natural way for her to go than by that door which she herself had selected—by the honourable door of marriage ? She had given up her birthright for Ward ; why need their marriage be longer delayed ? No, no ; it must be brought about as quickly as possible. Here was an opportunity for Mrs. Fletcher, with gentle and motherly tact, to interfere. Patty should be married from the Red Lodge—Mrs. Fletcher would herself give her away. What more suitable, what more touching ? Mr. Ward was a handsome fellow—devoted to Patty. Yes—oh, of course he was !

Mrs. Fletcher cast her eyes back over the past of the last sixteen hours. At dinner the two had sat next each other, at breakfast their places were side by side. In the garden they paired off naturally. Oh yes, it was all right—*only*—Mrs. Fletcher changed colour as a memory came to her. Once while they were standing together as lovers might, in the conservatory, and Margot was talking to Sir Wilfred Dering, and showing him some photographs of the places she knew so well abroad, Patty had looked beyond, where her real lover stood, to where Dering and Margot were talking. Her eyes had rested on Dering's face—only for a flashing second, it was true—but with a look : a look which haunted Mrs. Fletcher, which frightened her at the time, which she recalled now with puzzled distress.

She shook the memory from her. Had not Patty gone down late last night to the library to talk to Ward ? Would she have done that if she did not love him ? She must not repeat it : it was not correct nor proper ; but the fact showed that they were ardent lovers. Of course they were ardent lovers ; was it not known all over her little world that Patty had given up her birthright for love ?

Mrs. Fletcher walked across the lawn, and sat down in the shade on a rustic bench. Her thoughts flew from Patty to Sir Wilfred. He was not the least like the man her fancy had pictured. He was a strange man, with a strange face. Everyone in the house beside him partook more or less of the commonplace ; there was an aloofness about him which stimulated, which whetted curiosity and desire. Mrs. Fletcher owned that he puzzled her ; she disliked him, and yet she liked him. She could well understand that where he chose to exercise influence, that influence would be immense. Since his arrival yesterday he had been kind and attentive to Margot, and Margot was pleased. His attentions were undoubtedly of the quiet order. Passion—even the most remote touch of passion—seemed far away from him ; he listened more than he spoke, he showed preoccupation, but was courteous, gentlemanly, kind. His secretary was a charming young man ; commonplace, of course, beside Dering, but of that genial, comfortable order of human being of whom the best husbands are made. If he were only Sir Wilfred, and if Sir Wilfred were Ward, how much less complicated the world would be !

"It is strange, even pitiful," said Mrs. Fletcher, speaking aloud. "I do not think Sir Wilfred can be a specially good man, but I am quite sure that I should never fall in love with Mr. Ward while he was by. Poor Margot ! Will this earnestly-desired marriage ever come about ? Well, I am resolved to leave matters to Providence. They have met. If he loves her, he is quite safe to make her love him back again. I won't make or mar farther in the matter."

Mrs. Fletcher made a great effort to turn her thoughts resolutely from the subject, but as she went upstairs to her own bedroom, it again occurred to her with a passing wonder how Patty could have given up so fair an inheritance for the sake of a commonplace, though handsome, man like Ward.

Her reflections had done her good ; they had steadied her tired nerves ; she had faced the position, and the usual result of courage came in added strength. She walked across her room, and as she had a couple of hours

before her, she resolved to unpack a box of books which stood in a cupboard in the wall and which was open, but still contained its treasures unrifled. These books were all favourites of Mrs. Fletcher's. She wanted to fill a little hanging book-case in her bedroom with them. She unpacked them one by one, and placed them in neat rows on the shelves. She then hesitated whether to ring for a servant to remove the empty box or whether to push it back for the present into the deep cupboard in the old wall. She decided on the latter course, as the least troublesome. It was a small action, a minute and apparently unimportant resolve; nevertheless, it was big with consequences.

Mrs. Fletcher's beautiful bedroom was the one which Miss Regina Rhodes used to occupy. It was an old room, in the oldest part of the house; the floor, the walls, the ceiling, the doors, were all made of oak; the floor was uneven, the ceiling was low. There were beautiful and modern rooms in the house, but this quaint old room of great size had attracted Mrs. Fletcher from the first—she had made it her bedroom, and was never tired of admiring its quaintness. The walls were so thick that the cupboard into which she had pushed the empty box was a deep one. When full, it had stood just inside the cupboard, but now as she gave it a vigorous push with her foot, the lightened box went in far and struck the oak at the back of the cupboard. Immediately, to Mrs. Fletcher's amazement, a shelf which she had not noticed before came into view—in short, a spring had been violently knocked by the empty box. In some amazement, she lit a candle, and entered the cupboard to examine the shelf. There were rumours of secret hiding-places made large use of in the time of the Commonwealth in this part of the Red Lodge. Mrs. Fletcher wondered if she had suddenly come across one. The shelf which had sprung into view went back farther than her arm could reach: she pushed against it, and it suddenly moved into the perpendicular, and revealed an open door. Beyond the door was a very narrow winding stair. "Shall I go on?" thought the lady. "Of course, this is a secret passage. How it would delight the children to explore it! Shall I leave it to them to trace where it leads? Put no; my curiosity is excited; I'll go up and down that corkscrew stair first myself." She pushed forward, and thrust in the candle. The air was so bad that the flame flickered, grew dim, and went out. After leaving the door open, however, for three or four minutes, it improved. The re-lighted candle no longer expired, although its flame burnt blue and faint. Mrs. Fletcher followed the stairs up, and up, and up, until she came to another door, which was covered by some moth-eaten red baize. She pushed the door aside and gave a little cry of pleasure. She found herself in a small octagon-shaped room, fully furnished with some old-fashioned and

"SHE CAME TO THE BOTTOM DRAWER" (*p.* 172).

out-of-date furniture. A heavy table stood in the middle of the room; it was made of solid oak, and was supported by eight clumsily-carved legs. A couple of high-backed chairs stood primly against the wall, which had an arras of worm-eaten tapestry covering it. A tiny casement window was covered thickly with cobwebs. Mrs. Fletcher went across to it bravely and flung it open. The summer breeze rushed in, and in a few minutes the quaint chamber was habitable. Mrs. Fletcher seated herself tremblingly on one of the worm-eaten chairs. She felt as excited as if she were a young girl. Her nervousness, her depression, had given place to a state of hilarity which amounted almost to hysterics. When she sat down in the worm-eaten chair, she felt as gleeful as if she were eighteen. Even still, Fate was kind, and she might have gone away a happy woman; but curiosity must be satisfied, and the queer chamber, which had been the refuge of more than one Royalist fugitive, must be thoroughly reconnoitred.

"No, I won't leave it to the others," she said to herself: "this is my treasure-trove; I will examine it myself." There was a cabinet, made of tortoiseshell, leaning up against the arras at one side. The cabinet was a large

one, and full of drawers. What treasures might not these quaintly-shaped drawers contain? Mrs. Fletcher knelt down by the cabinet, and began to open the drawers one by one. Her search was disappointing. Most of the drawers were empty; some few contained papers, yellow with age. The papers looked like old letters — doubtless, they were of historical interest—but they could be read later on. She opened drawer after drawer. Some quaintly-set jewellery, a ring or two, a huge brooch with a great curl of hair—golden hair—with a gleam that even yet met her eyes, were in one of the drawers. At last she came to the bottom drawer—the largest of all—and there, alone, in quiet and silent majesty, lay the will of Regina Rhodes.

Chapter IX.—Cross-Purposes.

The last day but one of the week had come; the guests were going away to-morrow; they were to leave the Red Lodge to meet an early train; this was the last afternoon.

It was a perfect summer's day, hot with a great wealth and glow of rapidly ripening Nature, but with heat tempered by a delicious breeze which came in fresh from the sea. The young people sat in the hay-field—the hay was gone, carted away, and stored—the field was empty. They sat under a great oak-tree: eyes could not possibly rest on a scene which looked more peaceful.

Mrs. Fletcher watched them from a distance; they did not know that she was anywhere near. Had they known it, they would scarcely have given the circumstance a thought. She was a pleasant and genial hostess, a loving mother, a kind friend; no one had ever feared her; she did not belong to the stately and reserved order of woman. If she had been depressed during the week which had just gone by, no one observed it. She fulfilled her duties perfectly; she did not leave a stone unturned which could lead to the pleasure and comfort of the four young people who were staying in the house. Nevertheless, Mrs. Fletcher had gone through a kind of agony which nothing in her past life had prepared her for. Up to the moment when she had climbed that spiral staircase, and stood in the octagon room and examined the beautiful tortoiseshell cabinet, she had belonged to the good and gentle women of the world; between her and open sin there had yawned a great gulf. She was a woman of high principle, with rigid ideas as regarded honour, truth, and righteousness. Mrs. Fletcher observed with great exactitude all the forms of religion; her charity was proverbial; in short, she might truly be classed with those people who love their neighbours at least as well as themselves.

From the moment, however, when she looked into the fatal drawer, all was changed—she was a woman with a secret: a guilty secret. She had told no one about her discovery. After serious and agonised reflection, she determined to keep it to herself. Miss Rhodes had made a will. In that will, dated three years back, she had left the Red Lodge and all her property, without a single reservation, to Patty Neville. Mrs. Fletcher and Margot were not even mentioned. Yes, the will, the anxiously searched-

"'YOU WILL FORGIVE ME, I KNOW'" (*p.* 174).

for will, existed, and Mrs. Fletcher was not the heir.

She knew it, she realised every scrap of it, and she firmly and determinedly resolved, for the present at least, to leave matters as they were. The will might stay where she had found it. No one knew of this secret staircase. The staircase, the room, the cabinet, with its terrible contents, were her secret now. She would let that secret lie buried for the present—oh yes, for the present.

She comforted her conscience by those few words. At any moment it was within her power to make restitution—but not yet. For the first hour or two she did not think she could live under the weight of anguish which the terrible knowledge gave to her, but it was surprising how soon her back got accustomed to the burden. It was amazing how well she was able to play her part. She even rose to the occasion; her depression left her, her spirits became high, she laughed and talked, and from being a kind but not too brilliant hostess, she became a singularly captivating one. Ward talked a good deal to her, and wondered at her sudden and subtle charm; he had found her dull the night before, now she interested him vastly. The fact is, these two were each veiling their real selves. Ward took little or no interest in simple straightforward natures, but now that Mrs. Fletcher had a secret to guard, he found her entertaining.

The days flew by without special event, and the last afternoon came.

Hour by hour during these long days Mrs. Fletcher was slowly making up her mind. That marriage between Sir Wilfred Dering and Margot, about which she had thought with interest, but about which also she had resolved not to interfere any further, must now come about. It must become a reality—it must be settled soon. Thus Margot, at any cost, would be saved. Thus, when the moment came, Mrs. Fletcher might go under, and restitution be made. If Margot were safe, Mrs. Fletcher might yet save her own soul alive, but Margot must be thought of first. Margot was of greater value to the mother than her own soul—Margot must marry Wilfred Dering.

Another marriage also must be brought about. Had Mrs. Fletcher been less anxious on her own account during those long days, she must have noticed something amiss with Patty. Patty's radiant face was too restless. There was none of the peace about her which a girl ought to enjoy when in the daily and hourly presence of her lover. Ward, too, had on more than one occasion a distinctly bored expression. He never willingly sought Patty; he often walked apart and alone. Ward, as she called him, scarcely interested Mrs. Fletcher after the first day. She said to herself: "He's a good fellow, one of the best of fellows, I make not the slightest doubt, but he shows to poor advantage beside Sir Wilfred Dering. If I were Sir Wilfred, I should not keep such a very ordinary young man as that attached to my side."

But though Mrs. Fletcher gave Ward, as she supposed him to be, very little attention on his own account, she was now feverishly anxious to bring about his marriage with Patty. The subject of their marriage was never alluded to. It must be spoken of; it must be arranged before the young men went away. Hers must be the delicate mission which was to bring these lovers together; thus in her own way she would be making a sort of restitution to Patty. Patty would have that thing for which she had sold her birthright, Patty herself would be content, and the will in the tortoiseshell cabinet might still lie quietly in its hiding-place.

So while the young people were chatting gaily and idly, Mrs. Fletcher was preparing herself for action. She was not very much afraid of Ward, as she called him; she would tackle him first. Her conversation with Sir Wilfred would be a far more difficult and delicate task.

Walking slowly down across the hay-field, she approached the group under the oak-tree.

Margot sprang up when she saw her, and flew lightly across the grass to meet her. Margot was in white from top to toe; she had stuck a lot of cornflowers and poppies in her sailor hat; her face was the round soft face of the most innocent sort of child. Life had dealt very gently with pretty Margot Fletcher up to this moment.

"Mother, how nice it is to see you!" she exclaimed. "Come and join us, won't you? We are guessing conundrums. Sir Wilfred is making them up in the most daring offhand style; come and listen."

"No, my love," replied Mrs. Fletcher; "I want to walk up to the village—I have to take some jelly to Mrs. Johnson, whose little boy is ill. I thought, perhaps, you would come and carry my basket for me, Mr. Ward?"

Dering started; he had not yet got over that habit whenever he was addressed as Ward.

"Thank Heaven, this is the last day of the abominable farce!" he said to himself as he rose, shook off the hay from his grey tweed suit, and came towards Mrs. Fletcher.

"I'll come with pleasure," he said courteously. He took her basket, and they left the two girls and the real Ward sitting under

the oak-tree. The long rays of the westerly sun made a path across the hay-field, and in this path the pair walked as they slowly pursued their way. Margot stood and watched them for a moment. There was a slightly wistful expression in her eyes.

"He's very good-looking," she said to herself; "how well he looks now!—what a splendid figure he has! I wonder if Patty is looking at him and admiring him?" She glanced towards Patty, and gave a start.

Patty was looking at Dering—Dering was looking at her—such a look! It frightened Margot. She sat down at a little distance from them, and tried to forget what she had seen.

Mrs. Fletcher and the real Dering walked as far as the stile which led to the high road, then she paused, turned, and looked full at the young man.

"You will forgive me, I know," she said.

"Certainly," he answered, in some wonder.

"Don't say so until you know why I really asked you to carry that basket. I did not want your help, but I wanted your society, because——"

"Yes?" interrogated Dering briefly.

"Because I wish to speak to you privately."

Dering stood silent. He was always a man of few words; and as he could not see a scrap ahead of him in existing circumstances, he resolved to wait.

"Of course, Mr. Ward," continued Mrs. Fletcher, flinging herself, woman-like, into the heart and soul of her subject. "Everyone knows the pretty, romantic—nay, more, the beautiful—story of your attachment to Miss Neville, and Miss Neville's attachment to you."

"How am I to endure this?" thought Dering; but he remained silent.

"I am sure I but echo your own wish," continued the lady, "when I suggest the expediency of an early and immediate marriage."

"Oh, quite so," muttered Dering, kicking a stone away with his foot.

"I should be so glad," continued the lady, glancing at him—but she could not see his face, which was bent down to watch intently some excavations which he was making with his toe, "if you would give me your confidence. Whatever obstacle there is to your marriage with Miss Neville, it ought to be removed; and I wish to say that I am willing to assist in its removal, whatever it may be."

"Thanks," said Dering. He paused; then he added abruptly: "The fact is, it can't be removed at present. Shall we walk on?"

Mrs. Fletcher felt distinctly annoyed. The dim fear which had haunted her, that Ward might be growing tired of Patty, suddenly sprung into fresh life. There was nothing of the ardent lover about this young man; he evidently wished to shirk the subject: he would not be drawn out about it.

Mrs. Fletcher considered briefly whether she had better leave matters alone. After a little pause, during which she glanced at Dering, whose face and figure appeared to her prejudiced eyes to have suddenly grown obstinate, she decided that it was her duty to speak very openly.

"Shall we continue our walk?" she said in her gentlest tones.

At these words Dering cleared the stile and held out his hand to help Mrs. Fletcher over.

The pair were now on the high road; the high road was dusty and hot, it was sheltered from the refreshing breeze. Mrs. Fletcher walked on a narrow border of grass; Dering, walking by her side, feeling uncomfortable as man could feel, kicked the dust with his feet.

He kept muttering to himself: "I deserve this beastly situation; I am a cad of cads! What madness seized me when I consented to this horrible deceitful plot? I wonder what Mrs. Fletcher will say next—how am I to answer her? I can't clear myself—I dare not for a moment commit myself."

While these thoughts were flashing through his brain, Mrs. Fletcher kept on speaking in a gentle, even tone. He awoke with a start to hear the following words:

"Such conduct can scarcely be considered honourable."

They acted as a red rag to his sensitive pride.

"I beg your pardon—what did you say?" he interrupted, stopping short and facing full round.

His manner, absolutely unexpected, startled Mrs. Fletcher. She felt all of a sudden that until this instant she had never known what was in Ward. He was not milk-and-water—he was not commonplace. She looked at him with eyes round with respect.

"I must again ask you to forgive me," she said. "I am interfering; in one sense I have no right to interfere; in another I have every right. Patty Neville is a motherless girl. While she lives in my house I necessarily assume to her the attitude of a mother."

Here Mrs. Fletcher paused unexpectedly, and hesitated. Did she really act as a mother? She thought of the secret chamber, the tortoiseshell cabinet, the will which made one girl penniless, the other girl wealthy. She turned from the thought with impatience. She must play her part. She went on:

"It is my duty, therefore," she said, "to do

what I can for Patty. She is engaged to you; is not that so?"

"Hang it all!" muttered Dering, under his breath. "Catch me ever again—— Well, there's no help for it." Aloud he said: "Yes, there is no doubt of the engagement."

"You love her still, Mr. Ward?" continued Mrs. Fletcher; "you have not grown tired of the beautiful, impulsive child? Think of the evening when you met her in the library."

"What in Heaven's name is the woman driving at?" thought Dering. "Certainly I have not grown tired of Miss Neville," he said aloud. "How can you assume such a thing?"

"Well, then, that being so, may I ask you a direct question? Why is your marriage delayed?"

"Simply on account of money," said Dering. "Perhaps you are unaware of the fact," he continued, "that the man who calls himself Ward is not rich; he is poor and dependent."

"Quite so," said Mrs. Fletcher; "we are now coming to the point. I want that man to become sufficiently well off to enable him to marry. Sir Wilfred Dering is very rich; I think he ought to be spoken to on the subject. He ought to give his secretary sufficient means to support a wife."

"By Jove! I suppose I ought. I never thought of it until this moment," muttered Dering to himself.

"Sir Wilfred ought to give you more money, Mr. Ward. I am sure he will do so if he is properly approached."

"Properly approached!" muttered Dering. "He couldn't be more directly approached than he is at the present moment. That is an interesting thought," he said, in a somewhat inconsequent voice, aloud.

"And I wish to add," continued Mrs. Fletcher, "that I consider it my duty not to send Patty out of my house fortuneless. But for her great love for you she would be rich now, and my child and I poor. I therefore propose——"

"Pardon me," said Dering suddenly, "I

"'GOOD-BYE, MARGOT,' SAID PATTY" (*p.* 176).

don't think this conversation can go on any longer. The fact is, I am tied and bound at the present moment. I cannot explain myself. I must submit to be misunderstood. We leave here to-morrow morning, having enjoyed the kindest hospitality. You will hear from me fully after we leave. Believe me that all will be well. Try to believe also that I am not the unscrupulous fellow my words seem to imply. I am pained to have it completely out of my power to satisfy you at the present moment; but I must ask you to believe emphatically that in the future all will be well as regards Miss Neville."

With an instinctively courteous gesture, Dering lifted his hat as he said the last words. He looked not only every inch the gentleman, but he also looked the master. Mrs. Fletcher gave him an astonished and puzzled glance.

Chapter X.—An Evil Eye.

When Ward gave Patty that queer look, he did it with purpose in his eyes. She read his glance aright; she knew perfectly well what he meant her to do. The hour had come for her to redeem her promise. Mrs. Fletcher's room was empty. It was Patty's business to begin her search for the will.

She sat for a moment longer by Ward's side under the sheltering oak-tree. It was torture, and yet bliss, to sit there. She did not dare to sit near enough to touch him, but his words sustained her, his brief quick glances were as fire and wine to her. She had got her message now, and she must obey, but she sat for a little longer in a sort of mesmeric state. Ward, bending slightly forward to pull a tuft of honeysuckle, suddenly touched her hand. She coloured, trembled, and rose to her feet.

"Where are you going, Patty?" asked Margot.

"Into the house," she replied. "I—I have a letter to write."

"I'll come too," said Margot, jumping up.

Ward glanced at her, and she sat down again.

"Don't leave me alone, Miss Fletcher," he said. "The best conundrum of all will have birth in a moment. I feel it seething in my brain."

"Good-bye, Margot," said Patty.

She knew that Margot could no more stir than a bird could escape when a cobra fascinates it. She knew that Margot was tied to that oak-tree for at least half an hour. The coast was clear for her to do her dirty work—Ward would keep it clear.

She walked across the hay-field, feeling sick with pain and sorrow. She could not quite account for all her own feelings. Why did she dread so much the search for this will? If the place were really left to her, had she not a right to the place? All her life she had expected to be the owner of the Red Lodge. Why was there such agony now in the thought of claiming what was rightfully her own? If she did not care for the place for itself, would she not like to hand it as a splendid gift to Ward? She thought of the look he would give her when she brought the great gifts of wealth and power, and laid them at his feet. She smiled faintly as the picture rose before her, and quickened her steps. What she had to do she would do with as little delay as possible. She entered the house. The servants were all down in their own quarters, the doors and windows were wide open; it was the quietest hour in the whole day, lunch well over, too early for afternoon tea. She ran upstairs, she visited her own room first, she walked to a window and looked out. From there she could see the rose-garden, she could also catch a distant, very distant, glimpse of the hay-field and the oak-tree. The two figures under the oak-tree looked like specks. Patty watched them earnestly. It seemed to her that they sat close together—too close. She gazed hard at them. Running to her table, she took up an opera-glass, adjusted it to her eyes, and gazed through it with eagerness. The oak-tree was now distinctly visible; the specks were not specks, but human beings. They were sitting close together. The hand of one was raised; it seemed to Patty as if for an instant it held the hand of the other. That was enough; she flung down the opera-glass, she was fired now to do anything. Wild, unreasonable jealousy filled her heart to overflowing. How dared he go to this length? How dared he goad her with such an instrument of torture? He knew her—he knew her well—he was following her now with that keen mind of his. With that perception which almost at times amounts to second-sight, he saw her seek her bedroom, he saw her use her opera-glass; he knew that she watched his movements. He did what he did on purpose to goad her into action.

"He has goaded me," muttered Patty to herself. "I don't care now what I do. I won't give him up—give him up to her? Give him up to pretty milk and water? No, no! a thousand times no! Jealousy is cruel as the grave! It crushes goodness, it kills honour. I am jealous now: I am nearly mad!"

She left her room, and going down another corridor which led to the old part of the house, entered Mrs. Fletcher's bedroom.

She knew perfectly well what she had got

to do when she came there. No need for her to waste her time looking in drawers and cupboards; no need for her to search for a hiding-place. She knew the only hiding-place where

"GAVE HER AN IMPULSIVE, ALMOST PASSIONATE, KISS."

the will could be—the secret chamber! Yes, she would go at once to the secret chamber. In the old days—the old happy days, when Patty was nothing more than a careless child—she had wrung the secret of the octagon room from Miss Rhodes. Miss Rhodes knew of its existence, so did Nurse Joan, so did Patty herself. No one else in the whole country-side had the faintest idea how to get to this famous hiding-place. The secret for generations had been handed down from one owner of the Red Lodge to another. Miss Rhodes had confided it to Patty, when she believed Patty to be her heir. Nurse Joan had found it out by accident. That didn't matter, Miss Rhodes thought. If there was a person true to the fortunes of their house, Nurse Joan was that person. The secret was safe in her hands. There was nothing much in it, and yet in a certain way the honour of the old house was concerned in keeping it up.

Patty, therefore, when she now entered the room, went straight to the cupboard in the wall. She pushed the spring, the revolving shelf turned quickly into an open door, and the spiral stairs appeared in view. Patty did not trouble herself to light a candle to run up those stairs. She mounted them with a light step and a beating heart. She soon reached the octagon room. She did not notice any signs of recent occupation; she was too excited to observe that it was dusted and neat. Her whole heart was on fire; her eyes only took in one terrible picture—the picture of Ward as he bent towards Margot in the hay-field. The thought drove her on; she had no fear nor hesitation. She walked across the room, opened the tortoiseshell cabinet, saw the will lying there, picked it up, shut the drawer again, and went quickly downstairs. In a moment's time she had reached her own room. She did not look at the will; she did not trouble herself to open it; she hid it in one of her own drawers, turned the key in the lock, put the key in her pocket, and went out. Her cheeks were deeply flushed now, her eyes sparkled. Had anyone kissed those red lips of hers, they would have kissed fire.

She knew beforehand that she would find the will: she had found it. She reached the hay-field. Margot sprang up when she saw her, and ran to meet her. She put her arms round her neck and gave her an impulsive—almost passionate—kiss.

"Why, Patty, you're quite feverish!" she cried.

"It's a hot day," answered Patty. "I wish we might go and bathe; I must do something to cool myself. I'm hot, hot! I'm on fire! Shall we go down to the shore and have a bathe, Margot?"

"I'd love it," said Margot impulsively.

"Our bathing-dresses are in the bathing-box," said Patty. "Come along—we'll have plenty of time before tea. Good-bye, Sir Wilfred. Margot and I are going for a swim."

Patty never glanced at Ward as she spoke. He did not need her to; he knew that she had found the will. For the present he was absolutely content.

The hay-field was within five minutes' walk of the shore. When the girls had gone a little distance, Margot, somewhat timidly, slipped her hand through Patty's arm.

Patty stepped aside when she did so.

"Don't," she said; "I'm too hot for anyone to touch me."

Margot looked at her in perplexity.

"You puzzle me, Patty," she exclaimed.

"How so?" asked Patty, flashing a quick glance at her.

"I can't explain it. You have puzzled me ever since you came to the Red Lodge, but never so completely as since Sir Wilfred Dering and Mr. Ward have been here. I quite fail to understand you. You ought to be so happy."

"Why?" asked Patty, in a fierce voice.

"Oh, why?" replied Margot, somewhat disconcerted. "Because Mr. Ward is so—so handsome, so nice!"

"A fig for his good looks!" said Patty "Why don't you say that Mr. Ward is so attentive, so loving—such a devoted, *devoted* lover? You would be nearer the mark, wouldn't you, if you said something of that sort?"

"I don't know," replied Margot, in distress. "I don't seem to understand anything."

"Let me, then, enlighten you on one point. Where you love, you think nothing at all of mere good looks."

"Sir Wilfred is not good-looking, is he?" asked Margot.

"A thousand times no! Who wants him to be?"

"He's a strange man," continued Margot. "I fail to understand him."

Patty laughed

"I'd advise you not to try," she said. "You'd soon get out of your depth."

"But don't you like him, Patty?"

"I? No, I don't like him."

"Don't you, really? I think he likes you awfully!"

"If I were you, Margot," said Patty, "I wouldn't give another thought to Sir Wilfred's likes or dislikes—that is, if you value your child-heart and your peace of mind. Here we are at the sea-shore. Let us bathe, and forget that there's anything in the world so cruel as man."

Chapter XI.—The Octagon Room.

Mrs. Fletcher felt on the whole fairly well satisfied with her first interview. She decided that she would have her second and more difficult one after tea. She and Dering quickly executed their business in the village. Dering saw Mrs. Fletcher into the house, and then strolled down to where Ward was still lying under the oak-tree. Ward's hat was well slouched over his eyes; he had stretched himself at full length on the grass. He looked as if he were asleep, but Dering knew that his secretary never indulged in a nap in the day-time. He was fond of lying in this position when he could get the chance; he said he thought best and to the greatest purpose at such times.

Dering had never felt so nearly cross in his life as when he approached his secretary.

"Hallo!" he called. "Sit up, can't you? Where are the young ladies? Mrs. Fletcher has asked me to summon you all to tea."

"They have just gone to bathe," said Ward.

"To bathe?" exclaimed Dering.

"Yes, to bathe; don't trouble yourself to account for it, pray. It is a vagary: one of the many of the sex."

"You always speak in a beastly uncomplimentary way of women," said Dering, in some disgust. "Well, get up, can't you? and come to the house."

Ward sprang up in an instant. He looked as neat as if he had just stepped out of a band-box, no bits of straw or withered grass ever stuck to his clothes.

"I speak of women as I find them," he said. "Their weakness, devotion, their passion, and their love would be almost contemptible were it not useful."

"I hate to hear you!" said Dering. "You, of all men, have no right to speak as you do. You have secured the affections of one of the most beautiful girls I have ever seen. When you think of what she has sacrificed for your sake, you ought to treat the very name of woman with reverence, because she comes under it."

"I don't need you to tell me how I ought to treat Miss Neville, or women for her sake," retorted Ward.

"Well, there's something else we have got to discuss," replied Dering. "It is this: how soon are we to get out of our present abominable dilemma? Here am I, playing the part of the tardy lover, and getting called over the coals by Mrs. Fletcher because I can't fix on the exact day and hour when I am to be united in holy matrimony to your Miss Neville. It's too beastly to endure, Ward; and I've come now to say that I think we had better make a clean breast of it to-night."

"Nothing of the kind," said Ward: "that would indeed be humiliating ourselves unnecessarily. This evening is the most important of all."

"How so?"

"To you, I mean."

"Why to me? Unless I am forced to declare an ardent affection which I don't feel for Miss Neville, I cannot see what is expected of me."

"You can find out, at least, the true state of Miss Margot's affections. Remember, she has been selected by Providence as your future bride."

"She's a charming little creature, Ward, but the fact is this: our whole scheme has been the most gigantic mistake. I have been on such thorns ever since I came to the place, never to respond to my name addressed to you, and to be for ever attentive to your name addressed to me, that, upon my honour, I have not had a moment to think of love-making. Miss Margot has from the very first considered me to be Miss Neville's property. I felt, therefore, that the less I said to her the better."

"As I thought and wished," murmured Ward, under his breath. "No, my dear

fellow, the scheme has not been a mistake ; it has answered well, and my little game is in my own hands. There is no hurry ; I don't want anything to be done in a hurry, but you are more useful, at the present juncture, unmarried and unattached."

"Why don't you speak, Ward?" said Dering.

"What I thought of was this," said Ward, "that you might indulge in a little gentle flirtation this evening, if you fancied it. It would pave the way for the explanations which must, of course, follow. But anyhow, under any circumstances, we must keep our secret until we leave. That, I feel, is due to myself. You have given me your promise, and I ask you to keep it."

"I will do so : there is no help for it ; but catch me letting myself in for such a bundle of cross-purposes another time."

The two young men had now reached the house. Tea was prepared in the little morning-room, the French windows were wide open, the scent of flowers filled the air. Mrs. Fletcher poured out tea. Dering was not inclined either to eat or speak ; Ward, on the contrary, enjoyed the little meal with the keen appreciation of an epicure.

When it was over, he looked at Mrs. Fletcher. It flashed through his astute mind that she would like to have a talk with him ; it occurred to him that he would like to indulge her wish. He came up and asked her if they should not go to meet the girls, who must now be returning from their bath.

She rose at once from her seat by the tea-tray.

"Won't you come too?" she said, looking at the real Dering.

"No, thanks," he replied. "If you'll permit me, Mrs. Fletcher, I should like to go for a good long tramp ; I have a fancy to go to the other side of your pine-wood. At what hour do you dine?"

"At eight o'clock."

"I shall be back in time. A couple of hours will do what I want."

Dering picked up his hat and went out. Mrs. Fletcher and Ward soon followed his example. Mrs. Fletcher was full of her subject ; it meant so much to her that nervousness would have been apparent in her manner had she been in the hands of anyone with less perfect tact than the man who walked by her side.

He saved her all disagreeables, however. He had got his cue ; he felt certain that something would be said about Margot, and rather enjoyed the idea of being enabled by this means to read Mrs. Fletcher's nature thoroughly.

"I have often thought," he said, "more particularly since I came here, of the curious and romantic friendship which existed between my father and your husband."

Mrs. Fletcher gave the young man a quick, anxious glance.

"You look tired," he said, speaking with a certain pathos and delicate perception which was one of his charms. "Why not rest here? Why should we tire ourselves going after those idle girls?"

"What a way to speak of two charming girls!" exclaimed Mrs. Fletcher, with a smile.

"Forgive me," said Ward. "I am nothing if I am not frank. It is not in my nature to put woman on a pedestal. Granted that she is man's equal, which I am inclined to doubt —I know that sounds frightfully rude in the presence of a lady, but you will understand, and it is best in this conversation to drop conventionalities — granted that she is man's equal, she is certainly not his superior."

"The *one* woman ought to be the man's superior," answered Mrs. Fletcher ; "at least, that is my old-fashioned idea. The one woman ought to be his angel, to look up to and adore. He should place her on a pedestal. He does so if he is a true man."

"The word 'old-fashioned' explains your remark," replied Ward, in his dryest tone. "I, alas!—I'm sorry if it displeases you, but I

"'SIT UP, CAN'T YOU?'"

cannot help my convictions—belong to the new school."

"Can I give Margot to that man?" murmured poor Mrs. Fletcher.

"I doubt if she will," thought Ward. "I don't want her to."

"I must—I must endure it; I must run the risk," continued the poor woman in her thoughts. "There is the secret chamber—there is the will."

She roused herself with a great effort, and tried to speak cheerfully.

"After all, I have no right to gauge your thoughts, Sir Wilfred," she said. "Many a man before now has thought as you now think who completely alters his mind when the time comes. You come of a race where good wives and good mothers were the order of the hour. Your racial instincts will put you right in this matter when the time comes."

"She *will* fall into the trap," murmured Ward to himself. "Well, there is no help for it. I may as well see the thing played out. After all, when she knows the truth, she'll be less likely than ever to give Miss Margot to Dering."

He sighed, therefore—his tone took a gentler note, and he said something eulogistic of Dering's beautiful mother, whose picture, painted by Watts, hung over the mantelpiece in Dering's private sitting-room at the Hind.

"I am so glad you think like that," said Mrs. Fletcher, in a tone of relief. "With those opinions of one woman, you will be a knight—a true knight—to the lady you love when the time comes."

"You give me attributes which I don't possess," said Ward. "I am dry, matter-of-fact, censorious; I have a cynical vein in my nature. In short, I am a cold-blooded man of the world."

Mrs. Fletcher turned and looked at Ward's keen, intelligent face.

"You are a man of honour," she said, in a gentle voice. "It is your pleasure to disparage yourself. I shall take the liberty of reserving my true estimate of your character. But now let us turn to matters less personal. You have alluded to the old friendship. Do you remember my husband?"

"I saw him once—not long before he died. He came to the Hind, and spent a night there. I was a little chap of about ten. He took me for a walk, and he talked about——"

Ward paused.

"Yes?" said Mrs. Fletcher, a smile dimpling round her mouth.

"He talked about his little daughter," said Ward: "the Miss Margot whom I have now the honour of knowing as a—a young girl."

He paused. The respect in his voice, the sudden lowering of his tone, caused Mrs. Fletcher's heart to beat delightfully. She respected him for not flattering: she admired the reticence which left so much to the imagination.

"I hope I may know her better," said Ward, "some day. I have not forgotten the old conversation. She is a child, however, and I am a man of the world. We are very much removed as regards years; we are as sundered as the poles in our experience of life. I feel that this is a delicate matter; I ought not to allude to it."

"There are the girls," said Mrs. Fletcher; "let us go to meet them."

She was satisfied; she did not wish to hear any more. She rose at once, and walked down the shady lawn towards where Margot and Patty were slowly ascending the hill.

Ward bit his lip.

"Have I put my foot in it? I don't know," he said to himself. "I have most distinctly given her hope; if she has hope, she will rest on it for a time. Yes, I believe, under the circumstances, I did right. Poor Dering! He's a good chap, and I'm getting him into a horrible mess, but all can be put right when Patty claims her own."

Ward lingered behind when Mrs. Fletcher went to meet the girls. Suddenly, as he stood undetermined with regard to his next step, a small barefooted lad, with a tangle of red hair and a freckled face, came up and touched him on the arm. He thrust a note into his hand, and then vanished as quickly as he came. Ward opened the somewhat dirty-looking note. It was a message from Nurse Joan, who wished to see him at once.

"What's up now?" he murmured. "Well, I'll have time to run up to the old woman's cottage and back again before dinner."

He started off at once.

"Where has Sir Wilfred gone?" inquired Mrs. Fletcher, after she had asked Margot one or two questions with regard to her bath.

"I saw him going towards the house," remarked Patty.

Mrs. Fletcher said nothing. As Ward had remarked, she was full of hope, and her fears sat lightly upon her. There was no doubt that Sir Wilfred knew. With him, to know must surely be to act. She looked tenderly at Margot, whose pretty face was slightly flushed, and whose velvety-dark eyes seemed to the mother to shine with a new intensity. After all, Margot would be happy. As Sir Wilfred's wife, the storms of ill-fortune could scarcely attack her. After the marriage was an established fact, after the happy girl was safe by her husband's side, then Mrs. Fletcher might make

restitution. In the meantime, she would be good to Patty—more than good.

The three ladies turned and went into the house. Patty pleaded sudden fatigue, and went up at once to her own room. She locked the door, threw off her hat, and stretched herself full-length on the bed. There she closed her eyes, and tried hard to banish thought. Her pulses were beating in great full throbs; her blood was coursing madly through her veins. She was determined to calm this intense nervous excitement. She suddenly remembered that Miss Rhodes used to take bromide when her nerves were overstrung. She thought it likely that some of the bromide might have been left in the cupboard in her room.

To think, with Patty, was to do. She sprang up, and, opening her door, went quickly down a corridor into the more ancient part of the house. The door of Miss Rhodes' bedroom was shut. Mrs. Fletcher was probably within. Patty was so overcome with nervous excitement, that this fact did not deter her. She knocked at the door, and, as there was no answer, boldly opened it. The room was empty, but the door of the cupboard stood open, and from within the cupboard there streamed a light—a narrow shaft of somewhat dim light. Patty knew at once what this meant. Someone else knew the secret of the octagon room. She stood still, while a feeling of almost horror clutched at her heart. Before she could either go backwards or forwards Mrs. Fletcher suddenly appeared coming down the stairs. She had closed the secret door and had come a few steps into the room before she saw Patty. Patty would have given much to turn and fly, but it was too late. Mrs. Fletcher's face was white. When she saw Patty she gave a terrible start.

"My dear," she exclaimed, "what are you doing in my room?"

Patty made a violent effort to control herself. The agitation of the older woman, which was all too perceptible, had a quieting effect upon her. Making a great effort, she spoke almost carelessly.

"I beg your pardon. I ought not to have come into the room; but I knocked at the door, and as there was no answer, I thought the room must be empty. I wanted to fetch a preparation of bromide which Aunt Regina used to use when she suffered from nervous headache."

"Have you nervous headache, Patty?"

"I have a violent headache. I think a dose of bromide might do me good."

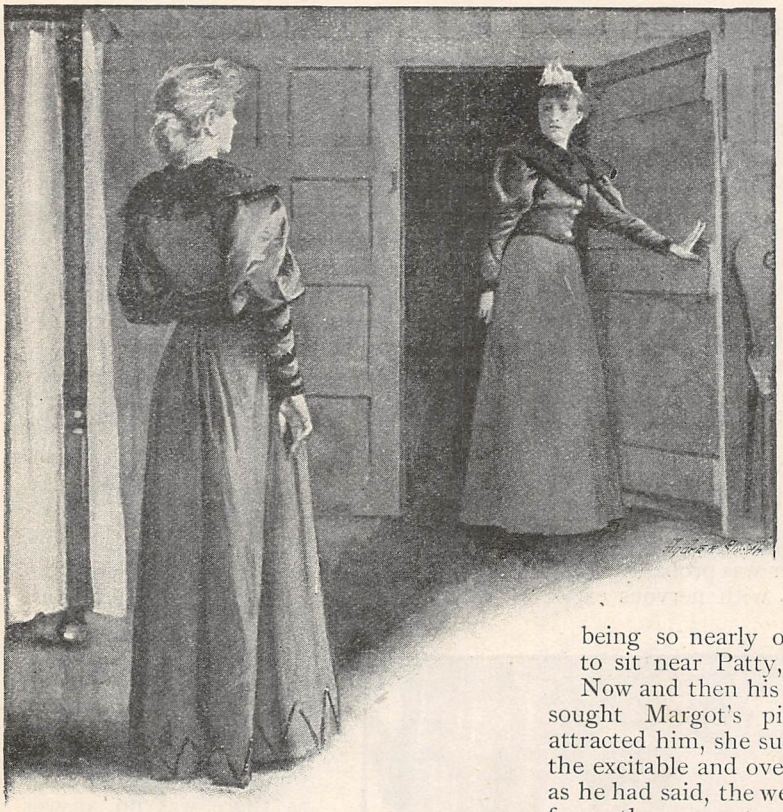
"Patty, you saw me coming down those stairs?"

"Yes," said Patty, carelessly; she felt composed and almost calm again. "I see that you have discovered the way to the octagon room; but that is all right: you are the present owner of the Red Lodge. The owner always knows the secret. You will be careful not to mention it to anyone else, of course."

"I certainly will be careful, but—but you know it?"

"Yes, I know it. Let us keep it to ourselves. Let it be a bond between us."

"HE THRUST A NOTE INTO HIS HAND."



"'WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY ROOM?'" (*p.* 181).

"Oh yes, my dear, yes! But—it is a foolish secret."

"No, it is romantic: it savours of the past. There is little romance left in the world, let us keep ours; let us respect our secret."

"Yes, Patty, yes; but to speak of you, my dear. You certainly don't look at all well. How terribly flushed your cheeks are, and your hands burn; you are feverish, my love. You did very wrong to bathe."

"Did I? I thought it would cool me. I have been feeling restless and feverish all day, now I shiver slightly, and my head aches. If I may have a bromide it will do me good. I know Aunt Regina kept a box of powders in the cupboard."

"Look for them yourself, then, Patty. I meant to have all those bottles and boxes of medicines turned out, but have not yet done so. I am glad now, as you may find what you require. Go and look for yourself, my dear."

Patty did so. She found a little box which contained some doses of bromide of potassium. She carried the medicine away with her and re-entered her own room.

This was the last evening, but Patty was not in the humour now to dress herself in robes of triumph. She put on an old black grenadine which had seen its best days long ago. She did not glance at herself in the glass; the bromide had calmed her, it had also dulled her. She came down to dinner with a feeling of indifference towards all the world.

To the surprise of the rest of the party, Ward failed to put in an appearance. Sir Wilfred was there; his walk had done him good. He was conscious of a sense of relief at the week of misrepresentations being so nearly over. He even ventured to sit near Patty, and talk to her a little. Now and then his kind and frank blue eyes sought Margot's piquant dark face; she attracted him, she suited him far better than the excitable and over-passionate Patty. But, as he had said, the week had been too exciting from other causes to give him any time for love-making. He felt that he had thrown away a week, and got, probably, into hopeless hot water.

Nevertheless, he looked at Margot while he tried to draw Patty into conversation.

Patty answered his remarks at random; she was watching the door. Why did not Ward come in? She wondered at his not appearing. She was too nervous to reason out the smallest matter calmly. Her dulness left her, and her excitement returned under the influence of this fresh anxiety.

After about ten minutes Mrs. Fletcher determined not to wait any longer for Ward. The little party moved into the dining-room.

Patty sat opposite the door; she hated herself for watching.

After a time she observed that Dering noticed the anxious direction of her eyes. His, full of commiseration, met hers. She saw that he noticed her restlessness. His brief glance of sympathy was the last straw, the final drop in her over-full cup. She lowered her eyes; tears filled them. Her dinner was removed untasted, her head ached worse than ever.

Where was Ward? Why was he not present at dinner?

END OF CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

MR. R. L. STEVENSON AS A SAMOAN CHIEF.*

BY W. H. TRIGGS.

NATIVE HUT, SAMOA.
(*From a photograph supplied by Mr. Stevenson.*)

SAMOAN GIRL.
(*From a photograph supplied by Mr. Stevenson.*)

IN the first instance, Mr. R. L. Stevenson chose Apia, Samoa, as his place of residence because it suited his health, which has always been very delicate. He clings to it as a home because it is unconventional and free, and accords with his love for the untamed and romantic. If you question him on the subject, he will tell you that, as regards health, Honolulu suited him equally well; the Alps probably better. The very reason that would make most literary men avoid Samoa caused the author of "Treasure Island" to select it.

"I chose Samoa instead of Honolulu, for instance," he informed the present writer, "for the simple and eminently satisfactory reason that it is less civilised. Can you not conceive that it is awful fun?"

To the nineteenth-century Philistine fresh from the luxury and excitement of a bustling civilisation, this is at first a hard saying.

When we have seen Mr. Stevenson at home, however, entering into the simple joys and sorrows of the interesting natives among whom he has cast his lot, living for the world's benefit, and yet himself keeping apart from its feverish allurements, we begin to understand the secret of his content.

Mr. Stevenson's house is removed even from such semblance of nineteenth-century civilisation as is to be found in Apia, the little capital of Samoa. It lies about three or four miles from the beach of Apia up towards the hills. The first part of the road is civilised macadam. You turn up past the Tivoli Hotel, through plantations of cocoanut trees, interspersed with bananas, candlenut trees, bread-fruit trees, and other tropical productions.

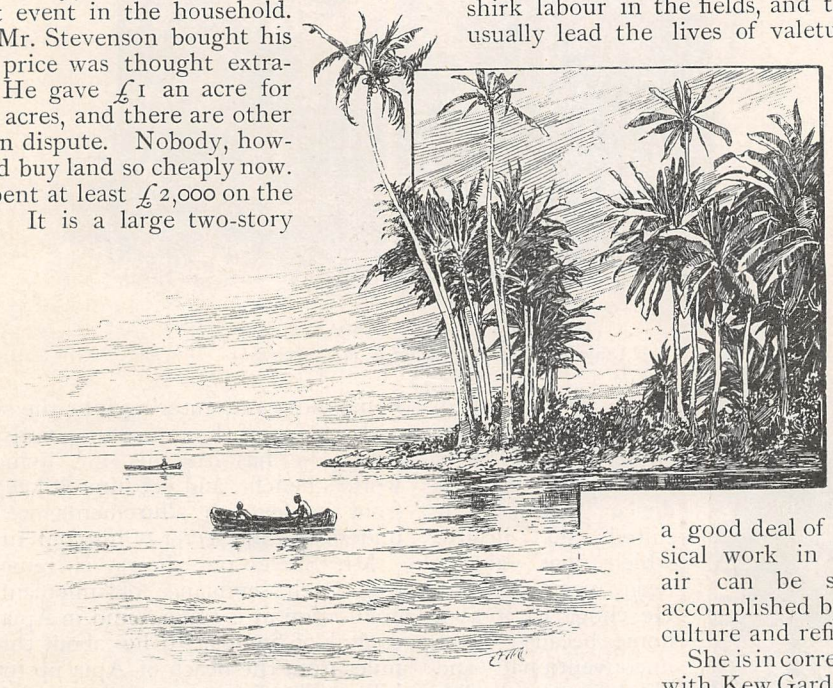
You pass a few houses on the way, but not many—the suburban residences, no doubt, of traders and officials living in Apia.

From the gardens come brilliant flashes of colour from tropical flowers, all the more striking as they gleam upon you suddenly from the sombre depths of the plantation. Presently you come to a road that is not a road at all, and to bush that is only now being cleared in patches. English readers will best understand the position when I state that all the wood to build Mr. Stevenson's house was carried about a third of the way on men's shoulders, and that all the stores and parcels

* This paper was written shortly before Mr. Stevenson's death.—ED.

are brought by pack-saddle. This important work is admirably performed by Donald and Edie, two old Auckland tramcar horses, a most excellent selection, the biggest and handsomest horses in the island. The Sydney Civil Service Co-operative Society—the popular writer's universal provider—have accurately gauged the tonnage of these faithful animals, and pack accordingly. They make their way through the forest, with its tall trees, lianas, wild pineapples, etc., wearing quite an air of importance, and, needless to say, their arrival is always an important event in the household.

When Mr. Stevenson bought his land, the price was thought extravagant. He gave £1 an acre for about 300 acres, and there are other 73 acres in dispute. Nobody, however, could buy land so cheaply now. He has spent at least £2,000 on the residence. It is a large two-story house, with a verandah and balcony running round; and taking it altogether, it is by far the largest and finest house I saw in and around Apia.



MATAUTU POINT, APIA, SAMOA.
(From a photograph supplied by Mr. R. L. Stevenson.)

The owner is also gradually improving the estate by felling trees, opening up views, and cultivating the land. It is known as Vai Lima, which means "Five Waters" in Samoan, and indicates the number of streams which flow by the spot.

The household consists of Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson and a grown-up son and daughter of Mrs. Stevenson by a former husband. The son, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, who is about twenty-five years of age, is already known to the public as a collaborator in some of Mr. Stevenson's works. The daughter, Mrs. Strong, is an artist of considerable taste and skill. There is also a staff of native servants, of whom more anon. Each member of this little hierarchy has a share in its government. Mr. Osbourne is the bookkeeper, general business manager, and looks after the overseer and his gang of outside "boys." Mrs. Stevenson is an enthusiastic agriculturist, and really performs wonders in that capacity.

I see that according to the last census there were no fewer than 5,000 women gardeners in England. There were also a large number of women farmers. Mrs. Stevenson has shown that even in the tropics, where white men shirk labour in the fields, and their wives usually lead the lives of valetudinarians, a good deal of hard physical work in the open air can be successfully accomplished by a lady of culture and refinement.

She is in correspondence with Kew Gardens, Honolulu, Brisbane, Florida, etc., and is general referee on all matters of science. In addition to special charge of her own two experimental gardens, she has general supervision of all the additions and improvements. For example, she has just engineered a court of cement between the house and kitchen, working with her hands when her tongue failed her. Finally, this talented and energetic lady acts as doctor to the establishment should any of its members fall ill.

Mrs. Strong, besides acting as Mr. Stevenson's amanuensis, has charge of the household and house and kitchen "boys." Thanks to her training, whereas they began with an Australian table-maid, German cook, etc., they are now equally well served—and, indeed, better—by a set of Samoan "boys."

Mr. Stevenson, of course, is mainly engaged with his literary work. As regards

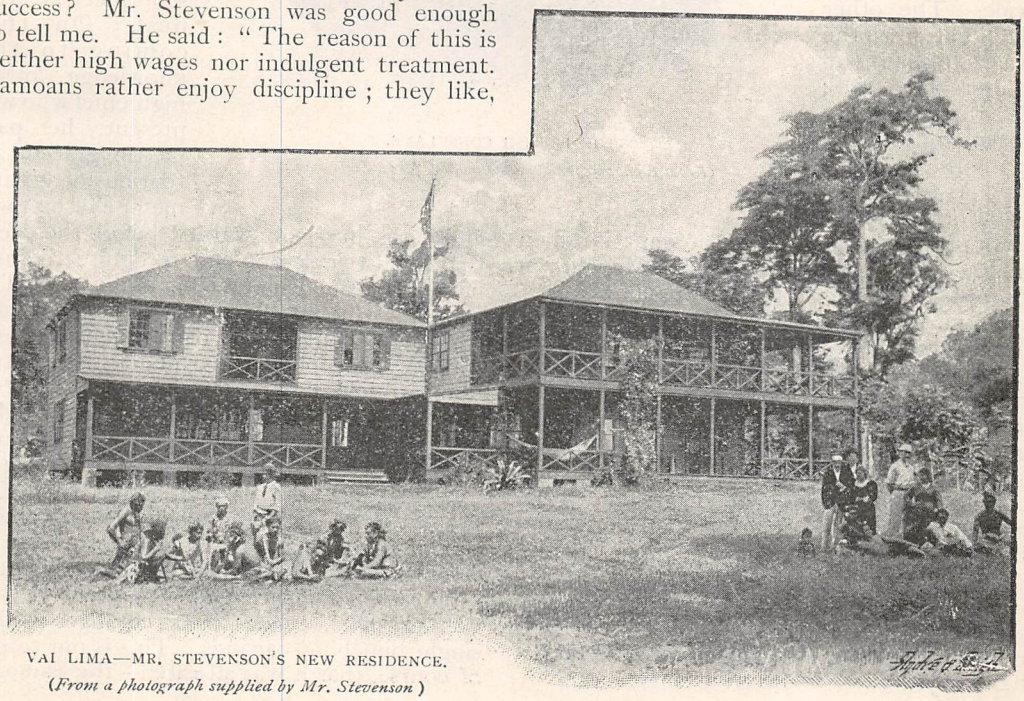
the household, he may be described as playing the part of veiled prophet in general. He rarely appears upon the scene unless some of the "boys" have misbehaved. The reader must not imagine that these are frequent occasions, or that the misdemeanours are serious. "The boys," as Mr. Stevenson told me, "are awfully good, on the whole. They are more like a set of well-behaved young ladies. They are a perfectly honest people; nothing of value has ever been taken from our house, where doors and windows are always wide open; and upon one occasion, when white ants attacked the silver chest, the whole of my family plate lay spread upon the floor of the hall for two days unguarded." The hall, it may be added, is on the ground floor, while the family all sleep upstairs.

This brings me to the question of Mr. Stevenson's patriarchal relations with his native servants.

The Samoans, it is notorious, have a deep-seated and almost insuperable objection to work in the ordinary way. People in Apia always tell you that Samoans will not work, or, if they do, never stay with you beyond a few months. Such, undoubtedly, is the general experience; it is not Mr. Stevenson's. He himself says he pays lower wages than other Europeans, but he certainly gets better served, and visitors frequently remark that Vai Lima is the only place where you can see Samoans run.

What is the secret of this mysterious success? Mr. Stevenson was good enough to tell me. He said: "The reason of this is neither high wages nor indulgent treatment. Samoans rather enjoy discipline; they like, however, to be used as gentlefolk. They like to be used with scrupulous justice; they like a service of which they can be proud. This we endeavour to give them by 'trying' all cases of misdemeanour in the most serious manner with interpreters, forms of oath, etc., and by giving them a particular dress on great occasions. If, when you were in Apia, you saw a few handsome, smart fellows in a striped jacket and a Royal Stuart tartan, they were Vai Lima boys. We have a tree at Christmas for all hands, a great native feast upon my birthday, and try in other ways to make them feel themselves of the family. Of course, no Samoan works except for his family. The chief is the master; to serve another clan may be possible for a short time, and to get money for a specific purpose. Accordingly, to ensure permanent service in Samoa I have tried to play the native chief with necessary European variations. Just now it looks as if I was succeeding.

"Our last triumph," the popular author continued, "was at the annual missionary feast. Up to now our boys had always gone home and marched into the show with their own individual villages. This time, of their own accord, they marched in a body by themselves into the meeting, clad in the Vai Lima uniform, and on their entrance were saluted as '*Tama Ona*,' which may be literally translated into Scotch, 'Mac Richies' (children of the rich man).

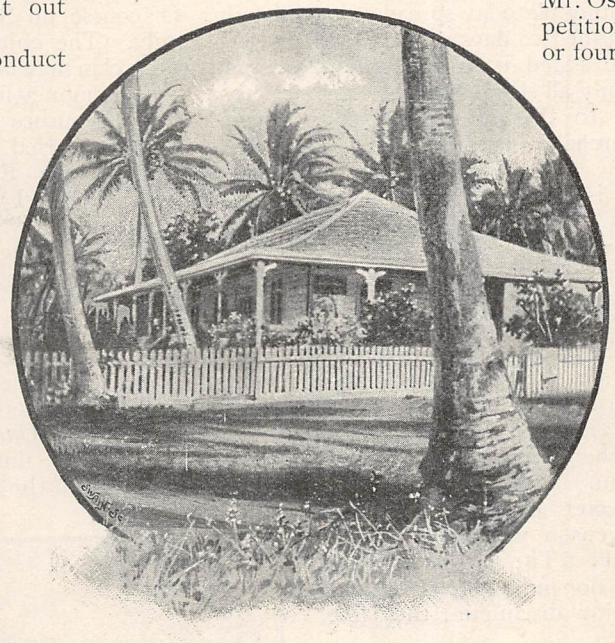


VAI LIMA—MR. STEVENSON'S NEW RESIDENCE.
(*From a photograph supplied by Mr. Stevenson*)

"We have a child on the place, a small fellow of eight or thereabouts. My daughter had amused herself in dressing him out in fine *lava-lava*, white linen coat, and straw hat. In this guise he was strutting about in front of the Tivoli Hotel, when the proprietor noticed him. 'Hi, youngster!' he asked in Samoan, 'who may you be?' Feloa'i replied with pride, 'I am one of the Vai Lima men!'

"Of course, this almost involves discharging nobody. They must learn to count upon this house as a permanent refuge, and I am rather hopeful that I may be able to carry it out upon these lines.

"Cases of misconduct must be met with some sort of punishment. At first I always discharged; now that we are beginning to take so much the character of a clan, and that by the previous process of discharges, as by survival of the fittest, we have so good a class together, I am trying to substitute fines upon a large scale. The other day I cut down the wages of one defaulter one-half; this was cheerfully accepted, and the man is still with us. As to the disposal of the fines: if the boy is Catholic, the amount is taken by the culprit to the Catholic Mission; if Protestant, to the Protestant Mission."



THE BRITISH CONSULATE.
(From a photograph supplied by Mr. R. L. Stevenson.)

If the visitor arrives at Vai Lima at about five o'clock he will very likely find Mr. Osbourne and Mrs. Strong playing lawn tennis with some of the boys who take it *à tour de rôle*, and sometimes go on with the game by themselves after the "bosses" go in to dinner. Not always "bosses" with regard to the game, be it understood, for some of the Samoans are capital players. At night you hear the Samoans singing in their houses, shouting with laughter, and speechifying.

At Mr. Stevenson's last birthday feast there were great doings, one or two of which, as related by the author, illustrate the feeling of "the boys."

"You must know," he said, "that every chief who respects himself in Samoa must have an officer called a *Tulafale*—usually Englished 'speaking man.' It is a part, and perhaps the most momentous, of this officer's attributions to cry out the names at the *ava* drinking. This is done in a peculiar howl or song very difficult to acquire, and, I may say, to understand. He must also be fairly well versed in the true science of Samoan names, as no chief above a certain rank is ever 'called' under his own name. He has another, an *ava* name for the purpose. Well, I had no *Tulafale*, and Mr. Osbourne held a competition, in which three or four of our boys howled against each other. The judgment of Apollo fell upon one boy, who was instantly a foot taller.

"I am sorry to make such confession of my disrespectability, but I must continue. I had not only no *Tulafale*—I had no *ava* name. I was called plain, bald '*Tusitala*,' or '*Ona*,' which is only a sobriquet at the best. On this coming to the knowledge of a high chief who was present, he paid me the graceful attention of giving me one of his own, and I was hurriedly warned before the event that I must look out and recognise the new name, Au-Mai-Taua-Ma-Le-Manuvao. The feast was laid on the floor of the hall—fifty feet by about eight of solid provisions. Fifteen pigs cooked whole, underground; two hundred pounds of beef, ditto of pork, two hundred pineapples, over four hundred head of taro, together with fish, chickens, Samoan prepared dishes, shrimps, oranges, sugar-cane, bananas, biscuit and tinned salmon in proportion. The biscuit and tinned salmon, though not exactly to *our* taste, are a favourite luxury of the Samoans. By night—and we sat down at four p.m.—there was nothing left beyond a few oranges and a single bunch of bananas. This is not to say, of course, that it was all eaten—the Samoans

are comparatively dainty at a feast; but so soon as we rose the arduous and difficult task of dividing what remained between the different guests was at once entered into, and the retainers of our guests, white and Samoan, departed, laden, to the sea. The wretched giver of a feast thus wakens on the morrow with a clean house. But it is not all loss. All gifts or favours in Samoa are to be repaid in kind and in a proportion, and to my feast nobody had come empty-handed. It was rather strange to look out next morning and see my courtyard alive with cocks, hens, and chickens."

After these details the reader will understand, I fancy, not only why Mr. Stevenson is held in such affectionate respect by his native "boys"—who, I need hardly say, are all men—and receives from them such willing service, but also why it is that he himself enjoys life amid the unconventionalities of his island home. He has not isolated himself as a species of nineteenth-century hermit. On the contrary, while he manages to get keen intellectual enjoyment from his literary work and his reading, he has found new pleasures in entering into the simple joys and sports and troubles of a native race fresher from the mould of Nature than we are, possessing many interesting traits of character, taking more cheerful views of life than we do, and actuated in all things by a high-bred sense of courtesy which one cannot but admire.

BOSS 'TEC AT OLDBY.

JOHN BRIDGER was baffled, and being baffled, was out of humour with the world in general and with the village of Oldby in particular.

He had gone up the ladder of his profession with a run—with so quick a run that among pressmen he was known as Boss 'Tec.

The crime he was investigating was too ordinary to allow of one of those miraculous flashes of insight for which he was so famous; in fact, had he not been longing for country air after his close application to the noted Vangirard-Vannes case, he would have turned the Oldby murder over to a *confrère*. This murder had no lurid background, no picturesque touches, and yet it baffled him.

The bald outline given to him was this:—

A man—A Frenchman, Alphonse d'Himbu by name—had come to Oldby, on a visit to Dr. Settle. These two had met at Vichy the previous year, and had chummed over billiards and cigars. No great friendship had ripened, and yet when little M. d'Himbu had written from London to say "It would give me great pleasure to see you before I return to Paris," Charles Settle had cordially replied: "Come down for a day or two, and see something of rural England, and give me my revenge for that last lost game."

The stranger arrived on Wednesday by the 12.15 from Liverpool Street; at six that same evening Dr. Settle received an urgent summons to Lea Farm, about two miles away. M. d'Himbu, left alone, had sauntered forth into the garden, and from thence into the lane that skirts the doctor's garden and the rectory grounds—the Back Lane it is locally called.

A British earthwork, picturesquely crowned by elm and wild cherry-trees, must have attracted M. d'Himbu, for he had evidently climbed the stile half-way down the lane, and crossed the "British Field" to the knoll. There he was found twenty minutes later by Arthur Whitcroft, a lad of seventeen, or thereabouts, stabbed to the heart.

An inquest had, of course, been held, when the inevitable tramp theory was mooted. A beetle-browed fellow *had* been seen loafing about that day. But the coroner had dismissed this theory at once.

"A tramp," he remarked parenthetically, "may mutter imprecations when sent away empty-handed, but he does not run amuck like a Malay fanatic."

The station-master was called.

"Had the 6.20 train set down any passengers?"

"Yes; one."

"Who?"

"The rector."

There was a slight sensation here, for if the rector had taken his usual short cut across the British Field he must have reached the knoll at 6.25—the very time of the murder.

The rector—Mr. Guyhirn—was the next witness ; he had seen nothing—absolutely nothing. He had walked home pondering over an address to the farm lads, and had looked neither to the right hand nor to the left. Upon reaching the rectory, he had gone straight to his study, and had there and then made notes of his thoughts.

He spoke straightforwardly, and his parishioners believed him—they had never known him either say or do anything underhand, and they respected him for his happy blending of sympathy, common-sense, and humour.

A parlourmaid confirmed his statement about writing in the study ; she had taken him in a cup of tea, and had not noticed that he was at all "flustered."

There was nothing for it but to bring in a verdict of "Murder against some person or persons unknown"—a verdict at which Oldby chafed. Was a murderer to run free and unpunished in their midst?

In the course of days trivialities leaked out, and these taken together could no longer be regarded as mere nothings.

For two months a Marjorie Marchden had been a guest at the rectory—it was, in fact, to be her home until the return of Mr. Marchden from Ceylon, where he had a coffee plantation.

On the evening of the murder, Jane, the cook, had seen Miss Marchden "just fly upstairs as scared like as a crow with a rattle behind it."

Then Susan, the housemaid, testified with many tears that a dagger—a queer, foreign-sticking thing—had disappeared from Miss Marjorie's room, where it had always hung on a nail.

And to the whole village it was apparent that the hitherto energetic, bright, and bonnie girl had suddenly become pale and dejected.

"They say as they know the murderer," exclaimed Dr. Settle's housekeeper, as she bustled an omelette down before him. "Eat it while it's hot, sir—it's prime this minute ; although, as I said to Green, I'll never believe it of a fine handsome young lady like Miss Marchden."

"What!" asked the young doctor, jumping up so suddenly that the breakfast table danced a jig, and the omelette slipped from the dish.

"It's took him more aback than Mr. Dimby's death itself, and he feels *that* bad enough," said Mrs. Green, who was a shrewd woman.

She was right.

That Marjorie should be suspected caused him more exquisite pain than did the murder of M. d'Himbu.

"I'd give my practice to clear her," he moaned ; and suiting the action to the word, he took out a telegraph form and dashed off a request for Boss 'Tec's aid.

John Bridger had heard the story, had seen the spot, and was baffled.

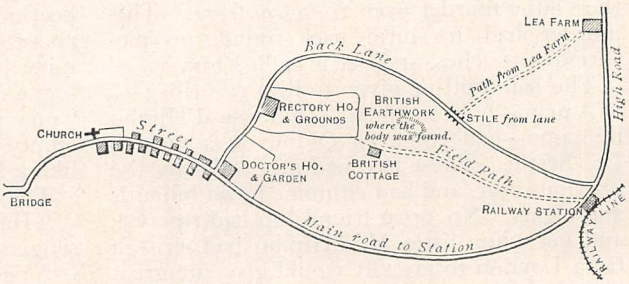
That murder had been done was beyond question ; the position of the wound did away with the possibility of suicide ; but what was the motive?

The rector had crossed the field at the hour of the murder, but he was beyond suspicion ; although, as Boss 'Tec thought, "Sometimes irreproachable middle age has the background of a shady past" ; but one piece of evidence alone directed suspicion from Mr. Guyhirn—he had never been abroad, and M. d'Himbu had never before been in England.

As for Miss Marchden—well, her past history must be traced, and already a trusty clerk was on his way to Brussels, where Marjorie had been to school, but from the little he had learned about her disposition, character, and tastes, she did not seem likely to be the doer of the deed.

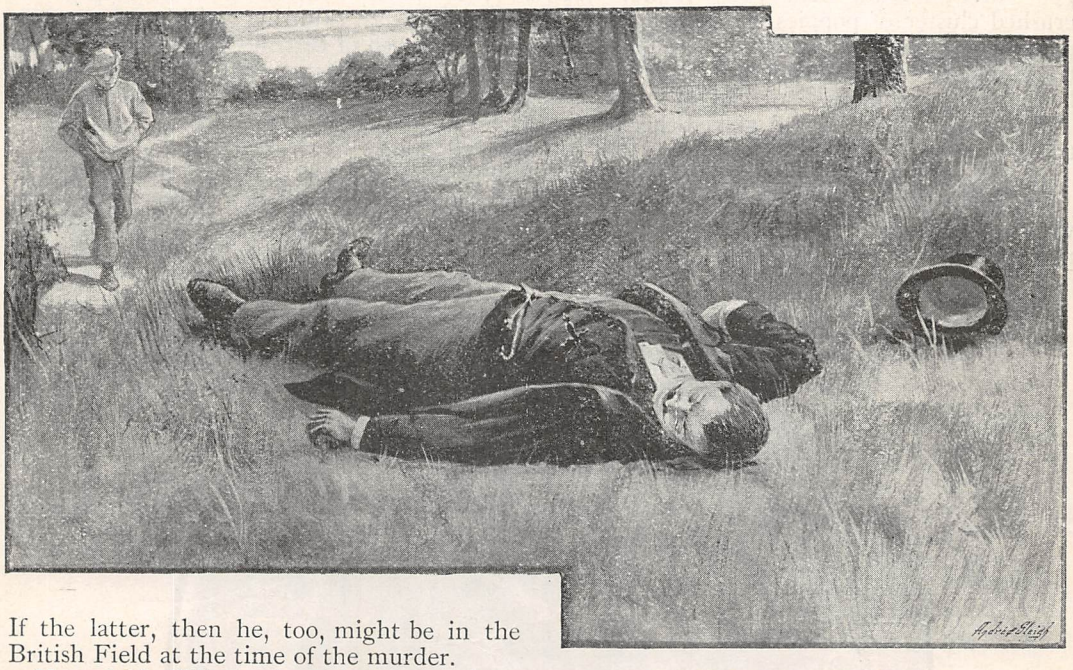
Boss 'Tec held a map of Oldby in his hand, and as he studied it an idea dawned in his mind. He slapped one knee, and exclaimed, "He!" he slapped the other, and exclaimed "Ha!" And this to his colleagues would have been a signal that his great brain was beginning to work at a theory.

Did Dr. Settle go by the road to Lea Farm, or did he ride, taking the shorter bridle-path?



MAP OF OLDBY.

1. Rectory house and grounds.
2. Doctor's house and garden.
3. British earthwork, where the body was found.
4. Stile from lane.
5. British Cottage.
6. Railway-station.
7. Lea Farm.
8. Church.
9. Bridge.
10. Street and main road to station.



"STABBED TO THE HEART."

If the latter, then he, too, might be in the British Field at the time of the murder.

He and M. d'Himbu had played together; nay, more: there had been a suggestion of "revenge for a lost game!"

Doubtless it was a question of money.

The fact that the doctor had himself sent for an investigator went for nothing: the doing so might simply be a repetition of the blind used by Captain Meldy in the Cat's Eye Robbery.

Money, then, was the motive for the Oldby murder, and from the well-head of this motive John Bridger deemed it would be easy to track the murderer.

Whistling contentedly, he looked from the window, and seeing Arthur Whitcroft driving some bullocks from the street into Back Lane, strolled forth to join him.

"Prime beasts," he remarked, by way of greeting.

"Ay, sir," replied the lad, with the customary brevity of the English villager.

"Makes me feel young again: takes me back twenty years; and it's good for a man to step back sometimes," he said to the boy, who began to take a liking to Dr. Settle's fresh visitor.

"My father had a farm in the North, right up in the dales, and I and my brother Jim used to drive our cows to pasture down by the beck, and there we would lie about for hours, watching the water-ouzels and the kingfishers, and fishing for cray-fish and newts. I sharpened my power of observation down by that stream," he continued, with a sigh of sentimental remembrance; at the same time switching a lagging bullock with an adroitness that won his companion's admiration. "Lea Farm you're going to, aren't you? Ah no! of course not; I know you live at the Hollow. But let me see: how long will it take me to walk over to Lea?"

"By the bridle-path twelve minutes, sir."

"The bridle-path! I suppose most folks go that way?"

"Yes, sir, 'cept in mucky weather, then they takes the road."

"Ah, well! it's not mucky weather now. The Lea people must find a nice step saved when they can come to church that 'gainer' cut."

"Yes; and it's handy-like for the doctor now the missus is bad."

"Ah!" said Boss 'Tec softly. "It's swampy here," he continued, as they passed the stile that leads into British Field. Kingcups and milkmaids grow here in May, don't they?"

"Ay, sir, and frogs too."

"Not the place for a patent-shoed Frenchman to climb over," mused the detective, "unless he happened to meet a friend who knew the way. I'll have another look at the knoll;" and nodding farewell to the lad, he crossed into the now noted field.

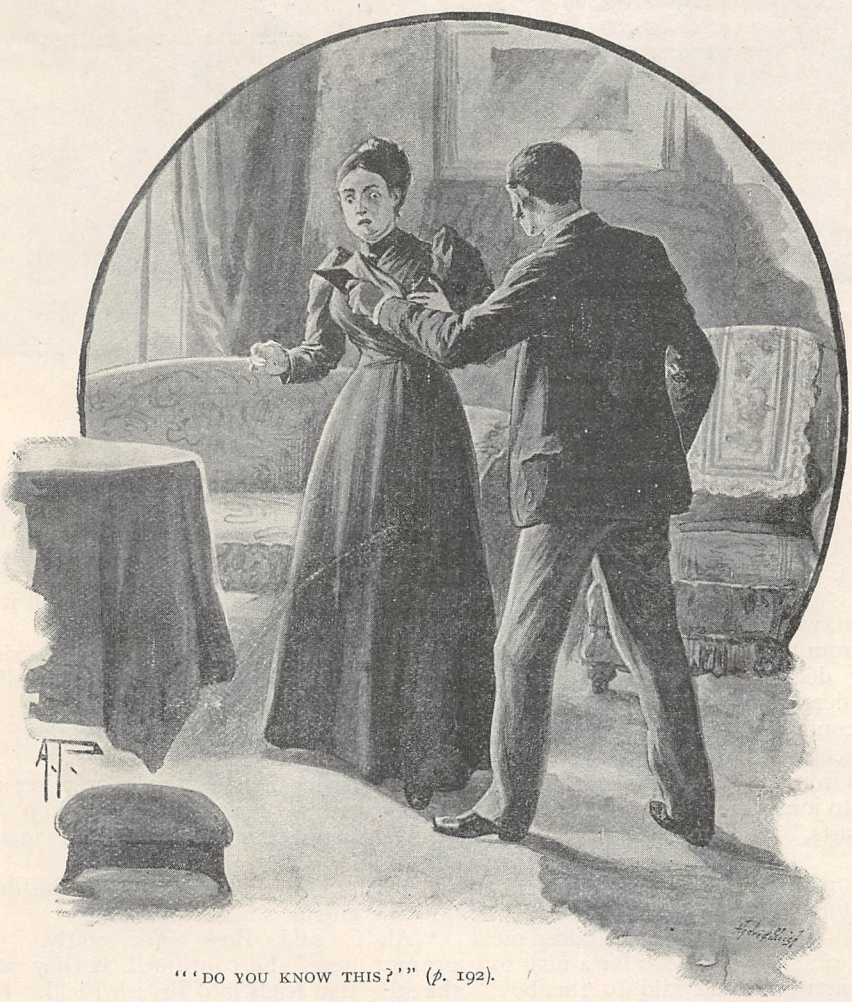
A few paces brought him to the spot where

poor M. d'Himbu had been found. A crushed cluster of poppies showed the exact place where the body had fallen. The setting sun glittered on something bright that lay beside the poppies.

Mr. Bridger stooped and picked this something up.

It was a string of five minute jet beads.

"Part of a fringe," muttered Boss 'Tec, whose keen eye noted even the frivols displayed by Jay and Peter Robinson.



"'DO YOU KNOW THIS?'" (*p.* 192).

Five yards further on, nearer to the tiny thatched British Cottage that stood off from the path, there lay another string—one of three beads only.

"Hum!" said the detective, "hum! Less than this has hanged a man. They *may* have come off the dress of some Sunday sight-seer; but I'll keep them, all the same."

"Good-evening. You're making the most of your time"—this to a white-capped old dame who sat knitting within the rose-bowered porch of British Cottage.

"Ay, sir; days is never too long for willing fingers."

"And I dare say you're a bit lonely living here all alone?"

"Why, sir, as for that, I've my thoughts, and thoughts is grand companions. And the ladies from the rectory mostways gives me a look—one or the other. Miss Marchden, she've been here hours lately, for she's a-doing of my picter."

And with a sign of invitation, she entered the cottage and took down a block.

It was a wonderful bit of water-colour drawing, and reminded Mr. Bridger of Cooper's "Nancy Macintosh." He prided himself on knowing something of art.

"Ah! comes often, does she?"

"Yes, sir; and glad I am to see her. The last time was on the evening the poor French gentleman was killed. Eh, sir! it's sad I am to think he was so near—just behind the mound—and I never heard his cry for help. Going in my eighty-six though I be, I'd have done summut for him."

"Was Miss Marchden here at the time?"

"No, sir; let me think: she left ten minutes—yes it must have been about ten minutes—before."

"Ah!"

"And if she isn't here now!" exclaimed the old woman, with a look of genuine gladness.

John Bridger turned, and came face to face with Miss Marchden.

She wore a black cloth cape, trimmed with jet fringe.

There was a break in the fringe close to the right shoulder.

"Ah!" once again ejaculated Boss 'Tec.

"Well?" queried the doctor that evening. It was his usual after-dinner question, and hitherto Mr. Bridger had replied by a shake of the head. To-night, however, he paused, and Dr. Settle, noticing the pause, locked up quickly—anxiously.

"Any clue?"

"Yes."

"Not—not—you can't suspect *her!*" said the young man vehemently, thus betraying his fears.

"My dear fellow, I'm here to suspect anybody and everybody—even *you*."

The expression of his host's face assured the detective that he was guiltless of the slaying of M. d'Himbu; he could no longer hold the theory he started from the motive of money.

"But don't be over-troubled. Of course the whole thing *is* a trouble, but still, much has to be proved yet; much may have to be unproved. Light may come with to-morrow's post. Mrs. Bridger is working like a sleuth-hound in Paris. I believe you know my wife is a Frenchwoman: she was governess at Limby Abbey, and I met her when I went down there about the poisoning of his lordship's mare 'Warpaint.' She's taken to the 'tec business like a duck to water, and always helps me in my foreign work: in fact, it was really my wife who ferreted out the first clue in the Vangirard-Vannes affair. I believe in a woman helping her husband even in the roughest profession. By the bye, what is Mrs. Guyhirn like? I've met the rector again and again, but she always seems invisible."

"Mrs. Guyhirn? Well, I hardly know. She wears her hair parted down the middle, and buys her next summer clothes at the autumn sales: at least, so—so Miss Marchden says. But I believe she's a good mother and a good parish worker."

The morning's post brought the hoped-for light. From Brussels there was a brief note.

"The school is near the Parc Leopold: very quiet and well-conducted. Miss M—— was liked by all: there is no escapade of hers to record—her hobby was painting."

From Paris the missive was bulkier.

"M. d'Himbu seems to have been simply a *flâneur*, whose sole aim was to be *très chic*. His brother cannot account for the murder: says Alphonse was not a man to quarrel, and thinks the motive must have been highway robbery. M. Henri allowed me to appropriate his brother's album: this I send to you. Notice the girl in the Gainsbro' hat: you will see her repeated in many styles. I fancy she is an Englishwoman. Is she Miss M. M——?"

No, certainly not; she was too fair, too slight, too arch. John Bridger looked at her again and again, for his professional acumen detected that this girl had entered largely into M. d'Himbu's life.

"The policeman," said Mrs. Green, interrupting his study of the album.

Boss 'Tec turned, to see in the man's hand a foreign dagger, half covered by congealed blood.

"Found on the top of the pollard willow that flanks the rectory field gate—evidently flung there by some person entering the grounds that way. Sworn to by Susan Jones as being the dagger formerly in the possession of Marjorie Crawford Marchden."

So spoke the constable in his most professional manner and voice.

"Shall I arrest Miss Marchden, sir?" he continued, as Boss 'Tec stood silently regarding the weapon. "It's clear circumstantial evidence, sir."

"Have you seen her?"

"I've confronted her with the dagger, but all she says is, 'I didn't put it on the pollard'—otherwise, she's as dumb as a bell"; the Oldby policeman was noted for the vagueness of his similes.

"The motive?" inquired Mr. Bridger, looking up suddenly.

"The motive will ooze out at the trial, sir. Motives are like rats in a hole: they flashes out when you least expect 'em. Shall I get a warrant for arrest?"

"Wait. I will see her myself. Come to me later."

"The flight upstairs—the dagger—the jet beads—the evident bearing of a painful

secret," murmured John Bridger: "clear circumstantial evidence, truly! The bench would bring in a verdict of guilty at once; *and yet I don't believe Miss Marchden did it!* That girl in the Gainsbro' is at the bottom of it, or I'm not Boss 'Tec. Question is—is *she* in or near Oldby? Ha—yes, I'll see the rector's wife; she may throw some light on the Gainsbro's whereabouts."

"Yes, Mrs. Guyhirn's at home," answered the rectory maid, ushering Mr. Bridger into the morning-room.

Mrs. Guyhirn was seated on a low chair, her youngest child cradled on her lap; another was at her feet, folding Kindergarten papers.

An Admiral butterfly sailed into the room; the second child darted after it with a whoop. Mrs. Guyhirn laughed at his vain efforts, and as the light of laughter rose to her eyes Boss 'Tec started.

"I wish to speak with you about this unfortunate affair; perhaps, madam, as the intimate friend of Miss Marchden, you may help me a little. But I find I have left a paper I require in my room. Will you excuse me one moment? I will fetch it, and return."

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Guyhirn, still watching the butterfly hunt.

"He!" said John Bridger, slapping one knee. "Ha!" slapping the other. "No doubt as to motive *now*. A clever woman is my Bertrade. At last this case interests me—it reaches beyond Oldby."

Arrived at the doctor's, he took out M. d'Himbu's album, and turned to "the girl in the Gainsbro' hat."

"Tamed—wrecked!" he ejaculated. "Venus turned Madonna, but *I know I'm not mistaken*."

Slipping the photograph out of the album, he retraced his steps.

"Is Mrs. Guyhirn still in the morning-room?"

"Yes, sir."

Mrs. Guyhirn had dismissed her children, and was apparently awaiting Mr. Bridger's return.

"Madam," he inquired, closing the door, and drawing the portrait from his pocket, "do you know this?"

Half-an-hour later he hastily entered Dr. Settle's surgery.

"Doctor, you're wanted at the rectory. Rush of blood to the head, caused by shock." Then he added, after a pause—

"And pray to God that for once your remedies may fail."

"I may tell the whole story to you two," Boss 'Tec said that evening, as he sat in the clematis-hung arbour with the doctor and the policeman. "It's a pathetic bit of life-history—besides, it's interesting to us"—looking with a frown on the policeman—"because it shows how one ought to shy at mere circumstantial evidence. Motive's the thing—without motive a 'tec hasn't a leg to stand on."

Boss 'Tec knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and began as though he were reading from a book.

"Twelve years ago a retired colonel haunted Monte Carlo. He was a widower, and he and his daughter lived a happy-go-lucky Bohemian life.

"She was pretty in a certain way—*petite* and fair, and with a sparkle gained from a Corsican grandmother. She had always a small court, composed of men of mixed nationalities, and when her father had a run of luck she bought new frocks and gave picnics. One of her most persistent admirers was M. d'Himbu, but she cared little for him. One evening the colonel forsook the tables for baccarat; he lost two thousand to M. d'Himbu, and still the mad frenzy of play was upon him.

"'I have nothing left to stake,' he lamented.

"'Yes,' whispered M. d'Himbu; 'the highest stake of all—*your daughter!*'

"When the lust of play cooled the colonel knew what he had done.

"Next morning his daughter found him on the shore, his right hand grasping a pistol: the wound in his temple laved by the calm waves of the Mediterranean.

"Revenge was the emotion that swayed her as she stood over her father's dead body. You will remember I told you that Corsican blood ran in her veins, and that the vendetta had to her forbears been a binding obligation.

"'Neither me nor my money shall M. d'Himbu see again,'" was her cry.

"As soon as possible the colonel's daughter left for England, to find a home with her mother's brother, old Admiral Jones. Life with him was as unlike the bright, gay Monte Carlo life as it was possible to be. She stepped at once into an atmosphere of Puritanism. She sang at open-air meetings, she played the harmonium in the Sailors' Bethel, she signed the pledge, and joined the Anti-Gambling League. And in this calmer air she forgot vengeance: she remembered M. d'Himbu only as one remembers a bad nightmare.

"Mr. Guyhirn, being in town for the May gatherings, was fascinated by her zeal and intense energy, and, as she remarked parenthetically this afternoon: 'He stood on the opposite pole to M. d'Himbu; he

had never even seen a croupier, and so I accepted him.'

"She undertook the duties of a vicar's wife, and fulfilled them. As was natural, there came days when she craved for the brightness and freedom of other years: days when her Bohemianism asserted itself: a Bohemianism her studious matter-of-fact husband could not comprehend. And thus it came about that she learnt self-repression: she simulated that which he would have her be: she acted her part."

"Over-acted it," remarked Dr. Settle.

"And so her spirit was dammed-in, to burst forth with greater force when her self-repression was for once forgotten. By one of the strangest decrees of fate M. d'Himbu came to Oldby, and learnt that the rector's wife was none other than his old love."

"Some *diablerie* moved him to send this note to Mrs. Guyhirn," continued Boss 'Tec, taking it from his pocket-book and reading:

"'Your father died owing me *you* and £2,000; meet me by your garden at 6.15, and pay me one or the other. ALPHONSE.'"

"Who took that there note?" demanded the policeman.

"Daft Tom, who probably thought more of the sixpence than of the errand

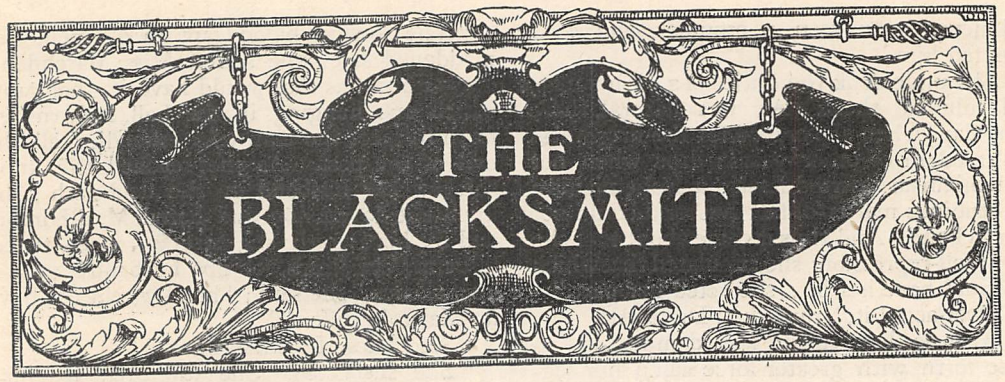
"The Corsican blood leapt up, old memories maddened her: she seized Miss Marchden's dagger and—as luck would have it—her cape, which was hanging in the hall, and rushed forth to meet the man who embodied all the evil of the past. As she reached the knoll she saw her husband on the field-path; she knew she loved *him* and hated M. d'Himbu, and in her wrath she struck—once—twice. 'For my children's, for my husband's sake I kept silence,' she said; 'but I would not have let Marjorie suffer.'"

"And Miss Marchden knew?"

"She suspected. She saw Mrs. Guyhirn fling the dagger on the pollard, but would not betray her friend."

"It's an uncommon story," continued Mr. Bridger, "and if it hadn't been for my Bertrade might never have been known. I knew she didn't send that album without due cause. *She's* the 'tec, not I."

"NEXT MORNING HIS DAUGHTER FOUND HIM ON THE SHORE."



Words by BOWLES.
(*From the "Villagers' Verse-Book."*)

Music by R. ERNEST BRYSON.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Allegro moderato e con spirito.

f

How cheer - ful in the win - ter's night,

mf

As down the lane I stray,

mf

f

f

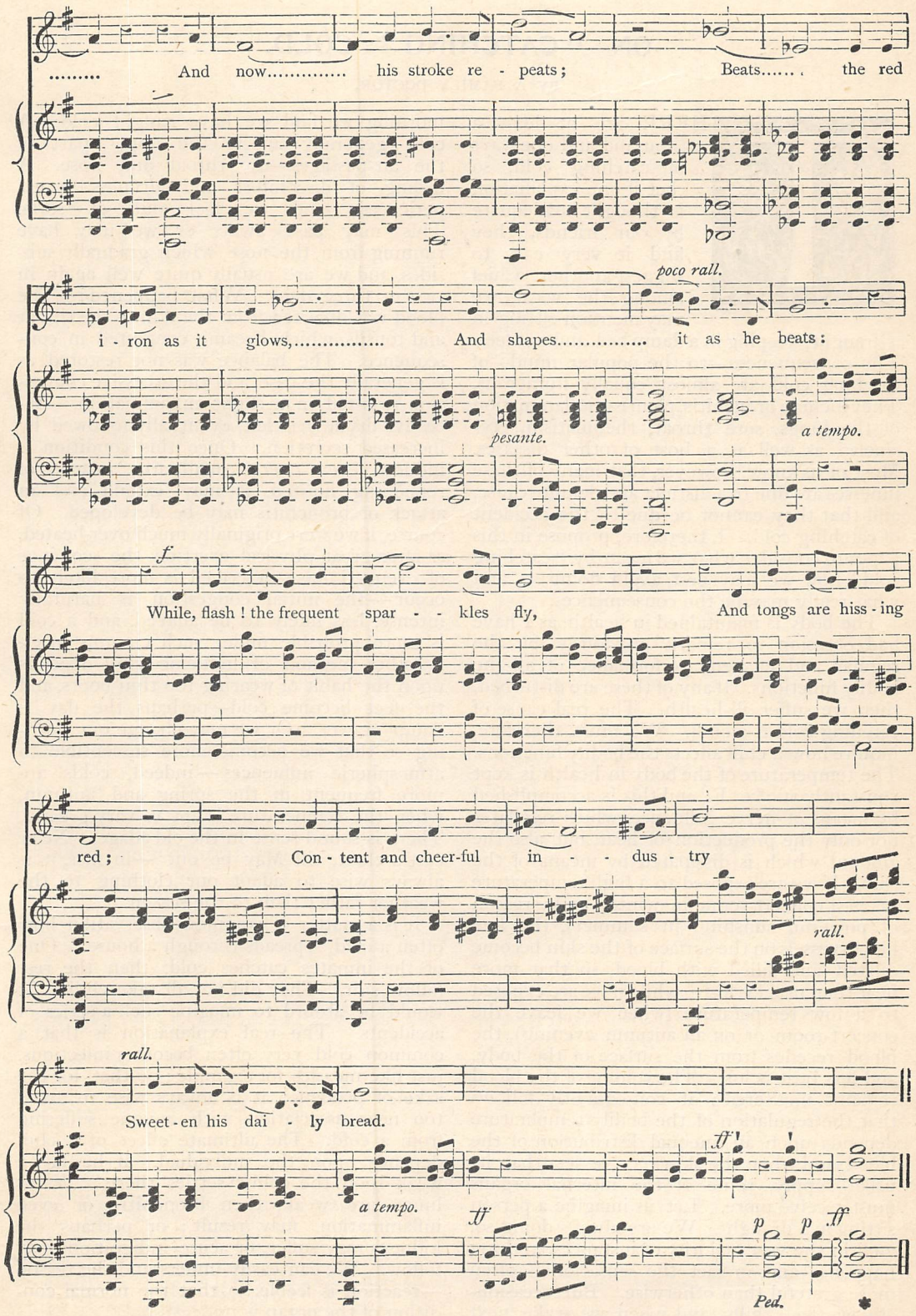
The blacksmith's forge shoots out its light, And shines a - cross the way!

rall.

The smith his la - b'ring bel-lows blows,.....

rall.

a tempo.


..... And now..... his stroke re - peats; Beats..... the red
i - ron as it glows,..... And shapes..... it as he beats:
poco rall.
pesante.
a tempo.
f
While, flash ! the frequent spar - - kles fly, And tongs are hiss - ing
red ; Con - tent and cheer-ful in - - dus - try
rall.
rall.
Sweet - en his dai - ly bread.
a tempo.
ff
ff
p
p
ff
Ped.
*

ON "CATCHING" COLD.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

THERE are at least a thousand and one ways of catching cold, so that if one explanation is thought inadequate by our friends, they find it very easy to suggest another. Chief among the ways, we may mention sitting in a draught, sleeping in a damp bed, and wet feet. The consequences—to the popular mind—of catching cold are almost equally numerous. They include bronchitis, pleurisy, inflammation of the lungs, sore throat, rheumatism, erysipelas, as well as a host of other diseases. Most of us know, however, that many of these illnesses are due to a distinct and definite cause, and that they cannot be due to the accident of catching cold. I, therefore, propose in this paper to consider what we mean by "catching cold," how we may best avoid doing so, and what really may be the consequences.

The body is maintained in health, as I have had occasion to remark previously, by the regular and efficient performance of all the bodily functions. If any of these are disturbed, then we suffer ill-health. The real cause of catching cold is a chill. We must, therefore, inquire how a chill affects the bodily functions. The temperature of the body in health is kept constantly at 98·6° F., and this is accomplished by means of nerve influence, which regulates not only the production of heat, but also the amount which is dissipated by means of the skin. If we are exposed to a high temperature (as in a concert-room in winter, or by reason of powerful sunshine in summer), the fine blood-vessels on the surface of the skin become dilated and filled with blood, so that more heat than usual is lost; while if we are exposed to a low temperature (when we leave the concert-room or on an autumn evening), the blood recedes from the surface of the body, and less heat is lost. The volume of the blood remains unaltered; it consequently follows that the regulation of the bodily temperature depends upon an unequal distribution of the blood, and when the skin receives less than its usual supply, some of the internal organs must receive more. Let us imagine a person sitting in a draught. We are always doing so, and, in the vast majority of instances, nothing happens—and, in fact, the sensation is often more grateful than otherwise. But occasionally we feel chilly, and when we wake next morning we find we have caught cold. A cold generally affects the upper part of the air-passages—the throat and nose. A feeling of discomfort and dryness is experienced, and we feel out of sorts. This may pass away, or we may have running from the nose, which gradually subsides, and we are usually quite well again in two or three days. What happened? The blood was diverted from the skin to the throat and tonsils, which became congested in consequence. The balance was not restored, as is generally the case, and the excessive congestion resulted in a slight inflammation. Excessive dryness is felt, eventually followed by increased secretion. Once this condition is induced, even over a small area, instead of remaining limited, it may extend and an attack of bronchitis may be developed. Of course, if we were originally much over-heated, as after great physical exertion, the sequence of events I have described is more likely to occur — the initial congestion is naturally intense, less likely to be allayed, and a cold is more probable under such circumstances. Another method of inducing chill depends upon the habit of wearing too thin boots, and the feet become cold—perhaps the day is damp or wet. Or we may change our clothing so that we become more susceptible to atmospheric influences — indeed, colds are more frequent in the spring and autumn, when the temperature is apt to vary greatly. There is sound sense in the old adage, "Ne'er cast a clout, till May be out"—in fact, it is always wise to adapt our clothing to the weather rather than to the season.

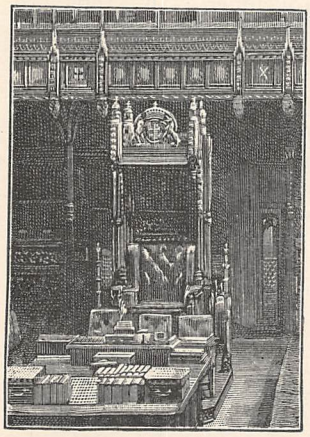
It is a matter of common observation how often a cold "spreads through a house." One of the inmates catches cold, then the rest follow suit. They did not all take chills. It would be absurd to imagine such a series of accidents. The real explanation is that a common cold very often becomes infectious, just like measles, for example; so that, for the sake of prudence, it is always wise to avoid too near association with anyone suffering from a cold. The ultimate effect of a chill depends upon the individual. If he has a weak spot, the cold "settles there." If his lungs are weak, then bronchitis, or even inflammation, may result; or perhaps the kidneys may suffer, or acute indigestion may follow. We can easily understand the reason —reaction is feeble, so that the normal condition of the organ is not restored.

How are we to avoid the evil consequences of a chill? If we are in sound health, we are not as likely to be affected injuriously by accidental draughts or chills as when we are enfeebled by disease or any excesses. One of the most frequent predisposing causes of a common cold is over-indulgence in alcohol. The habit of taking a "nip" to keep out the cold often defeats its own object, for alcohol lowers the tone of the system—it is less able to recover from an effect of any change in its environment. Besides, the organs of those who indulge freely in alcohol are not healthy: degenerative changes begin early in them, and, consequently, those people must be considered unhealthy. The effect of exposure is not only more likely to result in illness, but the illness is also more likely to be serious than in sound and healthy people, for the functions of the affected organs are still further interfered with.

Coughs are even more common than colds. A cough is due to the irritation of a part of the air-passages or of the nerves supplying them. In bronchitis, for example, the cough is due to the presence and accumulation of mucus, and is the effort of Nature to dislodge it. Very often, however—and these cases are too frequently overlooked—a cough is due to local causes. The tonsils may be enlarged, or the uvula — that little tongue dependent between the tonsils—may be swollen and elongated, or there may be small granulations on the back of the throat. In these cases local treatment is necessary, and drugs are, for the most part, of little service. Cough may also depend upon a reflex irritation from the ear (it is known that the bad habit of picking the ear with the head of a pin often induces a cough), or from a disordered stomach (the morning cough of many people is closely dependent upon dissipation the previous evening). The nerve may even be irritated directly by the presence of a tumour pressing upon it. The cough, in these cases, has a distinct character—it is stridulous. And other affections as well may be recognised by a characteristic cough: *e.g.*, we all know the peculiar spasmodic cough of whooping, and the short, hacking, painful cough of pleurisy. The absence of secretion, as in the early stages of bronchitis, makes the cough hard and dry; as the secretion increases, it gradually becomes softer and loose. A cough may, therefore, give valuable indication of disease. Although due, in the majority of cases, to transient causes, it is never safe to neglect its indications. Persistent cough is often the first sign of commencing disease in the chest, unless it be due to local causes operating in the throat. In any case, it is best to seek advice. Not only is a cough a proof of personal ill-health, but it is always a source of public annoyance.

COMMENCING IN THE COMMONS.

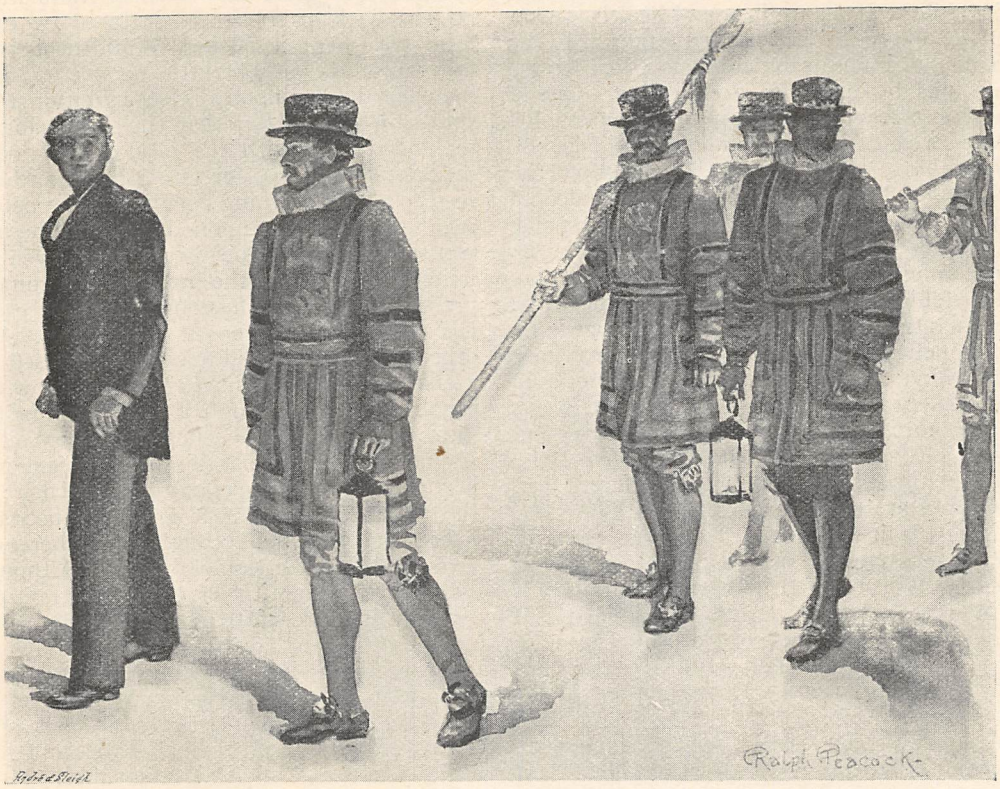
BY ALFRED F. ROBBINS.



"THE EMPTY CHAIR."

THE most important day in the politician's year is that which sees the opening of Parliament. Like many matters of general concern that are much mentioned, there is a deal in connection with this event which is little known. When the Queen performs the ceremony, the newspapers are filled with descriptions which fail to describe the inward and most interesting features of the function. On the more frequent occasions when the Lords Commissioners undertake the duty, the published accounts are more meagre than those of the latest race-meeting. And yet it is on this opening day that, from the earliest gleam of wintry sunshine on the empty Speaker's Chair to the cry, "Who goes home?" that rings through the corridors with the midnight chimes, a series of ceremonies proceeds which, more than at any other time, links the Parliament of the present to the Parliaments of the past, and binds the Britain of the House of Hanover with the England of the Angevin Kings.

Tuesday or Thursday is the date now most commonly chosen for the opening of the Houses. Monday has been avoided throughout the century until very recently, because it appeared to involve Sunday travelling on the part of members, while Wednesday is never chosen, because it is by Standing Order an abbreviated parliamentary day, and even the most daring Prime Minister is not likely



THE BEEFEATERS' SEARCH.

to choose Friday. Curiously enough, as it will seem to many of the present age, Sunday was almost invariably selected for the opening of our earliest Parliaments. In the very first series of reports extant, and that dating back close upon six hundred years, it so appears; and a number of similar instances may be found in the fourteenth century. As time went on, the day was gradually changed, but even in the Puritan period, and by Cromwell himself, it was once used.

Whatever the opening day, it finds the Houses swept and garnished. The recess has been occupied by the Office of Works and Public Buildings in re-shaping and re-furnishing some portion of Barry's mighty pile; and the member of the Commons anxious to win a fleeting fame by having his name recorded in the evening newspapers as the very first to enter the building for the session, deposits his hat upon a well-brushed bench, and departs bareheaded to view the alterations. There are legends of members having arrived before the doors were unlocked, and some have certainly been as early as nine o'clock; but, while their more reasonable colleagues are still in bed, or bath, or breakfast-room, a ceremony is being performed within the walls of Westminster, which (though, under no circumstances, is it ever witnessed by the public) carries us straight back to that never-to-be-forgotten date, November 5th, 1605, to James I., Guy Fawkes, and Gunpowder Plot.

On the morning that Parliament is to begin business, and at half-past ten, there assemble in the Prince's Chamber of the Palace of Westminster a military officer, four marshalmen, and ten "beefeaters" or Yeomen of the Guard. These last, with their quaint Tudor costume, are familiar to every visitor to the Tower of London. The marshalmen, with their frock coats and tall hats (of the pattern Leech has immortalised in his various pictures of the metropolitan police), are known only to those who have admission by the Peers' entrance to the House of Lords, inside which two of them stand during each sitting, or who attend State functions at Buckingham and St. James's Palaces, whereat they likewise do duty. With this band of fifteen are joined the resident engineer of the Palace of Westminster (Mr. Prim), the chief inspector of the parliamentary police (Mr. Horsley), and the attendants upon the House

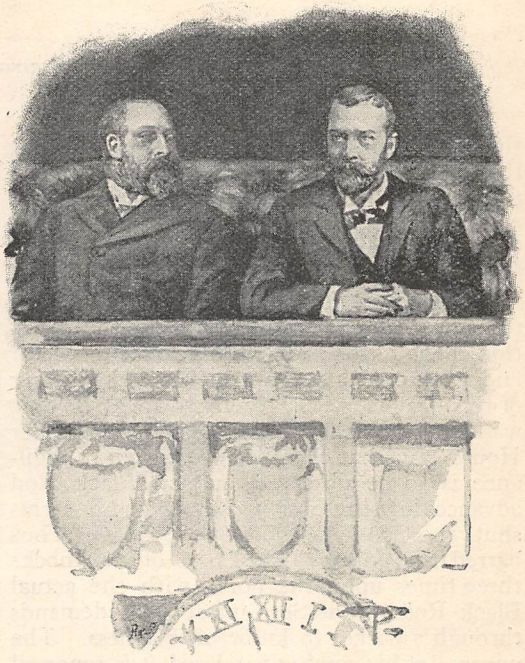
of Lords; and, after a lantern has been served to each, there comes to them the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod (Admiral Sir James Drummond), or, as is now more usual, the Yeoman Usher (Major Butler), with Colonel Carington, the Secretary to the Lord Great Chamberlain, the high official who has charge of this royal palace.

"Prepare for search," is the order given by Colonel Carington; and, in full remembrance that it was under the Peers' Chamber that Guy Fawkes was found, but utterly ignoring the electric light which is now ablaze throughout the building, the procession moves from the Prince's Chamber to the House of Lords. With their lanterns dimly burning, the beefeaters scan each corner and peer under every bench, Chief-Inspector Horsley looking on meanwhile with the serene satisfaction of knowing that the men under his orders have kept the place secure from explosive intrusion. From the House of Lords the procession wends its way through the Central Hall to the House of Commons, and then, by way of the steps at the back of the Chair, to the first floor and next to the basement. Room after room in the most intricately-arranged building ever devised is there searched until those beneath the House of Lords have been dealt with; and then, with a parting inspection of the huge Victoria Tower, the marshalmen and beefeaters find their way once more into the courtyard, and there disperse.

By this time, the green benches of the Commons are becoming besprinkled with hats, for that is the only fashion by which members can reserve their seats before prayers. It is not often that any point of political importance turns upon such reservation; but at the opening of the session of 1893, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the junior whip of the Liberal Unionists, secured seats for that party on the third bench below the gangway on the Ministerial side by an early and strategic depositing of hats. Though there had been promised some difficulty as to the appropriation of this bench, the unwritten law of the House of Commons which allots it to the first captor has been strictly obeyed, and the hat triumphed where argument might have failed.

The Members' Lobby and the Central Hall alike grow filled as two o'clock approaches, for that is always the hour fixed for the opening ceremony. Greetings are cordially exchanged between those who have not met for months; the resemblance of the scene to a school reassembling after the holidays strikes as a fresh inspiration every journalist who happens to be present for the first time; and the roar of cheery voices rises higher and higher until, a few minutes before two, the deep voice of a constable is heard from the library corridor to exclaim: "Speaker!" with the second syllable indefinitely prolonged. Then a hush falls upon all, and, at the police direction, "Hats off, strangers," each visitor to the Lobby (including the constables themselves and virtually every member) doffs his headgear as, preceded by the Serjeant-at-Arms (Mr. Erskine of Cardross) bearing the mace, and followed by his Chaplain (Archdeacon Farrar) and his Private Secretary (Mr. Edward Ponsonby), the Speaker, in full wig and robes and with cocked hat in hand, sweeps by through the Lobby into the House.

Scarcely has the Speaker entered and the great doors been closed, than there is a clanging of electric bells, and an announcement from the Chief Door-keeper (Mr. Jennings), "Speaker at prayers." Another two or three minutes, a further ringing of bells, and it is proclaimed, "Speaker in the chair;" and now the most striking portion of the constitutional ceremony begins. The Speaker is seated in the chair, and through the open door he can see along the corridors



OVER THE CLOCK.

leading straight to the Lords. If his vision were sufficiently penetrating, he could perceive the Lord Chancellor on the woolsack immediately facing him, and could note that

UNDER THE CLOCK.—NEW MEMBER ELECTED DURING THE RECESS.

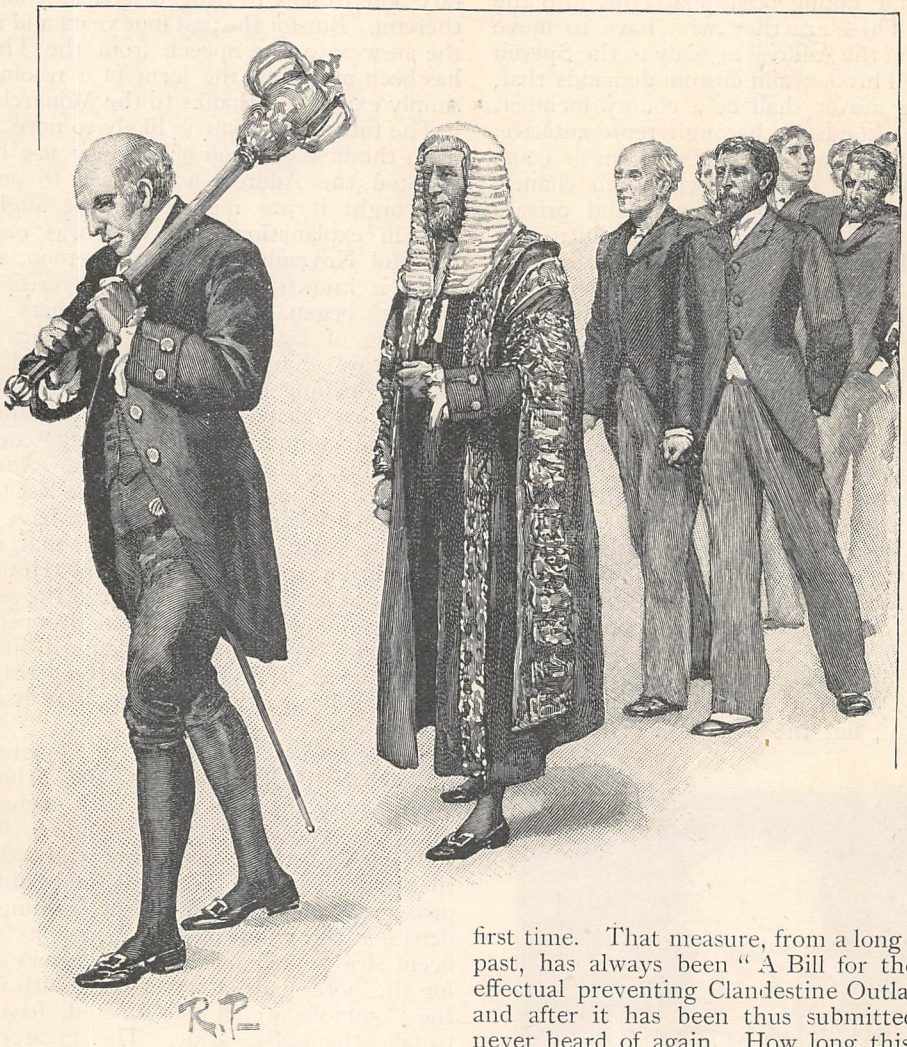
that distinguished functionary was directing the Usher of the Black Rod to proceed to the faithful Commons, and desire them to come to the House of Lords to hear the Queen's commission for the opening of Parliament.

"Make way for Black Rod!" is the cry that the Commons now hear from the direction of the Lords; and, with a police-inspector and a personal attendant in front, the bearer of this symbol, with golden crown at its top, walks through the Central Hall to the other House. In that chamber every sign of vigilance is to be observed, and, as Black Rod advances into the Lobby, the Serjeant-at-Arms shuts the Commons' door and locks it. Thus barred from entrance, the Lords' official knocks three times upon the portal with the actual Black Rod. The Serjeant-at-Arms demands through a wicket to know his business. The purpose of his coming is related, it is reported to the Speaker, the Commons agree to admit him, and not until then is their door thrown open to the official representative of the Peers, who proceeds up the floor, making three low bows as he goes, and desires the Commons' presence in the other House. This done, he retires backwards to the door, again bowing as he walks, the whole function being an athletic exercise which not every Black Rod has been able to gracefully and successfully accomplish.

In this fashion, whenever Black Rod has to visit them, the Commons deliberately assert their independence of the Lords; and it is not many years since the Peers' messenger was smartly rebuked, because—by accident, it may be believed—he said the presence of the Commons was "required," instead of "desired." And, when he has done this duty, once more the cry is passed along the corridors, "Make way for Black Rod!" followed instantly by the command, "Make way for Mr. Speaker!" and, with the Commons' mace in front, the Speaker and Black Rod walk side by side to the House of Lords, followed by as many members as care to accompany them—a number always greatest on opening day, and never so great as at the commencement of a Parliament, when a large proportion of the new representatives join in the procession, with the single-hearted desire of pleasing and, perhaps, impressing such of their constituents and lady friends as chance to be present.

When the Speaker has returned from the Lords, and the mace has been placed upon the table to show that the Commons are once more in session, there is an adjournment for about an hour and a half, to allow members to lunch after the labour of listening to the Queen's Speech. Upon the resumption of business, and even before the House is made formally acquainted with the contents of the Speech from the Throne, there is much to be done. The hum of many voices is stilled at the call of "Order! order!" from the Chair, followed by the Speaker's command, "Gentlemen desirous of taking their seats will please come to the table!" And at this direction those who have been elected during the recess, and have been nervously awaiting the call while sitting outside the bar and under the clock, move to the floor.

Supported on each side by a parliamentary friend, every new member has bowingly to advance to be sworn in, to sign the roll, and to be formally introduced by the Clerk to the Speaker, with whom he shakes hands.



"MAKE ROOM FOR MR. SPEAKER.

The new members having come in, such writs for parliamentary vacancies as need to be granted are moved for, the Speaker acquaints the House with any judicial reports he may have received affecting individual Commoners, and with the writs he has issued during the recess. A series of sessional Orders protecting the rights, privileges, and persons of the Commons is passed, a Committee of Privileges is appointed, and then comes the exercise of a function which is one more reassertion, on this opening day, of the constitutional power and independence of the House.

In order to affirm its right of deliberating without reference to the immediate cause of summons, a Bill is at this point read the first time. That measure, from a long remote past, has always been "A Bill for the more effectual preventing Clandestine Outlawries," and after it has been thus submitted, it is never heard of again. How long this particular measure has been chosen for the purpose has not been made, by constitutional historians, the subject of search. A couple of centuries ago any Bill was considered to suffice, but on the opening day of the session for 1895 appears the record in the *Commons' Journals* as on the opening day of that for 1795: "A Bill for the more effectual preventing Clandestine Outlawries was read the First Time. *Resolved* —That the Bill be read a Second Time." It is a resolution which is never thought of more; it refers to a measure which was probably never drafted, and which has certainly never been seen; and clandestine outlawries may go

on to the end of time for all that this venerable parliamentary fiction—this veritable constitutional ghost—will do to prevent them.

Two members, clad in unaccustomed costume and filled with obvious nervousness, may meanwhile be seen hovering about the Lobby and taking occasional trips into the House. These are they who have to move and second the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne; and custom demands that, while the mover shall be a county member, and the seconder a borough representative, both shall appear in either uniform or court dress. As they uneasily await their chance, notices are given by Ministers and private members alike of their intention to introduce specified Bills or resolutions during the session—a tedious and time-wasting process, which the present Speaker is attempting to banish from the legislative chamber to a committee-room. And when this is over, and the House has laughed at the "hardy annuals" which are always being brought in and never getting passed, the Speaker formally reads the Queen's Speech, and the Address is moved.

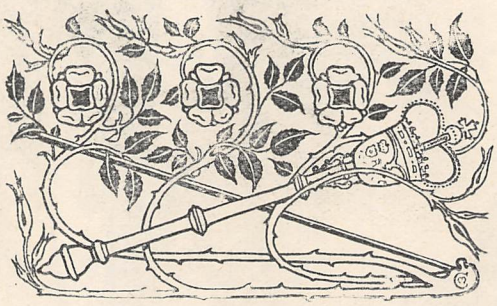
The Address has much varied in form and style since first it began to be presented. At one period, while always couched in terms of high respect and of thankfulness to the Throne for the promise of legislation, it dealt with the suggested themes in independent language. Gradually it degenerated into a mere and even a ludicrous paraphrase of the words Ministers had put into the mouth of the Sovereign; but the bad taste of this would not have secured its alteration to the present style. That was attained by the fact that the old cumbrous plan of answering the Sovereign paragraph by paragraph was found to be a growing nuisance, as affording too tempting an opportunity for every parliamentary bore to seek to hang a fresh amendment thereon. But for the past four years and more the answer to the Speech from the Throne has been moved in the form of a resolution, simply expressing thanks to the Monarch.

THE SERJEANT-AT-ARMS.
(*From a photograph by Russell & Sons, Baker Street, W.*)

The future historian is likely to note that, upon the first occasion of the new use being adopted, the Address was agreed to on the very night it was moved; but he ought to add, in explanation, that that was on the eventful November evening in 1890, when what is known as "the Parnell crisis" in earnest began, and when members were thinking of far more important issues than formalities. Singularly enough, it had been at the opening of the earlier session of the same year that the House of Commons furnished a unique instance of being "counted out" during the debate on the Address, presented in the old fashion for the last time; but the curiosities of the occasion have been added to since then by the fact that when an addition to it, attacking the House of Lords, was carried on a division in the session of 1894, the Ministry of the day dropped the document, brought it up again in its old form but as if it were something original, and carried it to the Queen as it at first had stood.

The crowded galleries at the opening of the debate on the Address—the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York being on the opening day customary figures "over the clock"—thin very perceptibly during the "dinner-hour;" but as midnight approaches, and the new rule closing the debate at the chime of twelve casts its beneficent shadow before, the House grows fuller, for the bores and self-advertisers, with whom the Commons are all too afflicted, have had to take themselves aside. The greater men are now on their feet, and such parliamentary oratory as remains to us is to be heard. The Speaker, with countenance stern set, glances at the clock; the practised debater follows Mr. Peel's eye, and calculates to a word what he can say before Big Ben begins to boom, and as he sits down the Speaker's abrupt, "Order! order!" precedes his abandonment of the Chair "without question put," for it is by Standing Order that he acts. And the Serjeant-at-Arms passes the word to his immediate attendant, both portals are flung open wide, and the Chief Doorkeeper moves to the centre, and

as the electric bells ring throughout the building, loudly inquires, "Who goes home?" The call, dating from a distant past, when members found it necessary to leave Westminster in groups for protection against footpads, is caught up by the constables and echoed through every corridor. Before it dies away, and even while the light which surmounts the Clock Tower, and tells London that the House is sitting, is being turned out, the Doorkeeper makes the further announcement, "Usual time to-morrow," as has been done by his predecessors from a time long before that at which parliamentary notices were circulated each morning by post. And, with the lowering of the lights and the leaving of the legislators, the long-drawn duties of the opening day come to their close.



THE MACE AND BLACK ROD.

JOE'S RASCALITY.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

"OH! the natives are a bad lot," my planter-friend remarked with expansive impartiality, "and so are the Kanakas; there's no trusting any of 'em. They'll thieve, they'll lie, and they'll do anything to spite you. We're obliged to be hard on them for our own protection. If we weren't, there'd be no getting along anyhow in the colony."

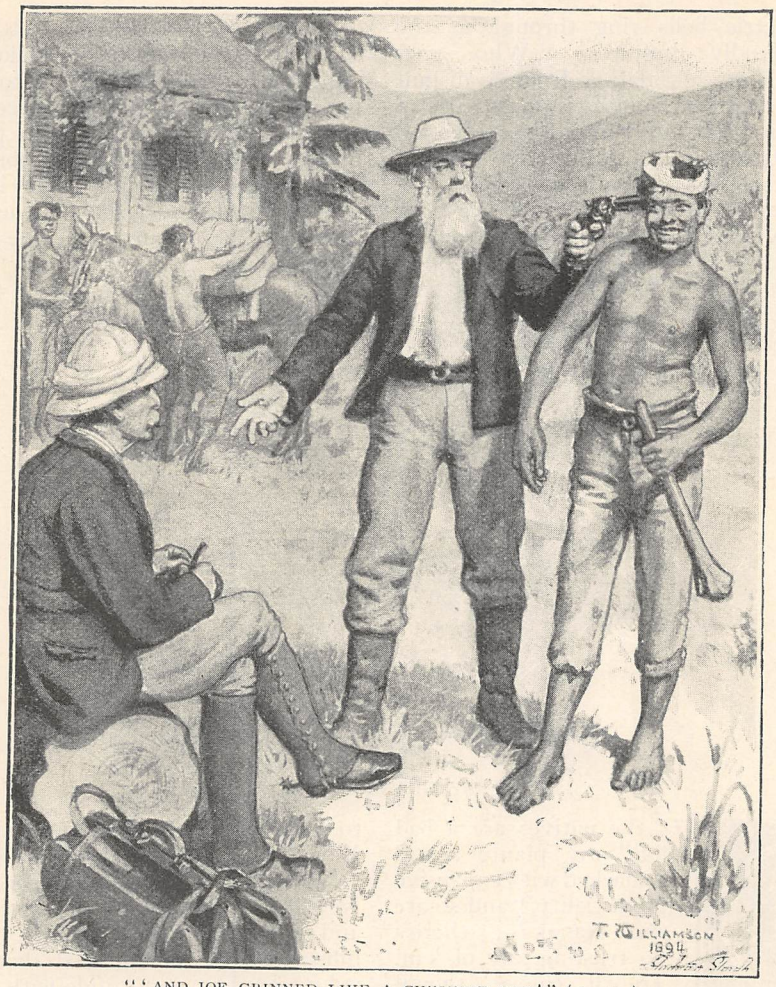
"I'm sorry they're so troublesome," I said. "But, perhaps, if you were to go in for treating them better, you'd find they'd improve a bit."

"No, no!" the planter cried testily. "Kanakas are Kanakas. They're all incorrigible. Kindness is thrown away on them. Why, just to show you how untrustworthy they are, I'll tell you a little thing that happened once on our own place here in Southern Queensland. We had a Kanaka boy called Joe pottering about on the estate in the early days of the settlement, when we all undertook to disperse our own blacks and to do justice ourselves on our indentured labourers. You've heard of that man Harvey who explored so much of the mountains in the interior? Well, one time Harvey was stopping with us, and he wanted to strike back behind the Darling Downs into New South Wales territory. It was about three weeks on foot to the nearest station in New South Wales inhabited by white people, and nobody but Joe knew the road over the hills—he'd been employed that way; so he volunteered to go as guide with Harvey. He didn't speak English, but he was a good'un at path-finding. So we let him go, putting Harvey in his hands, and making him understand we held him answerable for the white man's safety."

"How did you do that," I asked, "if he spoke no English?"

"Ah! but he understood a good bit," the planter answered, "especially if you swore at him; you don't want many words in dealing with a Kanaka. Why, my father held his revolver to Joe's head, and he said: 'Just you look here, Joe, you take this gentleman straight across to Whiteford's. If you come back without a letter from Whiteford's to say he's got there safe, I blow your brains out. If you get to Whiteford's without him, gentleman at Whiteford's blow your brains out. Understand me, eh?' And Joe grinned like a Cheshire cat, and answered: 'Ah, yes; me understandee, massa.'"

"That was simple," I said, "and no doubt effective."



"'AND JOE GRINNED LIKE A CHESHIRE CAT'" (*p.* 203).

"I believe you, indeed. But there's no trusting a Kanaka. The cool season was on, and going across the hills and sleeping in the open, Harvey had got an overcoat with him. It was a very smart overcoat, the sort of thing a fellow might have swelled about Bond Street in; and Joe admired it immensely. Like all Kanakas, he was as proud as a peacock, and loved to strut about in European finery. He was always talking about this overcoat of Harvey's, and trying to count up on his fingers and toes how many months he would have to save up his weekly wages to buy one like it. When Harvey was going away, my father called out after him: 'Beware of Joe, old man. Take care he doesn't murder you to get that overcoat.' Harvey laughed and waved his hand, and Joe grinned and showed his teeth. A Kanaka will grin, you know, at the bare idea of killing you.

"I don't know whether my father put it into Joe's head or not; but anyhow, before the three weeks were over we were all surprised one fine day to see Joe come strutting back, all agog, to the plantation, and, if you'd believe it, wearing Harvey's overcoat. It ought to have taken him six weeks at least to get to Whiteford's and back. So we were naturally suspicious. 'Joe,' says my father, 'you've murdered Mr. Harvey!' Joe grins and struts about, and shows off his overcoat, as cool as a cucumber. Well, we couldn't stand that. 'Joe,' says my father again, 'we'll give you your fair chance. We'll wait till four weeks is out'—for it took a week by sea for letters to come from Whiteford's—'and then if we don't hear Mr. Harvey has arrived, we'll try you and shoot you.' Well, Kanakas are wonderful. Joe strutted and grinned, as pleased as ever. We waited the four weeks, and we kept him in safety. He

never even tried to run away to the bush; he seemed to think it was all right, and we were only joking.

"When the four weeks were up, no letter came from Harvey. So my father had out Joe, and he, and my uncle, and Fergusson of the next estate sat as an informal court to try him. Joe seemed a good deal surprised and taken aback at the proceedings; he wanted to tell some cock-and-bull story in his broken English about how the coat 'belong a me; Massa Harvey give it me.' But white men's lives must be respected, and my father wasn't going to stand any nonsense. They found Joe guilty on circumstantial evidence, and sentenced him to be shot; and they took him out on to the hill behind the house and shot him. I can see him still with his big eyes wide open, and a sort of wondering look in them, when they fastened his arms, as if he couldn't understand what on earth they were doing it for. There was really something quite pathetic and sad about him—that is to say, for a Kanaka."

"And *had* he murdered Harvey?" I asked, for I didn't remember to have heard till that moment that the explorer had met with so tragic an end.

My planter's face fell.

"Well, that's just the odd part of it," he answered slowly. "Three days later a letter arrived from Harvey at Whiteford's, saying Joe had taken him by a short cut through the hills, and he had met on the way a New South Wales party with tents and a waggon. So he had sent Joe back, and made him happy with a present of his overcoat; 'and I hope,' he said, 'he's as pleased with it now as he was when I gave it him.'"

"Then you'd murdered the poor fellow!" I exclaimed. "He'd never done it! No wonder his big eyes of mute surprise still haunt you!"

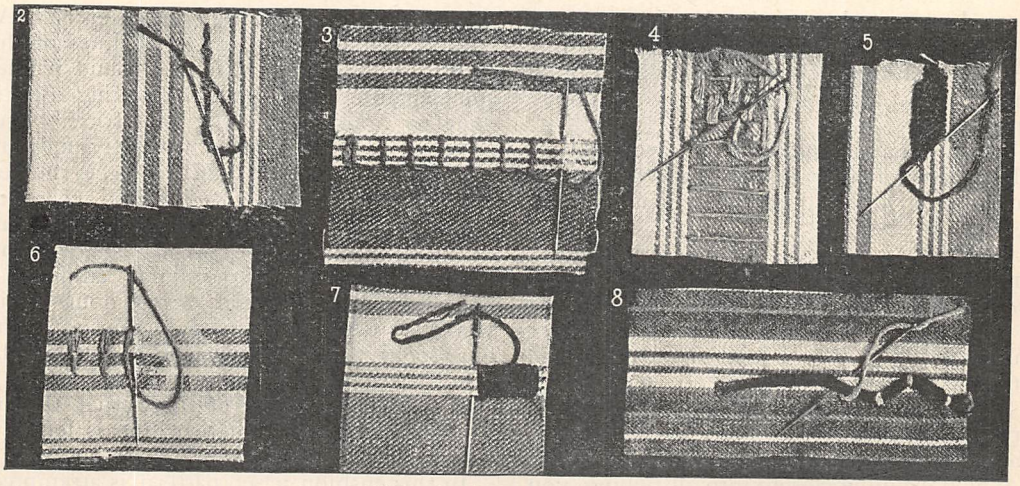
"Well, no; not quite that," the planter said deprecatingly. "It was an error of judgment, you see: a miscarriage of justice: a regretable incident. We thought at the time we were justified in shooting him."

"But you quoted this," I cried, "as an instance of the utter untrustworthiness of Kanakas! It seems to me, it goes just the other way. The poor fellow was faithful and did what he could, and your father rewarded him for his pains by shooting him."

"That's just it," the planter answered dryly. "That shows what an untrustworthy lot they are. Even when you get a decent one to deal with, they're all so bad that you can't believe him. You're driven to shoot an innocent man on suspicion. But poor Joe's eyes *were* a sight to look at. As long as I live I shall never forget them."

THE BEAUTIES OF TICK-WORK.

THIS cushion-cover which you see in our illustration looks at first sight like a most beautiful piece of Oriental embroidery. The colouring is of rich hues: Turkey red, dull art shades of green, straw-colour, and a black line here and there. The



STITCHES USED IN TICK-WORK.

whole effect is excellent and truly artistic; and those who like cheap embroideries will learn with satisfaction that this lovely effect is produced simply by using coloured cottons on ordinary bed-ticking.

Bed-ticking has very much improved during the last few years. In former days there was little to be had beyond the narrow blue and white stripe which we so seldom see now. The piece before you is done on some ticking I bought in an out-of-the-way place in France, and its colours seemed to me to be exactly what I wanted for my purpose. In England, however, you can get very beautiful ticking in different patterns and colours, and of it make very pretty things.

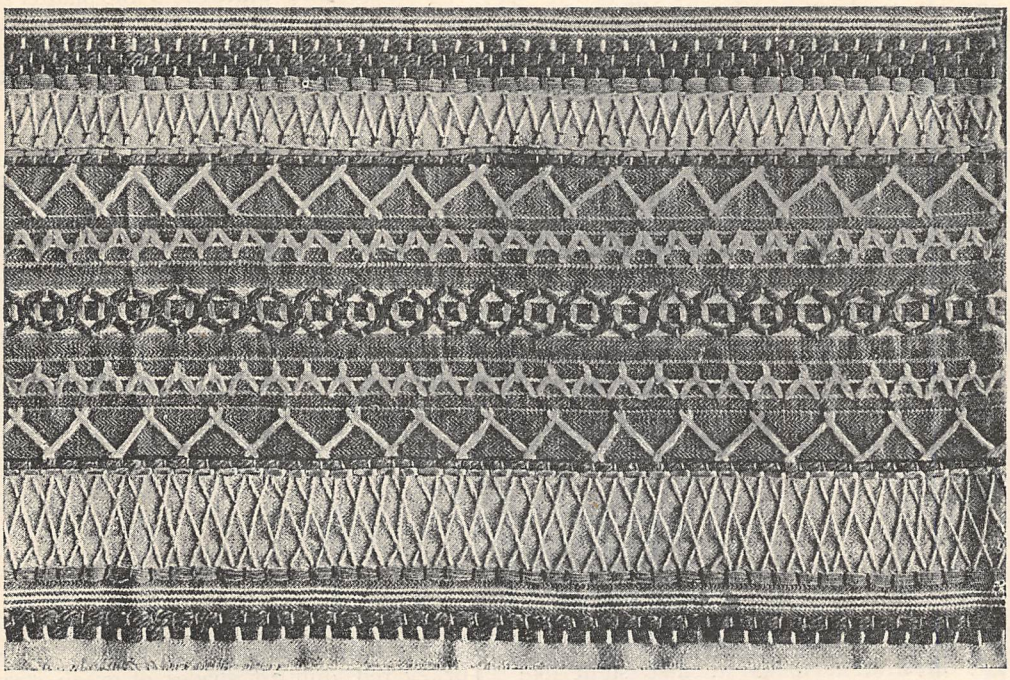
In choosing ticking for fancy-work, always select a good quality, as it is not worth while working on a thin material which will not bear the work.

On this cushion-cover a very coarse D.M.C. embroidery cotton is a good deal used, *rouge-turc* and *bleu lapis* being the colours. This is sewn down, as will be seen, with a finer embroidery cotton of a light shade of brown, almost yellow.

Some lines are done in vandykes, some are straight, but in all great care is needed to have the pattern even and correct.

If you examine closely into all ticking, you will find that in the weaving there is a small pattern which will enable you, if you count it, to do your design correctly. In all this cushion these small marks are noted, a certain number being left between or covered in the work.

The greens are ordinary embroidery cotton, about six threads being used, sewn down with one stitch taken across at regular intervals. The yellow lines are done in double chain-stitch, or, as it is sometimes called, trellis-stitch, two lines of back-stitching at regular intervals being done in green. As will be seen in some cases, two lines of the cotton are sewn down together, and if lines come again next to them the sewing-down is done in brick-stitch style, one stitch being between the others, and not directly under it.



CUSHION-COVER.

In the very centre of the piece the red cotton is sewn down with the blue, coarse as that is. To do this, you should use a very coarse chenille needle, with a sharp point, but the cotton is too coarse to admit of a more elaborate pattern being done in it. Herring-bone is done in some lines, and the blue looks very well over the brown foundation.

There is very little of the actual ticking visible, but here and there a line is left if it contrasts or harmonises well with the work.

In this cushion a set pattern is attempted,

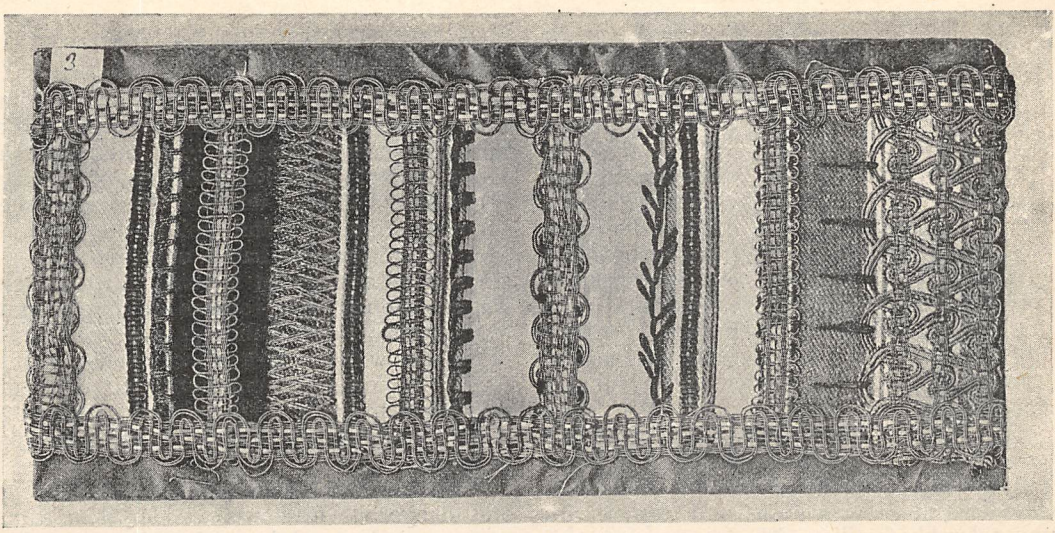


FIG. 1.—BORDER FOR TABLE COVER.

and the design repeats itself with accuracy. This is, however, a pure matter of taste, for it is quite at the liberty of the worker to vary colours, stitches, and designs *ad libitum*. As a matter of taste I must say I prefer not too many colours being used, and not very many stitches.

Fig. 1 shows a border which could be adapted as a table cover or mantel border. Here the ticking is almost entirely covered. Gold braids are laid on, and ribbon and velvet are applied, secured by fancy stitches, such as herring-bone, coral, etc. There is no rule about work of this kind, and, as will be seen, all kinds of odds and ends of silks and velvets can be used. A piece of work like this would look very well when mounted on plush or satin as a book-cover or sachet. Although, as I have said, any pieces can be used, I have employed only green, pink, red, and brown, besides the gold braids and laces.

In Fig. 2 snail trail is shown. Make a loop as if for chain-stitch, but put your needle behind the cotton and out into the loop; then make the next stitch at a little distance from it.

Fig. 3 is buttonhole-stitch, taken at intervals.

A close examination of these illustrations will teach you better how to do the different stitches than a great many explanations.

Fig. 4 shows you the way in which a pretty stitch can be used effectively.

Fig. 5 is coral-stitch done only on one side, and each stitch lying close to the other.

Fig. 6 is picot, or loop-stitch. Bring up your cotton from the back to the right side of the material, carefully holding your cotton under the thumb of your left hand. Then insert your needle almost exactly in the same place it came out of, leaving only a thread to the right.

Bring your needle up one-eighth of an inch lower down in a straight direction, passing the point of your needle over the cotton you are holding with your thumb. Draw up your thread, and put your needle from the front to the back of the stuff below the loop you have just made, and then put it into the right place for making another loop-stitch.

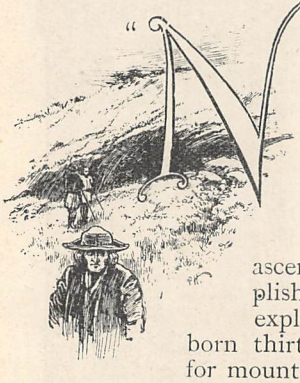
Fig. 7 is simple satin-stitch. This, when evenly worked, is very pretty. The stitches must be close together; and only practice will teach you to do it well, as it is equally a fault if you allow the cotton to lie too loosely or if you pull it in working. The lines of the ticking are so perfectly even that you can do bands of this kind very successfully; and two of the same width lying close together are often very effective.

Fig. 8.—This is done on the ticking used for the cushion-cover. If you examine the illustration, you will see how it is worked. Remember that equal distances between the vandykes must be kept; and if you do not do this, all the beauty of the work is spoilt.

It can now be seen that this work can be done in a very great variety of ways, its beauty depending very greatly upon the worker.

Space forbids me naming more than a few of the many stitches which can be used in it; all acquainted with fancy stitches of any kind can use these in all sorts of ways, and produce lovely articles of many kinds.

A REAL UNDERGROUND COUNTRY.



"NO more discoveries remain in store for Alpine climbers," sighs a daring French traveller, pioneer of subterranean exploration in France. "Every ascent has been accomplished, every summit explored. We were born thirty years too late for mountaineering."

If, however, original research is limited in cloudland, and the scientist and explorer are now tolerably familiar with the outer crust of our globe, the inner offers comparatively virgin soil to both.

In the words of another French writer, "Travellers in search of knowledge and emotion" (our word "sensation" by no means conveys the meaning of the French "émotion") "must now seek them in the nether world, in the bowels of the earth."

How little is still known of the marvels underground recent investigations in France show. In Hungary the study of grottoes, caves, and subterranean rivers has for many years been carried on with the utmost ardour, under the name of "Höhlenkunde." The first Frenchman to devote himself to the subject first claimed for it the name of Grottology, now exchanged for "Spilæologie," from the Greek for "cave" and "discourse."

M. Martel—quoted in my introductory sentence, and the discoverer of the marvels I am about to describe—is a distinguished young lawyer of Paris, acting counsel of the Tribunal de Commerce of the Seine. As so often and so fortunately happens, the indefatigable explorer is seconded by a wife equally high-spirited and venturesome. Madame Martel, it is true, has not yet accompanied her husband—

> "Through caverns measureless to man,
> Down to a sunless sea."

She has floated with him in mid-air—their voyage in a balloon from Paris to Laon two years ago reading more like a page from a fairy-tale than a sober report of the French Alpine Club. To this lady's enterprise and pen are also due charming accounts of little-known mountain-scenery in Greece.

A bare mention of her husband's achievements takes the breath away; descents, lasting an hour and a half into caverns vast as French cathedrals, and remote from the surface as the base of the Eiffel Tower from the Tricolour floating on its uppermost pinnacle—canoe voyages on subterranean rivers several miles long, and across lovely little lakes hitherto unvisited by man—the shooting of underground rapids—the exploration of grottoes on hands and knees, occasionally by a swim in ice-cold, pitchy-black water—sojourn after sojourn of sixteen and even twenty hours hundreds, nay, thousands of feet below the earth's surface; such recitals testify to powers of endurance elasticity of temperament and high-spirited enterprise worthy to rank with the most notable records of travel.

It must not be supposed that these trying and dangerous feats were undertaken from mere curiosity and love of excitement. M. Martel's discoveries have already borne fruit to the geographer and meteorologist; results yet more valuable are sure to come. The fauna, flora, and fossils of these cavernous depths must be of great interest.

Before following the explorer into the awful abysses and Acherontian streams—his

AN EXPLORER'S ADVANCE.

happy hunting-ground—let us look at the equipments of a Grottologist and his companions—no trifling matter, as will be seen.

Foremost comes the folding canoe (Osgood's patent), a tiny craft with waterproof sides, that holds two, weighs only a few pounds, and takes to pieces—as may be conceived, a source of amazement to the country-folk; a portable telephone (Aubry's system) — this also is indispensable, the voice being inaudible in these vertical abysses at a depth of a hundred feet—rope ladders, miners' lamps, large stearine candles, a pot of white paint for marking the way, whistles and hunting horns, hammer, spade, tinder-boxes, compass and other mathematical instruments, meat lozenges — these are the more important items. Bengal fire, fireworks, dynamite for the purpose of illumination and forcing a passage M. Martel disapproves of, the former being unwholesome, and the latter excessively dangerous. Even the use of magnesian light should be restricted to the minimum.

The next weighty point is the finding of trusty guides—rather, aids: two needed for each explorer. Good guides are more necessary underground, writes our Grottologist, than on mountain-tops, and we can easily believe him. In his own case they had to be trained for the work, no one before having ventured into the dark, unpeopled mysterious regions now investigated and mapped out.

Until the last few years neither French nor English tourists had heard of the Causses, those vast promontories and stony plateaux of Central France, to which no other country offers an exact parallel. Lofty as Skiddaw and Helvellyn, their tablelands equal in extent to Dartmoor or Exmoor, the Causses have only lately attracted the attention of the scientific. The discovery, such it may be called, of the cañons of the Tarn, made a decade ago, and due to MM. Martel, Malafosse, Lequeutre, and others, has opened a new and magical region to the tourist.

One paramount charm here is that of contrast—aridity of soil, an arctic climate, solitude, and desolation characterise the plateaux; at their base lie fertile fields, delicious valleys, meandering rivers, fountains gushing from silvery cascades. Above, not a rill, not a beck refreshes the spongy, stony soil; the showers of spring, the snows of winter filter to a depth of thousands of feet below. Another striking feature of the arid, waterless upper region is the *aven*, or yawning chasm, subject of superstitious awe and terror among the country-people. Wherever you go you find the aven, in the midst of a field—for parts of this sterile soil have been laid under cultivation—on the side of a vertical cliff, of divers shapes and sizes; these mysterious openings are locally known as "Trous d'enfer" (mouths of hell). Alike, fact and legend have increased the popular dread. It was known that many an unfortunate sheep or goat had fallen into some

M. E. A. MARTEL.
(*From a photograph by A. Liebert, Paris.*)

abyss, never, of course, to be heard of after; it was said that a jealous seigneur of these regions had been seen thus to get rid of his young wife—one tradition out of many. According to the country-folk of Padirac, the devil, hurrying away with a captured soul, was overtaken by St. Martin on horseback. A struggle, amid savage scenery, ensued for possession of the soul. "Accursed saint," cried Satan, "thou wilt hardly leap my ditch" —with a tap of his heel opening the rock before them, splitting it in two, the enormous chasm as he thought making pursuit impossible. But St. Martin's steed leaped it at a bound, the soul was rescued, and the prince of darkness, instead of the saint, sent below.

Another legend refers to the expulsion of the English from this part of France in the time of Charles VII. The enemy, after many sharp defeats, threw their treasures into the chasm, whence they have never been withdrawn. On the arrival of M. Martel with his friends and guides at Padirac, in the department of the Lot, the peasants thought they had come in search of English treasure! It may easily be imagined that the first descent of these

avens was regarded as a foolhardy expedition —a tempting of Providence.

At Millau, six aged women came to the exploring party, entreating them with tears and paternosters to desist.

"You can get down, gentlemen, easily enough," they said, "but you will never come up again."

The country curés who offered the travellers hospitality, no inns being accessible, were hardly more reassuring. Nor, indeed, can the general stupefaction be wondered at. The odds against such pioneers were enormous. We can hardly blame the peasants for not enlisting in their service with greater alacrity. To descend unaccompanied a chasm as yet unfathomed, your mode of transport a plank attached to two cords like a child's swing, in one hand a torch, with the other grasping a rope, only your priceless pocket telephone permitting communication with the living world above—after, perhaps, an hour of such locomotion to be left alone over a thousand feet below the earth's surface—the anticipation might well appal the most stout-hearted.

During the descent some such conversation as this is carried on by means of the pocket telephone:

"All going well," says the pioneer. "I see a side gallery; wait a bit, I want to have a look at it."

After ten minutes' silence the watcher above grows uneasy.

"Well, what is it like—your gallery?"

"The gallery is about forty feet long, and just below is a well. Let someone come down; also let down a rope ladder. I am out of my seat. You can draw it up. Have you understood?"

"Perfectly."

Then the "swing" is slowly drawn up, and the explorer left alone, often having to wait hours for his companions and their paraphernalia—a single false step, a slight miscalculation on his part as he explores the pitchy-black regions, his candle only illuminating the darkness, and all is over with him. He is engulfed, drowned, or crushed before help can arrive. Hitherto no serious accident has occurred, but hours are constantly lost owing to imperfectly understood messages, entanglement of ropes, and mischances of the same kind.

When everything goes well, patience and endurance are tried to the utmost. Thus the exploration of one aven or subterranean river alone will demand sixteen hours of uninterrupted trial and exposure, the travellers reaching the surface speechless, numb, and inanimate from fatigue.

M. Martel's exploits are now legion. We will begin by enumerating the more modest, the aven of Guisotte (Aveyron), a mere well, two hundred feet deep and a little over a yard wide; then follows another on the same Causse, about double the depth and size; in a third, the explorer was compelled to spend three-quarters of an hour midway between the surface and the base, balancing himself as best he could on a rope ladder, and trying to persuade one match after another to take fire!

Without a light he could neither go up nor down, and the lantern despatched to his succour had been blown out on the way. The ordinary match is now replaced, as I have said, by the *briquet à amadou*, a kind of tinder-box absolutely to be relied on.

The avens just named are mere wells, the exploration a trifle by comparison with what followed, namely, the discovery of three enormous abysses or caverns, two of which led to subterranean rivers. Rabanel (Hérault), the first of these, has an opening as wide as the crypt of St. Paul's, a grotto of twice its proportions and of twice the depth of Golden Cross from Ludgate Hill.

Six days and six hundred francs were devoted to this cavern—passages, grottoes and caverns now being mapped out by its discoverer.

The spectacle that awaited him and his doughty companions below is described as fairy-like, unimaginably strange and lovely. No cavern seemed here; rather the nave of some lofty and magnificent cathedral. From the opening above, now

A CANOE VOYAGE ON THE UNDERGROUND RIVER.

"NO CAVERN SEEMED HERE; RATHER THE NAVE OF SOME LOFTY AND MAGNIFICENT CATHEDRAL" (*p.* 210).

dwarfed to a needle's eye of intensest blue, a ray of light filtered through the gloom, dimly irradiating the crystal stalactites fringing the walls.

But the capital achievement of our explorer is his discovery of two underground rivers. Compared with this, all former feats sink into insignificance. Unfortunately the marvels he describes in language so simple yet so telling are beyond the reach of most. We may be sure twenty would scale Mont Blanc to one who would descend Rabanel. Nor are the rivers less appalling.

In the heart of the Cévennes, on the way from Mende to Le Vigan (Lozere and Gard), is a mountain torrent, thundering amid dark precipitous rocks.

Long ago the country folks named the cascade Bramabiau, in local dialect meaning the bellowing of a bull. A French writer in 1838 thus speaks of the strange and awful spectacle—

"Words fail me to describe it," he wrote; "here, indeed, Nature reveals herself under an aspect strange, terrible, fraught with mystery."

But almost a hundred years before, travellers had written of the mass of waters forcing a passage through gigantic walls of rock; and in our own day the falls have been a sight of the few tourists penetrating these solitudes.

Whence came this enormous volume of foaming, roaring water? M. Martel was determined to find out. For a detailed account of his explorations I must refer the reader to his own work.* I will only relate that the expedition of June, 1888, and successive enterprises resulted in the discovery of a subterranean river, over three miles in length, of cascades, grottoes, and galleries, the whole forming, in the explorer's own words, one of those natural marvels that take aback human intelligence.

Here is the kind of experience gone through—one of the daily incidents of underground research.

"From that moment our advance was a series of gymnastics, all movements regulated by the width of our path (the ledge of rock bordering river and cascades), the hold to be got of projecting rocks, and the depth of the water. Sometimes we were up to our necks in water, sometimes clinging like flies to the wall, the perpetual extinction of lights, the difficulty of making each other heard in the roar of the cataract, the

* "Les Cévennes," Paris, 4th edition, 1893.

heaviness of our dripping garments, greatly impeding progress.

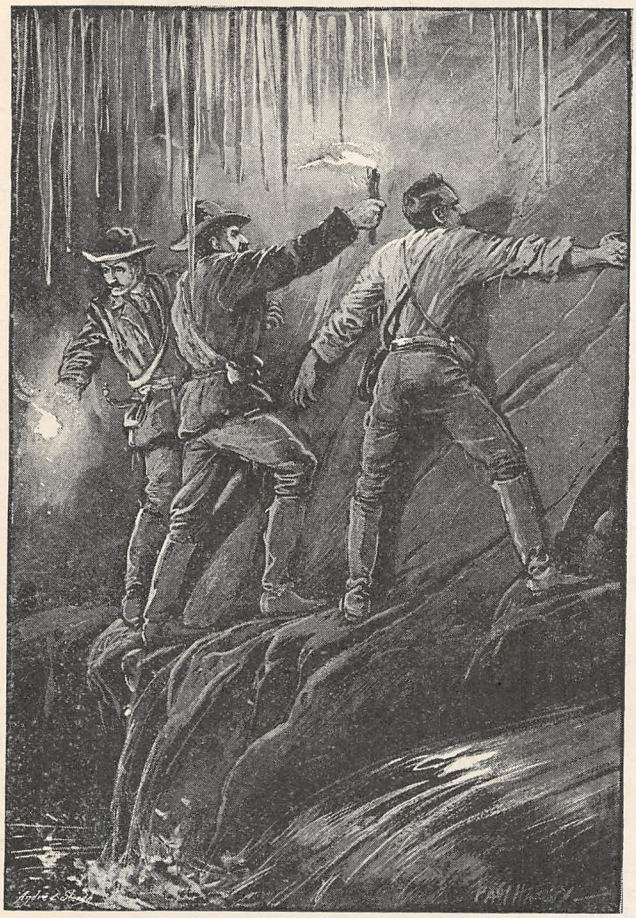
"Fortunately a wide platform permitted a halt; we at once named the spot '*salle de repos*,' or chamber of rest. A little below, from a crevice, came thundering a single jet of water, beyond lay a tiny lake or basin. We must either stop short or swim to the other side. Before having recourse to that expedient we tried another."

How the pair—M. Martel was here with one of his guides—contrived to bestride a chasm above the seething, warring mass of water remains a mystery to the travellers themselves, and no wonder! The one literally shot the other across, much as a golfer sends his ball into a hole; the second, being of unusually tall stature, leaning forward, contrived to get hold of his companion and in turn pull him over! The more prudent of the party had swam to the side lower down.

Bramabiau is now mapped out, each separate feature being named, measurements and other statistics added with the utmost accuracy.* This map of an underground region, the very existence of which was unknown till within a few years ago, offers a curious study. As we read we can but faintly realise the perils and arduous labours represented by each name or figure. If "La Montée du Diable" suggests hazards and terrors, the "Salle de repos" has an ingratiating sound. Grottology is nevertheless little likely to become a popular form of scientific research. The risks are too great, the conditions too uncanny. Padirac is no less marvellous a phenomenon than Bramabiau, in certain respects, and the underground river of the Lot is more wonderful than that of the Gard. Whilst Bramabiau has its cascades Padirac has its lakes. What a cruise in the underworld is like M. Martel shall tell us:—

"Surprise seals our lips. One after the other four little lakes follow in close succession, the rocky walls on either side draped with stalactites, all sparkling like diamonds under our magnesian light, all reflected in the smooth, limpid water. Not a sound breaks the stillness of this unknown world, only from time to time we hear the trickling of water from the roof; the hollow cavernous roof echoing the fall, the whole making up a tender, penetrating, rhythmic music. Not a living soul has preceded us in this strange voyage. We are wholly remote from the living, familiar sphere. In a breath we ask ourselves: 'Do we not dream? Can this indeed be reality?'"

Padirac, no more than Bramabiau, was explored in a day. Again and again M. Martel and his friends returned to their task, ever finding new marvels. On the 2nd September, 1890, fourteen months to a day after the first descent, a second was made, more than a thousand spectators having gathered about the opening to see. This time the preparations were on a far larger scale, the explorers provided themselves with thirty-five yards of rope-ladder, three portable boats, two sets of photographic apparatus, a newly-patented electric lamp—in short, every



"CLINGING LIKE FLIES TO THE WALL."

* *See* "La rivière souterraine de Bramabiau." Société de Géographie, Paris, 1893.

object that could possibly be needed for such an expedition. Part of the programme consisted of a bivouac under the stars, their light glimmering from an aperture several hundred feet overhead. By eight o'clock the exploring party, five in all, were safe below. A gay and hearty supper was followed by an hour's rest; not till after midnight did the little illuminated flotilla set forth, the magnesian flames and electric lamp lighting up the colossal walls of stalactite as they went.

Winding in and out, now obliged to land and carry their boats and baggage, now gently gliding from fairy-like lake to lake, the exhilaration of one moment obliterating the fatigues of the other, our explorers reached the limit of the cavern, further progress being arrested by a solid mass of rock, not a cleft, not an outlet to be discovered anywhere.

It was now nearly seven o'clock in the morning, but three hours elapsed before they reached the place of embarkation—three and a half more before the indefatigable travellers could tear themselves away from their photographic apparatus and sketching materials to breakfast. By four in the afternoon all had reached the surface, half dead of fatigue and exposure, but well satisfied with the results of their expedition.

They had navigated a subterranean river a mile and six furlongs in length, its meanderings forming twelve lakes, separated by little weirs, in local phraseology called *gours*, forming a veritable stair, all set in a framework of crystalline stalactite wholly indescribable when lighted up.

There is a prosaic side to all things, and we learn that Padirac has been purchased by an enterprising capitalist, to be turned into a tourists' show-place. Just as the Gorge of the Tarn, unknown even to French tourists a dozen years ago, has become a popular excursion, return tickets on Mr. Cook's principle being given in Paris, so, doubtless, we shall soon see illustrated advertisements of Padirac in French railway stations. Whether Grottology will recruit novices as quickly as golf or football remains to be seen. M. Martel's enthusiasm is certainly stimulating. Unfortunately, powers of endurance, nerve, and the especial kind of coolness here of the first necessity, are not so easily communicated.

The popularisation of these remote spots of Central France suggests other reflections. Nothing can convey a higher notion of the French peasant, his simplicity, independence, fine physique, and manliness of character than such experiences as M. Martel's, or my own when exploring the Causses of the Lozere. What will be the result of a tourist season for two or three months in the year—an influx of travellers, large earnings, a completely new order of things? From one point of view advantageous enough, no doubt. Well-being will increase, progressive ideas take root; we shall no longer complain of remote French villages being in certain respects fifty or a hundred years behind the rest of the world. It is doubtful whether cosmopolitan intercourse will improve my unsophisticated guides, drivers, innkeepers, and acquaintances on the "Roof of France."

M. B.-E.

Since the above was written, M. Martel has brought out his *opus magnum*, "Les Abîmes." In this splendid work, the subterranean explorer summarises his discoveries, each section being abundantly illustrated by illustrations, maps, and diagrams. "Les Abîmes" (The Abysses) deals with "hairbreadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach," and from first to last is a marvellous record of enterprise, resolution, and endurance. But it is far more. We here turn over a new and fascinating page of the earth's history, a page which is the mere beginning of a chapter to be gradually continued, and, as we hope, some day completed.

MR. ADOLF.

BY A. E. ORPEN, AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF THE SID," "A MODERN MARTYR," ETC.

"NOT AN EASY JOB IN THE FACE OF A WESTERLY WIND."

I.

ANN HEWSTED was hanging out the clothes. Not an easy job in the face of a westerly wind which came straight from the plains without encountering an obstacle until it struck the wide sheet that she was trying to pin down to its line. Thinking she could manage better on the lee side of the sheet, Ann abandoned her only safe position, and in a moment of over-confidence stepped beneath the line, took out one of the pins, and in the next instant was enveloped from head to foot in a large flapping wet sheet.

It was only a gust of wind which had done it. Ann struggled desperately with the horrid clinging thing, and after one breathless interval found herself emerging from the clinging embrace of this woven boa-constrictor.

"Oh!" exclaimed Ann, "hang that sheet!"

"Yes, that is the best thing to do with it," said a voice at her elbow.

Then Ann saw that it was not owing to her own efforts she had escaped from the sheet, but simply because one corner of it was firmly held by a hand, the hand of a fair man, burnt very brown. At first Ann thought it was a very old man; the second glance

showed her it was a young one with a blonde beard.

"Can I help you?" said he, with that thickness of utterance which betrays the German foreigner to the discriminating ear of the American.

"I shall be obliged if you would," she said, still panting from her struggle with the wet sheet.

The owner of the fair beard turned and proceeded by main force to pin down the refractory sheet. He stepped on one corner of it and left a large black boot-mark to witness to his awkward kindness. He had a knapsack on his back, which suggested a pedlar to Ann.

"Shall we put up the rest?" said he, pointing to the basket full of clothes.

"Thank you," said Ann, glad of the help. "You had better take off your load first. It's an awkward thing, I should think."

So he slung off his knapsack with a quick jerk of the left arm and shoulder and prepared to hang up the clothes with Ann. A forest of linen was soon waving in the gale. Ann looked at it with satisfaction.

"Half-an-hour of this wind will dry them," she observed. "Won't you come in to dinner? That's father coming up from the field now with the horses," she said, with the friendliness common enough on the prairie, but uncommon elsewhere.

"I shall be most happy," said the owner of the knapsack, taking off his hat with a bow, "if it will not be trespassing too much."

"You are a stranger in Kansas, aren't you?"

"Yes, I have only just arrived."

"I thought so. How do you like it?"

"So far, very well."

They walked along in silence towards a white house that stood at the end of the road. There were no trees within sight, and the burning sunshine gave a very hard look to everything, as if it were a very workaday place.

The bearded German glanced two or three times at his companion, but could not see her face, as it was lost behind the wide overhanging sun-bonnet that she wore.

On reaching the front of the house where, if possible, the July sun shone with even more fierceness, Ann saw her father coming round the corner of the log stable followed by his two plough horses. The well with its heavy windlass lay half-way between them. Accordingly the whole party, including the thirsty horses, met at the edge of the well.

"How do you do, stranger?" said Hewsted heartily, swinging over his bucket and rapidly grinding at the handle, while the horses trumpeted loudly.

Ann had disappeared after having performed a mute introduction between the stranger and her father.

"Going west? Where's your horse? Don't you want to give him a drink?" inquired Hewsted, pouring his bucket load of water into a trough, where the horses eagerly began to suck it up. "Thirsty weather this, both for horses and men."

"I am on foot," responded the stranger slowly. "I have not got any horse."

"Land sakes, man!" exclaimed Hewsted, "you ain't walking!"

He was much astonished.

"Yes, I am walking."

"And with that load too? Well, I wouldn't do that as long as I could get a horse as easy as not. Pedlar?"

"No, I'm not doing anything just now. I am not in business. I am just having a look at the country."

"Intending to settle by-and-by. Well, it's a fine country. I can tell you where there's good land if you're going to buy. Dinner is just ready; take this bucket and you'll find a basin there on the bench. Ann is very particular; she won't let anyone in to dinner without his first washing his hands. I'm going to feed the horses. I'll be 'long by-and-by."

"Your daughter was kind enough to say something about my remaining to dinner," began the German. "I hope I shall not——"

"Be in the way? Bless you, no. Glad to have you. Don't come many strangers this road, I can tell you. If you come from the East, Ann will be delighted to see you and hear the news. Women folks don't like the prairie. 'Tain't their nature to like loneliness. And it's regular downright lonely here sometimes."

The bearded German took the bucket of water and retired with it and the sacrificial basin to a bench on the shady side of the house.

He took from his knapsack a piece of soap, a towel, and brushes, and when he confronted Mr. Hewsted as the latter came from the stables he presented such an altogether satisfactory appearance that Mr. Hewsted commented upon it under his breath with his favourite exclamation, "Land sakes!"

"Go 'long in," said Hewsted, pointing to the door of the staring house. "I must perk myself up a bit, too."

The German knocked at the door, and was bidden come in by Ann.

"It is easy *hearing* you are a stranger," said she, without looking up. "The real Kansas man never knocks at a door."

She was standing over the stove, peering

down into a large black pot, the contents of which she was stirring with a wooden ladle. The room was full of a most savoury smell. Now, at length, she turned round and glanced at her guest.

There was a momentary start of surprise as she noted the change in his appearance wrought by his careful devotions to the wash-basin.

"Have you come far to-day?"

"No, not very far. I stayed at Moneka last night."

"Why, that's nineteen miles away. You must be tired. Do sit down."

She handed him a chair, but the German, with a hurried gesture, said—

"Really I beg——"

"You mustn't mind sitting down. I am getting dinner ready. I can't sit down yet awhile. By-and-by, maybe, when all the work is over."

A pretty girl cooking a dinner is usually a pleasing sight to a very hungry man. And as the German watched Ann it occurred to him that she was very pretty: black eyes, red, rosy cheeks and dark clean skin, masses of black hair, bright flashing teeth, and, when she smiled, a dimple in one cheek. The blonde German let his pale grey eyes rest upon her with pleasure as she went deftly back from table to stove and arranged the table in the intervals of stirring the contents of that savoury pot.

The room where he sat and she cooked was a small square one, with a plain wood ceiling. It looked like the cabin of a ship, being all of smooth wood. The walls were usefully employed as a hanging-place for a number of saws, hammers, and horses' bits. There was not an ornament in the whole room.

A square deal table covered with a clean cloth and some simple crockery foretold dinner, and a bright tin mug at each of the three places betokened water for drink. Ann lifted the heavy pot off the fire, and the exertion sent a deeper tinge into her rosy cheeks.

"Let me help you," said the German, springing to his feet; "that is too heavy for you."

"No, no, just sit still. Dinner is women's work, and I do it every day now Amanda is away."

"Dinner ready, Ann?" said her father, entering at the moment.

"Yes, father, come in," replied the daughter as she put a steaming dish of chicken-pot pie upon the table.

A white dog with one black ear had come into the room after his master.

"Pluto," said Ann, with great solemnity, "are your hands clean?"

The dog looked unwinkingly up at her and gravely raised one forepaw, and then as gravely raised the other.

"Good dog; then you shall have some pie," said Ann, smiling and nodding at Pluto, who thereupon began to wag his tail enthusiastically and lick his chops.

"He is a very clever dog," said the German, much amused.

"Well, you may say that," said Hewsted, "but the fact is, my daughter has taught him that trick for a particular reason. I suppose you are mostly a new arrival out here and don't know the ways. Ann likes to have her house as clean as clean can be, and she has a lot of notions about things, too."

The German bowed and looked politely at Ann, who blushed a little.

"I don't expect you need go on with that story, father; never mind," she said, in some little confusion.

"I'm not saying anything but what's true," remonstrated her father. "Our hired man isn't here now—he's away sick, but when he first came he wasn't as careful about washing his hands before dinner as Ann liked, so she taught Pluto that trick, you see, and used to ask the dog if his hands were clean, and the hired man—he took the hint pretty quick."

"An admirable idea!" laughed the German, "and what a delicate way of putting it! But are you always so careful of the feelings of your servants in this country?"

"Well, now, sir, we don't much fancy that word 'servant' in this country. We call them 'hired men,' and we like everyone to feel quite comfortable. Since the war there are no masters and servants. One day I might hire a man, and another time he might hire me, you see. It's all pretty much equal out here."

"That is what I think one of the finest things in this splendid country," said the German, with great heartiness.

"I am glad you like our country," said Ann simply. "I suppose you have been in many countries, and can tell how we compare with others."

"I have seen a good deal of the world, and knocked about here and there," replied the guest.

"Are you thinking of staying in Kansas?" asked Hewsted.

"I have not made up my mind."

"Perhaps you are looking for work? If you were thinking of living in the neighbourhood, I am in want of a man, and give as good wages as anyone round here. My

hired man's gone home sick, and the corn will soon have to be cut, and I'm at my wits' end. What do you say?"

The blood had rushed to the German's face, and on his white forehead, where his hat had kept off the tan, it flamed scarlet for a moment. Both Ann and her father looked at him in some surprise.

"No offence, stranger, I hope," said Hewsted, in mild amaze at this danger signal.

"My dear sir," said his guest with considerable eagerness, "on the contrary, I am much flattered. Only I'm afraid I don't know anything about work—on the land, that is."

"Been a clerk, I suppose, in a store?" said Hewsted. "A good many come out here for a change from that. It's good for the health. You speak uncommon good English. Where did you learn it?"

"Well, the fact is, I learned it as a boy. There were a good many chances for me to do so."

"I expect you could get a place in the store at Moneka, if you wanted. Strong told me the other day his boy had left, and he wants somebody to help him tend the store."

Hewsted spoke in perfect good nature. He thought every man who came to Kansas came there to get work, and he would be glad to mention a likely place to this young man, in case that suited him better than farm work.

"Well, I must go back to my work. Good-bye, stranger," said Hewsted after dinner, shaking hands with his guest. "Maybe, you'll be coming back this way."

"Good-bye, sir," said the German. "If I pass this way, I shall certainly do myself the honour to call upon you and Miss Ann. First of all, I want to see the Smoky Hill Fork. I have a great fancy for the name. It sounds full of possibilities."

"Well, well, I dare say. I haven't much opinion of that place myself: mighty poor land, I reckon, and no sort of water for stock, let alone there being no timber at all for building houses."

So spoke Hewsted the farmer, being an entirely practical man and not given to being impressed with mere names.

The German walked away towards the west and vanished utterly from sight. Ann and her father sometimes used to talk about him: and as they had no name for him, Ann called him "the Prince," for she said his manners were truly courtly. Her father had a still lower opinion of princes and courts than even of the Smoky Hill Fork; and so by degrees the stranger came to be almost forgotten

II.

It was a hot day in August, and Ann, with the help of Pluto, was hunting for a brown filly that had got lost. She had been riding for some hours wearily over that burning plain, looking in all directions for the delinquent, when her eyes rested upon a dark object. Ann pulled up her pony and looked steadily at it. Pluto sat down and panted; he was too hot to look for anything, his whole energy was expended in panting. The dark object was dancing in the heat in that bewildering way which makes it impossible to differentiate between a telegraph pole and a wheelbarrow.

Ann gazed searchingly, and then said—

"Either that is the filly three miles away, or a buzzard twenty perches off. Come along, Pluto; if it's a buzzard we shall be able to make him fly, and that will be some amusement this hot day."

Riding towards the scintillating object—which now shot up into the air, and now out sideways, and now was a mere speck, and anon a wriggling spiral—Ann became aware it was not a bird. A few minutes later she exclaimed—

"Why, it's a man lying on the ground! He must be sick, or dead."

She hurried forward; and Pluto raised an angry bark. The pony cocked its ears and snorted to see a man lying down upon the ground. On the prairie no man able to stand or walk ever lay down in the burning sun like that.

Ann jumped from her horse.

"What's the matter? Are you hurt?" she said, while her heart thumped loudly. The man had not moved as she rode up. Now, however, to her great relief, he slowly turned his head and muttered something.

"He's not dead," she said, with a sigh of relief; and kneeling down beside him, she again spoke to him, and tried to raise his head.

"Why, it's the Prince!" she exclaimed as she saw the face beneath the wide palmetto hat.

"Water, give me some water," murmured the man; his teeth were chattering, and his eyes looked glazed. Ann felt his pulse; it was going like a sledge-hammer.

"Umph! Ague," she said. Then she stood up and looked around her slowly. "The nearest water," she observed aloud, "is four miles in a bee-line from here. Our house is five. I must get him home somehow."

Again she knelt down.

"Do you know me? I am Ann Hewsted. You stayed at our house for dinner."

The sick man looked at her and murmured something in a strange language.

"You must get up and ride on the pony, and I will take you to our house. Try now. Lean on me." She put her arm under his head and raised him.

"You are very kind," said the German with returning consciousness.

"Get on the pony. Can you scramble up?"

Somehow he got on the little pony and sat holding vaguely at the reins.

"He's going off his head again. How shall I ever keep him on the pony. Pansy is too weak for us to ride double. I wish I had one of the horses, and then I could have held him up before me as easy as not."

The German began to shiver again and to talk wildly. Pansy didn't like her rider, and looked round at him inquiringly. Ann slung the knapsack, which was lying on the ground, upon her arm, and then, with one hand holding her patient, she started on her five-mile walk home.

"Forward, march!" shouted the German in a stentorian voice, which startled the pony, the dog, and Ann in almost equal degree.

"Oh, I do hope he won't rave like that the whole way," thought Ann; "it will keep us all on the tenterhooks."

"I see you have been a soldier," she added aloud to her companion, in the hope that she might hit off one of his rare lucid intervals; but he made no reply, and the long weary march began.

Mr. Hewsted was ploughing one of his back-firing furrows about half a mile from his house. It was hard work even with a sharp plough and four horses to turn up that prairie sod that was like a new sort of patent pavement. The horses strained at the collar, and Hewsted, being a merciful man, rested them long and frequently in the course of his mile and a half furrow. It was so hot that the horses were in a lather of foam even with the long rests.

It was during one of these pauses that Hewsted, scanning the horizon with his keen brown eyes, beheld some figures coming along the cattle track from the western mounds. There was no farm west of Hewsted's, as his was the border farm there, therefore he thought it was somebody who had been cattle hunting.

It was getting on towards five o'clock, and the tormenting shimmer that in the earlier part of the day bewildered people had greatly decreased. The oncoming figures began to look familiar yet strange. There was certainly Pluto well in front, and, yes, it was Ann walking with a man riding on Pansy.

"What in 'nation is the meaning of it?" said Hewsted. He rapidly unyoked his off-leader, Rebel, the only bad-tempered horse he had, and in two minutes was on his back and was urging that amazed quadruped over the prairie, while the other three horses went comfortably to sleep in their tracks, being securely anchored to earth by means of the plough.

Ann saw her father hurrying towards her with the harness clattering distressfully on Rebel's flanks. She signalled to him to be reassured, but still he cantered on and never drew rein until he was beside her.

"Ann, what's the matter? Who's this man?"

"He's the German, don't you remember, who was here last month. I found him lying on the ground off near Adam's Mound. He's got an ague fit, and half the time he is off his head and raves."

"Poor fellow!" said Hewsted. "He does look bad, to be sure. Have you walked all the way with him from the Mound? And carried his bundle, too! My, you must be tired, poor child. Here, get up on Rebel, and I'll hold him on the pony. Well, stranger, this is a bad coming back."

But Hewsted got no answer.

"I don't think he knows anything now," said Ann, "he has not answered to me this hour, and all the time he mutters like that. I suppose it's German."

The small cavalcade continued onwards until they reached the long narrow ridge made by Hewsted's ploughing.

"You'll be able to manage and get him home all right. I'd better go back to those horses," said he, pointing to where the three abandoned horses were standing. Rebel's mate had wriggled himself around, and was reproachfully gazing at his wheelers, and every now and then lifted his hind foot impatiently—an action which, to the trained eye, revealed the fact that he was getting outside of his traces. "That fool of a Spy has got tangled in his harness, of course. He is as bad as a child for fidgeting," observed Hewsted. "You and Amanda can get him off the pony," pointing to the German, "and let him lie down till I come along."

"Amanda, come here!" called Ann from the door.

A black face, surmounted by a red and yellow handkerchief, appeared for one instant at the window, and in a flash reappeared at the door.

"Lord love yo', honey, what yo' got dar? What dat dere ole man gwine ter do on de hoss? Wha' for he com' h'yar ridin' critter back an' yo' walkin' like a pedlar?"

"Come here and help me get him down.

He's got the chills and fever, and has just come out of a chill and doesn't know anything now."

"De po' ole coon! Whar he come from?"

"I found him lying on the prairie on the way to the Mounds."

"What de po' ole sinner go out dare fur?"

"I don't know."

"Ole man like him oughter stay in de house and not go meanderin' off beyont call."

"He's not an old man. He is quite young," said Ann. "I've seen him before."

"Bresh yo' heart, honey. Dat's de truf, anyhow. He is mighty sick now, I spec."

Amanda helped the almost helpless man off the pony put her strong arm under his shoulder, and directed him up the steps. Ann supported him on the other side.

"Whar yo' gwine ter put him, Miss Ann?"

But he answered the question himself by falling headlong on the kitchen floor in a dead faint.

"Golly! I done shu' he dead dish time," said Amanda, when she and her mistress had with difficulty roused him.

"Father, he seems terribly bad," said Ann, kneeling beside the prostrate figure and appealing to her father, who just entered.

"Phew! This is bad," said he. "We must get him into bed at once."

"He's powerful solid an' hefty. Yo' and me'll never tote him up de stars," observed Amanda critically.

"Of course not. Take him there into my room. I can go upstairs," said Ann.

Her room opened off the kitchen, and was the only other room on the ground floor. It was a sort of sitting-room too, where she and her father sat together and read when the society of the "hired man" was uncongenial in the evenings.

Doctors were rare on the prairie; the people were at once too poor and too healthy to form an ideal surrounding for a medical man. Mr. Hewsted never for a moment dreamed of getting a doctor, but he rode to Moneka and back—thirty-eight miles—for a bottle of quinine for his guest. Chills and fever were very common on the prairie, and most people doctored their own sick.

"He's powerful sick fo' shu', and he's got a right smart chance o' chills," said Amanda, reporting on her patient. "He done kep' a hollerin' all de night fru till mos' mornin', den he drap sleep like babby, and he sleep till de chill come an' cotch him. He shake

"'DO YOU KNOW ME?' ASKED THE OWNER OF THE PITYING EYES" (*p.* 220).

"'MAY I?' HE REPEATED" (*p.* 222).

de bed on de flo' an' de house on de under pinin' wid the rattlin' o' de chill."

After the chill of course came the fever, and with the fever the delirium.

"Yo' jest hark de way he comman' de sojers," said Amanda admiringly, as the poor fever-tossed sufferer shouted his orders until his voice grew hoarse and he sank back in exhaustion.

A week of strong doses of quinine, and the cure began. It was a breathless day, towards the end of August, when the patient at last awoke out of his first natural sleep. He opened his eyes and was puzzled to see a large object moving slowly up and down between him and the ceiling. It was a dark thing, like a bird; it must be a bird, for those were assuredly feathers. But whoever knew a bird fly back and forth over a bed for twenty, ay, thirty times? Pshaw! He was dreaming; it was a brush. Someone was fanning him. He turned and looked; his eyes encountered two dark pitying eyes, set in a face that was strangely familiar.

"Do you know me?" asked the owner of the pitying eyes.

After a long pause came a faint "Yes."

"We thought you would be in your right mind when you awoke this time."

"How did I get here?"

"Ah well, you rode, so to speak. You were found very ill lying out upon the prairie, and you were brought here."

"And have you been taking care of me?"

"We all have a little. Amanda is nurse-in-chief. This is Amanda."

"Bresh yo'. Is yo' awake?" said Amanda joyously, her black face oozing out sympathy from every pore.

The sick man looked wonderingly at her for a moment, and then his glance came back again to that other face with the gentle dark eyes.

"Now, honey, yo' got ter drink dish h'yar, every drop now. Yo'll be hungry like a hawk when yo' git de taste of it."

He drank the broth, but his eyes followed Ann as long as she stayed in the room. He was weak, and his ideas came slowly and very confusedly.

"How did I get here?" he asked of Amanda.

"Yo' clean forgot all 'bout dat now, I reckon. Wal, chile, yo' come h'yar ridin' on Miss Ann's pony, yo' did, an' dat po' weak little gal, she hel' you up on de hoss, so she did, bresh her heart, an' she mos' carry yo' all de way—ten mile, an' more too."

This was gross exaggeration, but negroes always put on high lights and deepen the shadows well in all they say.

"Did she bring me?" said the sick man wonderingly.

"You bet!" replied Amanda with vast relish. "Jes' Miss Ann an' ne'er nudder pusson 'cept jes' herse'f. An' she ten' yo' an' min' yo' when yo' sick, an' she'd sot up nights wid yo' on'y I wouldn't stan' no sich foolin' as dat. An' she sot hours by de clock, an' bresh de flies off yo'. Them pesky flies is powerful tormentin' to de sick, anyhow.

An' yo' go on hollerin' by de hour to de sojers. Whar yo' learnt commandin' sojers like dat? Bin in de army?"

"Yes, I was a soldier myself."

"Whar now? Yo' belong to Uncle Sam?"

"Who is Uncle Sam?" inquired the sick man.

"Lordy! yo' don't know Uncle Sam? He got all de sojers h'yar in dis country."

"I see. No. I was a soldier in Germany."

Amanda left him, and by-and-by he was conscious of another presence. He opened his eyes. Yes, there sat Ann, fanning away the flies.

"She, the black nurse, has told me that it was you who brought me here. You have——"

"I see Amanda has been talking too much," said Ann a little hurriedly.

"No, she told me what I wanted to know."

He reached out his large thin hand and took hers, thus stopping the fly brush in its motion.

"I can never thank you. You are my good angel," he said brokenly. "How have I deserved such kindness?"

Ann's eyes looked very softly bright as if tears were not far away.

"You make too much of it. Anyone would have done as much for you in such a helpless plight."

The German shook his head.

"It was the merest chance I happened to be that way. And if I had not, nobody would have found you, perhaps, and a night out on the ground when you have the ague is dangerous. You might have died."

"It would have mattered little."

"It is wicked to say that," said Ann. "You have friends, over there, in Germany, who would be looking for your return and waiting for you. Think of them."

"I have no friends who would have grieved much."

"Have you no relatives?"

"Yes, plenty, but they would not have cared."

"What wicked people they must be!" said Ann indignantly.

"No, only badly brought up. There is not much affection among my relatives."

"Haven't you a mother?"

"No."

"Nor father? nor brothers? nor sisters?"

"I have a couple of sisters, but I have never seen much of them. It is not the fashion in my family."

"What singular people the Germans are," observed Ann.

"You must not judge all Germans by me. I hadn't the same chance as others. You are the first who has shown me kindness simply for my own sake."

"Now I see why you were so astonished at what every woman would have done in my place," said Ann a trifle wistfully.

"I used not to believe in kindness."

"You must be a great cynic. You don't believe in many things, I fear."

"I shall always believe in the kindness of one woman at least. I shall always believe in you."

This was said with a strangely simple directness, and the German looked earnestly at Ann, who blushed faintly under his gaze.

"I am glad if I can lead you to believe in the possibility of human goodness," she said quietly. "The world is so full of beautiful things and good people, it is a pity not to have faith in them."

"Do you find the world full of beauty and goodness?"

"Yes, certainly I do."

"The light comes from within," murmured the sick man drowsily.

"Go to sleep now," said Ann. "You have talked enough. I will keep the flies off you while I sit here reading."

"Flies and evil spirits brushed away by the same hand," he whispered.

But as his eyes were shut it is possible he was talking in his sleep.

"Well, sir, I'm glad to see you up again and able to stand. Feel pretty staggery, I guess. Better sit still in the rocking chair."

It was Hewsted speaking to his guest on the first day on which the latter had come into the kitchen and joined the family circle.

He began to express his obligations for the extreme kindness he had received.

"Oh, that's all right, sir. It needn't weigh on your mind. We did the best we could for you. It would be a poor world if we didn't help one another along at a pinch. We might as well be beasts of the field, that look at a fallen mate and pass on to the next bunch of grass."

"Perhaps so," said the German. "I have often heard brotherly kindness preached in churches, but I never saw it put into practice before in such perfection. I was an utter stranger, and you tended me as if I had been your son."

"Land alive! man, you don't suppose Ann could have let you lie out there on the Mound to die! Why, any woman worth her salt would have brought you in to get help for you."

"I suppose life out here makes people kinder to each other than with us. But still I don't think every woman would have done

for me what Miss Ann has done, and make so little of it, too. Your daughter, sir, is one in ten thousand."

"I won't dispute that, stranger. I think in all the world there isn't her equal; but I'm her father, you see, and it's allowable to be prejudiced. By the way, what's your name? We don't know, and we've always called you the Prince. Ann gave you that name in fun when you were here before. She said you had such courtly manners."

"Miss Ann does me much honour. She could teach a great deal in manners to some princesses, I fancy. My name is Adolf—Louis Adolf."

When Mr. Adolf was well enough he had to tell how it came that he was found lying among the Mounds with his head on his knapsack. It was not much he had to tell. The trip to the Smoky Hill Fork was more severe than he had supposed it would be. Several times he had been obliged to sleep on the ground, as he could not find any house near. Then after a bit he began to feel very ill, and thought he would get back to Moneka. He started, but the walking seemed harder and harder, and his knapsack heavier and heavier; and this notwithstanding that he had thrown away almost all it contained. Finally he remembered staying at a miserable log cabin, where the people were very kind, but it was noisy and dirty, and full of children peering at him.

He was hungry yet couldn't eat, so he went to sleep out in the corn-shed, as it was cooler and quieter than the house. It must have been too cool, however, since he was aroused out of his torpor by a violent fit of shivering, which lasted half the night. He was miserably ill in the morning, and the people told him he was not fit to walk to Moneka, but he remembered this house was on the way, and he thought if only he could get here he should be happy.

He started, and remembered walking in the early dawn towards the rising sun; then later he seemed walking in a burning, fiery furnace, and finally he lay down because he could stand no longer, and then all was a blank.

Mr. Adolf stayed some time to complete his recovery; in fact, he stayed long enough to be able to ride out with Ann, who took him to the Creek, and showed him where the wild grapes and the plums grew. These rides were very pleasant, but not so pleasant, perhaps, as sitting in the little garden at the side of the house where Ann had sowed her seeds, and where they grew with the wild profusion due to a new soil.

There was an arbour covered with morning-glory and nasturtiums and beds of balsams, which the brown beetles had unaccountably omitted to eat. Here Mr. Adolf liked to sit, but only if Ann was with him, and she also seemed to like to be with him.

Amanda found it quite a nuisance to have Ann in the kitchen.

"What for yo' come peskerin' roun' h'yar in de kitchin? Yo' dunno nuffin' 'bout work. Yo' go an' read de books in the posy-house. Dere's whar yo' belong, fo' shu'."

Thus extravagantly mendacious did Amanda pretend "befo' de gembleman" that Ann knew nothing about work, thinking thereby to raise her in his estimation.

"I am going away to-morrow, Miss Ann, and my heart is full at the thought," said Mr. Adolf. "I hope you will miss me."

Ann looked at him for one startled moment, but the dark eyes fell before the grey ones. She nervously moved about the leaves of the book she had been pretending to read to him that day.

"Yes, Mr. Adolf, we shall all miss you very much. I don't know what father will do without someone to talk to him about fortifications and new kinds of ships. He is very starved out here."

So spoke Ann, looking down at her book.

"And you?"

"Yes, indeed," she said. "You have told me about many things in the wide world outside here. I feel I must seem very ignorant to you. You have seen so much."

"Yes; I have seen a good deal of the world, but nothing that I should care to see again, except this little home and those in it."

Ann blushed slightly.

"I am going away now, Ann; but tell me I may come back. Let me carry away the hope that I may come back, and that I shall be welcome. May I?"

He took her hand between his and bent down so as to look into the averted eyes.

"May I?" he repeated.

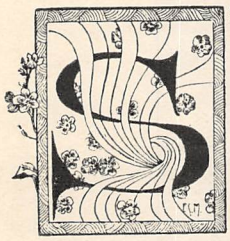
"Yes," came very faintly from her lips.

Mr. Adolf raised her hand to his lips and kissed it. Then Ann got up and left him, and he sat long in the "posy house" thinking. Pleasant thoughts they were apparently, since he smiled to himself. "I give up the glitter to get the gold," he said at last, as he left the arbour.

END OF PART THE FIRST.

TWO PAIRS OF MODERN POETS.

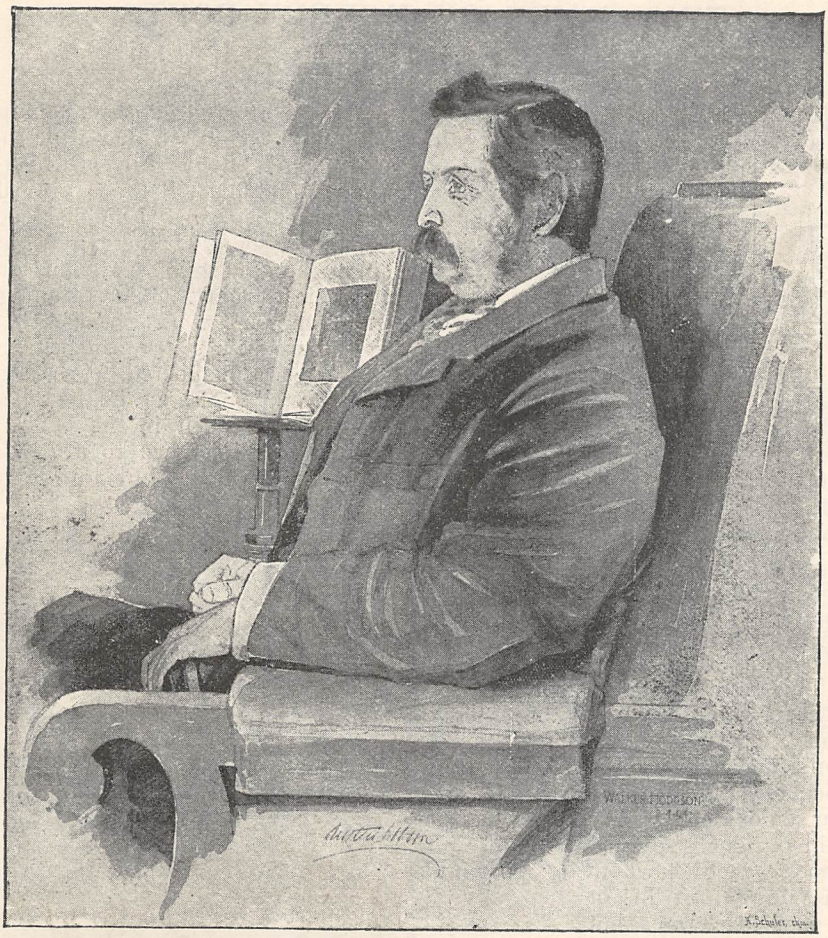
BY ONE WHO KNOWS THEM.



SOMETIMES much is gained by comparison. Even in the highest region of literature this is so. We only attain a more vivid sense of the artistic instinct and finish of Tennyson when we contrast it with the vigour and rush of thought in Browning, which will not allow him to pause on points of form. The idyllic repose, grace and fragrancy of finish in the one are only emphasised when we turn to the other, with his intensity, ardour as of a wrestler, and keen feeling for the present. The one, by aid of the present, would transport us into a dim past, with an atmosphere as of dream; the other, by aid of a dim past made real to us, would illuminate or electrify the prosaic present. This only suggests how the fact of comparison or contrast may aid us in our appreciations, and extend the field at once of our curiosities and of our enjoyments. We have now in our eye two pairs of living poets—each of whom has won reputation in his or her own particular way, but who present or suggest many points of comparison or contrast. We shall have this in view as we write of them, and try to bring out their main characteristics.

We have in our hand a letter written by the author of "Songs of Two Worlds," to an editor now deceased, in reference to a review of that first book, and the circumstances connected with that letter led us very carefully to look out for and to read everything from the same pen as it appeared. Mr. Lewis Morris has essayed several styles—the simple lyric of to-day, the realistic ballad of life, the classical idyll, the dramatic monologue, the tragedy, the epigram, and the moral and reflective poem. With regard to the first, if he sometimes a little lacks concentration, he is always apt and musical, and is occasionally very felicitous. In the second, perhaps, there are to be found samples of his finest work, as in "Children of the Street," and "The Organ Boy," which is truly original and fine. In the classical idyll as represented by the "Epic of Hades," which deals with some of the Greek myths in a purely modern spirit, and aims at bringing out their broader human meanings, he has done some fine work, passages of his blank verse there being very tender and touching. It will be remembered, perhaps, that Mr. John Bright confessed he had been deeply impressed by much in the book, and often made public reference to it. No doubt he felt its modern and human side more than

Lewis Morris



AUSTIN DOBSON.

anything else, and there is much in it to justify his high opinion. Here is a little touch on Persephone—

Time calls, and Change
Commands both men and gods, and speeds us on
We know not whither; but the old earth smiles
Spring after spring, and the seed bursts again
Out of its prison mould, and the dead lives
Renew themselves, and rise aloft and soar,
And are transformed, clothing themselves with change,
Till the last change be done.

In the dramatic monologue as in "Gwen," there is power of realising character within a certain range and undoubted gift of description, with gleams of imaginative insight; but others, like Browning and Mrs. Augusta Webster, have shown such pre-eminence in this direction, that Mr. Morris can hardly be said to stand in the first rank; nor does he as a dramatic writer, though he has produced a tragedy—"Gycia"—with powerful situations and fine passages.

Mr. Morris's real destination, however, is, in our idea, that of the reflective lyrist. Of late he has written much in this line, and always with refinement, his thoughtfulness, and power of apt illustration recalling to our minds sometimes Wordsworth and sometimes Longfellow. Here is a specimen—

Faith without Sight.

No angel comes to us to tell
Glad news of our belovèd dead,
Nor at the old familiar board
They sit among us, breaking bread.

Three days we wait before the tomb,
Nay, life-long years, and yet no more
For all our passionate tears, we find
The stone rolled backward from the door.

Yet are they risen as He is risen?
For no eternal loss we grieve.
Blessèd are they who ask no sign,
And, never having seen, believe.

Mr. Austin Dobson has only, to our minds, one point of contact with Mr. Lewis Morris,

and that is in his power of restoring by humanising the old Greek legends. Recently a writer in an important educational magazine, treating of "Literary London," said that Mr. Dobson had "never risen above the level of society verse." There he was far wrong. One poem of Mr. Dobson's would suffice to prove this, were there no other.

It is "The Prayer of the Swine to Circe." The legend is that certain of the hapless followers of Ulysses were by Circe's spells transformed into swine, while yet in feelings they remained partially human. Here is one stanza of exquisite grace in form and fine imagination—

"For us not now—for us, alas! no more,
The old green glamour of the glancing sea;
For us not now, the laughter of the oar,—
The strong-ribb'd keel wherein our comrades be;
Not now, at even, any more shall we,
By low-browed banks, and reedy river places,
Watch the beast hurry and the wild fowl flee;
Or steering shoreward, in the upland spaces,
Have sight of curling smoke and fair-skinned foreign faces."

Indeed, whole sections of Mr. Dobson's poems are classical and serious. "The Death of Procris," "The Dying of Taneguy du Bois," "Before Sedan," "The Little Musician," "My Landlady," "To a Greek Girl," "the Mosque of the Caliphs," "A Song of Four Seasons," "The Sick Man and the Birds," "A Case of Cameos," and "The Dance of Death," in which the gravest of subjects is treated in the most trying of forms—the Chant Royal—the most difficult of all the French forms. Might not this have formed a text for all the articles recently written on the death of Alexander III., the Czar of All the Russians?

"He is the despots' Despot.
All must bide
Later or soon the message of his might,
Princes and potentates their heads must hide,
Touched by the awful sigil of his right;
Beside the Kaiser he at eve doth wait,
And pours a potion in his cup of state;
The stately queen his bidding must obey;
No keen-eyed cardinal shall him dismay."

He has made the exacting French ballade serve him for the hearty, patriotic English lay, as in "The Loyal Ballade of the Armada," and made it carry a burden as of a great moral sermon, as in "The Prodigals." Many good critics, indeed, have felt it a cause of great regret that, owing to certain considerations, Mr. Dobson has not done more in this direction.

But even what gives the special note of elevation and distinction and permanent worth to the very airy, dainty, fragrant work of Mr. Dobson's, which must be classed under Society Verses, is the fact that he never fails even in his lightest mood to interject true poems—fresh images, new thoughts, often beautiful exceedingly. These lighter

JEAN INGELOW.

pieces of his differ from those of most other writers of such verse, just because he constantly interjects touches of truest poetry. Like the fly in amber, his deepest thoughts are often caught in the airier texture of his society verse. Look at this picture of "Incognita"—the lovely young girl with whom he figures himself as travelling in the train, and beguiling the way with delightful chit-chat, till she, wearied out, lies down to rest.

"Till at last in her corner peeping,
From a nest of rugs and furs,
With the white shut eyelids sleeping
On those dangerous looks of hers.

She seemed like a snowdrop breaking,
Not wholly alive nor dead,
But with one blind impulse making
To the scents of the Spring overheat.

And I watched in the lamp-light's swerving
The shade of the down-dropt lid,
And the lip-lines' delicate curving,
Where a slumbering smile lay hid."

Or, again, this from "A Revolutionary Relic"—so graceful, dainty, playful, that this grave passage gains treble effect coming where it does—

"Did they marry midst the smother,
Shame and slaughter of it all?
Did she wander like that other
Woeful, wistful wife and mother—
Round and round his prison wall.

Wander, wailing as the plover
Waileth, wheeleth desolate,
Heedless of the hawk above her,
While as yet the rushes cover,
Waning fast, her wounded mate,

Wander till his love's eyes met hers,
Fixed and wide in their despair?
Did he burst his prison-fetters,
Did he write sweet yearning letters—
'À Lucile—en Angleterre?'

Letters where the reader reading
Halts him with a sudden stop,
For he feels a man's heart bleeding,
Draining out its pain exceeding—
Half a life at every drop.

Letters where love's iteration
Seems to warble and to rave:
Letters where the pent sensation
Leaps to lyric exultation,
Like a songbird from a grave?"

Wit, humour, pathos, thought, graceful phrases, dainty metres, reserve that brings fine suggestions and fragrancy as of flower-leaves that have long lain pressed between the pages at favourite passages: these are Mr. Dobson's specialities—familiar to us from the days even before he published books; and read and re-read, often with the commentary of his own letters and remarks of his made to us in days long gone by.

Of Miss Ingelow, too, we recall glimpses in old days. She wrote for serials with which we were then connected, and it was our pleasant duty often to go to see her, both at

Holland Street, Kensington, and in later days farther westward. Refined and expressive her countenance, but it suggested rather the careful managing mistress of a household than the poet; all but the eyes, which would lighten up and mildly glow. We had only to talk with her for a little to see where her absorbing interests lay. She wrote long before she found the ear of the great public. Through many old square small-paged dumpy magazines have we searched—*The Youth's Magazine* among them—to find her earlier efforts both in prose and verse; and some of these, which we think as remarkable in some ways as any, have never been reprinted. She has essayed many styles: idylls, songs, sonnets, ballads, and descriptive pieces, as well as a great variety of prose works, both long novels and short stories. We are inclined to think that her finest poetic work has lain in the lines of the sonnet and the ballad. "High-tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire"—her native county, if we do not err—is perhaps her highest attainment. That line—

"And all the world was in the sea,"

coming where it does, is most effective, highly dramatic, and almost tragic.

"So farre, so fast, the eygre drave
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow, seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at our feet;
The feet had hardly time to flee,
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea."

Picturesque and clear, with healthy imagination and a dislike even of mere sentiment, she is always careful to keep on the lines of common human feeling, with no straining after high thought or ambition at allegorical or symbolical mediums; save, indeed, in "Divided," which, though very powerful, is not artistically satisfying in every respect. Her fine feeling for Nature and her simplicity have enabled her to write some poems connected with children and childhood which will always commend her to the young; and notable amongst these we may name "Echo and the Ferry." Her most notable sonnet is perhaps that on "An Ancient Chess King," which shows forth her thoughtfulness, elevation, and skill in metre—

"Haply some rajah first in ages gone
Amid his languid ladies fingered thee,
While a black nightingale, sunswart as he,
Sang his one wife, love's passionate orison.
Haply thou mayst have pleased old Prester John
Among his pastures when full royally
He sat in tent—grave shepherds at his knee—
While lamps of balsam winked and glimmered on.
What dost thou here? Thy masters are all dead;
My heart is full of ruth and yearning pain
At sight of thee, O king that hast a crown
Outlasting others, and tells of greatness fled
Thro' cloud-hung nights of unabated rain,
And murmur of the dark majestic town.

The late Christina Rossetti stands in contrast with Miss Ingelow in her passionate half-mystic religious fervour, her tendency to allegory, and her vague yearnings after an ideal touched with something of mediæval colour. She is like Miss Ingelow only in her love of childhood and endeavour to translate its conceptions and give them artistic form. There is something so pure, in a sense so detached from actual life, in Christina Rossetti, that she impresses one more especially as the poet—the genius whose dream is with her reality. Over all she touches there is the veil as of something spiritual, which becomes in certain circumstances a kind of refined ghost world, or supernatural sphere. But she never goes so far in this as to become extravagant. Her artistic sense suffices, and her fine love of Nature adds a check. "Goblin Market," her earliest volume, is one of the most delightful books for the young of all ages ever published. The world with her contains much of pain, much of mystery; were it not for Nature, the innocence and joy of childhood, and the sense of childhood seen in our Saviour, the world, for her, were overshadowed. By her faith, she transforms the shadow, the evil, the pain into light, good, joy. Nature's phenomena supply her with abundant symbols; these she seizes with a sure hand, and sweetly sings her song—

"Where shall I find a red rose budding?
Out in the garden where all things grow—
But out in my garden a flood was flooding
And never a red rose began to blow
Out in a flooding what should be budding?
All flooding.

"Now in winter and now in sorrow,
No roses, but only thorns to-day;
Thorns will put on roses to-morrow,
Winter and sorrow scudding away.
No more winter and no more sorrow
To-morrow."

And, again, in a beautiful little poem headed

JULY.

"Man's life is but a working-day,
Whose tasks are set aright:
A time to work, a time to play,
And then a quiet night.
And then, please God, a quiet night
Where palms are green and robes are white,
A long-drawn breath, a balm for sorrow—
And all things lovely on the morrow."

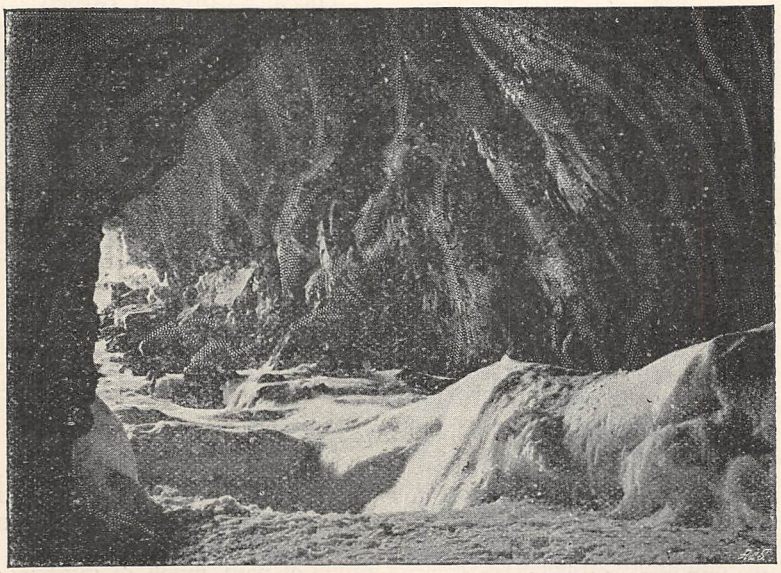
Though these are but small pieces, the spirit of Christina Rossetti is fully there.

ALEXANDER H. JAPP.

JACK FROST AS AN ARTIST.

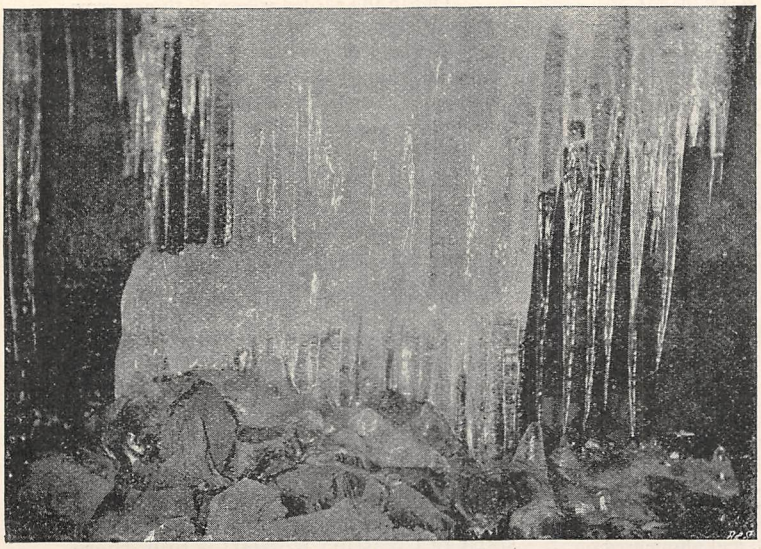
BY J. MUNRO, C.E.

(Illustrated from photographs by Dr. Karl Grossmann.)



ENTRANCE TO ICE-CAVE, SURTSHELLIR.
(Taken from inside; daylight.)

THE day is cold and wintry—much colder than it has been of late—and the sky is thickly overcast with dull grey clouds, here and there tinged with brown. Afternoons are getting short now, for it is late in the year, but this afternoon is all evening, and seems trying to pass for the "shortest day." We have a vague sense that something is in the air—something is going to happen—and we say to each other: "I think it will snow." Old memories of other days like this in the past are dimly haunting the corners of even the busiest minds. Thoughts of Christmas warm the hearts of grave and practical fathers in the City, as they pore over their ledgers, driving them to the booksellers to purchase tales of adventure in the Hudson Bay territories for their boys, and wiling them home by an earlier train than usual to their cosy firesides in the suburbs. Next morning they look out of their windows, and behold!—a miracle in the night. The

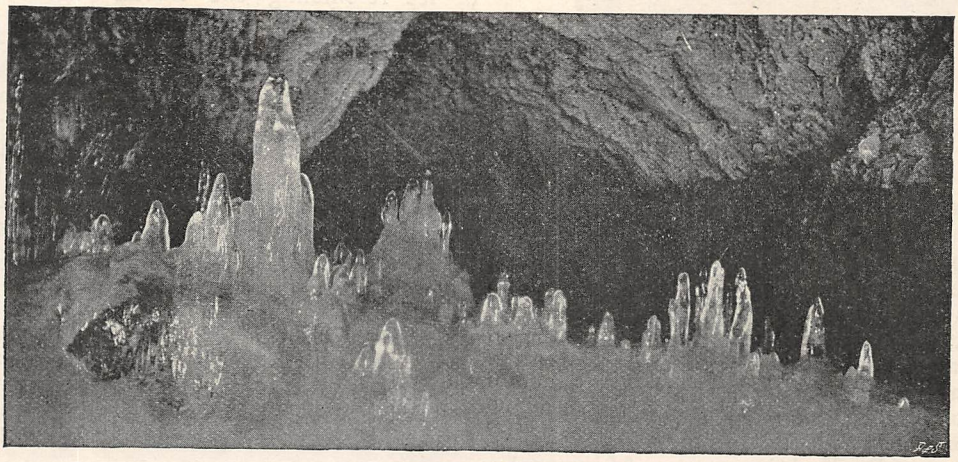


ICE STALACTITES, THE "ICE ORGAN," SURTSHELLIR.
(Taken by magnesium flashlight.)

familiar—sometimes too familiar—face of the world has been transfigured by a mask of white and glistering snow. Jack Frost has been at work.

Or, perhaps, the day has been clear and cloudless after the rains, and the wind has fallen, but the evening is chilly, and a white fog hides the stars. Next morning, behold—another miracle! The weather is bright, and every tree and shrub and blade of grass has blossomed during the night into hoary crystals that sparkle in the sunshine; every alley in the copsewood has become like a bower of ivory and diamonds in some enchanted palace of the "Arabian Nights." Again Jack Frost has been at work.

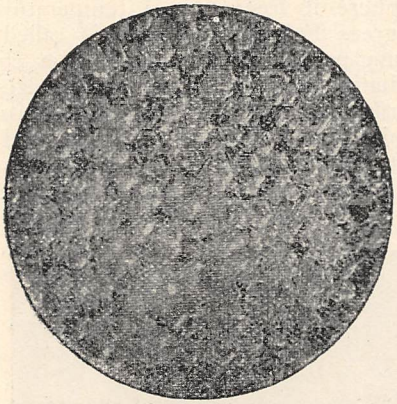
Who is this wonderful artist that comes in winter to decorate the dismal earth with ornaments like those of Flora in the summer? Our Scandinavian ancestors regarded him as a demon. "*Frost*, the old Norse Seer discerns to be a monstrous hoary Jötun," says Carlyle; the Giant *Thrym*, *Hrym*; or *Rime*, the old word, now nearly obselete here, but still used in Scotland to signify hoar-frost. *Rime* was not then, as now, a dead chemical thing, but a living Jötun, or devil: the monstrous Jötun *Rime* drove home his horses at night, and sat combing their manes—which horses were *Hail-Clouds* or fleet *Frost-Winds*. His cows—no, not his, but a kinsman's, the Giant Hymir's cows—are Icebergs. This Hymir "'looks at the rocks with his devil-eye, and they *split* in the glance of it.'" The old Jötun, like the old gods, has been dethroned and sunk to the level of a plain "Jack"; but even this popular title is dying out, for science has robbed him of his personality. Snow and ice, hail and hoar-frost, are merely different forms of solid water, and frost may be regarded as the degree of cold which produces them. When water is at the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere it freezes at a temperature of 32 degrees Fahrenheit, which is called the "freezing-point." A sheet of water cooled by radiation to this temperature freezes on the surface into a floor as smooth as glass, for the enjoyment of the skater above and the protection of the fish below. Sometimes the cold is so intense as to freeze the water on the bottom and form "ground ice," or to fill the body of it with a slush of crystals, as in the case of "anchor frosts." Water expands in freezing, and hence we occasionally see pillars or tablets of a fibrous ice, not unlike spun glass or gypsum, rising from the pores of the ground, or—as I have observed near London—enamelling the chalkstones. This kind of ice is probably akin to the little flags or banners of ice which furl from the cracks in the dry stems of "frost-weeds," such as the Canadian *Helianthemum* or the *Cunila Mariana*, and are probably caused by the water rising from the root of the plant. They are sometimes two or three inches long, and prettily striped with clear and opaque ice.



ICE STALAGMITES IN SURTSHELLIR.
(*Taken by magnesium flashlight.*)

We are familiar with the beautiful chasing of thin ice on our window-panes; but we are not so well aware that Jack Frost is also an artist of the pavement. Some of his "frost ferns" on the London flagstones during the winter of 1892 were of the most elegant device, and nearly 2 feet long. Such arborescent figures appear when the ordinary right-lined crystals of ice are not free to form, but constrained by mud in the water, or some

other cause, and they are remarkably like the "dendrites" observed in moss-agates, and the crystals of metals formed by the electric current in solutions of metallic salts. Icicles

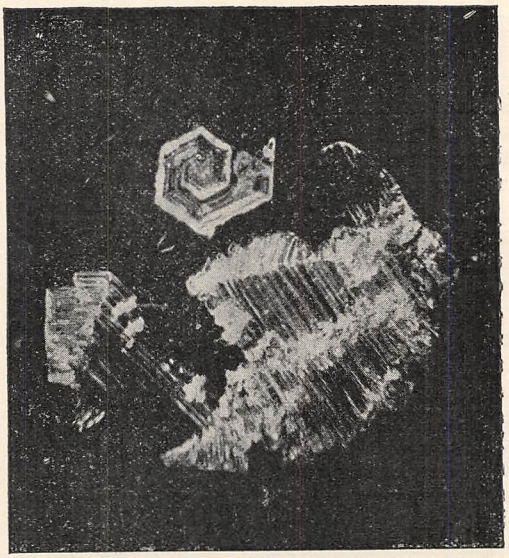


NATURAL HOAR FROST UNDER ICE CRUST.
(*Microphotograph, showing hexagonal hopper crystals.*)

are formed on the eaves of houses and elsewhere by a drop of water freezing and other drops trickling over it. At Surtshellir, near the Eyriksjökull, Iceland, there is a cavern in the lava about a mile long, and terminating in a chamber 30 feet high, which contains a number of fine stalactites and stalagmites of ice, for the views of which I am indebted to the courtesy of Dr. Karl Grossmann, of Liverpool, and Dr. Cahnheim, of Dresden. The stalactites, called by them the "Ice Organ," hanging from the walls, and also the stalagmites rising from the floor have been formed by water percolating through cracks in the roof of lava.

"Silver thaw" is the poetical but inapt name for "glazed frost," the *verglas* of the French, and *glatteis* of the Germans, which occurs when a warm humid wind passes over ground at the freezing-point, and deposits its moisture in a sheet of ice. A fall of rain enhances the effect; and sometimes trees and buildings, as well as the ground, are coated with clear ice. It also happens when rain has been cooled down to, or below, the freezing-point in falling through a stratum of cold air, and strikes on the solid earth beneath. Sometimes the drops freeze instantly into flat pastilles, or icicles, and that when the solid body is moderately warm, especially if it be a woollen stuff. A forest thus encased in ice and flashing in the sun, or moonbeams, as though it were strung with diamonds, is, indeed a beautiful, but rare sight; and the skeleton limbs rattling in the wind make an eerie sound by night. Occasionally the coat of ice is thick enough to break down the branches of trees or the wires of telegraph lines. In January, 1879, for example, a *verglas* occurred in France which played much havoc with the trees of Paris, and cost the municipality a million francs. In the Department of the Loire, trees were not only stripped of their branches, but uprooted, and their trunks were split from top to bottom. A forest was so far denuded as to look like a plantation of masts. One twig of a lime-tree, 4 inches long, and weighing $7\frac{1}{2}$ grains, was coated with 920 grains of ice; a single leaf of laurel weighed 1,120 grains; evergreens were turned into blocks, and fir-trees into pyramids of ice resembling the crystal pagodas of China.

Rain is now and then frozen ere it reaches the ground; and one case is reported in which the ice-drops were clear, and fell both singly and in fantastic clusters. They are supposed to have passed through three layers of air—two below the freezing-point, and an intermediate one above it. Frozen rain is not to be confounded with hail which has a crystalline structure, and often occurs with thunderstorms. Hailstones are sometimes conical, ringshaped, and spiked or nobbled, as well as round; and red or blue, from salts of nickel or cobalt, as well as white. They have also been found to contain the spores of plants, and one fell not long ago with a living turtle inside. We can hardly credit the legend that



ARTIFICIAL HOAR FROST: HELIX-SHAPED HEXAGONAL CRYSTAL.
(*Microphotograph.*)

in the reign of Tippoo Sahib, a hailstone as big as an elephant fell in Seringapatam, and took three days to melt, but they sometimes adhere into masses when they fall. It is stated, however, that hailstones as large as

cricket balls fell at the Cape during a sharp storm.

When he is in a particularly happy turn of mind, Jack Frost is known to deck the reeds and rushes of a lake or pond with sparkling bells of ice. These "frost-pearls" are formed by the tip of the rush or blade of grass bending down into the water as the breeze ruffles its surface, then rising into the cold air and letting the water freeze into a globule.

The air near the surface of the earth is charged with the vapour of water, which condenses as it is cooled into ground mist or fog. At the temperature of the "dewpoint" it liquefies into "dew," but at 32 degrees Fahr. it passes directly into the form of crystals. These are known as "ground frost" when they are formed from the vapour rising out of the ground or vegetation, and "hoar frost" *par excellence* when they are deposited from a damp mist saturating the air. Ground frost needs a calm atmosphere for its production, and is often seen in hollows; whereas hoar frost is longer on the side next the breeze that feeds it with vapour.

The crystals of ground frost are often needles, six-sided tablets, and prisms or branching growths of ice. Beautiful hollow or skeleton crystals have been found by Dr. Grossmann, sparkling on the walls of the cavern of Surtshellir; and in particular a funnel or hopper-like crystal of clear ice, the sides built in steps, and the open mouth turned from the wall. They are called "starvation" crystals, because they appear, where the supply of moisture is limited, on one side, as in ruts of a road covered with ice or on the pipes of refrigerators; and some of them in Surtshellir were two inches long and half an inch wide. Dr. Grossmann and Mr. Joseph Lomas, who recently read a paper on the subject before the Royal Society, have succeeded in producing them artificially, by laying pieces of black velvet or cardboard on the grass.

Hoar frost is sometimes an inch and a-half long near London, but at Yes Tor, Dartmoor, a fringe on the windward side of the Flagstaff six inches long was seen on January 12th, 1885, and the granite of the Tor was clad in a thick white plumage of plates and needles, flake over flake. On Ben Nevis it sometimes grows at the rate of an inch an hour, and completely buries the observatory.

FEBRUARY.

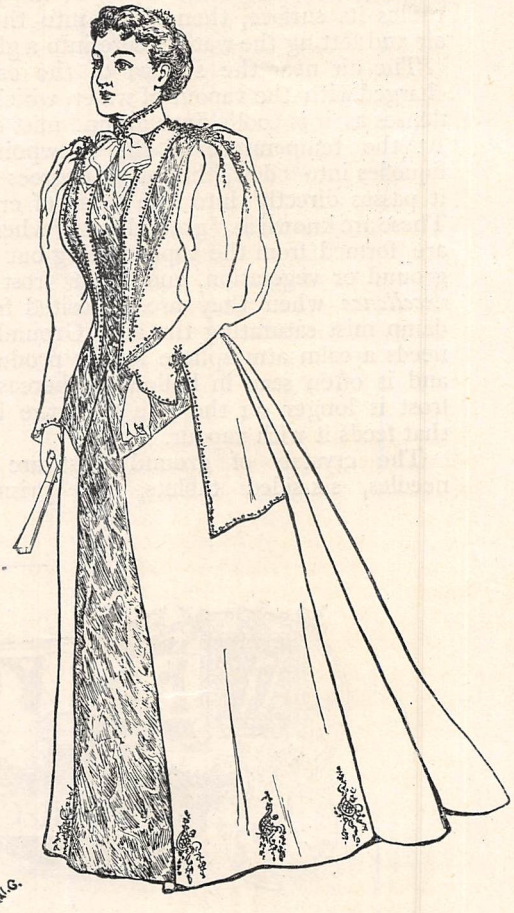
SELDOM has Fashion so favoured the contour of a figure that has lost its youthful slimness as at the present moment. It is acknowledged by all who study the lines of the figure, and everyone to be well dressed should do so, that robe fronts, panels, and perpendicular lines generally impart height, and when judiciously applied, bestow an appearance of elegance to a figure that lacks symmetry. The successful treatment of the widths of material in the back of skirts, set into five outstanding pleats shaped or scalloped at the extreme edge in a becoming fan-shape, increases the apparent height of the wearer, and, being gored off towards the waist, does not add to the width across the back. The sleeves also, though ample in fulness, slope away from the long shoulder seam, and may be so cut and arranged as not to unduly widen the figure either at the shoulders or the hips, the fulness terminating above the elbow, with lower part tight fitting to the wrist, where either by the addition of a cuff or the sleeve itself is cut to droop slightly over the hand. The most difficult item in arrangement is the bodice; but when an imperative necessity—a well-cut corset—has been secured, success is not impossible. Care must be taken with the form and direction of the seams; for instance, the seams of the curved side-piece next to the back widths should be as straight and long as permissible, and the space across the centre at the waist not less than three inches, the

seam directly under the arm should be as long as possible with any degree of comfort, and the breast seams not verging too much towards the front, but as straight as the figure will allow.

All fabrics, such as satin, with very high lights should be avoided for an entire bodice, but may advantageously be arranged as inserted panels, or trimmings. The cloth and beautiful, soft, woollen materials now so greatly in demand are peculiarly favourable to stout figures, so also are the fashionable velvets, brocades, furs, and jet passementeries, and, in fact, all rich and handsome materials. Colour would seem to be in its perfection, seal brown, nut brown, black, purple, and deep blue, all are fashionable, and from their subdued tone, none being crude or vulgar, most becoming; but chief in point of style and good taste is the beautiful shade in a new grey, and it is in cloth of this colour and watered velvet of a darker shade that the accompanying eminently suitable costume is arranged for a matronly figure, with trimming of passementerie, having cut steel and jet gleaming at intervals throughout the design.

LOUNGE GOWN IN CASHMERE AND VELVET.

The bodice is made with waistcoat and deep basque of the dark velvet and a narrow inserted piece over the bust, thus a slightness and length is given to the appearance of the waist. A pretty jetted trimming edges the cloth over-bodice and deep side basque, this last-named is seamed into the side seam of



COSTUME IN WATERED VELVET AND FACED CLOTH.

the skirt and will require careful fitting with the skirt, which fastens at the left side beneath this basque, the bodice itself fastening up the centre of the front with small velvet buttons. The handsome pleats at the back of the skirt are slightly stiffened to give them a good form, and are finished at the waist of the plain-fitting cloth bodice with jetted ornament similar to those on the skirt. The inserted panel in front will be well worn either plain as in the sketch or crossed diagonally at intervals with ribbons or chains of jet and rosettes. The skirt is cut on the approved lines, close-fitting at the waist, and slightly full at the hem, the handsome ornaments at either side preserving the balance of the

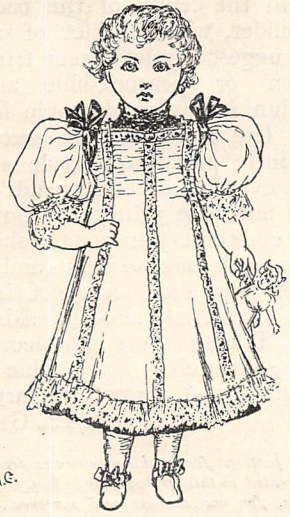
MUSLIN AND LACE FROCK FOR CHILD OF THREE YEARS.

design by enriching the hem to correspond with the elaborate bodice, with its epaulettes of jet falling over the becoming fulness of the upper sleeve. A costume as described is useful either as visiting, afternoon calls, wedding receptions, or home dinner-gown. A singularly successful combination of colour for those who are no longer young, but can boast the dignity and beauty of silvered hair, is a deep tone of petunia shot with green and darker tone of green velvet, with jet accessories. The skirt is arranged with a panel of velvet each side of the front width, and another forming the centre pleat at the back. The bodice with long bretelles of velvet tapering into the waist, and velvet sleeves of moderate dimensions sloping downward from the shoulders with pretty fan-shaped cuffs, a lovely cravat of tinted lace knotted close up to the chin in a *jabot* over a vest of the material, the whole making a pleasant harmony of colour for the eyes to rest upon.

Lounge-Gown for Invalid.

Those of us who are not possessed of robust health will readily acknowledge the comfort of an easily-adjusted, elegantly-contrived gown becomingly arranged in colour and material best suited to the pale face of the wearer.

HAT FOR CHILD OF EIGHT YEARS.—FROM MESSRS. BLAND & CO., BRUTON STREET, W.
(*From a photograph by Walery, Ltd., Regent Street, W.*)



MUSLIN AND LACE PINAFORE FOR CHILD OF TWO YEARS.

Our design (p. 232) is made in old-rose pink velveteen and Irish point lace, with over-dress of cashmere in either light maize or grey. The whole of the upper portion, that is, the yoke and sleeves, is made separate and mounted on a short-waisted lining reaching just below the armholes, and the over-dress, cut square back and front, is slipped over the head and fastened on each shoulder beneath the ribbons. To prevent any appearance of clumsiness, the side seams fit to the figure and the back is close-fitting cut *Princess*, and attached to the front at the side seams with an ornamental piping. The front material is lined throughout and hangs loosely to the feet, thus the whole weight of the gown is suspended from the shoulders. The effect of the pink as seen through the lace in the yoke is very charming, and the pink ribbons give a cheerful and fresh appearance to the design; the bow worn to fasten the lace collar is made and sewn in place just above the fastening at the neck. Little ornaments of paste or jet are a dressy finish to the centres of the bows. A variety of colours is available, and the velvet sleeves may be replaced with cashmere or silk and

nut-brown cashmere and flesh-pink silk is a becoming mixture of colours.

Hat for Child of Eight Years.

I have chosen for illustration one of the varied and beautiful designs to be seen at Messrs. Bland's, of Bruton Street. It takes the form of a picture hat with upcurved brim and full crown of beaver brown velvet and ribbon velvet and soft rich blue feathers, and is suitable for spring and early summer wear.

Children's Dress.

For little evening dresses and for dainty pinafores, book muslin is greatly in demand and looks charming embellished with laces and muslin embroideries. Our first sketch (p. 233) is a dainty frock of muslin and Valenciennes lace worn over a coloured silk slip, large full sleeves put into a tucked wristband. The square neck is formed of insertion which is carried down each side of the robe front and forms a square yoke at the back which hangs plain with frill at the hem, rows of narrow tucks crossing the front.

The second design on page 233 is for a pinafore in muslin and lace, with rose-pink ribbons around the armholes and bows erect on each shoulder. The back and front alike have radiating rows of insertion from the square neck to the lace-trimmed hem, a pretty effect of fulness is drawn across the front, and the sleeves are in one round puff to the elbow with lace frill.

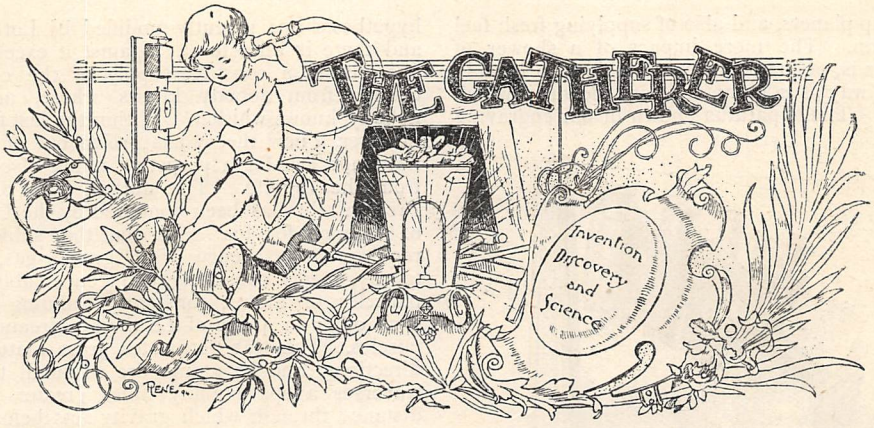
On this page we show two designs for children's dresses, in which velveteen plays a large part. The first shows a stylish design in velveteen made with short-waisted bodice, the skirt set in fulness at the back, and a box-pleat arranged in front from neck to hem fastened with three studs of jet or steel, the pretty cape-collar trimmed with fur has a point in the centre of the back and on each shoulder, with necklet of satin. For colour I suggest lily-leaf green trimmed with swansdown or peacock-blue and beaver. This design is easily adaptable for outdoor wear in late spring. The second design is a quaintly picturesque style suitable for full-dress, evening, or bridesmaids' in mauve velveteen and pale primrose yellow washing silk; the embroidery around the short-waisted bodice in pale mauve silk and old gold beads. A long shoulder effect is given by the deep epaulettes, and the skirt is plain and full. The silk vest and sleeves may be made up separately. Azure blue and white Quaker green and apricot silk are favourite colours.

A. Ll. Griffiths.

FROCK OF SILK AND VELVETEEN FOR CHILD OF ELEVEN YEARS.

FROCK OF VELVETEEN AND FUR FOR CHILD OF EIGHT YEARS.

Cut paper patterns for making costumes from the original designs illustrated in this article may be had, cut to the sender's measurements, for one shilling and sixpence each, and one shilling in the case of the children's frocks. Application should be made to the Author of "Chit-Chat on Dress," care of the Editor of Cassell's Magazine, *La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.*



Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in THE GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

Slow Lightning.

FIG. 1.

It was formerly taught by Professor Tait and others that a flash of lightning only lasts a millionth of a second; but the camera shows that the quiver sometimes seen in flashes with the naked eye is due to a persistence or a repetition of the discharge in the same path. The flash illustrated in Fig. 1 was actually photographed, by pointing a "Frena" camera at it after it had begun, by Mr. Eric Crawley on July 13th last, and must have continued for at least one-eighth of a second. It is what is known as a ribbon flash, and in the sky would appear twice the width of the moon. Fig. 2 reproduces a photograph of electric sparks from an "influence machine," and shows the jumping of the discharge from particle to particle of dust in the air, like a person crossing a brook on stepping-stones. It helps to explain certain rare kinds of lightning flash of a more or less zigzag form dotted with bright points.

A Whistling Snake.

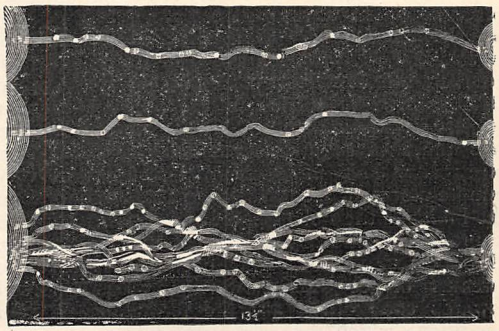
Sir William Macgregor has drawn attention to a small black and deadly snake of New Guinea which can whistle like a bird, and he mentions that a boy was recently bitten to death through mistaking one for a cockatoo in the bushes. The account reminds us of the "whistling" or rather fiddling spider of the Macdonnell range in Australia, which emits a musical note by drawing its leg across its jaw, and of the new African snake described by a French explorer, which has the gift of squirting an irritating juice on its enemies—a talent not confined to serpents, and, in a metaphorical sense at least, occasionally developed in human beings

Drying Flowers.

A German chemist has found a way of preserving the colours of dried flowers, even of delicate poppies. Flowers lose their tints in drying through ammonia in the air. The inventor presses his specimens between sheets of paper which have previously been saturated with a solution of 1 per cent. of oxalic acid in water.

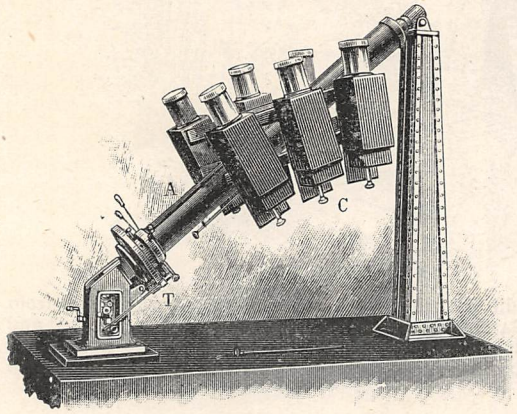
Photographing Meteorites.

The photographic plate, being more sensitive to light than the retina of the human eye, has been instrumental in discovering stars and asteroids or tiny planets, and it has recently been used for the radiant points and fiery tracks of meteorites—those wandering stones which are streaming through space, and fusing by the friction of the air while falling towards the earth. It is well known that a large number of these interstellar missiles, which we may call the leavings of creation, are attracted by our planet, but few of them reach the ground, luckily for us and our works. The great majority are melted by the heat of friction with the atmosphere before they come near the surface of the ground, and appear to the eye as falling or shooting stars. Their importance from an astronomical point of view lies in the probability of their helping



SLOW LIGHTNING.—FIG. 2.

to build up planets, and also of supplying fresh fuel to the sun. The mere impact of a shower of meteorites is, of course, transformable into heat in the same way as a hammer heats the anvil which it strikes. The apparatus shown in our engraving



PHOTOGRAPHING METEORITES.

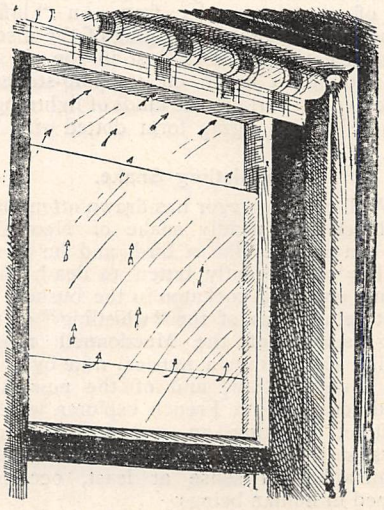
is employed at the Yale Observatory, United States, to observe these capricious bodies, and was designed by Messrs. Warner and Swazey. It consists of a polar axis, A, about 12 feet long, supported on bearings and driven by a clockwork, T, which causes it to move with the heavens, so that the stars appear on the photographic plates of the attached cameras, C, as points of light. Were the cameras stationary, the stars would show as lines of light. The radiant points and luminous trails of the meteorites are thus easily recognised on the photograph, and their paths measured with respect to the stars. The six cameras are so directed as to cover a large portion of the night sky, and the clockwork is controlled by electricity.

What is Gravity?

Not so long ago it was believed by most people that the attraction of gravitation—the force which holds the solar system and other parts of the visible universe together—was an "action at a distance," that is to say, the force acted through empty space between the two bodies which were held together, without any intervening mechanism. The great Newton, who discovered the law of gravitation, did not believe in "action at a distance," though he could not understand the mechanism of gravity. Since the discovery of the luminiferous ether by which waves of light are conveyed from one luminous body to another, and waves of electro-magnetism from one electric body to another, the conviction has been gaining ground that gravity is also due to a fine molecular substance, an ether, or something else. Le Sage was the first to give a mechanical explanation of gravity. He imagined that streams of very minute atoms or "corpuscles" came from beyond the limits of the universe, and in passing through it pressed the molecules of gross matter together. Two bodies, by sheltering each other from the streams of corpuscles, were inevitably forced towards each other, and he formulated certain conditions which the corpuscles had to fulfil in order to account for all we know of gravity. His hypothesis was recently modified by Lord Kelvin, and there is little to say against it except that it necessitates a constant supply of the corpuscles coming from nobody knows where, and going nobody knows whither. Within the last few years, however, a new theory has grown out of it, which does not ask for a perpetual influx of corpuscles from the Infinite. The author, Dr. S. Tolver Preston, who has been honoured by the University of Munich for his work on the subject, only requires the existence of a "gravity-gas," that is to say, a gas consisting of inconceivably minute particles or atoms, constantly colliding amongst each other in place of Le Sage's streams of corpuscles. This gas permeates gross matter in all directions, and its atoms are so small that each traverses a space many times greater than the distance through which gravity acts before it collides with another. Such a gas would act on the molecules of ordinary matter steeped in it and tend to press them together, like gravity. If this be the right explanation of the mystery it will follow that gravity does not necessarily act throughout the universe, as is popularly supposed, and taught in many of our scientific books, but only through spaces of less extent than the average "free path" of the gravity atoms; that is to say, the mean distance which they travel without collision. The solar system, for example, may fall within this distance, and indeed its extent may be fixed, or limited by this condition, while the stars may not gravitate to the solar system at all. The stability of the universe, in fact, would be ensured without supposing the mutual attraction of all its different parts.

Ventilating Panes.

Our engraving shows a new kind of ventilator introduced by a French army surgeon, and fitted into the French barracks, at the tops of the windows. As will be seen from the arrows, the fresh air passes up between two parallel panes of glass and escapes into the room at the top of the inner one. The device allows of continual renovation of the air of a chamber without injurious draughts.



VENTILATING PANES.

The Mind in Childhood.

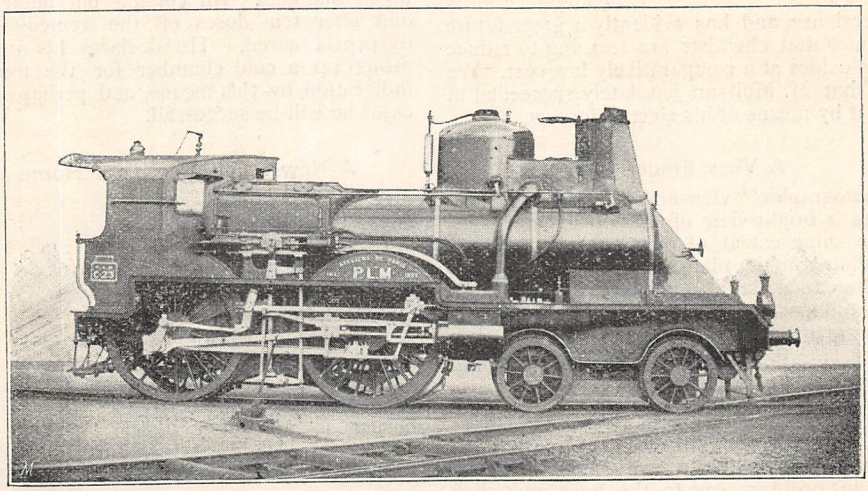
Dr. Sully, the well-known psychologist, has been writing on the development of the mind in childhood, and more especially on the tendency of children to personify inanimate objects, as most savages do, and on what he calls the age of questioning, which begins after they have learned to speak. He cites instances of children who believed that stones could feel and see just as they could, and in the kindness of their hearts would shift the stones to give them a change of scene. The first questions asked by a child usually relate to the "What," and betray a desire for information as to what the thing is; but as it grows older the child asks what it is good for, where it has come from, and other questions relating to the how and why. For example, the late Clerk Maxwell, the famous electrician, as a child habitually asked his elders what was the "go" of and the "particular go" of a thing. Other children have been known to ask where the "wind went to"; how the first hen came into existence before there were any eggs; could they be upstairs and not upstairs at the same time, and so on. One little girl remarked to her father who was trying to explain how difficult it was to create something out of nothing, "Perhaps the world's a fancy." Such questions, in the opinion of Dr. Sully, tend to reveal a certain law or progress of development in the mind of a child and are not to be discouraged by adults, though occasionally checked, but rather to be received with sympathetic attention, and judiciously answered with sincerity.

Japanese Lacquer.

This famous lacquer comes from the urushi-naki (*Rhus vernicifera*), a tree about thirty feet high and forty inches in girth. The gum is most plentiful in the sixteenth year of the tree, and is drawn from the trunk by making horizontal cuts in summer. The milky juice thus obtained turns brown on exposure to the air, and, after being filtered, is bleached in the sun. It is coloured with pigments and gold dust, or mother-of-pearl powder. About twenty different kinds are sold, of various colours—black, vermilion red, azure blue, and so on. The lacquer is applied with brushes of stiff bristles enclosed in wood like the graphite of lead-pencils, and sharpened in the same way. It is unaffected by acids, bears a high temperature, and does not fade with time.

A Beak Locomotive.

Stephenson, the great railway engineer, proposed to break the force of the wind on locomotives by fitting prows, or guards, to them, but it is only of late that his idea has been carried out in America and France. Our illustration shows one of the new "beak" locomotives of the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean Railway, from which it will be seen that the front of the engine and tender are "beaked" with iron plates meeting at an angle of 45°. The improvement diminishes the resistance of steam by a half, and effects a saving of about 10 per cent. in the fuel consumed. There seems no good reason why this economical device should not be applied to bicycles and road vehicles of speed, and aluminium is marked out for the purpose owing to its lightness.



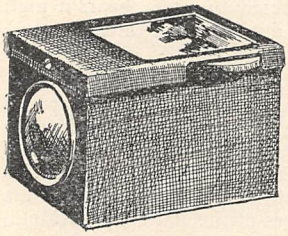
A BEAK LOCOMOTIVE.

An Electric Life-buoy.

The value of a light attached to a buoy flung into the sea to save a life has been well proved by the Holmes chemical torch, which ignites when the water reaches the composition. A German electrician has recently brought out a new buoy lighted by an electric lamp of sixteen candle power enclosed in bull's-eye lenses and protected by a cage of wire. The current is supplied by an accumulator of the "solid" or celluloid type forming part of the buoy, and charged so as to maintain the light for no fewer than six hours. As the light can be seen for 2,000 yards in any direction the buoy will be a useful aid at sea. It weighs 112 lbs. and the lamp is automatically lighted in the act of unshipping it.

Aluminium in the Kitchen.

Pots, pans, milk-boilers, and other cooking utensils are now made of aluminium, which is both light, cleanly, and durable. It is also free from poison, and requires no tinning or enamelling within or without. Further, it cooks more quickly than iron, as it retains the heat better. Portable canteens, basins, cups, plates, salt-cellars, trays, toast racks, and what not are also made of this white and shining metal, which is coming rapidly into general use, and has evidently a great future before it now that chemists are learning to reduce it from its oxides at a comparatively low cost. We may add that M. Moissan has lately succeeded in reducing it by means of his electric furnace.



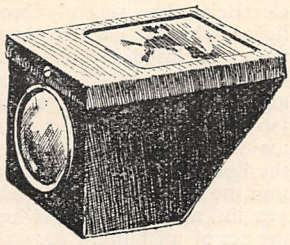
A VIEW FINDER.—FIG. 1.

A View Finder.

The photographic "view-finder" which we illustrate gives a bright view of the object and comprises the same extent of picture as will appear on the photographic plate. The form shown in Fig. 1 is intended for fitting into field and hand-cameras, and has a revolving wheel on the top which can be turned for either vertical or horizontal pictures, while Fig. 2 shows a smaller form designed for insertion in hand-cameras.

A Luminous Egg.

Professor Dewar makes a pretty experiment by exposing an ordinary egg to the light and then cooling it with liquefied air to a temperature of 180 deg. Centigrade below the freezing point. The egg is seen to shine as a globe of blue light. A feather is also rendered luminous in a dark room by the same treatment. So are cotton wool, paper, leather, linen, sponge, tortoise-shell, and a white flower of the Dianthus. Celluloid, paraffin, ivory, horn, indiarubber, after being excited by the magnesium light, then cooled to the above low temperature, emit a greenish or bluish light. Impure water, alcohol, glycerine, and colourless salts also exhibit phosphorescence under this treatment. Coloured glasses and paper do not. Milk is more phosphorescent than water, white of egg more than yolk, and in general white substances more than coloured. Metals—owing perhaps to organic matter on them—also phosphoresce, a fact which, we may add, seems to explain the phosphorescent pistol observed by Dr. Kane in the Arctic regions. Certain photographic plates, such as Eastman's, are still sensitive at these low temperatures, when ordinary chemical action fails. "Luminous paint" made of sulphide of calcium loses its phosphorescence at 80 deg. C. below zero. Professor Dewar's results would seem to account for the luminosity or "ash light" seen on the moon when it is totally eclipsed by the shadow of the earth, and partially at least for the phenomenon of the "old moon in the new one's arms," which is generally ascribed to "earth-shine," that is, the sunlight reflected from the earth to the dark portion of the moon.—While upon this subject we may mention that M. Pictet, another distinguished worker in the field of low temperature, has found a remedy for indigestion and loss of appetite in extreme cold. He observed that dogs confined in a cell refrigerated with liquid air became ravenously hungry, and, being afflicted with a chronic indigestion, tried the cold air bath himself, well wrapped up in blankets. On coming out he felt hungry, and after ten doses of the remedy found his dyspepsia cured. He declares his intention of fitting up a cold chamber for the treatment of indigestion by this means, and perhaps in certain cases he will be successful.



A VIEW FINDER.—FIG. 2.

A New Safety Lamp for Home Use.

A new safety lamp and burner, not inaptly called the "Perfect," have recently been patented, and are now procurable by the general public. Fig. 1 shows a lamp in which the new burner is applied to a duplex light. As will be seen in the section given in Fig. 2, the two burning wicks are carried in metal tubes which terminate in each case in a metal cap or trough. The tubes are just long enough to fit closely against the bottom of the oil reservoir, with the result that the burning wick does not come into contact with the oil in the reservoir. How, then, is it fed? Alongside the bottom of each of the wick tubes is a second and shorter tube, through which a second wick is conducted to the cap-reservoir, and carries oil to it siphonwise. So much for the burner, the construction of which plays an important part in the action of the safety lamp. The larger illustration (Fig. 2) shows the automatic extinguisher which is brought into play if the lamp is upset. To the free arm of a lever extinguisher is attached a brass chain which is carried in a tube of narrow bore through the oil reservoir, and holds at its lower end a heavy ball of lead. This ball rests upon a socket in the centre of the lamp below the

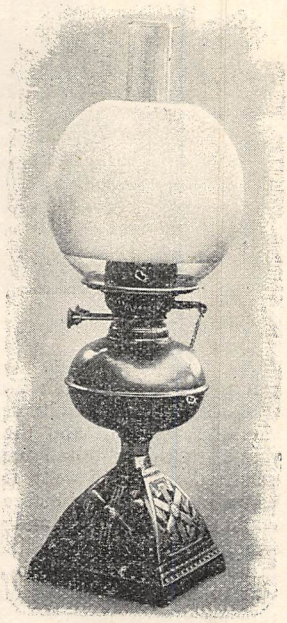


FIG. 1.

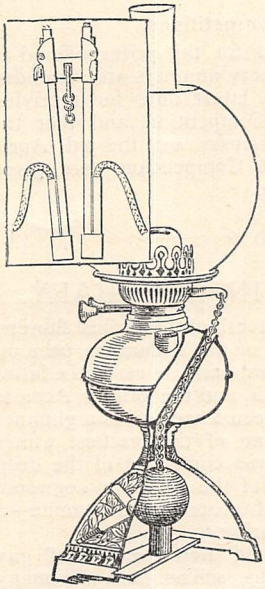


FIG 2.—SECTION OF LAMP AND BURNER.

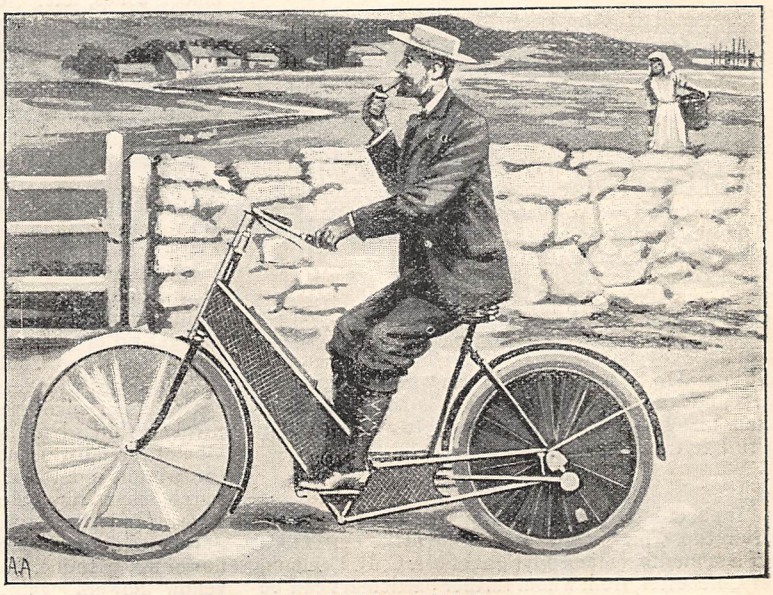
burner; and if displaced, as it inevitably is as soon as the lamp is inclined to any serious extent from the perpendicular, by its own weight brings the extinguisher into action and puts out the light. Lamps of every shape and size can be had with this safety attachment; and some small hand lamps are made which require no glass, and, being fitted with the safety-burner, can be used with security like a candle or night-light.

A Useful Work of Reference.

With the eighth volume, which is now published, and carries on the references from "Rubiaceæ" to "Zymotic," "Cassell's Storehouse of General Information" is completed, and presents a cyclopædia which is a marvel of conciseness. The volumes are handy in size and are freely illustrated, and every subject which is at all likely to be in general demand will be found fully treated.

A Gasoline Bicycle.

The little bicycle which we illustrate will supply a felt want, inasmuch as it can go by itself by means of a gasoline motor concealed inside. We need not occupy the time of the reader with a detailed description of the mechanism out of sight, but may mention that the gasoline is contained in a metal reservoir, and the vapour ignited by a lamp so as to explode in the cylinder and work the piston backwards and forwards. The piston turns the rear or driving wheel of the bicycle round, and the whole machine is moved forward or backward as the case may be. The rider has only to start, stop, and steer, or regulate the speed. The new bicycle is coming rapidly into favour all over the Continent.—While upon this subject we may add that a cellular tyre for cycles has made its appearance, the indiarubber containing cells or chambers of oval section, and giving elasticity comparable to that of the pneumatic tyre.



A GASOLINE BICYCLE.

Novelties for the Household.

A folding tooth-brush is one of the latest conveniences which will be appreciated by all who travel, and especially those to whom space for their impedimenta is a consideration. The ivory handle stops a short distance from the head of the brush, and is there hinged into a metal case, which serves as a protection for the brush when it is not in use, and as a handle when it is open.—Another novelty which is primarily of interest to travellers, but whose interest is far from being confined to them, is to be found in the Tea Tabloids which are now coming into general use. The tabloids are made chemically from compressed tea, and all danger of tannin and other injurious adjuncts to tea-drinking are done away with. The tabloids have just to be dropped into a cup, covered with boiling water, stirred and flavoured to taste by means of milk and sugar, or, preferably, saccharine. —"Mustardyne" is a new condiment which has just been prepared by a well-known firm of mustard manufacturers, and is supplied ready mixed in jars which are fitted with cork stoppers that carry a spoon for serving. It is claimed for this preparation that it preserves its freshness and gives the mustard a delicate flavour of celery which is much appreciated.—Dr. Mackenzie's Arsenical Toilet Soap is a new toilet preparation which is being highly recommended by many authorities for its excellent effect upon the skin and complexion.

Wire Engravings.

Making pictures according to a design by means of fine flexible wires bent on the fingers, and mounted on wood marked with grooves, is evidently

finding its way westward from Japan. The figures thus made resemble outline drawings in ink, and consist of book ornaments, landscapes, and portraits.

A Line-Drawer.

The ordinary line-drawer is troublesome because of the ink drying in the nib and the necessity of

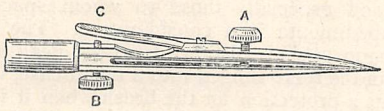


FIG. 1.

adjusting it by screw in passing from a fine to a thick line, or *vice versâ*. These drawbacks are overcome in the pen shown in Fig. 1. The upper jaw is flexible at its root, and has a tongue, C, on which the pressure of the finger adjusts the points, which are fixed by the screw, A. The other screw, B, enables the width of a thick line to be kept by serving as a prop to the tongue, C. Another tool for draughtsmen is the erasing stencil shown in Fig. 2. It is made of celluloid $\frac{1}{16}$ inch thick, and has a narrow slot S, with thin edges, which is placed on the blot or lines to be rubbed out. The slot keeps the eraser in its place. The stencil can be used with a T-square, as a straight-edge, by means of the knob, K, and its translucency is another advantage to the artist.

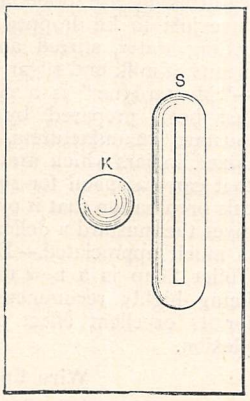


FIG. 2.

Abraham Lincoln.

The story of President Lincoln's faithful life and tragic death has often been told, and it is one that is ever new. Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons send us a new edition of the volume of the "Heroes of the Nations" Series, in which Mr. Noah Brooks gives a brief and brightly-written biography of "the Lawyer President." The volume is one that will be read with interest on both sides of the Atlantic, for it epitomises the story of the downfall of slavery with considerable effect.

A Fountain Tree.

A tree which yields a supply of water when the bark is cut has been discovered in Madagascar. It is said to be a congener of the "milk" or "cow" tree, but the liquid in this case is both colourless and tasteless like water, and affords a refreshing drink to travellers.

A Spectrum Top.

It should be mentioned that the artificial spectrum top, which was described in THE GATHERER of last month, is the copyright of Mr. C. E. Benham, of Colchester, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

Prize Competitions.

Intending competitors for the prizes offered in our December and January numbers are reminded that March 1st is the latest date for receiving entries in the Puzzle Competition, and that the Cookery Competition closes on the 3rd April. Full particulars of each Competition were given with the announcements.

GARDENING IN FEBRUARY.

FEBRUARY is a month of the earliest flowers. The snow-bells of the Galanthus peep up through the brown earth towards the latter end of the month, and the Winter Aconite in its quaint collar of green leaves gives a glimmer of brilliant yellow. One of the prettiest winter pictures we have seen was composed of the deep crimson leafless stems of the Siberian dogwood, the surface of the soil coated with aconite—a rich association of colouring.

The greenhouse should now be full of gay flowers—tulips, hyacinths, scillas, and the many other delightful things we have recommended. Always keep the soil in their pots fairly moist, and put a neat stick to each hyacinth spike, not, however, to be obtrusive.

As mentioned last month, dig up vacant ground, and renew faulty lawns. In the course of a week one receives a shoal of letters asking for advice about mossy, lichen-covered lawns. The reason they get into this condition is partly through extreme neglect and partly through insufficient drainage; and without thorough drainage one cannot get a soft velvety pile carpet of Nature's own handicraft, a carpet to delight the eye of an ardent tennis-player. If mossy, lift the whole lawn, dig out the surface to a depth of six inches, and put in, say, three inches of rubble, cinder ashes, etc. Over this place some good turves as cut. They need not be stacked, as many suppose is necessary.

One must now think of the seeds to be sown the next and following month. A few simple things you must have like Sweet Peas, Nasturtiums, especially a variety named Vesuvius. Convolvulus and the lovely Canary Creeper will give much pleasure through the summer months.

If Cabbages seem eaten, dust about them with lime, and sow such things as Carrots, Onions, and Lettuce on the warmest border in the garden. If you wish for very early potatoes, make a planting of them on a warm border. Strawberries may be planted now, selecting the most plump crowns, and get rid of all pruning. At this season greenhouse pests are troublesome, but tobacco smoke in mild doses will destroy these small marauders.

Owners of small gardens are often without some precious things because their existence is unknown. One of the most beautiful and uncommon Ivies in the winter months is Hedera atro-purpurea, the purple-leaved ivy, the plant being very quick in growth and the leaves of a lovely deep browny-purple colour. Planted against the winter flowering Jasmine, the effect is unique: intense yellow flowers against purple, almost chocolate leaves.

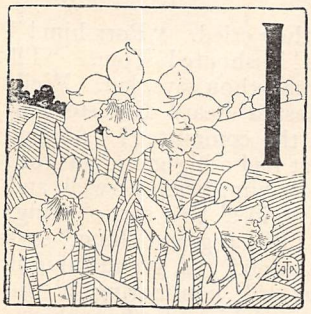
(*From a drawing by* PERCY TARRANT.)

WILL IT BEAR?

"AWR TOM."

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

"'EE! YO' CAN SEE TH' BOTTOM."



IT was a fine Saturday morning—fine enough to be a Sunday morning — for the air was brisk and clear. That was to be explained by the palpable fact that the scores and scores of tall chimneys that pierced the sky all round, here in groups and there in aspiring solitude, like the lopped and decapitated trunks of giant pines, were cold and smokeless. From Stockport to Rochdale, and from Rochdale to Bolton, the mills were silent, and had been silent for more than a week, for there was a strike "on"; and therefore the usually bitter and lurid Lancashire air was sweet and clean, and the sunshine pure and bright. Men and women, who were unthinkingly used to the common working order of things, as if it were the order of Nature, thought that they must be mistaken in imagining the water of the streams to be clearer, the grass to be fresher, and the trees to be greener, and they set down their own gayer spirits solely to the account of their enforced holiday—so much so that when a lad who was one of a party trudging along a familiar road, looked over a bridge into a familiar stream and exclaimed, "Ee! yo' can see th' bottom!" the party only laughed and thought no more of it.

There were many such parties—of men and women, lads and lasses—tramping that Saturday morning along the high-roads and the cinder tracks that led to Holdsworth Park. They straggled all across the way without interruption; for the huge wains and lorries laden with cotton or calico, and drawn by

great Clydesdale horses that commonly made the roads alive, were absent; they were idle like the mills, and therefore the people, passing on by groups and companies, spread their numbers out on the highways quite gaily and freely. The strike was not yet old, and their feeling of holiday-making was still new, their hopes were high, and their bellies un-"clemmed."

All roads led that morning to Holdsworth Park; for there was to be held a "monster meeting" to cheer the hearts of those who had struck and to encourage others to follow their example. That was practically its purpose, though the reasons thrust publicly forward were "to receive delegates" from certain districts and "to decide as to further action," which had been already resolved on *in camerâ* by the leaders of the strike. To the crowds, however, who gathered from all quarters to the monster meeting its great attraction was the presence of Tom Knott—"awr Tom"—who was both the fiery heart and the scheming head of the strike, and who was feared by the mill-owners and calico-printers as the most daring and influential demagogue in the whole county.

There were several platforms for the conduct of what was called the business of the meeting, but for the first inspiring blast of speech-making there was a central platform—a borrowed waggon—towards which all pressed to hear the favourite leader. Punctually at twelve o'clock Tom rose from among his fellows seated on the waggon and looked round upon the vast assembly, who received him with cries of "Brayvo, Tom!" "Shut up, will tha, and hear awr Tom!" And Tom would have appeared to the most indifferent observer of any intelligence as quite a man to be attended to. He looked in all respects a leader of men: of broad but sinewy build, not very tall, with a fine, ruddy, fighting head, crowned with a straw hat, which was pushed well back to shade the nape of his neck from the sun. His chin was square and strong, his mouth was the large mobile mouth of the orator, his nose was turned up with obstinacy and impudent humour, and his blue eyes sparkled with shrewdness and fearlessness. He stood squarely for a second or two and looked round him with his hands deep in his trouser pockets, and when he spoke his speech was racy of the people, and yet not without evidence that he had read a good deal, and was able to think for himself. Not the least notable fact about him as he stood was that a slim, fair-haired, delicate-looking boy of ten or so clung about his leg.

"Well," he began, "here we are, lads and lasses—mates all—met together to hear the latest news—special edition—from the employers' union."

He set forth what were the proposed concessions of the masters, proving cleverly (though with some bias) that they were as good as no concessions at all; he reminded his hearers that they had struck on a question of principle, and insisted that they must not let the masters lead them astray into a side issue. He advised them to keep to the high-road of action which they had chosen when they had begun the strike; the masters might again offer them an arrangement which might seem convenient for an early settlement of their dispute; they mustn't accept it, for they knew the saying that the nearest way across often proved the longest way round; they might get their feet stuck in a moss and so lose time, and have to turn back into the high-road after all.

"We'll keep to the road, mates," said he, "and hold on straight for our point."

He had gone on with easy good humour until then, his rich, powerful voice swelling out clearly over the immense throng, when there came an interruption that aroused the fight and the masterfulness in him.

"And how art tha, Tom," shouted a critic, "to keep our wives and bairns fro' being clemmed? Hast key o' cupboard big enough to feed 'em all?"

"The union has," answered Tom promptly; "and thou'll ha' thy strike pay to-day, if thou'rt a union man."

"Get away wi' tha, Tom!" shouted the critic. "Thou'rt mad!"

At that the crowd yelled with indignation, and those around the critic began to push and hustle him.

"Off wi' him!" they cried. "Porr him!"

"Let him alone!" shouted Tom. "I'll talk to him. I'm mad thou says, lad. Well, suppose I am. Hastna heard the story o' Lord Padiham and the committee? A committee o' chaps that had a big game on goes to the Earl and asks him, being a swell, and ha'eing his hand deep in a' that sort o' thing, to be chairman. 'It's a grand thing,' says they, 'and it's sure to go.' 'A grand thing it may be,' says my lord, considering a' the points they put before him; 'a fine object, and a lot o' fine names stuck on to 't, but,' says he, 'who's your madman?' 'Madman, my lord?' says they. 'Yes, madman,' says he. 'Ye may ha' a fine business on hand, and lots o' fine names, but if ye ha' no madman to mak' the thing fizz along ye may as well shut the thing up, for, as sure as a gun, it won't go off!' Well, at that rate, my lad, I don't mind if ye think me mad! I hope I am mad! And the madder I am the better for you!"

Whereupon there was a frenzied burst of laughter and cheers. When that had sunk, the same objector sneered that he had only told a story of a noble lord because he was at heart an aristocrat.

"Hear, hear!" yelled the crowd. "Brayvo, Tom!"

The objector resumed his objections; but Tom had had enough of him: his patience was exhausted. He thrust his hands into his

"I'M AFRAID JIM'S GOING TO HAVE A FEVER" (*p.* 246).

"Well, now, I'll tell tha," cried Tom, "and I don't care who hears me besides: I'd rather any day o' th' week ha' to do wi' an aristocrat than wi' any o' th' mesters we ha' to deal wi'. If ye want to find a real high-dry Tory, an employer that's astonished his work-folk should ask for anything he doesn't give them, a man that's surprised that the working-classes should want to live, look out for the son o' a ragged-breeched Radical: there's many o' them!"

pockets and looked at the man with a dangerous light in his eye.

"Look tha here, Joe Kearsley!" he said, in a lower voice than he had yet used—"thou'rt a bruiser, I know, and thou thinks nobody 'll dare to lay a hand on tha. But thou'rt a coward; thou can only come to mak' objections in a state o' lush. I'll give thy Dutch courage two minutes to cool down. If at th' end o' two minutes thou'rt not gotten out of this, I'll come down and show tha th' way out."

Tom took out his watch and stood looking at it. In the meanwhile several of the hardier lads near Joe Kearsley fell upon him suddenly and ran him off, amid the laughter of the surrounding crowd; and so ended the situation, and the business of the meeting went on again.

When the meeting was over, the leaders reassembled in a little inn outside the park, where the disbursement of strike-pay and some other matters had to be arranged before they separated to return to their several districts. Tom was the adored of the crowd because of his cleverness and humour, his bluntness and masterfulness, for men in mass always love a man who takes possession of them; but for these very reasons he was regarded by most of his colleagues with something of jealousy and dislike. Moreover, it must be admitted that in private, being conscious of his superior intelligence, of his greater influence over the crowd, he had a habit of bullying his colleagues into the adoption of his views and the line of conduct he thought proper. So when the business was over and his colleagues proposed glasses of ale to allay the acute sense of irritation which Tom had done much to provoke, there was almost a rupture. Tom bluntly refused to have anything to do with the ale.

"I can't think," said he, "why you chaps can't do anything without lushing. How can you keep cool, steady heads for business if you're always just getting out of or getting into a state of lush?"

"Look here, Tom Knott," said one, "thou go and teach thy grandmother to suck eggs. To drink a glass of ale is not to get into a state o' lush, and if I didn't want to spend sixpence I'd say so."

"Hold thy hair on, John," said Tom. "When I *do* ha' sixpence to spend I ha' a way o' my own, lad, for spending it. But hurry up and let's get out of this, or we'll all be late for handing out the money."

His little boy complained of hunger, and he bought him a biscuit, but he himself neither ate nor drank. Then he set off to his centre for the disbursement to the strikers of the week's allowance. On the way his boy grew weary—the sun was hot, and the road was dusty; his head ached, he said, and his father took him upon his broad back and pretended he was his horse. When the business of disbursement was over—it took an hour or two—Tom went home with his own strike allowance in his pocket, and with his son again on his back.

Those who only knew Tom Knott—"awr Tom"—as a workman and a demagogue would scarcely have recognised him in his home. There his blunt, masterful, and somewhat bullying manner was put off with his workaday coat, and he was merely the tender husband and son, for his aged father lived with him. When he had kissed his wife he produced a packet of tobacco from his pocket and went to his father in the chimney-corner.

"Seetha, owd dad," said he, "I've brought thee some new 'bacca; they tell me it's as sweet as a nut."

He did not smoke himself, in order that his father might enjoy his pipe; for he could not afford good tobacco for both; and he denied himself ale (of which he had no dislike) that his wife might have the daily glass of port wine which the doctor advised; for Tom's wife was delicate. She had been a schoolmistress, and Tom had been drawn to her, as strong men, by the law of contraries, are so frequently drawn to make mates of clinging, fragile women. Tom was fond and proud of his wife, and she was fond and proud of him. She had done much to cultivate and refine his nature, and he was ambitious to rise from his position of skilled operative that he might surround his wife with greater comfort and ease and justify her consent to ally her lot with his. Twenty years ago Tom might have thought of exchanging his workman's cap and jacket for a tall hat and a black coat, and finding a situation, by dint of his learning and push, in a Manchester warehouse, but in these days, when the schoolmaster and the democrat are abroad, he dreamed of becoming secretary of his trade-union, and perhaps a member of Parliament. Meanwhile, he worked hard both as workman and demagogue, and tenderly cherished his wife as a mother might.

But a severe trial was before Tom.

Next morning he rose betimes, and according to his wont, even when he was at work at the mill, he lit the fire in the kitchen, swept up the hearth, made a cup of tea, and took it to his wife in bed.

"Tom," said his wife to him, in a whisper—she was out of bed, standing at her boy's cot—"I'm afraid Jim's going to have a fever. You look at him."

Tom considered his son. His face was flushed, his fair hair lay hot and dry upon the pillow, and as he stirred in his sleep he paddled on the sheet with his little hands and moaned.

"Maybe it's the sun," said he. "The sun was powerful yesterday, and he got tired and said his head ached. Wake up, Jim, lad, and tell thy father what's the matter." He gently shook the boy by the shoulder; but, though Jim opened his eyes, he was very loth to wake up. He murmured and moaned, seemed

to have no recognition in his eyes, and sank off in sleep again. "I doubt he's going to be bad," said Tom, much alarmed. "I'd better fetch the doctor."

He went for the doctor at once, and the doctor came. He did not take long to reach a conclusion.

"The boy's going to have scarlet fever," said he.

"Scarlet fever!" exclaimed the parents.

"Yes," said the doctor. "And we must take care, or you may both catch it too."

That was the beginning of Tom Knott's severe trial. He was in a great difficulty; he must either let the entire nursing of their boy fall on his delicate wife, or give up his public appearances in the business of the strike, lest he should spread infection. To do either seemed to him impossible. He discussed the difficulty with the doctor, who at once pronounced for his leaving the strike alone. Tom flatly declared he could not do that, and intimated that he had hoped the doctor would have been able to suggest a means of compromising the matter. Then the doctor said the only way—if he would both share the nursing of the boy and move about on the business of the strike—was to go out in completely different clothes from those he wore indoors, and to effect certain purifications before he went out.

Then began a painful, anxious time. Day after day passed, and Tom scarcely slept. He returned in the evening from the self-imposed duties of his public agitation, and after resting an hour or two he changed his clothes and took his wife's place by his sick boy's cot; he administered the necessary spoonfuls of nourishment and of medicine, and read and dozed between whiles; and then in the morning he left the sick-room, thoroughly washed himself with water and disinfectant, changed his clothes again, and after breakfast went out again into the world. For days went on, and Tom grew thin and weary-eyed and pale, with the dirty-grey pallor of the naturally ruddy man. The days became weeks, and the strike still continued, though all were doggedly obstinate rather than hopeful. There was no longer the former enthusiasm among the strikers when Tom addressed them; they listened to him, but almost in silence, smoking or chewing penny screws of tobacco the while to allay the pangs of hunger. The funds of the union were exhausted, kindred societies showed reluctance to open their purses to the strikers, and all were beginning to know the bitter meaning of the word "clem." The men clemmed, and the wives and children at home clemmed. Tom was no better off than his neighbours. He was a good workman and his wife was a careful housekeeper, and at the beginning of the strike he had had a little money in hand, but on the extras entailed by illness that quickly went; and as the weeks passed he saw with sinking of heart that his delicate wife and sick son, whom he had cherished so fondly, were beginning to be in actual want. In the dead of the night, while his wife slept and he watched by his sick child, the prospect would overwhelm him with terror. He saw his wife grow daily thinner and paler and slower of foot, and his son, when the fever had left him, lying white and weak as a rush, and a dumb fury seized him—sometimes against the masters because of their obstinate and reckless selfishness, and sometimes against himself because of his heedless folly in urging on and embarking in the strike instead of selfishly considering, as the masters did, only the prosperity of himself and the comfort of his family.

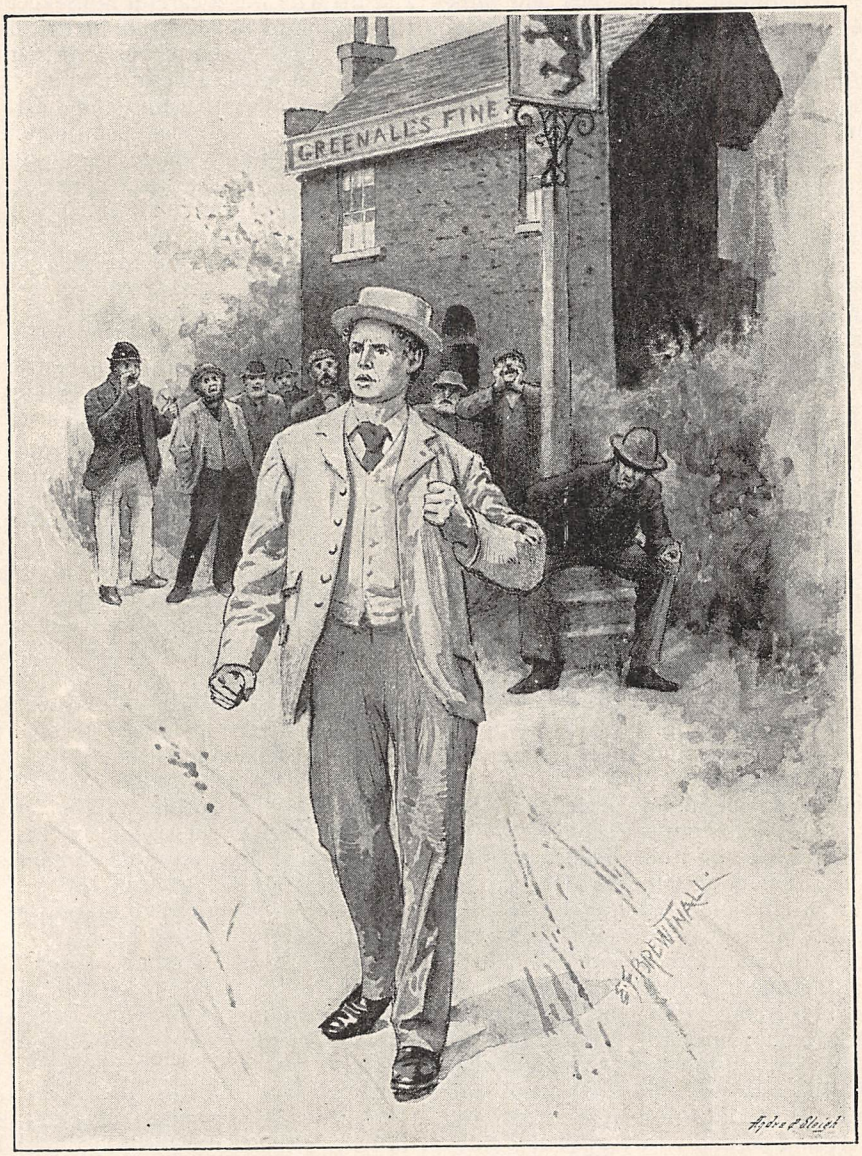
To Tom the long-delayed crisis came one evening on his return from his out-of-door duties. He was in a sad, uncertain mood. He and the other leaders of the strike were going to meet the masters next day, and he found himself by no means so strongly resolved as he had been to maintain the whole matter for which the strike had been made. His firm mind was shaken by want of sleep and want of food, by his knowledge of the privations endured by the families of the strikers, and by his anxieties and fears for his wife and child, so that he entered his home less master of himself than he had ever been. He found the doctor in the kitchen, talking to his wife, and impatiently nursing his hat.

"How's th' lad, doctor?" asked Tom.

"How's th' lad?" repeated the doctor, who was himself a brusque Lancashireman. "How's thyself, Tom? What dost mean by thy pasty face and empty cheeks? I want a word wi' tha. Missus, thou'd better go to thy bairn; I've summat to say to this man o' thine." When Tom's wife had withdrawn he turned to Tom, saying, "Let me feel your pulse. . . . Down low," said he, when he had felt it. Then he looked at Tom's eye, pushing down the lower lid to judge of the condition of the inner tissues. "Humph!" said he, and remained silent a little while, glancing now and then at Tom.

"Well, doctor," said Tom at length, disturbed by the doctor's behaviour, "what's th' matter?"

"What's th' matter?" echoed the doctor. "For a well-meaning lad, Tom Knott, thou'rt a downright fool! That's what's th' matter! Here's your son," said he, dropping dialect, "maybe dying on my hands, your wife sinking——"



"HE TURNED AWAY AND MARCHED OFF . . . PURSUED BY JEERS AND HOWLS" (*p.* 251).

"No, doctor!" exclaimed Tom. "Never! Surely not! You said th' other day th' lad would pull thro'."

"And you yourself," continued the doctor, without heeding his exclamation, "would be ill in bed if you hadn't the constitution of a horse or a donkey!"

"But what's to be done, then, doctor," demanded Tom, "wi' th' lad and th' wife?"

"The only thing to be done," said the doctor solemnly, "is to send your wife and son to the seaside, and give them money enough to get plenty of good food. If you can't do that I won't be responsible for them. I may pour all the drugs and tonics of a chemist's shop into them, they'd do them no good!" Tom groaned, and laid his face in his hands. "You haven't the money, I know," continued the doctor. "And why haven't you the money? Because you have been a fool!"

Tom raised his head and said with some of his old spirit: "That's the second time, doctor, that you've called me a fool; what do you mean by it?"

"Look at this strike of yours—I call it

yours, because the men wouldn't have come out but for you and one or two others—you especially."

"Well, what have you to say against the strike, doctor? We struck against the oppression of the employers, on a question of principle."

"A question of fiddlesticks!" exclaimed the doctor. "It doesn't matter to me what you struck for. Your strike is a fool's game. You meant to strike at the masters, to reduce them to accept your terms; you have really only struck at yourselves. Up till now you've done the masters no harm; you're giving their machinery a rest, so that they've had the opportunity of overhauling and cleaning out their boilers and furnaces; you've given them the opportunity of clearing off their accumulated stocks. What harm have you done them yet? If some of them have no money coming in they have none going out, and if they encroach on their capital a little they can soon make it up when you go back to work. Have you heard of any family of them clemming? *I* haven't heard of any one that has even reduced expenses. What harm have you done them? I ask you."

Tom was silent and thoughtful.

"But now look at the harm you have done yourselves!" continued the doctor, warming with his subject. "Has it ever struck you how much you have done? Of course, you've lost your wages, and from the very first you've gone short of food when you haven't clemmed. And do you know what going short of food may mean? You can see it in your own house. But for poor and short commons your boy would have been up and about again, stronger than he was before; now he may never be the same again!"

"Good God, doctor, don't say that!" exclaimed Tom.

"But it's true," insisted the doctor; "I pledge my professional credit on it. Think what all that may mean multiplied by fifty or sixty thousand! It doesn't occur to you fellows, of course, that for delicate women and children who have never had abundance, who are usually badly fed, for them to clem for six or seven weeks will probably spoil their constitutions for the rest of their lives! And they *are* clemming. This very afternoon as I was passing Blackheys I saw a sight that made me very angry with you. A farmer had given permission to pick the half-eaten cabbages from a field, and the women of the village, when they heard of it, had trooped out like crows into the field to carry off what the sheep had left!"

"You saw that!" exclaimed Tom.

"I saw that, sir. And I hold you responsible for that beastly pass those women have come to, to feed themselves and their families." Tom sat silent with his chin in his hands. "You set masters and men by the ears, Tom Knott," continued the doctor; "you stop the work of a whole country-side; you starve tens of thousands of people, old and young—your own wife and child included; you prepare hundreds of patients for the doctor and the undertaker; and you expect me to think you a fine fellow! You've done all that—what for? For nothing!—for a question of principle, you say, that has brought you no advantage yet, and is not likely to bring you any—and you are surprised that I call you a fool!"

"But would you have men," demanded Tom, rousing himself, "submit to any and all of the reductions and oppressions of masters? I didn't think you were that kind of man, doctor!"

"No," answered the doctor, "and I'm not. But I would have the men and you who counsel and lead them see better where you're going before you step out on strike. You ought to count the cost and see that you are not going to stand all the damage of the strike and the masters almost none. That's madness; that's criminal folly; and that is what you've been guilty of, Tom Knott."

Tom groaned, "You're a hard man, doctor. We don't seem to be coming off very well, I admit."

The doctor was silent a moment, and then he spoke in a softer tone.

"You're an honest lad, Tom, and you mean well, or I wouldn't trouble to talk to you; I'd just let you go your own way and come to grief, you and yours."

"See tha, doctor!" broke forth Tom, "is there nothing to be done for th' wife and th' lad but what you said? Because, see tha, I've got no brass—not a farden!"

"Tom," said the doctor, "I'll make you an offer. To go to the seaside is the only hope for your wife and boy; I'm not a rich man, but I'll lend you twenty pounds to send them away, on condition that this strike ends and you go back to work on what terms you can get, so that you can pay me back in six months."

"Go back on any terms!" exclaimed Tom, while his thin blood rushed to his cheek. "Never! never! never! never! I'm deeply obliged and grateful to you, doctor; but to go back beaten, and to advise my mates to go back beaten! I couldn't do it—I couldn't! Seems to me, doctor, that you must be in league with the masters to advise it!"

The doctor laughed somewhat bitterly.

"See what comes," said he, "of putting myself about to interest myself in, and give good advice to, a lot of idiots! The masters know you're all clemming, lad; they can go on for weeks yet without losing anything much, and you can't go on for as many days; can't you see that? You can settle it to-morrow, or you can settle it next week, or in a fortnight, or a month, on the same terms exactly; but if you obstinately hold out a week or a fortnight more, your son may be a corpse and your wife lying ill, and many more wives and bairns will be injured for life by starvation, and you, Tom Knott, will be responsible!" The doctor rose. "Don't decide now. Think it over. Sleep upon it," and he went out and shut the door.

Tom's wife came down quickly, eager to know what the doctor had had so much to say about. Tom longed to pour out to her all his trouble and perplexity, and to ask her what he should do, but he considered her pale and weary face, and he bethought him how she was in the habit of forming her opinions by his, and of only giving such advice as she knew would be agreeable to him, and he forbore to trouble her.

"We've been talking about the strike," said he. "Doctor thinks it's gone on long enough, and that it's time it came to an end."

"And do you, Tom?" said she; and Tom was smitten to the heart that there was an anxious wistfulness in her glance and tone.

Tom lay down that evening to take his rest as usual, but he did not sleep. He lay in the darkness, and gazed at the barred strip of light cast up on the wall by the gas-lamp in the street without. He gazed at it till he fancied he was a wretched prisoner in a cell, longing for freedom and food and light. It was unlike him to have such fancies, and, above all, to be affected by them, but that night his imaginary situation seemed to him a strange intimation of his actual condition; for was he not shut in with hopeless difficulties? with questions which he could only gaze at without energy or desire to answer them? Must he accept what terms the masters chose to offer on the morrow? Must he urge their acceptance on his mates? Must he show himself thus in defeat and shame, after the uncompromising position he had taken up, after the unwavering resistance he had maintained for weeks? How could he do that? Surrender all he and his mates and their families had held out for, and at the same time jeopardise, as he was sure he would, perhaps ruin, his ascendency among his mates and his chance of fulfilling his ambition? And yet, if he did not, the doctor said his boy might die and his wife would fall ill! Perhaps the doctor was wrong; but more probably the doctor was right; and he himself knew that, even if there would be no death, there would be much hunger and suffering, not only in his cottage, but in all the cottages of the country-side. Tom thus, between impulses of resistance and necessities for surrender—enraged, baffled, and still obstinate—at length attained a resolution which afforded him relief, and he slept.

With his fellow-leaders of the strike he went to the conference with the masters next day, with a tightly-compressed mouth and a thumping heart. The masters maintained their old position, and only wished to know if the men (who they knew were starving) would return to work on the old terms. Tom and his mates said they would not, and there seemed likely to be a speedy end of the conference. But Tom admitted that the men and their families were clemming, and declared his belief that all would gladly return to work if the masters would make a concession, so that they might feel they had won something by the strike. No, said the masters, they could yield nothing; the men had chosen to go out on a demand which could not be granted, and to yield anything now would only encourage them to strike again. Then Tom pleaded that a very little friendly concession then would probably win over the men and smooth away friction for a long time to come. The masters persisted in refusing to yield anything, till, after Tom had been closeted a while with their chairman, they announced that they out of pure friendliness would yield such-and-such a point—a something which was scarcely of sufficient consequence to be called a concession. Tom and his mates were not well pleased; but they went their ways to set the matter before a mass meeting of the men.

At the meeting Tom nerved himself for a great effort to persuade the assembled operatives to accept the terms of the masters—to return to work, that is to say, practically under the old conditions. He contrived to speak first, and he spoke with feeling, humour, and eloquence. He set before his audience pretty much the same line of argument as the doctor had used with himself: it was impossible for them to go on inflicting starvation and failing health upon weak women and children.

"We've made a mistake this time," said he; "we weren't well enough prepared to last out, but we shall be next time. We've made a mistake, lads; let's be men and own up."

It was a bitter humiliation to play the part of a general who has to own himself defeated, and at the same time plead with his men to lay down their arms. But his success in that

crisis of defeat was unequivocal. It was a relief to the men to hear eloquent and plausible reasons for surrender, and in their gratitude for them, and for the alluring hope he held out of success another day, they forgot that he was, of all men, the most responsible for their position.

But Tom had to pay dear for that final success. By so much as his audience had been carried away by his eloquence and arguments, by that much did they soon feel a reaction against him. The depression of hunger and of failure settled on them, and they began to consider that they had lost their wages and spent their strength, and the strength of their families, for naught all these weeks. Many of them attained that stage of sullenness and suspicion before they reached home, and their discontent was intensified by the leaders who had not spoken at the meeting, and who, perceiving the altered temper of their clients, strenuously disclaimed all responsibility for the surrender.

"It's all Tom Knott's doing," said they. "We couldn't get a word in. You'd listen to him, and nobody else, and now he's done for you. He was always the one for holding out; he wouldn't give up till we got what we wanted—not he!—and now he's the first to turn funky! How's that, umpire? There seems something funny about it."

The suspicious word in season fell into fit ground, insomuch that the surrender would have been repudiated had not the men known and felt that they and their families could not clem a day longer. The feeling of a crowd is always apt to become a panic. Suspicion being once turned against Tom, it spread like an infection, and when next day it became known that his wife and child had gone away by train to the seaside, the suspicion became distrust, active and furious.

When Tom went to the centre on Saturday to assist in the distribution of the last drain of strike-pay, he was amazed to encounter only suspicious, sullen, or angry looks.

"'Morning, mates," said he cheerfully.

There was no response.

"What's th' matter wi' yo' all?" he asked. "Yo' all look as happy as bears wi' sore heads."

"Well, Tom," said his old enemy and questioner, Joe Kearsley, "tha knows we conna all be so happy as thou. *We* conna send our wives and childer to th' seaside; 'cos why, Tom?—*we* haven't got no brass!"

Tom grew very red and angry. He looked round upon his mates, upon the sullen crowd on every side.

"Is that it?" said he. "What ails yo' at my sending my wife and lad away? Th' doctor said they must go, or bide at home and die!"

"There's lots o' wives and childer nigh dying, Tom," said Joe Kearsley. "But if they mun die they mun die: *we* conna send them to th' sea: *we* haven't got no brass."

"A nice set o' mates you are, upon my word!" exclaimed the angry Tom. "Hast ever heard me ask for brass from thee?—or thee?—or thee? and if I don't ask for brass from you, what business is it o' yours where I get it?"

"It would be a satisfaction, Tom," said a little man near him—one of his fellow-leaders—"things are being said, tha knows—it would be a satisfaction to hear from thysen how thou comes to ha' brass when we ha' none: it takes a goodish bit o' brass to send a family to th' seaside for a week or a fortnit."

"What!" exclaimed Tom. "Dost think I've stolen th' brass?" There was dead silence. "Oh!" cried Tom, growing angrier and angrier. "You *do* think I may ha' stolen it! God help yo' for the meanest set o' mates in all Lancashire! My private affairs are no business o' yours, and I ha' done wi' yo'!"

He turned away and marched off, filled with bitter shame and rage, pursued by jeers and howls, and cries of "*Private affairs*, says he! —Awr Tom's grown a fine gentleman! How's th' awd feyther since he left th' bleach-tub?" "Dang me!" he heard Joe Kearsley cry. "He's sold us to th' maisters for a bit of brass, and I mun ha'e a spank at him!" "Thou be quiet, Joe Kearsley!" cried others. "Let th' beggar alone! Let him go and be hanged!"

Tom's ascendency was gone—gone for the time at least: he saw that plainly, and resentment and rage, rage and resentment boiled and bubbled in him. He went home to his lonely cottage and his cold hearth. The fierceness of his feelings passed and became a proud and sullen obstinacy: he had thought at first that he must leave that part of the country, but he finally resolved to stay and brave all suspicions out. He went to work like the rest on Monday, but he spoke to no one; proud, sullen, and obstinate, he went and came. The election of a secretary for the union came on; but, of course, Tom was not elected; he did not even put himself forward. At length his wife and son returned from the seaside, well and strong, and all the troubles and misunderstandings Tom had endured fell away from him.

"When I ha' yo' and th' lad, Mary," said he fondly, "aught may happen that likes!"

And though Mary did not understand all that he meant, Tom was happy.

A CHAT WITH MISS FANNY DAVIES.

BY BARONESS VON ZEDLITZ.

MISS FANNY DAVIES AT THE AGE OF THREE (WHEN SHE PLAYED SEVERAL LITTLE PIECES BY HEART).

(From a photograph by J. H. Whitlock, Birmingham.)

MUSIC—the sublimest expounder of human passion, of all charm and variety of feeling and emotion, the language of poetry, happiness, and despair—has found a vast number of adequate interpreters during the last century.

We English are particularly proud of our native composers and artists, though the long line of renowned musicians who have developed and improved their talent on our shores owe, in many cases, their artistic culture to a foreign lineage or extraction.

In Miss Fanny Davies, however, we find an artist English-born and English-bred, simple, natural, and unpretentious, and possessed of those entrancing qualities which add endless charm and refinement to a thoroughly talented nature.

By her own fireside she is vivacious, chatty, and bright, never tired of speaking in glowingly grateful terms of all the kindness lavished upon her not only by older and more experienced artists than herself, but also by several royal personages with whom it has been her good fortune to come into musical contact.

At the piano she is serious, strong, and fluent: in short, she lives, as it were, in a sphere of melodious enchantment, from which she only descends when her piano is closed, and she enters into the ordinary groove of every-day routine.

The story of her career is a simple one, and the self-imposed discipline of her life one worthy of imitation and praise.

She loves her art, not because it has quickly developed in her case, becoming more powerful, and leaving other arts far and away behind it, but because Nature has endowed her with the gift of entering into the spirit of each individual composer of whom she is an earnest disciple, as well as with the capacity of giving a brilliant rendering of each of his works.

Let me tell you in her own simple language how she lives, possessed by a devout ardour for her music, and believing emphatically that no truly beautiful style can be arrived at unless by adopting what is commonly called "the old and only method."

Miss Davies has long since fulfilled the mystical aspirations of her early youth, and has learnt all that is admirable in technique and delivery; hence we find in this unsophisticated young artist a result so wonderfully praiseworthy, that it awakens the respect of all who hear her.

On the day of our chat, she sat facing me in a big arm-chair, her little slender hands clasped nervously, almost afraid, indeed, to speak about herself, lest there should enter into her narrative the least suspicion of self-praise.

At every available opportunity she would deftly turn the conversation to the praise of her fellow-artists, and it was with difficulty that I brought her back—reluctantly, I must admit—to the subject of my visit.

"I was born on the Island of Guernsey,"

MISS FANNY DAVIES IN 1884. (TAKEN WHEN STUDYING WITH MADAME SCHUMANN.)

(From a photograph by Professor Erwin, Hanfstengl.)

she said, "but lived for many years of my youth at Birmingham with my dear aunt, Miss Woodhill, who is one of the kindest and best friends I ever had. At the age of five I took lessons from a local teacher in that town, and learnt to play several little duets which I picked up by ear.

"I was about seven when I was taken to a bazaar held at the Birmingham Town Hall, where, to please a friend of my mother, I played, so to speak, for the first time in public. How I already loved music then, to be sure!

"I am told that when scarcely able to toddle I tried to pick out Haydn's 'Surprise' on the piano. I was in terrible despair on that occasion while deciphering it in *C*. I got safely through the first notes until I came to look for *F sharp*. My ear told me that *F natural* caused a horrible discord, and I was so put out by the mistake I repeatedly made, that I actually commenced *screaming*.

"My aunt rushed in to see what was the matter, and seeing my distress, caused by the wrong harmony, she placed my finger on the *F sharp*, whereupon I was once more wreathed in smiles."

"When did you begin to take serious lessons on the piano?" I asked.

"At the age of nine, of Professor Flavell. Then I took lessons in harmony of Mr. Gaul, and studied under Sir (then Mr.) Charles Hallé. In 1882 I went to Leipzig, where my studies greatly improved under Carl Reinecke and Dr. Oscar Paul, not forgetting Jadassohn as my composition master.

"The crowning event of my student life, however, was experienced in 1883, when, going to Frankfurt, I became a scholar of Madame Schumann there.

"To her all my gratitude is due. She helped me, encouraged me, enlightened me: in fact, bestowed upon me that most blessed of virtues—perseverance. Without her guiding and invigorating influence, study might have proved itself to be a toil; as it was, the learning of the science of music was rendered a labour of love by reason of the tender maternal hand which led my erring fingers to the key-note of all music's principles.

"Madame Schumann possesses one of the sweetest natures I have ever known; her gentle patience and unwavering solicitude were only excelled by her genial, tranquil charm of manner, exhibiting the reflection of a pure soul, and at the same time a cheerfulness which belongs only to her.

THE MUSIC-ROOM.

"I made rapid progress under her tuition, and learnt all that has been of boundless value to me in after years.

"Dr. Bernard Scholz, Director of the Hoch Schule (Conservatoire) at Frankfurt, also taught me counterpoint and fugue, and so helped to equip me for my first appearance of importance in England, which took place in 1885 at the Crystal Palace, on which occasion I played Beethoven's G Major Concerto with recognised success.

"After that, I appeared at the Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts, at the Philharmonic, and at many other concerts both in London and in the provinces."

"I see that Dr. Joachim occupies a special place of honour among your numerous friends," I remarked presently, noticing that Miss Davies had placed some wallflowers, the doctor's favourite blossoms, at the foot of a striking likeness of the celebrated violinist, which bore an affectionate inscription.

"Yes," replied Miss Davies warmly: "he, too, has done all that friendship suggests and kindness prompts in the way of co-operation during my past career, and I have every reason to be grateful to the dear old master for his kindness to me, which words are but poor and insufficient to express. When in Berlin he has always most generously assisted me in my concerts by playing for me and introducing me to the artistic circles of that city."

"You have also played with him to several royal personages, I think?"

"Yes, once in Gmunden Joachim was staying with the Queen of Hanover, and, finding that I was in the same town, he asked me to make some music with him for the Queen. I demurred at first, remembering that I only had cotton frocks with me, having come to spend a very few days at Gmunden, but Joachim laughed and said—

"'If that is your only reason I will explain to the Queen, and she will not mind.'

"Nor did she, for her reception was so kind that I quite forgot my cotton frock! On another occasion I played with Dr. Joachim to her Imperial Majesty the Empress Frederick, at her palace Unter den Linden."

In 1888, Miss Davies performed at the Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts, which fact in itself is a striking testimony to the advanced progress she had made, for these concerts are only supported by absolutely first-class artists; after which proof of her ability she performed in Berlin, and made a successful tour in Germany.

"You scored a big success in Rome, I hear," said I. "Tell me about your visit to the Quirinal."

"That was another memorable occasion. After I had been elected an honorary member of the St. Cecilia Academy, Queen Margherita commanded me to play before her. Of course, I was dreadfully excited, but her Majesty was so gracious that she quite put me at my ease, and I believe that she was satisfied with my performance.

"At any rate, here is a letter I received from the Quirinal,

MISS FANNY DAVIES IN 1892.
(*From a photograph by Eglinton & Co.*)

accompanied by a costly ornament, which testifies to her approval."

As far as I can remember, the letter ran as follows :—

"In compliance with her Majesty's orders, I take great pleasure in sending you this jewel in remembrance of the charming hours her Majesty has passed listening to your delightful music. Believe in my sincere regard.

"(Signed) Msa. di Villa Marina.

"Wednesday, April 27th, 1891."

"Did you play again to her Majesty, or only on this one occasion ?"

"I played four times at the Quirinal, and on one occasion Queen Margherita opened the piano for me with her own hands.

"Last year I was in Rome again at the time of the Queen's silver wedding. Many festivities took place, among which a garden party was given by the English Embassy to the King and Queen, and to which my friend and I were invited. Queen Margherita recognised us among the visitors, and I saw her most graciously coming towards me with extended hands. She spoke to me for several moments, and then held my hand tightly between her own and said—

"'Come often to Rome.'

"Those kind words have become engraven on my memory."

"Have you played before our Queen ?" was my next question.

"Yes," answered my hostess, with evident gratification. "I received a telegram from Major Bigge saying that her Majesty desired me to play to her on the 22nd of October, 1892, upon which occasion I played at Balmoral for over an hour.

"The Queen was graciously pleased to give me a beautiful souvenir in memory of the honour she had conferred upon me, and to say that I had given her pleasure with my music."

"You are a lucky little woman!" I exclaimed, "to have been the recipient of so many distinctions," as my eyes caught sight of several handsomely-framed diplomas, autographic mementoes, and valuable souvenirs bestowed upon the clever young artist.

"This is my Bonn diploma," continued Miss Davies, "which I prize immeasurably. I was asked to play a trio at the Beethoven Festival in Bonn, in May of last year, at one of the concerts.

"Just before going I received a telegram requesting me to play a solo sonata as well, in place of Mde. Carreno d'Albert who had suddenly become indisposed. I chose Op. 110, in A flat, for I happened to have it at my finger-tips. I was most kindly received, and three times recalled, which naturally gave me great confidence for my next day's concert.

"I have since received one of the best marks of approbation any artist could wish for—I was elected a member of the Beethoven Haus."

Miss Davies is excessively fond of teaching, and she tells me she has, among others, one little pupil—a sweet child, who came to her lessons in a pinafore and huge sun-bonnet—who will give cause for much marvelling later on.

When she first came she was only six and a-half years old, but to give a slight idea of the child's talent and power of execution, Miss Davies informed me that Bach's fugue in D from the 1st Book was then already a matter of easy playing for her tiny fingers.

I may not give her name, but wish her all success under Miss Davies' able tuition. Another promising pupil of Miss Davies was little Mimie Shakespeare, who has made such rapid strides in the direction of brilliancy of interpretation that she has since studied under Madame Schumann.

It has been said of Miss Davies that her devotion to one particular school is so strong, that she appreciates none save the Schumann theories on musical art. When I asked her if this report were founded on fact, she replied—

"A real artist will never fail to recognise true excellence in whatsoever 'school' it may lie latent ; although it stands to reason that I may have a preference for the teaching of one especial method, since all that is elevating and inspiring in music was taught to me by my dearly-loved friend Madame Schumann."

Miss Davies is exceptionally conscientious in her studies, for she is never satisfied with what she sometimes considers a mediocre performance. Her ambition is to give us the very best and most faultless representation, and with this end in view she looks upon society and amusement as very secondary considerations.

Her heart and mind are alike devoted to the advancement of musical art and the development of her own descriptive faculty, which carries her into a world of fancy peopled with melodies and harmonies, far above the heads of prosaic *us!*

The young pianist maintains that to become truly the artist a long and thorough training must be gone in for, and that to get at the fundamental knowledge of musical art it would be wise to go over the same path composition has pursued, without altering the chronological order of artistic progress.

"First of all, harmony should be studied," says she ; "then the Church music of great

composers ought to be the next consideration.

"Above all, the lives of illustrious musicians should be read in order that their temperaments, idiosyncrasies, and characters, generally latent in their works, may be faithfully interpreted."

"Ought the artist interpreter to possess as much originality in his delivery as the composer in his creating?"

"I am not sure. I am inclined to maintain that the composer has a prior right to this individuality, although the interpreter should try to depict the composer's characteristics in rendering his music.

"Correct and elegant fingering is another matter of vital importance in pianoforte playing, therefore it is essential that exercises should be looked upon as a necessity to study as important as food is to the sustenance of life.

"It is not hard to play the piano when once the mechanical part has been conquered and the muscles of the fingers are flexible, for *suppleness* is the keynote to the secret of executant success.

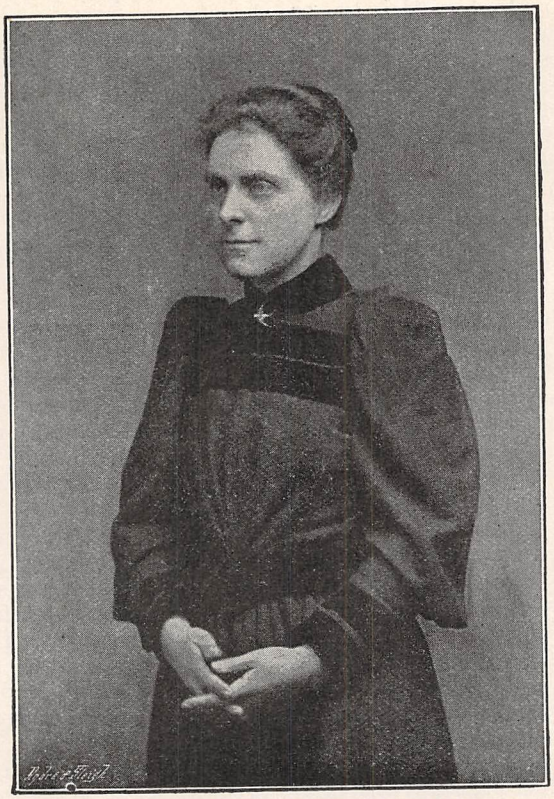
"It is necessary to bear in mind that fingers need constant practice to keep them pliable, in the same way that wheels require frequent oiling to prevent them from becoming rusty."

"What do you consider to be a correct length of time to practise every day, Miss Davies?"

"Personally, I never work more than four hours, which I deem quite sufficient for any student. More than that would, in time, dull one's soul, and take the energy out of one's application.

"The study of music should be a labour of love; and I always recommend people who are not possessed of a real natural affection for it to turn their mind to a pursuit more congenial to inborn tastes.

"You cannot force people to love music; fondness for that art is an inborn predilection which no circumstances, however hard or discouraging, can crush, and which, when forced, seldom produces good results even after years of arduous labour."

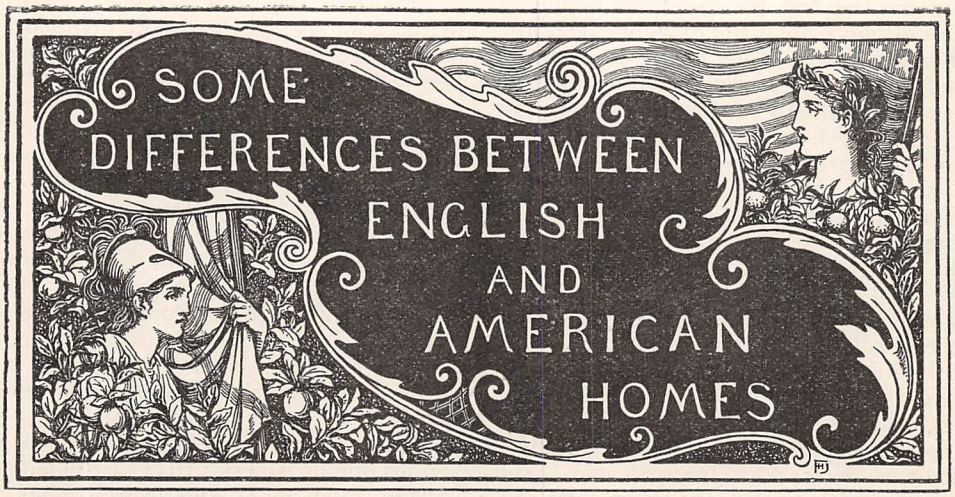


MISS FANNY DAVIES AT THE PRESENT DAY.
(*From a photograph by Maclure, Macdonald & Co., Glasgow.*)

The extraordinary flexibility of her musical mechanism stands Miss Davies in good stead. She appears to transport herself into the soul of the instrument, and make it talk like a sympathetic human being in its own language, laying bare its very heart for our introspection.

She possesses a love for strong contrasts, and her imagination, which is wonderfully expansive, pours forth rich melodious tones in great abundance, with an accuracy and unity of purpose that have seldom been excelled by any other executant of her years.

Miss Davies is living with a dear lady, who, to judge from appearances, acts as a mother, sister, and friend towards her. These ladies occupy a pretty house in St. John's Wood (the favourite resort of musical and plastic artists), where a cursory glance round the artistically arranged rooms, plentifully enriched by curiosities collected from many parts of the world, shows us that Miss Davies has a taste for travelling, and that the beauties of Nature have impregnated her sensitive disposition with their fascinating influence. Both ladies betake themselves to the regions of the Swiss mountains every year, and there, in the tranquillity of a peaceful village, they roam about, discarding for a brief period their customary studies, and enjoying Nature's harmonies only.



BY ELIZABETH L. BANKS, AUTHOR OF "CAMPAIGNS OF CURIOSITY," ETC.

MANY English people seem to be under the impression that the Americans know little of the comforts of home life, and those of our cousins who have visited us go away with the idea that, as a nation, we are most uncomfortably situated indoors. Why this should be so, it is difficult for Americans to understand, for they themselves are firmly convinced that they have solved the problem of how to make home happy.

"You don't have homes in America; you have flats and boarding-houses," said a well-known author to me recently, after a return from a fortnight's visit to the United States. Now, flat-life is not more common in America than in England, while the number of boarding-houses, taking the difference in population into consideration, is less there than here.

The typical New York house is not so large nor so high as the usual run of London houses. Although the hotels and business-buildings are well worthy of the name "sky-scrapers," which has been very aptly given to them on this side of the water, the private residences do not aspire to so lofty an eminence. The usual height is three or four storeys, the floor above the basement being called the first, instead of the ground floor, as in London. The high stone steps take the first floor far above the pavement, leaving the basement on a level with the ground, an advantage which the servants who live in the dark and dismal London basements would greatly appreciate. The basement usually contains the kitchen, pantry and store-cupboards, and the dining-room. The scullery, that catch-all of the London residences, is not known. In the larger houses, a part of the cellar, which corresponds to the English basement, is fitted up as a laundry, with every modern convenience. In this room the floor is boarded smoothly over, and one side of the wall is entirely taken up with stationary tubs, each of which has hot and cold-water faucets and waste-pipe, so that no carrying or emptying of water is necessary in the process of washing. In another part of the room are to be found the patent ironing-boards, which, when not in use, may be folded up and put away. A large range with attachments for boiling clothes and heating flat-irons is also a part of the laundry outfit. Every house has what is known as a "back-yard," in which the clothes are dried. In the smaller establishments the laundries are sometimes dispensed with, and the kitchen is fitted up with stationary tubs. The furnace, by which the house is heated throughout, is built either in the cellar or the basement.

In houses where the front room of the basement is used only as a breakfast-room, the dining-room is on the first floor, and is connected with the kitchen by a lift—or, as Americans call it, a "dumb waiter." The servant attending the table has none of the carrying or running up and downstairs, which makes the duties of a London parlourmaid or man-servant so arduous.

The New York drawing-room which is usually on the first floor, has more comfort and less elegance than the drawing-room of a London residence. More money is expended in the furnishing of an English drawing-room than it would take to fit up a whole house for one of our well-to-do New York families. Except among the very wealthy Londoners, who have no need to economise in any direction, the idea seems to be to ornament the drawing-room somewhat at the expense of the rest of the house. Gilded mirrors, costly paintings, expensive *bric-à-brac*, and inlaid furniture of every description, are quite the rule in the drawing-rooms of the English middle-classes; while in America only our millionaires indulge in these things. Tables, cabinets, and chairs, inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, are beyond the means of an ordinary New York business man. But he has a weakness for easy-chairs, and soft, springy couches; so the drawing-room furniture is picked out with a view more to comfort than elegance. Couches are much in evidence in an American home. No room is considered well furnished without them.

The second and third floors of a New York house are utilised for sleeping-rooms, which are in many respects the most comfortable and beautiful part of the house. The English idea of a bedroom is a place to sleep in and leave the next morning as soon as possible; and probably for that reason little or no pains are taken to beautify it. In America, the furnishing of the bedroom is a matter of the first importance. Handsome draperies, pictures, plants, folding-beds, mantel glasses and cheval glasses, and the easiest of chairs, turn it into a boudoir, where the lady of the house spends much of her time, unless she has a private sitting-room adjoining. American women have the reputation of living in their bedrooms, which is to a certain extent true, because they have a predilection for loose gowns and rocking-chairs when they are indoors; and to be always dressed and sitting in the drawing-room ready to receive visitors, like their English cousins, would be to them a sort of unbearable martyrdom. That this way of living is not good for their backs or their nerves, even they themselves are quite willing to admit; and it is said that certain physicians in New York, Boston, and Chicago are meditating an attempt to abolish the rocking-chair from American homes.

The typical London bedroom has none of these temptations to its occupants. Indeed, it is positively ugly, and has so many inconveniences and discomforts as to make it a pity that a happy medium could not be struck between the English and American style. I have noticed that although gas-pipes are laid in most of the rooms, quite frequently no fittings are attached, and one is obliged to use candles. The dressing-table, which is usually placed directly in the window, may, perhaps, succeed in bringing the rays of light to a correct focus about the mirror, but certainly the back of the dressing-table cannot be considered an ornament to the front windows of the house. Yet the dressing-table is in itself a pretty piece of furniture if it could only be placed in a position where it would not disfigure the front of the house.

It would be impossible to make a comparison of English and American homes without taking up the subject of domestic service. In England, the opinion is quite general that this problem is a much more serious one in America than in England.

"Oh, the poor American women, with their help that is no help!" sighed Mr. Kipling when first he went to the United States, and that sigh has been echoed and re-echoed all over Great Britain. A few weeks ago I was present at a gathering where the subject of domestic service in the two countries was being discussed. A lady, who had just returned from America, gave it as her opinion that English housewives had little of which to complain in this regard, when their troubles were compared with those of the American women, large numbers of whom were losing their wits every year and rapidly filling up the insane asylums, all on account of the servant problem.

"Why," said she, "when I was in one of the Western States, I ordered a fish cooked, and the waiter brought it to me with the scales on!"

Then a melancholy, pitiful "Oh!" resounded through the room, and my countrywomen became at once melancholy subjects for compassion and commiseration. Now, the lady who had the fish served whole and scaly, neglected to mention the fact that it had been cooked by a newly-arrived emigrant from Erin's Isle before her American mistress had got an opportunity to train her. It is true that the American housekeeper who gets her servants direct from Castle Garden, must exercise even more than Job-like patience before she can transform them into anything like civilised help. But let an English mistress take a girl from the East-end slums and put her to cooking or waiting at table. She will also find much difficulty in training her in the way she should go.

Castle Garden, in New York, is a sort of

domestic-service bureau, where the American housewife who has much time and patience, but little money, at her disposal may pick out from the "raw material" such a subject, or subjects, as she thinks most likely to benefit by her training. She takes the emigrant, who during the first few months of her residence in New York is known as a "greenhorn," and teaches her not only how to work but very often to talk and understand English, or, more properly speaking, "American." While she is thus being instructed, the girl receives only her board and "pocket wages," which amount to a few dollars per month, and are so many dollars more than she earns. At the end of a few months or a year, according to her natural cleverness, she learns to do housework after the American methods, when her wages are increased. Such help is employed in families who, if they resided in England, would keep a "general;" but well-to-do American families do not bother with "greenhorns," preferring rather to take girls who have already been "broken in."

In an ordinary-sized house, such as I have described, the work is usually done by two servants—the cook and the chambermaid. In London, the same sort of house would require four or six servants to keep it in order; but I would attribute this fact not so much to the inefficiency of the London servants as to the lack of conveniences for doing the work. Many London residences seem to have been built with an idea of making the housework as difficult of performance as possible; while the American house is supplied with every modern improvement and labour-saving appliance. Not only is all the housework done by the cook and chambermaid, but they have also to do the washing and ironing of the family as well as for themselves. The term "wash-money" is unknown, as is also its companion, "beer-money." The matter of the washing and ironing of clothes is not a difficult one. It is the cook's duty to attend to the washing every Monday morning, on which day she rises as early as four or five o'clock. The chambermaid prepares the breakfast and clears it away. If the cook is a good worker, the clothes will be hanging on the line at ten o'clock; by eleven, the kitchen or laundry will be scrubbed, and at one o'clock the clothes are sprinkled and folded ready for ironing Monday afternoon and Tuesday morning.

The work of the house is about evenly divided between the two servants. As all the halls and rooms are heated (to the boiling-point, my English readers will say) by means of registers, the chambermaid has no hearth-cleaning and lighting of fires, which is a part of the hardest work required of the London housemaid. Then as the bedrooms are supplied with hot and cold running water, there is no carrying of heavy water-cans up and downstairs; and there are no candlesticks to scrape off and fill. It will readily be seen that to be one of two servants in a New York house is really not so difficult a position as to be one of five or six in a London house.

"Who cleans the knives, and who brushes the boots?" I wonder what London woman has not been confronted with this question when engaging new servants. In a London household where but two or three servants are kept, these two things are a frequent cause for contention below stairs. The cook declares it is not "her place," while the housemaid or parlourmaid insists with equal firmness that she did not engage to do that kind of work. The New York cook scours the steel knives as she washes them. It will perhaps take her a fraction of a minute to clean six, while in London knife-scouring is made a really solemn occasion. Very often when the dishes are washed, the knives are laid aside in the scullery, there to wait until someone "gets time"—and inclination—to attend to them.

"Where are the knives?" I asked one day of the parlourmaid, as I sat down to luncheon to find nothing but fish-knives with which to cut the chops.

"The cook is out and they are not cleaned," she answered in a placidly indifferent manner.

I had not then been long in London, and did not appreciate the fine lines of distinction that were drawn in the kitchen, so I requested her to clean them and bring them at once.

"It's not my place, miss," was the reply I received.

While I vainly endeavoured to cut my chop with a fish-knife, I decided that many of those "poor, worn-out American women," who are said to have died of nervous prostration because of the "help that is no help," must have kept house in London with two servants.

The afternoon dress of the American servants is not nearly so pretty or becoming as that worn in England. The bibbed apron of the London housemaid, with embroidered epaulets, the Eton collar and the cuffs tied with ribbons, to say nothing of the jaunty cap with streamers, is a costume that I particularly admire, and one that I was only too willing to don when I essayed to play the *rôle* of a housemaid. In New York, the servants wear caps, usually of the French pattern, but their cuffs and collars are such as are worn on the inside, not the outside of the dress; while the white

apron, without a bib, is nearly as large and long as the black skirt, which it almost covers. They take a particular pride in the tying of the apron-strings, and the larger the bow the smarter the servant. It is possible that this reference to the "badges" worn by the American servant girl may be something of a revelation to certain English servants who have been contemplating a trip to America, where they have taken it for granted—as one of them not long ago said to me—that "servants are treated like ladies." The truth is that there is no more equality or even friendliness between the American mistress and her maid than exists in England. Apart from the fact that the American houses are more conveniently built for domestic work, the conditions of service are about the same.

As regards food, the American servants are usually supplied with the same as that eaten by the family. For breakfast they have something more substantial than bread-and-butter and tea, yet they eat but three meals a day, whereas in London five or six meals are given. They know nothing of "levenses," as the eleven-o'clock luncheon of bread and cheese and beer is called, and they do not indulge in five-o'clock tea.

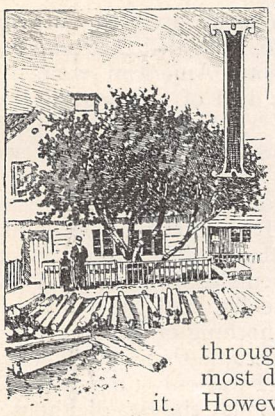
In using the term "American servants," I have, of course, not used it in its strictest sense, for, with the exception of the Western farmer's daughter who sometimes elects to "go out" as a "hired girl" to her neighbour in order to earn pocket money, there are no American servants, and our servants must of necessity come from among the negroes and the foreigners. The best class of white servants are the Swedes and Norwegians, who are quick to learn both the language and the customs of the country. The most troublesome servants are the Irish girls. They are not so numerous as formerly, the large numbers of Swedes, Norwegians, and Germans making it difficult for them to secure situations. The most faithful and competent service that Americans receive is from the negro women, who are natural workers and natural cooks.

Taking it all in all, the servant problem in America is not so difficult of solution as many imagine, and my own sympathies are more with the English than the American mistress. It is quite possible that within a few years we shall be able to do without servants altogether, for I understand that Mr. Edison is giving his attention to the invention of something in the shape of an "automatic houseworker," which by the simple turning of a crank may be so adjusted as to perform all branches of domestic labour.

MR. ADOLF.

BY A. E. ORPEN, AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF THE SID," "A MODERN MARTYR," ETC.

III.



IT was Christmas week, and the prairie was covered with a thin coating of snow. Never beautiful at any time, the prairie looked dreary enough when half-covered with snow; for the black patches of burnt grass showing through the snow gave a most desolate appearance to it. However, if a bright sun is shining overhead, things are not quite so bad. It was very cold, and not a creature was to be seen on the measureless plain. Such cattle as had to stay out had wisely sought the shelter of the "bottoms," where the brushwood around the creeks afforded both food and warmth.

People stayed indoors. Ann and her father and Amanda were sitting in their comfortable kitchen. He was reading aloud in some scientific paper scraps of news likely to interest his daughter. By-and-by he stopped and laid down his paper.

"When did you hear from Mr. Adolf last?" he said.

"Three weeks ago," replied Ann.

"Say anything now as to what he is going to do?"

"No; he said he was very busy, and had a great deal of writing. I think I read the letter to you. I'll get it, if you like."

"No, no; I remember, of course," said her father; and he sighed slightly, and picked up his paper again. He was sometimes a little puzzled about Mr. Adolf. He half-wished that he had never come across them in his wanderings after the picturesque. Ann had

seemed a little less bright and cheerful since he left. There was a change in her.

Amanda was beating up a cake, and was absorbed in watching the creamy-white dough getting more and more spongy under her vigorous strokes.

"Dare's somebody comin' to dis house," said she.

"Oh, who is it?" cried Ann, springing to her feet as the blood rushed to her cheeks.

"I dunno' who it's gwine ter be, an' I dunno' when he's gwine ter come, but somebody's comin' fo' shu'," said Amanda, gazing into the bowl in her lap.

"How do you know?" asked Mr. Hewsted.

"'Cause I see it in dis yer dough," said she, holding up her spoon. "Yo' see dat, honey, dat string o' dough fallin' like dat means somebody's comin' h'yar. First time I seed de dough I didn't min', but dish time I'se shu', so I is."

"You are as good as the papers," said Hewsted smiling.

"'Course I is; sight better nor de papers. Dey on'y tell yo' what's been gone an' happened when it's all over, an' 'tain't no use. De dough tell befo' de pusson come, an' den yo' can get ready."

Hewsted laughed softly. Ann looked at the negress rather sadly. The flush had died out of her face.

"Comin' fo' shu'," said Amanda with conviction, as she set the bowl of dough on the table and reached down a bright cake-tin from the wall. "Golly! dar he is a-comin' through de bars, dish breshed minit'. See dat now! Might have knowed it was somebody mighty fine an' de dough so sot on it."

Hewsted and Ann had both risen together, and they looked out of the window.

"He *has* come after all!" exclaimed Ann excitedly.

"Yes, that's Adolf," said her father, but less joyously.

The door was hurriedly opened to let out a whiff of warm air and to let in an ice-cold man. It was Adolf frozen solid, so to speak. He made merry gestures with his gloved-fingers, and shook hands with them all heartily, even Amanda, but he could not speak a word. His beard and moustache were frozen into one solid lump of ice.

"Come, sit by the fire, man, and thaw out. Why, you are like an iceberg."

Hewsted helped him off with his warm coat and fur cap, and soon the icy beard began to thaw, and at last he could speak. Then he said, "How do you do;" all over again, and shook hands once more, at least with Ann. What a wondrous light had sprung up into the girl's sweet face and shone there! Amanda saw it and rejoiced. Hewsted saw it and—well, it is not always so utterly delightful to fathers; sometimes it brings memories that are sad, and sometimes forebodings that are even sadder.

What a merry Christmas it was, and what presents for everybody when the waggon arrived with Mr. Adolf's luggage. A gorgeous necklace for Amanda and the finest assortment of handkerchiefs ever seen, scientific books for Mr. Hewsted, and an endless variety of things for Ann. Delicate trifles that filled her with wonder and delight, and a longing to go out into the world where such things were to be had. Mr. Adolf brought his violin and played of an evening, until the house on the prairie seemed the veriest abode of melody. He was a finished musician, and sang in a sweet soft baritone endless songs of barrack-room and folk legend.

Then, the days were one long delight. There were the cattle to be driven to water two miles away, over the crackling snow, and

"SHE TURNED GHASTLY WHITE AS SHE LOOKED AT THE PICTURE" (*p.* 263).

once or twice they went on a skating expedition to a pond near those same Mounds where Adolf had been found so ill. The water always spent the winter among the Mounds, but vanished in the summer when thirsty cattle and men would have been glad of it. Mr. Adolf skated well, of course, and was charmed to teach Ann, as the teaching required that he should always hold one of her hands and sometimes put his arm around her to steady her. Oh! it was a wild, delightful time, and the days flew by on the wings of love.

Of course, nobody was surprised when Ann appeared shyly with a flashing ring on her finger, and her father kissed her tenderly and gave her into Adolf's keeping for better or for worse. Amanda expended herself in sumptuous cooking, and made cakes so light she "'clared to gracious dey would soon bust up fru de ceilin' and fly clean away, dey was so light and puffy."

The swift sweet time of courtship fled apace, and at Eastertide Ann was married and went off with her husband to see a little of the world. He looked forward with joy to seeing her fresh delight in all that was so stale and familiar to him. New York to him was a wearisome place, to her it was a revelation of the possibilities of civilisation. She never tired of seeing the people, the houses, the shops, the lights—at least, not for ten days or so. Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and then home by Cincinnati and St. Louis—nearly two months of continual uproar and sight-seeing.

Ann sighed one evening as they were sitting on the balcony of their hotel in St. Louis, and her husband, who often sat and watched her in silent content for long stretches at a time, asked her was she sorry to go back home.

"Oh no!" she cried brightly, "indeed not sorry. I am glad. My mind is tired remembering things, and my eyes ache with all I have seen. The world is wide and it is fair, but there is no place like home. Don't you think so?"

"I never had any feeling of home. You must make me know what it is," said he.

"We are supposed not to care one bit about home in America. I suppose it is because we travel too much. I always thought Germans so fond of their country. You don't seem to care much for yours."

"I couldn't live the life I wanted there."

"What was to hinder you? You are a man now, and needn't obey anyone," she said smiling.

"You mistake utterly. In Germany we are all soldiers, and have to obey our officers, and in my family we never got out of uniform. I had to obey in everything, and never do what I wished unless I first got permission."

"What a wretch your commanding officer was! No wonder you ran away."

"I didn't run away," said her husband in some haste, flushing angrily.

"I mean ran away from home, if they were so unkind to you. They are very stern in the army to people, I know," she said, plaintively. "And it is dreadful to think of having to be a soldier whether you like it or no. Why, it would be like my having to marry some strange man selected for me by a schoolmistress, or somebody like that, and not just you, only because——"

"Because what?"

"Because I loved only you," said the bride with a charming blush. Conversation was, of course, interrupted for a few moments, and then said Adolf—

"That is just what happens in my family. My sisters were obliged to marry men they did not care about, because the head of the house ordered them to do so."

"What a horrid wretch, and how silly of them!" interrupted Ann.

"So I determined I would never do that, and I came away and so found my own little wife myself, and——"

Conversation again much interrupted.

Ann and her husband returned to the prairie farm, and life there was picked up again, only with a difference. Adolf worked hard and proved himself invaluable in the management of horses. He seemed to know all about them. He lived a healthy outdoor life and said he had never known happiness before; but although he did not spare himself, and was ready with help at every turn, he would not allow Ann to work very hard.

An addition had been built to the house for Ann's especial behoof, and she had her "settin'-room parlor," as Amanda called it, full of her books and other belongings. Amanda still reigned supreme in the kitchen, with a suffering slave under her yoke. This was none other than her own son Pompey, usually styled "yo' Pomp dar," who fed the chickens, picked up chips, carried water, shelled the peas, husked the corn, washed the yams, and brought daily wheelbarrow loads of water melons from the melon patch. If Amanda had had her aristocratic way, "Miss Ann," as she still invariably called her, would never have done anything but sit in "de settin'-room parlor" all day long and twirl her pretty rings.

Adolf began to get worrying letters from Germany, which, as they were written in German, his wife could not understand. It

was something about his property there and his position in the army, and at last, just about a year from the time when Ann had fetched him home on her pony, he left her to return to Germany. The poor thing tried to bear up bravely against the separation, and to think of the winter time when he would come again, he said, if possible for Christmas Day. Still it was hard to lose him; his frequent letters by no means filled his place.

The neighbours, too, were not inspiriting. They had viewed Ann's marriage with disfavour. Adolf was so evidently their superior that they were somewhat jealous of him and his success in carrying off the prettiest girl on the prairie. They came and sat with Ann sometimes in her pretty little room and commented upon her widowhood.

Most likely Adolf had left the army irregularly, they thought, and the Prussian discipline was very strict, the death penalty was always exacted for desertion, though whether it was desertion to come to America and settle down and marry a wife was a point for lawyers to decide. All this did not tend to raise Ann's spirits. So that when her old friend, Eleanor Gask, said she would pay her a flying visit on her way home, Ann was delighted.

Eleanor had been to Europe studying music, and was now going to fill a professorial chair in a musical conservatoire in California. The visit was all the more acceptable as Ann had just heard from her husband that he could not be home for Christmas after all. He was delayed in Germany, and wrote discontentedly from Berlin.

Eleanor arrived and filled the house with chatter and laughter. Music had not yet destroyed her nerves; she had only learnt it, not yet taught it.

"And now," she said one afternoon as she and Ann were sitting in the house together, as it was too cold and wet to go out, "I want to see the picture of this foreign husband of yours. I am very fond of Germans, they are splendid men, *I* think. I'm so glad you have married one."

"Why, one would think you were engaged to a German yourself, you are so enthusiastic."

"No," said Eleanor thoughtfully, "the only one I might have married was already snapped up and married himself, and, worse still, he is a grandfather—my dear old Herr Professor. I cherish a hopeless passion for him, which might blight my life, only he is over seventy."

Eleanor showed a merry smile and a twinkle.

"Now let's see your lord and master."

"This," said Ann, "is a photograph he has just sent me: taken in his uniform. Doesn't he look handsome? I think he——. Why, good heavens! What's the matter?"

Eleanor's jaw dropped, and she turned ghastly white as she looked at the picture Ann gave her. She sat down trembling, and stared at it.

"What's the matter, Eleanor?" asked Ann, amazed. "What makes you turn pale at my husband's picture? Answer me."

Eleanor faltered something about a sudden faintness, and said she didn't know what was the matter.

"You are not telling the truth," said Ann in a sterner voice. "Do you know my husband?"

"I think I have seen his picture," said Eleanor faintly.

"Then why do you act like that? What is it you are keeping back from me?"

"What's your husband's name?" faltered Eleanor.

"Louis Adolf."

"Then it is!" groaned Eleanor. "It is he!"

"It is who?" said Ann, catching her arm in a vice-like grip. "What do you mean?"

"That," said Eleanor, staring with horror-struck eyes at the picture in her hand, "is the portrait of Prince Ludwig Adolf, of Stolzenfels. I have a duplicate in my trunk and can show it to you."

"That is a portrait of my beloved husband," said Ann, taking the picture and kissing it fondly.

She spoke firmly enough the first few words, but she turned pale as she pressed the picture to her lips and fainted, dropping it to the ground as Eleanor caught her in her arms.

Ann was seriously ill for a couple of days. Her father was much alarmed. Eleanor showed him the photograph of Prince Ludwig Adolf that she had. Star for star, button for button, hair for hair, it was the duplicate of the picture his son-in-law had sent to Ann in a letter.

Hewsted gazed long at the two pictures.

"Soldiers look very much alike in uniform," he said wistfully. The likeness was startling.

"They are the same," said Eleanor, holding the two photographs together. "Prince Ludwig left Germany a year and a half ago. People talked about him, his being queer, and so unlike a prince. He came back last summer to Berlin, and all the shops put his picture in their windows along with the other royalties. I bought it because I saw him one day exercising his soldiers, and I thought him handsome and very manly. I got a lot of the other princes at the same time. People here like to look at pictures of princes."

"Not in this house," said Hewsted in

sudden fury, tearing the fatal pictures in two and throwing the fragments on the ground.

Eleanor was full of remorse for her unlucky request to see a picture of Ann's husband.

"If only I hadn't been so startled into telling who he was, perhaps after a time she would have come to think of him as one dead. Girls do get over the loss of lovers, and even widows are sometimes happy again, you know."

"You think, then, he will never come back?" asked Mr. Hewsted, to whom she was talking.

"I suppose he can't. It looks as if he had gone away, doesn't it?"

"But she is his wife—the wife he swore to love and cherish. Surely he can't leave her—the one he took for his wife before God! Don't princes believe in God? Have they no honour, Eleanor?" Hewsted pressed his strong hands together in helpless pain.

"Things are so different over there, don't you see? He couldn't have her acknowledged as his wife among his own people. I mean the other princes would always think of her as the left-handed wife, and he might be obliged afterwards to marry another one, even while Ann lived."

"My God! and do they call that being Christians? They might learn from Red Indians a few simple virtues. Why didn't he tell Ann when he asked her to be his wife that he was not as other men making an honourable offer, but a dishonourable one? She would have spurned him, even if he was ten times the prince he is."

"Poor sweet Ann, and she believes so fondly in him," said Eleanor.

"Do you really think he will never come back?" asked Hewsted, who could not bear the thought of Ann's grief.

"I don't think he ever will. You see he is among other influences now, and tremendous pressure will be brought to bear upon him. I don't even know but what they might find some pretext for putting him in prison or something, and then to get out he would promise anything."

"My poor child. What can I do for her?" groaned Mr. Hewsted.

"If only one could have her think him really dead," said Eleanor.

"They ought not to let princes run loose about the country. Why, it's like having a mad dog around and not knowing it. And to think she found him lying out there and brought him home, and tended him and nursed him back to life just to be her own curse. If I'd but known I'd have mixed strychnine in his medicine, that I would," said Hewsted savagely.

"It will be like that Bonaparte prince, you know, who married the Baltimore lady, and then sailed away to Europe, and by-and-by married another wife and—lived unhappily ever after," said Eleanor, with a half-laugh that was a sob.

"If I could only punish *him*," said the father.

"You can't; he is out of reach."

"I could follow him," said Hewsted grimly.

"Yes, and shoot him, and be hanged for it. Would that be punishing him, or Ann?"

To Ann herself Eleanor was all tenderness.

"I have been talking, dear, to your father, and I want very much for you to come with me to California. It is such a glorious climate, and it would do you a world of good, and you are so very pale."

"My dear, you forget, I can't leave home. I am expecting my husband ere long," replied Ann, looking at her friend in some surprise.

"Yes, I know; he said something about coming back," began Eleanor very gently.

"He said in his next letter he could perhaps fix the date," interrupted Ann.

"But you must remember now, dear, that he is not his own master. Perhaps he will not be allowed to do what he wants."

"Are there slaves in Germany?"

"No, not literally slaves; but sometimes society and family ties make people do what they otherwise would not. Great efforts will be made to keep him, and by persons accustomed to be obeyed."

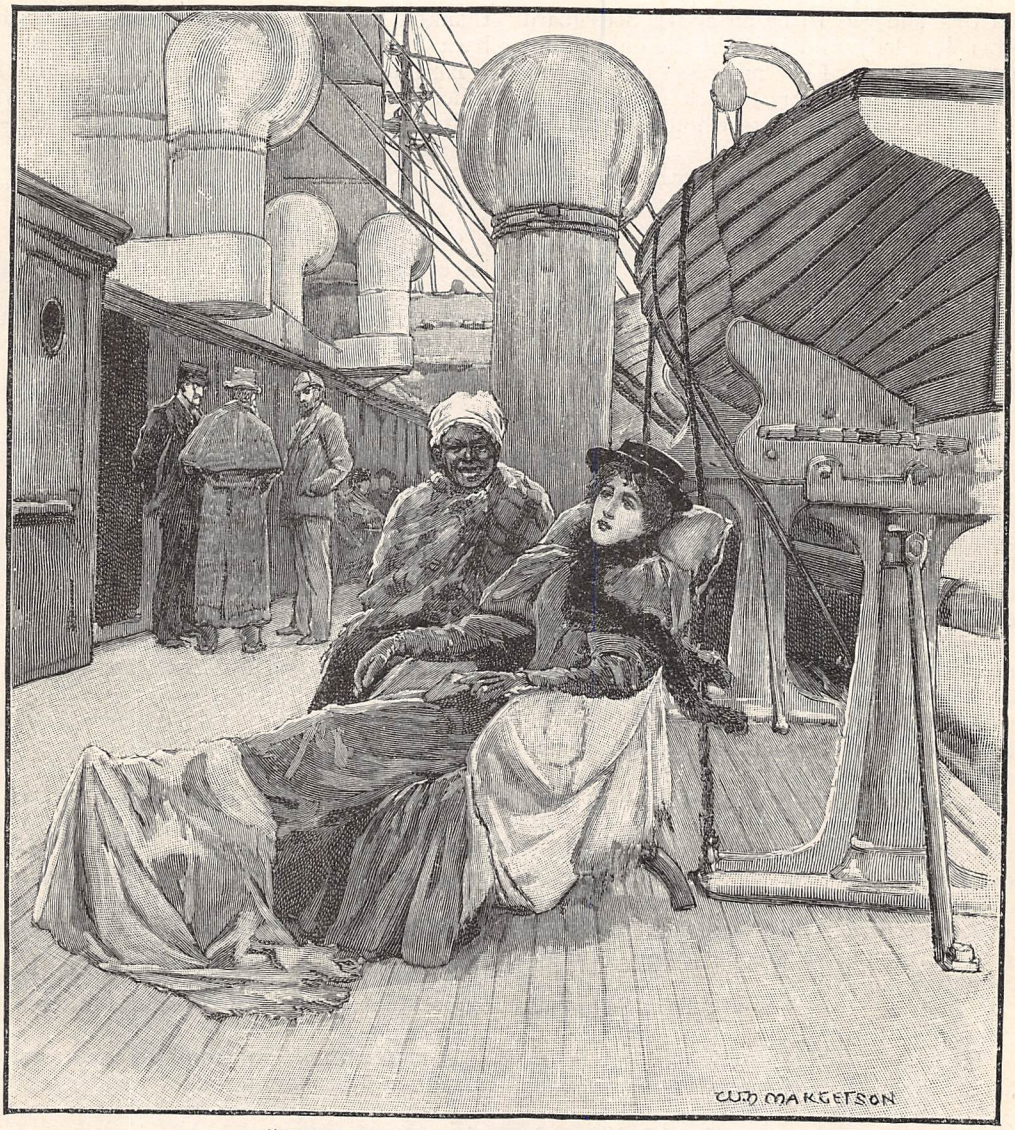
"But I am his wife, Eleanor. He will come back to me, because he loves me; and besides, even kings nowadays don't part husbands and wives. You are old-fashioned and prejudiced against princes. You see, I know something about them now, because one is my husband."

"Suppose he never came back," hazarded Eleanor.

"I can't suppose the impossible," said Ann haughtily. "That would be to suppose him dishonourable and untrue to me, and that is impossible. But you don't know him, dear; and I forgive your unintended insult."

Ann smiled at her friend, and looked so sweet, so trusting, so beautiful, that Eleanor felt ready to rage with grief and despair.

For all her firm faith in the husband of her choice, Ann began to be tormented with an anxiety that never left her. She must learn, and from his own lips, the whole truth about this strange story that had come to her. Perhaps Eleanor had been mistaken? But no, that was silly; she had seen the two photographs side by side: they were identical, they were twin pictures of the same man. And although neither Eleanor nor her father spoke to her about it, the story of that deserted bride in Baltimore and the Bonaparte



"THE MEN WONDERED ABOUT HER, TOO" (*p.* 266).

prince forced itself into her mind and insisted upon not being forgotten.

"Father," she said one day about a week after Hewsted had torn up the fatal photographs, "I am going to Berlin, to my husband."

She looked very white, but she spoke quietly and firmly.

"I will come with you, dear," said her father, trembling with an emotion that he tried in vain to conceal.

"No, dear, you must not," said Ann. "You must not meet him. When I find my husband, he will take care of me; and if it should be that by the law of his land he is not my husband, but only a prince, then you two must never meet. Remember, dear, he is the darling love of my heart, whoever he may be, and to my last hour he will be that. And if I never come back, father, I charge you that my last prayer will be for him, and you must never seek to avenge me on Prince Ludwig Adolf of Stolzenfels. You can never reach Louis' heart, father, but by first piercing mine. Dead or alive, dear, I will shield him with my love. Promise me, father."

"I promise," said Hewsted brokenly.

Amanda went with Ann on her strange quest to find out who her husband might be. Amanda laboured under the mistaken

idea that she was to be an active bodyguard to her dear lady, and brought the only smiles that ever lightened her mistress's pale face by her zealous endeavours to pick quarrels with perfectly harmless persons, whom she fancied had slighted Ann.

Everybody was kind to the pathetic-looking young creature, with her sad face and those great eyes that seemed to beseech the world to deal gently with her. She was so young, so sad, so stately, that all the men on board ship fell deep in love with her; from the grizzly-headed captain, who called her "my dear," down to the smallest cabin-boy, always on the alert to get her deck-chair.

The men wondered about her, too; and all agreed that the husband of such a young thing must be a brute to let her travel alone across the world. She was so dignified, yet so childishly ignorant of the common details of travelling. The doctor had seen hundreds of girls, widows, and husbandless wives pass before him as he journeyed back and forth between New York and Liverpool; but such a pair as Mrs. Adolf and Amanda he had never seen before. The cooing, grotesque affection of the negress, who never left her mistress's side, and the clinging sort of dependence the young wife showed her, were pathetic in the extreme.

Arrived in Berlin, Ann proceeded at once to the address where all her letters to her husband had been directed. It was a poor house in an outlying street. The landlady on being summoned recognised the name and the letter which Ann offered her, but shook her head and poured forth a stream of unintelligible German.

A small girl was brought from her piano practice to explain.

"He not live here; only his letters live here. He send soldier for letters, sometimes."

"He dun gone off wid his sojers," said Amanda, with great animation, catching the word. "Course he would, an' he didn't know nuffin' 'bout dish yer comin' over in de middle o' winter."

She guessed that her mistress was buoying herself up with the hope of seeing her husband, and she dreaded a disappointment.

"I thought he might be away, so I brought this letter," said Ann to the landlady of the house, while the little girl translated. "Please give it when he sends for it."

She nodded emphatically, and intimated that the letter should be delivered with utmost speed. Looking at the young thing who brought the letter, and noting the pale sad face, the good soul jumped to certain conclusions that made her very pitiful to her visitor and press her to sip a little wine. But Ann thanked her and shook her head, and drove back to the hotel.

Neither woman had understood a word the other had said, but the landlady looked downstairs after her visitor, and sighed and said—

"Poor thing! poor thing!"

IV.

"Dearest,—I could not rest at home. I have come to ask you something. Perhaps you will scold me, but don't be very angry. I must hear from your own lips the truth, for they tell me strange things of who you are.

"Ever your wife,

"Ann."

That was Ann's letter. She went back to her hotel to wait—she knew not how long—until the answer should come. She dressed herself carefully in a dress which her husband had sent over to her from Berlin. It was a long graceful gown of purple velvet trimmed with fur.

He had a curious fancy for purple, and insisted on getting as many purple things as he could. He had good taste, and Ann looked like a sad young queen in her velvet robe of purple and furs. All that day and the next she waited, getting whiter and sadder-looking, until Amanda felt ready to rush out and slay the first man she met for a vent to her bottled-up emotions of rage and despair. On the third day at dusk, as the snow was whirling through the streets of Berlin and driving all sensible persons within doors, a waiter came with a message in hotel English for the *gnädige dame*.

"What fo' yo' come h'yar wid yo' wicked swearin' words, yo' ole swaller-tail sinner—yo' go 'long."

A man wrapped in a military cloak came in, and the waiter disappeared.

"Amanda, where's your mistress?" asked the man, throwing off his cloak.

"Oh, Lordy, Lordy! be dat yo', Mas'r Adolf? Miss Ann, she sleep, de po' lamb, she dun tired mos' to deaf."

But "Miss Ann" was awake and in the doorway.

"Louis," she said, holding out her arms to him.

"My little wife," said he, folding her to his breast and kissing again and again that pale fair face.

Amanda retired to the dressing-room and swore aloud to relieve her feelings, promising to confess the same publicly at the next camp meeting that she should attend.

"What is it you have come so far to ask?" said Adolf, petting the face that lay against his shoulder.

"Who are you?" asked Ann.

"Ludwig Adolf, Prince of Stolzenfels," came the answer unfalteringly.

"What, then, am I?" broke from Ann's white lips.

"My own dear wife—mine before God and before man! Amanda! here, quick! Bring me a glass of water. Your mistress has fainted."

She soon revived under the care and caresses of her husband, and then each had much to tell the other. She of how the strange truth had come to her, and he of how he was held from her by his promise to the Emperor.

"He does not want me to go back to America, and I promised to wait until the spring. Alas! that I did not know how my little one was breaking her heart over doubts and terrors of all sorts."

"And if the Emperor does not consent—what then?"

"Then I shall run away, as once you said I had done. I am not his slave for ever, though born under his rule."

"But he will shut you up in prison," faltered Ann, in terror, "for deserting, and maybe worse still."

"Perhaps, but I don't think so; the time is past for that."

"I shall tell the Emperor you are here," he added.

"Oh! will he shut me up in prison?"

"My precious pet—no. You are no subject of his, and besides, he's not an ogre."

The next morning, about nine o'clock, Ann was bidden to repair to the palace at once. A note from her husband told her to come and bring Amanda and fear nothing. The valiant negress armed herself with her umbrella as a last resource, and setting her teeth firmly prepared to defend her mistress to the end.

Arrived at the door of the palace, she beheld a soldier with bayonet and gun marching up and down. There were others on all sides.

"Lordy!" said Amanda, "I can't do nuffin' wid my ole 'breller stick agin all dem sojers and bayonets."

So she left the umbrella in the carriage, and meekly walked behind Ann, as if to her execution.

The entrance hall seemed full of soldiers and German Emperors—at least, at the first moment, Ann thought so; and to her dying day Amanda always spoke of the Sovereign of Germany as "them," and declared to "gracious dey was as thick as ants in de ant hill."

On through halls and rooms full of men in blazing uniforms, some of whom looked in amazement at the strange pair whom the Emperor's private secretary was conducting into his Majesty's presence.

"Sit here and wait," said the gentleman, pointing out a seat to Amanda, and then, opening a door, he motioned to Ann to enter.

She found herself in a small room, where a little plain man, in a plainer uniform, was sitting before a writing-table, doing nothing in particular. He was scowling and looked very cross. As his eyes rested upon Ann the scowl diminished somewhat, and he waved his hand slightly.

"Take a seat," he said. "You were married last April, I believe, to a man who called himself Louis Adolf?"

"That is my husband's name," said Ann softly, more to herself than to the little man at the table.

"You know now, perhaps, who he is, and I want you to understand what you are doing by holding him to this bond——"

"Are you the German Emperor?" interrupted Ann, gazing earnestly at the man behind the table. The frown on his face quite disappeared as he smiled at this question, put to him probably for the only time in his life.

"Yes, I am the Emperor."

"Then," said Ann, rising hurriedly and coming close up to him, "you are Louis' commanding officer, and you can order him to go where you like. Oh! please let him come back home with me. We were so happy there, and I love him with all my heart." She took the Emperor's hand between her own. "Oh, please do!" she repeated.

Of course the appeal was utterly childish, but it seemed to make the Emperor forget what he was going to say. He looked at Ann, the eager, quivering face, the sweet dark eyes, fixed so longingly upon him. She was a beautiful young creature certainly, and men, even Emperors, forgive much to beauty in women, and sometimes are softened by it. His Majesty signed her to resume her seat. Then he touched a bell, and said a brief word to the almost automatic individual who answered his summons. A few minutes later a spur rattled and a sword clanked as a man walked into the room. Ann looked up.

"Why, Louis, is that you? I didn't know you, dear. You look like a king, you are so handsome."

His Majesty coughed somewhat emphatically. Ann took her husband's hand and stood beside him.

"Cousin," said the Emperor, "I find myself beaten in argument. You have my permission to resign your commission in the army and live in America—ah! with your beautiful wife."

"Majesty," said Louis, falling on one knee,

"in all your wide dominions you don't possess a more grateful subject to-day than myself."

"Ah! that's all very well, but I've lost one of my best officers, and a cousin, too, that I would gladly have had near me. Ah me! you have chosen the smoother path, maybe. It will be a happy one, I feel sure. Madame, good-bye; think sometimes kindly of your husband's commanding officer. It is seldom he can give himself the joy of making people happy. And let me beg you to do him the favour of letting him stand godfather to your eldest son."

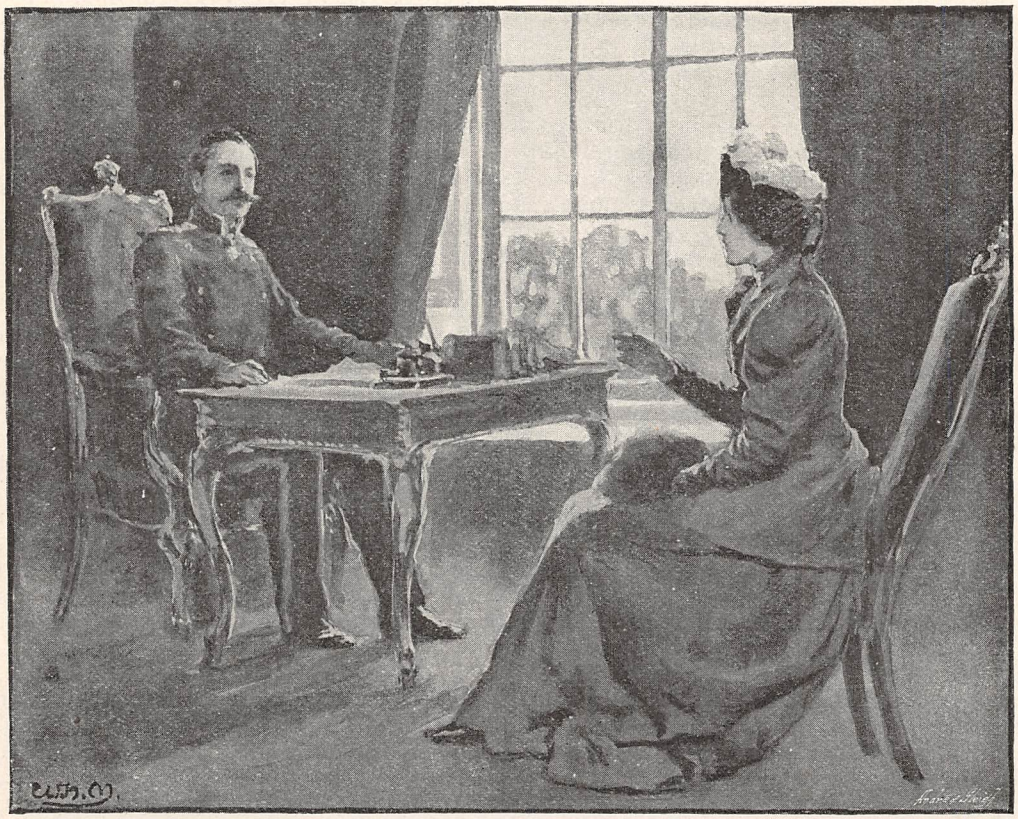
Ann blushed vividly as the Emperor kissed her on both cheeks. The sentries and others saluted her deeply as on the arm of Prince Ludwig Adolf of Stolzenfels she walked proudly and happily through the palace of an Emperor. Amanda was subdued under the impression that one of the many Emperors was in the carriage with her going back to the hotel, but she raised her head once more when Louis spoke to her.

"Lordy! Be dat on'y yo', Mis'r Adolf?" she said scornfully.

Louis Adolf and his wife went to the South of France for the rest of the winter, as a second long voyage was considered too much for Ann. In the early summer, when the time came for them to go home, a new difficulty arose.

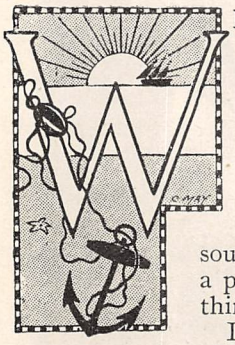
Amanda was not "shu' dat breshed babby cherub could stan' de rollin' of dat dar steama' ship. He didn't know nuffin' 'bout rollin' an' rockin', de beauty, an' how could he den, for dar wasn't single cradle fo' de angel in all dat savage wil' lan', whar dey dun up de babbies jes' like passal suga' cane ready fo' de merlasses wheel, so dey did, de unconvarted Christians."

However, the baby proved himself a gallant sailor, "jes' like if he bo'n on de water," and the whole party at length reached in safety that far distant home on the prairie. Sometimes a sweet young mother might be seen there tossing a jolly fat boy in her arms and catching him and kissing him as he laughs and shows two pearly teeth. He fixes his dimpled fingers in her hair and pulls it all about her happy face, and she kisses him again and calls him "Prince Wilhelm;" but young mothers are prone to talk nonsense to their babies.



"'ARE YOU THE GERMAN EMPEROR?'" (*p.* 267).

SIMPLE SOUFFLÉS.



WHAT is a soufflé? or, rather, what should it be? A very light pudding, either sweet or savoury, steamed or baked. There are writers on the *cuisine* who assert that no one can learn to make a soufflé by reading, and that a practical lesson is the only thing to ensure success.

I think otherwise. I yield to no one in my belief in the value of practical training for any sort of work; but I am of opinion that any person of average intelligence who can make a pudding worthy the name should be able to concoct an eatable soufflé (not, perhaps, a first-rate one) although she had never watched the operation. Why? Just because certain principles underlie the art of the making of soufflés, and if these are committed to memory, the rest should be plain sailing.

There are people who have what is termed a "heavy hand"; there are others who are above paying attention to details; neither of these ought to attempt the task under consideration, as they would be sure to fail.

No mention is made in this paper of the elaborate cold savouries now served as soufflés, and I will confine myself to the humblest of the class of dainties that bear the name. If the first venture should turn out too much of a failure to set on the dinner-table, the chances are that it will be consumed secretly, if not openly. Let all beginners in the culinary art take comfort in the thought that there was a time in the history of the greatest of French *chefs* when the boiling of a potato was beset with difficulties, and that perfection is the child of experience. But to our dishes. First, the

General Rules for Guidance.

The flour, or any other farinaceous substance that may form the foundation, must be dry, free from lumps, and carefully sifted. Eggs should be fresh and separated, so that not a particle of the yolk gets mixed in the whites. The latter must be beaten so stiffly that the egg should not fall from the plate when turned upside down. During the beating a pinch of salt will facilitate the stiffness, and there should be a current of air.

The person beating should stand near an open window or door. However hard the mixture may be beaten *before* the whites of egg are introduced, there must be nothing more than thorough *mixing* after. For a *steamed* soufflé, the water should simmer regularly the whole time; for a *baked* one, the heat should be great enough to fetch it up without burning; and the smaller the dish, the quicker the heat all through.

From the oven to the table should be the work of a moment; and better keep the eater waiting five minutes for the soufflé than reverse the order, even by half the time. The serviette* to pin round the tin should be quite ready and well warmed by the time the soufflé is done.

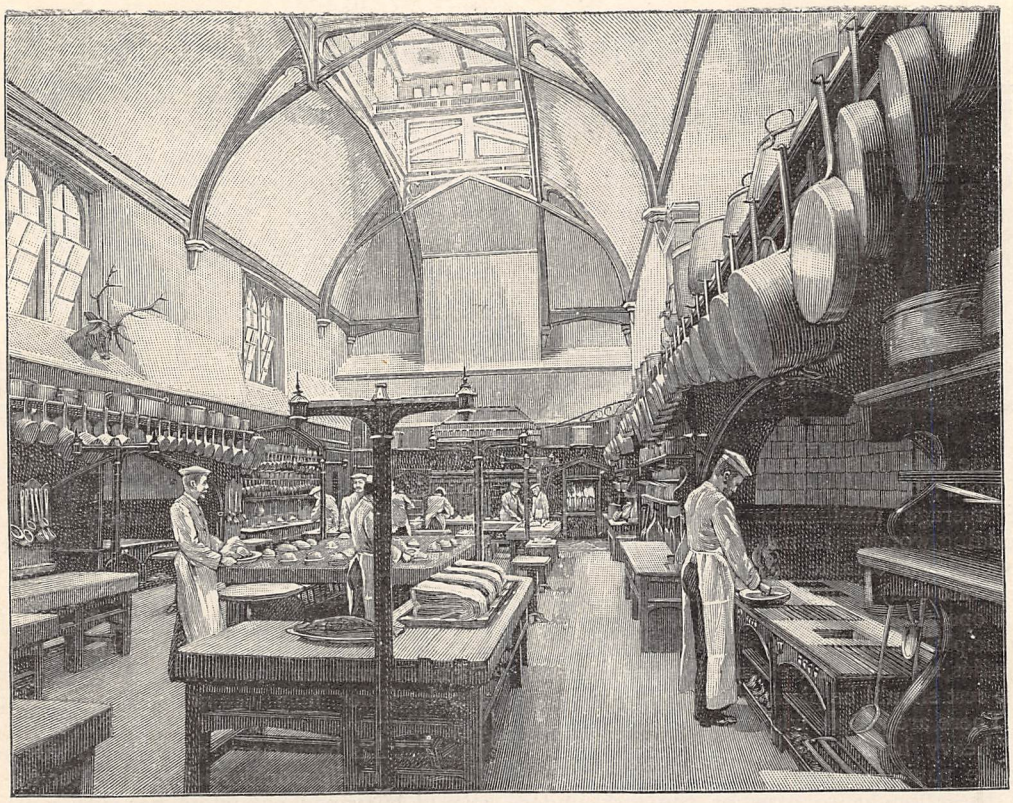
Now we are a little way on the road to success. A last general hint: the most scrupulous cleanliness is absolutely needful; the least taint in saucepan or baking-tin spells failure.

A soufflé-tin proper is to be bought of any good ironmonger; one about three and a half inches in depth and four and a half in diameter will be found a handy size; but the beginner may use a bright new cake-tin, either oval or round: I say new, because one that has been burnt and scraped will not do—the soufflé would stick; and after use it should be wiped out while hot with a clean coarse cloth. Failures will happen, and any burnt part *must* be scraped away; but avoid this as much as possible. Then to grease the tin: no salt should be in the butter used, and it is best melted and brushed thoroughly into every part; the soufflé will stick to any unbuttered portion. Then pin a strip of thick paper, also buttered, round the tin, to come a few inches above, because the soufflé should rise a good deal. This is best pinned at the join and tied round the tin; it is then doubly secure. For a *steamed* soufflé, put on a saucepan of water, and when it boils, set the tin in; the water should come an inch or two round it, and must not touch the paper; a sheet of paper should be buttered on the top side and laid over before the lid goes on. The soufflé should rise gradually, and when done, must be firm to the touch. The one below will take about twenty minutes, or a trifle more. It is called

Vanilla Soufflé.

I have given this first place partly because it is very easy, and partly because those who can make this may make a dozen more by altering the flavouring. It is literally a dozen dishes in one. There is no harm in

* This is to be put round the tin or dish in which the *baking*-tin is slipped.



THE QUEEN'S KITCHEN, WINDSOR CASTLE.
(*From a photograph by H. N. King, Shepherd's Bush.*)

trying one's prentice hand with even half the quantities given below.

An ounce of flour, an ounce of butter, three-quarters of an ounce of castor sugar, a quarter of a pint of milk, about half a teaspoonful of vanilla essence, and four eggs* are required. The mode is as follows:—Take a little saucepan and melt the butter by gentle heat; shake the flour in and stir to a smooth paste; then, still stirring, add the milk; let it boil up, not ceasing the stirring, and when it leaves the sides of the pan take it from the fire and sweeten it; then put in the yolks of three eggs, one at a time, beating hard, but do not put the pan on the fire again; the flavouring and four stiff whites go next (*see* the hints above). Should this turn out "tough," you may take it for granted that you have *over* cooked it. If *under* done, the sides will crack.

The turning-out needs a little "nerve." The soufflé must be gently slidden on to the dish. Don't be in a violent hurry, although speed is important. Cut the string and take the paper off, lift the tin up and slope it towards you, then turn it, that the edges of the soufflé may leave the tin; and in turning it on to the dish, mind not to drop the tin, or its weight would crush the soufflé. If any sauce, pour it gently and neatly round without splashing.

Any good sweet pudding sauce does, but a very nice one is made by boiling a tablespoonful of raspberry jam in a gill of water for a minute; a little colouring, a few lumps of sugar, and a squeeze of lemon-juice will be wanted: or, in place of lemon-juice, a heaping teaspoonful of good marmalade. The sugar and water should boil to a syrup before the rest of the materials are added; and in straining the sauce, remember to make the strainer very hot. Apricot jam in place of raspberry is only one of the dozens of variations, and a little thin melted butter sweetened with red currant or black currant jelly can be recommended.

The amount of sugar in the soufflé itself is small, for much would reduce the lightness; for this reason a sweet sauce is called for.

* For soufflés made with three or four eggs, omit one of the yolks, the whites generally exceed the yolks in this proportion.

Now conjure up some other flavourings for the soufflé proper; and when dealing with spices, let me remind you that essences often give a better flavour than ground spices, without injuring the colour.

Cassia, nutmeg, mace, ginger, cinnamon, and many others, are almost certain to be liked, but always adapt the sauce to the dish. For example: if flavouring the soufflé with ginger, it will at once occur to you that the syrup from some preserved ginger, with a little of the fruit, if you like, in tiny dice, forms a fitting adjunct to the sauce.

Lemon Soufflé.

This will take about forty minutes' steaming. The ingredients are an ounce and a half each of sugar and butter, the same of arrowroot or corn-flour, four eggs, a lemon, and half a pint of milk. The lemon must be wiped and peeled, and the peel infused in the milk for a time on a warm corner of the stove. When well-flavoured, the milk is strained off, and the materials blended in the way I have detailed above. Another way, which I recommend to those who do not begrudge a little extra trouble, is to rasp the rind of the fruit on the lumps of sugar, and then to crush it, and add as before.

Of course, essence of lemon might be used, but the dish is not so good in any respect. A little good custard, flavoured with fresh lemon-rind, goes well as sauce with this. Should you have no arrowroot or corn-flour handy, use a couple of ounces of pastry-flour; the larger quantity is owing to the difference in the amount of starch. Of arrowroot less is needed, by reason of its starchiness; this should be borne in mind always in making variations of this sort.

Orange Soufflé.

This needs a little less sugar than the lemon soufflé. The rind of a small orange should be used in addition to that of half a lemon; otherwise, proceed as above. A good sauce is composed of the juice of an orange and half a lemon, some sugar, and a little orange marmalade, boiled to a thin syrup.

Cherry Soufflé.

This is a dish that is very popular in Germany. The term *auflauf*, the German word for soufflé, is applied to dishes of very peculiar kinds, many of which are of a very substantial nature so far as the foundation goes; in such cases a large number of eggs have to be used to produce the lightness of a really good soufflé; and some are troublesome to prepare. The following is one of the simplest: the foundation is nothing more than a carefully-made batter, and all sorts of stone fruit may be used in the same way, the spice being regulated according to taste. Too much sugar, however tart the fruit, must be guarded against; a little extra sweetness in the sauce should be relied on to make up any deficiency.

Take an ounce of fine flour, the same of potato-flour, half a pint of milk, two ounces of butter, three eggs, a saltspoonful or so of powdered cinnamon, two or three ounces of sugar, and half a pound of ripe black cherries. The flour and milk are blended and stirred over the fire to the boil, and cooked until smooth, then removed and stirred until half cold. The butter is beaten to a cream and added with the yolks of the eggs, and the beating can hardly be too hard; the sugar and spice go next, and then the whites of the eggs, prepared as detailed above; here the yolks and whites are equal; at the same time, an extra white always means increased lightness. The fruit is put in just before baking, and if not put in the oven at once it will sink. A good heat is wanted at starting, but after, a slightly reduced temperature is desirable. This may be simplified by using an ounce more flour and an egg less, and a smaller amount of fruit; the dish will then be found good.

Sugar alone may be sent to table, or sugar and cream, or a sauce of the melted butter type, with sugar and a little syrup—that from bottled cherries comes in handy; but for the best dishes some cherry syrup is used, drawn from the fruit as for making jelly, and it is much improved by mixing a little currant juice with it.

Apple Soufflé.

When apples are cheap, this is quite a low-priced, though high-class dish, in the matter of taste and appearance. There are hosts of ways of preparing the apples for the base, but not one beats the simple one of baking them in their skins.

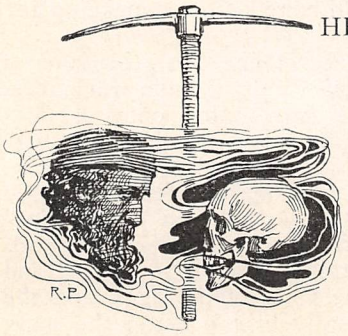
Supposing, then, half a pint of pulp be handy, free from core and skin, of course: let it cool, then beat it up until white and foamy with white sugar and a little spice; the grated peel of a lemon is a good flavouring, or some like almond essence; then add half a pint of batter, prepared as for the cherry soufflé given above, but with the yolk of one egg only, and the whites of two. Butter is optional—from an ounce to two or three would be used by many cooks, or cream would replace it. It wants a moderate oven, and should be dredged with sugar.

Space fails to tell of the number of soufflés of the *savoury* order, but with the Editor's permission, they shall have attention later.

Deborah Platter.

PEOPLE WHO FACE DEATH: MINERS.

BY A. E. BONSER, AUTHOR OF "THE QUEER PASSENGER'S STORY," ETC. ETC.



THERE is something fascinating in the gruesomely mysterious coal-mine. Above the great heaps of rubbish that accumulate about the pit's mouth, two gigantic arms are seen, upon which are mounted the pulleys and wheels that carry the great wire ropes of the shaft. Around rise tall chimneys and lines of long black sheds, and winding in and out is a labyrinth of small railways, on which run trains of full or empty coal-trucks. At night the mystery is enhanced, for the scene is lighted by the flare of suspended coal crates, whilst the waste heaps of small coal and cinders burn fitfully with dull lambent flames.

Some eighteen hundred feet, perhaps, below the surface of the earth, miles of narrow passages lead in different directions. Here, in the dim light furnished by glimmering lamps, dark forms flit to and fro, and one can hear the ring of hammers, the creaking of wheels, the rushing of water, and muttered rumblings that startle the ear as they echo from passage to passage. The air is oppressive and stifling, and the position of the workers terribly constrained; what wonder that they are stunted in growth, and often in intellect?

Such men pre-eminently face death by the very nature of their occupation. Inspectors of collieries report over one thousand deaths annually, and a glance at the official list is instructive.

Comparing, for instance, the years 1867 and 1875, we find them singularly alike. In 1867, 1,190 persons perished: 286 by explosions of fire-damp, 449 by falls of ground, 211 by other subterranean causes, 156 in the shafts, and 88 above ground. In 1875, the number was 1,244: 288 by fire-damp, 458 by falls of ground, 227 by other subterranean causes, 172 in the shafts, and 99 on the surface.

The most appalling accident that has ever happened, perhaps, was that at the Oaks Colliery, Barnsley, where, by an explosion of fire-damp on the 12th December, 1866, 361 lives were lost. In the same year, and from the same cause, 91 persons perished at Talk-o'-th'Hill Colliery.

On the occasion of an explosion it is not always the fire-damp that kills, but the choke-damp that follows it, caused by the carbon of the inflammable gas uniting with the oxygen of the air to produce carbonic acid gas.

Here there is a double chance of death, either by burning or by suffocation.

It goes without saying that fiery mines are the most dangerous, and it not unseldom happens that if once a mine catches light, it goes on burning for years, and cannot be extinguished.

In Staffordshire there are such mines, for example; and in Saxony there is a mine that was on fire in the fifteenth century, and is burning still.

It sometimes happens that the very means devised to ensure the miner's safety works his destruction. Here is an instance:—

In most collieries only one shaft is employed, and this is sub-divided into two, three, or four compartments by wooden or brick partitions. These are used for the passage of the men up or down, for bringing the coal to the surface, for ventilating the mine, and for draining it by means of engine-pumps. From some pits upwards of 3,000 gallons of water per minute have been pumped; so it can easily be understood that the engines used are of enormous power, and the pumps gigantic.

At the Hartley Colliery, in the county of Northumberland, one of these huge pumps was employed, and on the morning of January 16th, 1862, its great beam of cast iron, projecting over the mouth of the pit shaft, suddenly snapped asunder. It weighed forty tons, and as it fell bodily down the shaft it tore away the partitions, and carried with it an immense quantity of stones, earth, and rubbish. Five miners who were being drawn up were hurled from the cage and precipitated to the bottom, and the two hundred men and boys at work below seemed consigned to a living tomb.

Any help, to be effectual, must be speedily rendered, and so not a moment was lost in commencing the herculean task of clearing the shaft. The space was so confined that few men could work at a time; but they persevered, and when one set were tired, another took their place.

At daybreak a crowd of anxious relatives gathered at the pit's mouth, and the news was soon spread about that the prisoners were alive, for those at work could hear them

"NO NEED TO ASK THE NEWS" (*p.* 274).

knocking and shouting. The efforts put forth were redoubled, but the sun went down, and the progress made seemed indeed infinitesimal.

Very early in the morning eager questioners learned that knocking and shouts could still be heard. Many a despairing wife and mother took heart afresh, and did her best to cheer up others, for all that it was possible to do was being done, and, as they said, "whilst there is life there is hope." Still, the progress made was terribly slow, and the most sanguine found themselves unconsciously debating: Was it likely that the imprisoned men could hold out long enough?

Not a breath of fresh air could reach them; ventilation was absolutely stopped; the deadly gas must be slowly, but surely, accumulating, and there was no other exit save the choked-up shaft.

A third day dawned; the anxiety was terribly accentuated; the excited crowd could scarcely be restrained. Alas! the shouts and knocking had ceased. It was argued that the imprisoned men might be only unconscious or too weak to make themselves heard; there was still a hope: but it was a forlorn hope, at best, and waned with the waning day. Yet it was hard to believe it possible that they could be dead who so lately were full of lusty life, and so the rescuers worked on desperately.

On Wednesday there came a message from

Osborne: "The Queen is most anxious to hear that there are hopes of saving the poor people in the colliery, for whom her heart bleeds."

Shortly after the receipt of the telegram the shaft was cleared and partly ventilated. There was no lack of volunteers, but only two of the strongest and most experienced were chosen, and were carefully lowered on their dangerous mission, the risk lying in possible foul air.

For those who were gathered at the pit's mouth the suspense was indeed trying; but though the result was pretty much a foregone conclusion, it came as a terrible shock. No need to ask the news when the two men regained the surface *alone*: their blanched faces were quite enough; they had seen the dead, but never a living soul. The entombed miners had got as near as they could to the bottom of the shaft, and there they lay as death overtook them.

Some had evidently died in great suffering—others had a calm and peaceful expression on their faces. Relatives had clustered near together, boys lay close to their fathers; united they had prayed, and watched and waited in an agony of suspense for the aid that only reached them too late—alas! too late.

On a tin box belonging to one of the men the words were found scratched with a nail—

"Mercy, O God!"

On another, the last message of a husband to his wife—

"Friday afternoon. My dear Sarah, I leave you."

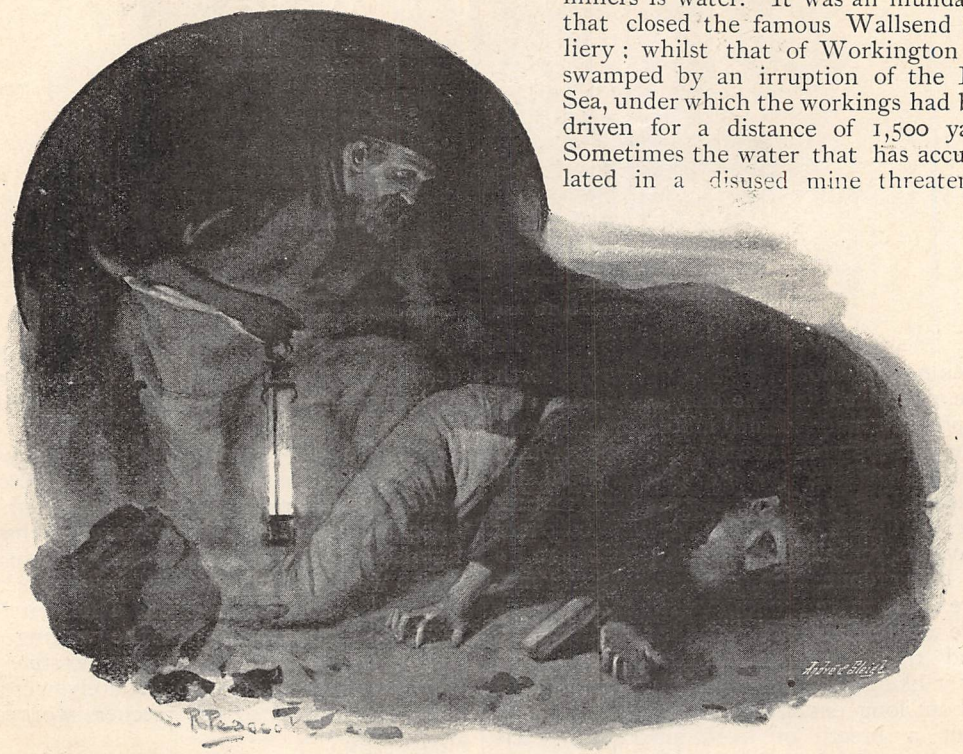
In a small memorandum book these words were pencilled—

"Friday afternoon, at half-past one, Edward Armstrong, Thomas Elden, John Harding, Thomas Bell, and others, took extremely ill. We also held a prayer-meeting at a quarter to two, when Tibbs, Henry Sharp, J. Campbell, Henry Gibson, William Palmer prayed. Tibbs exhorted to us again—H. Sharp also."

Unspeakably distressing were the scenes that followed—the discovery of the bodies, the identification of them as they came to light.

Of the male population employed at the colliery, but twenty-five remained alive; and by the accident one hundred and three wives became widows, and two hundred and fifty-seven children were left fatherless. The funeral procession extended for three miles, and was witnessed by thousands, for it was indeed felt to be a national calamity, and called forth universal sympathy.

A more merciful agent of destruction to miners is water. It was an inundation that closed the famous Wallsend Colliery; whilst that of Workington was swamped by an irruption of the Irish Sea, under which the workings had been driven for a distance of 1,500 yards. Sometimes the water that has accumulated in a disused mine threatens a



"ON A TIN BOX THE WORDS WERE FOUND SCRATCHED—'MERCY, O GOD!'"

neighbouring colliery with destruction. This sudden influx of water causes a tremendous compression of the air, so that anyone exposed to its effects may die of suffocation or cerebral congestion, even if he escapes death by drowning.

At Pontypridd, in the mining district of Glamorganshire, is an old worked-out mine, called the Cymner. It had been closed for many years, and during that time a vast quantity of water had collected in it. A new mine had been opened near by, and the workings—which were deeper—had been carried perilously close to those of the old.

On Wednesday, April 11th, 1877, the miners were at work as usual, when suddenly, between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, a tremendous noise was heard. The alarm of "Fire-damp!" was raised; but this was contradicted by one of the hands.

"No," said he; "it is not fire, but water. Cymner pit has broken in; it is all over with us!"

The surmise as to the nature of the accident was correct; but, fortunately, the greater number of the men had just time to reach the shaft and escape to the surface. Fourteen, however, were discovered to be missing, and the gravest fears were entertained for their safety, as most of the galleries were filled with water from floor to roof.

Among those who were thus completely cut off, five occupied a slight rise somewhat near to the shaft, where, powerless to help themselves, they awaited the approach of death. Every now and then they would descend a few paces, in the faint hope that the flood might have receded; but the feeble glimmer of their lamps was only reflected in fitful flashes from a murky pool, that hour by hour slowly, but surely, rose, and lapped the floor of the narrow gallery in which they were confined.

"EIGHT DAYS THE FIVE HAD LISTENED, AND LONGED FOR RELIEF" (*p.* 276).

These men—like many of their Welsh brethren—were deeply religious, and so, after taking an affectionate leave of each other, they joined in singing a hymn, of which the following is a rough translation:—

"In the deep and mighty waters
No human help is nigh,
So to Jesus Christ, my Saviour,
In my dire distress I fly;
He, my Friend, in death's dark river
Holds up my fainting head;
With His smile I pass rejoicing
Through the regions of the dead."

They had hardly finished singing when they heard the tapping of a party of men who had descended the mine to attempt the rescue of any who might be still alive. Hearing voices, they had begun to cut the coal in the direction of the sound. The imprisoned men took heart, and handling their picks, also began to cut the coal in the direction of their friends. They had the

greater hope as the water had now somewhat subsided.

About five o'clock on Thursday morning the remaining coal barrier was pierced, but at once there was so tremendous a rush of compressed air that one of the five was jammed in the hole with such force as to kill him instantly. It was not until eight o'clock at night that his four living companions were rescued, and, in a state of great exhaustion, were conveyed to the surface.

Whether anyone else in the pit were still living was extremely problematical, but the search was continued, and some of the explorers thought they heard knockings, which sounded far distant. This might only be fancy; at any rate, the hearers could approach no nearer, on account of the depth of the water. Wherever it was possible, pumping-engines were set up that worked unceasingly, but though 20,000 gallons of water an hour were taken out, little impression seemed to be made.

On the fourth day some divers attempted to penetrate in the supposed direction of the sound, but they could get no farther than some 500 feet, so much were they imperilled by floating timber and other obstacles.

Sunday dawned, and knockings were again heard about a hundred feet off—as was conjectured—and the water by this time was so much reduced that six men volunteered to go down and cut through the intervening wall of coal. They were divided into parties of four, and relieved each other every three hours, and by Thursday, the eighth day, they had cut so far that they could hear the knocks plainly, and by-and-by a voice, telling them to work more to the right.

To obviate as far as possible a repetition of the first disaster, a series of air-tight doors were fixed up, so that when communication should be made, the risk of an explosion from the compressed air would be considerably lessened. Some doctors, too, were with the party of rescue, and they had prepared tubes to convey warm milk, beef-tea, and arrowroot to the starving prisoners.

At last a small hole was made through the remaining wall of coal. A violent blast of air was the result, but when this had subsided the question was asked—

"How many are you?"

"Five," was the reply; "two of us very ill."

"Have you any light?"

"No."

"Can you cut the coal?"

"No, we can't; we are too weak. We are starving. Oh, make haste!"

As the rescuers approached, the compressed air found vent with violent explosions; and as the pressure was removed, the water rose where the poor men were imprisoned, and by-and-by one of them was heard to say, "We are up to our middle in water"; and a little later, "It is almost all over with us!"

But now, just when help seemed assured, there was such a rush of gas that the explorers and doctors had to hastily extinguish their lights and run for their lives. On being raised to the surface, the scene that ensued was heartrending. The relatives of the imprisoned men crowded round, well-nigh frantic with anxiety. "Where is my husband?" "Where is my son?" Such were the eager questions, so hard to answer. It was indeed disappointing that, having got so near, in the very moment of success the brave attempt should fail. Eight days the five had listened, and longed for relief. They had no provisions, as was afterwards ascertained; their stock of candles was soon exhausted, and there was only the tallow-grease on their empty candle-boxes for food, and for drink the filthy water. It was found that in their half-naked condition they had huddled together for warmth in an empty coal-truck. There, in that narrow space, threatened with death, either by drowning, by explosive gas, by cold, or by starvation, they had bravely awaited the approach of their friends, and were then abandoned to despair amid the increasing horrors of their situation.

It was not until the tenth day that, on a final attempt being made, the remaining wall of coal was completely demolished, and one of the explorers crept through the hole. He groped about in the darkness, but as he could find no one, the worst fears seemed confirmed that all had miserably perished.

"Do not be afraid," he said in awestruck accents.

What was his surprise to hear a feeble voice reply—

"All right; we are not afraid."

And then an arm was round his neck, and his cheeks were fervently kissed, whilst, in broken voices, the men expressed their heartfelt thanks for their great deliverance.

Back through the long narrow tunnel, back from the very jaws of death, the poor fellows were carried. They were raised with care to the surface of the earth once more, tenderly placed on stretchers, and conveyed to the hospital that had meanwhile been improvised. With skilful nursing they eventually recovered, and were restored to their joyful families, being scarcely able to credit their wonderful escape.

Of the four miners still remaining, nothing was ever heard, for they were far beyond the hope of rescue.

By L. T. MEADE, Author of "The Medicine Lady," etc. etc.

CHAPTER XII.—LOST IN THE FOG.

AS soon as ever dinner was over, Patty slipped away. She had come to the stage when she was absolutely reckless as to what anybody thought of her actions. She ran to her room, wrapped a light shawl round her shoulders, and went out. The weather had changed. The perfect afternoon had given place to a night of drizzle and extreme damp; a fog had come up from the sea and enveloped the landscape. It clung round Patty and made her gasp for breath. Her old grenadine clung round her uncomfortably. She flung the train over her arm, and, after a moment's reflection, started off in the direction of Nurse Joan's cottage. She had taken the precaution to wrap a shawl round her bare shoulders, but her feet in their thin shoes were soon soaked through. Her mind was so preoccupied, however, that she did not notice the fact. Where was Ward? That was the cry, the one cry of her heart. He was absent when he ought to be present. He was far when he ought to be near. Patty had built a great many hopes on this last evening. She had expected, she scarcely knew what, but she had distinctly expected that, before Ward went away, something definite would be arranged with regard to her own terrible position. She had done her husband's bidding—she had found the will. She had not dared to look at it. When she touched it, it seemed to burn and scorch her. She had put it away in a safe hiding-place, and dreaded inexpressibly the moment when Ward would require it of her hands. She wanted him, therefore, and yet she shivered at the thought of being with him. Her want, however, was greater than her dread; it sent her toiling up the mountain-path in the fog and mist. Perhaps he was with Nurse Joan. At any rate, Nurse Joan knew something. She could ask her what she knew; she would in return confide in the old woman.

She walked up and up the path, slippery now with the soft mist which soaked, as nothing else could, all the rich vegetation. At last Patty got out of the first wood and stood still for a moment to breathe and look around her. There ought to have been a moon, but no moon could shine through this thick fog; Patty could scarcely see a yard ahead of her. Anyone who knew the country less well would be lost on this mountain-path to-night, but Patty did not fear. The geography of the place was as A B C to her; she had landmarks to guide her at every couple of yards. Presently she reached the object of her toil. The little wicket-gate stood open as though someone had lately gone through. Patty walked up the narrow path, the flowers sent out a strong perfume on the damp night air. A moment later she stood on the threshold of the house, and, according to her custom, lifted the heavy latch of the old door, which was made of solid oak, and went in.

To her surprise the interior presented quite an unusual spectacle. Summer as it was, there was a big fire burning on the hearth. This in itself was nothing unusual, for Nurse Joan was a chilly old body, and seldom found a fire too hot upon this mountain height. Standing by the fire, however, was a stranger—a stoutly-built woman with a red face. The cat Tiger was nowhere visible, nor was Nurse Joan to be seen in the front room. The woman, who was stirring something in a saucepan over the fire, turned when she heard the latch of the door open, and saw Patty standing on the threshold. The girl was soaked through and through. Even her bright hair was dripping and completely out of curl.

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed the woman. "You're Miss Neville, ain't you?"

"Yes," replied Patty, "I'm Miss Neville. I have come to see Nurse Joan; where is she?"

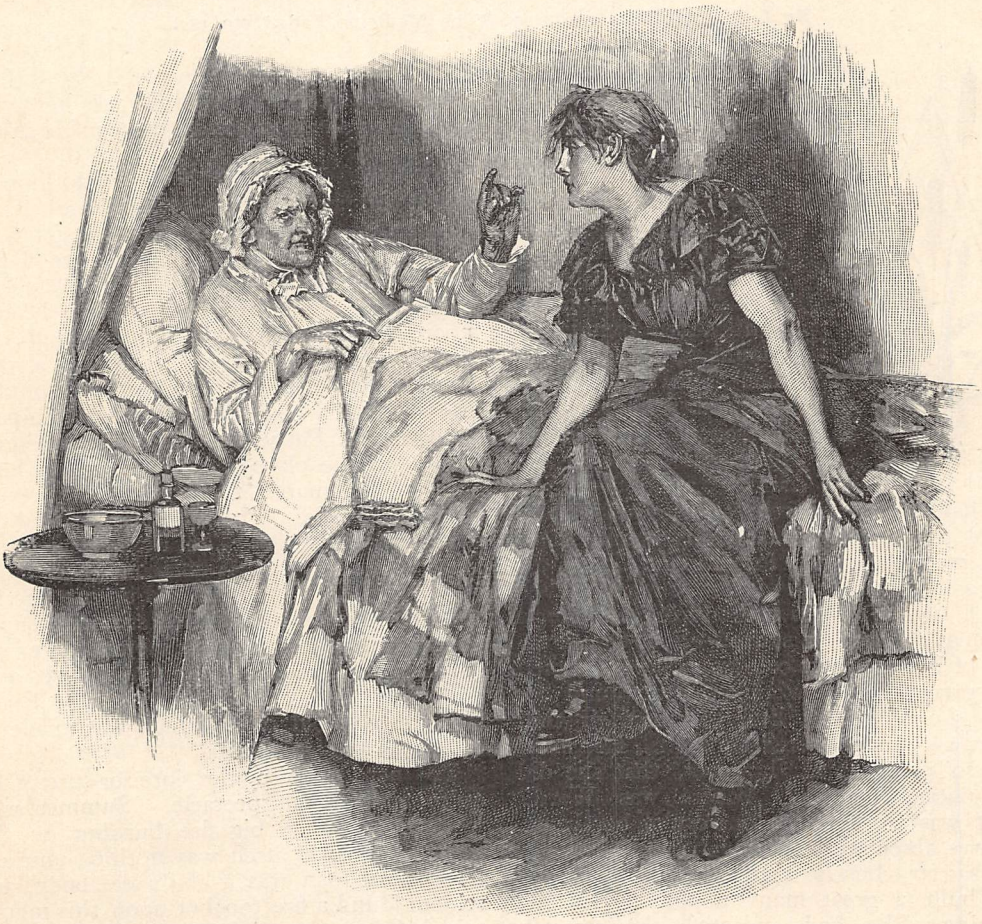
Don't 'ee know?" said the woman; "can't 'ee guess? Ain't her been looking for thee for days and days, and sending message after message to ask 'ee to come? And ain't her been pinging and pining because thee never put foot over the threshold? Don't 'ee know, maid; don't 'ee know?"

"What?" said Patty, her face blanched with terror—"what?" She ran forward and grasped the woman by the arm.

"There, her ain't dead," said the woman, "but her's nigh to death, and I'm nursing her. You know me by name, I dare say—Kate Swallow, at your service."

"Yes, I know you," said Patty.

She felt so stricken that she was incapable of any further words. She sank down on a red stool by the hearth. Kate Swallow was the nurse of the entire district. She helped to bring all the babies into the world and stood by every dying bed within a radius of quite five miles. No one could lay out a corpse like Kate Swallow. No one could hasten the agony of departure as she could. She was dreaded as well as loved, and to see her step on the threshold, unless it was on the occasion of a baby's birth, was a sure signal that hope had withdrawn from that special home, and that Death, the Terrible and Magnificent, was really about to claim his prey. Kate lived herself, as it were, under the shadow of the wings of death. She did not fear him; use had removed all terrors, and nothing interested her so much as what she termed "a beautiful corpse."



"DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THAT WILL" (*p.* 280).

Patty, however, shared the universal dread of Kate. She was absorbed with her own grief, but could anything lift her out of herself, it would be the presence of Mrs. Swallow by her nurse's fireside.

"Her's bad, real bad," said Kate, as she proceeded to stir the contents of the saucepan.

"There's her winding-sheet an' airing by the fire. Did 'ee ever see such linen? Her told me where to lay my hand on it to-day. Her made a point that it should be well aired, as her don't hold with damp either in life or death. Her quite fretted about it, and I put it by the fire to content her like. The doctor do say as her won't live, most like, until morning."

"I'll go to her," said Patty. "She's in her bedroom, I suppose?"

"Where else 'ud she be? Her's in bed dying hard. Ay, she'll be pleased to see you, maid; her has been pinging for 'ee all the week."

Patty threw off her shawl, and, to Mrs. Swallow's horror, took up one end of the winding-sheet, and with it dried her sopping hair. The bad omen of this action was awful in the eyes of the nurse.

Having dried her hair, Patty went into the next room. A fire burnt in the grate here also, and in the big four-post bedstead, looking sunken and small, lay the old woman. She had been tall and stately during life, but the near approach of death had reduced all her features. Her eyes looked out of remote depths, her beautiful silvery hair was tucked nearly out of sight under her frilled cap. Mrs. Swallow had made the bed very neat, and Nurse Joan, looking like a shadow, lay motionless in the middle of it.

Patty was really attached to her old nurse. She approached the bed in consternation, she bent over the old woman, and at sight of the shrunken face, tears gathered in her eyes and dropped in heavy splashes on the withered old cheek. Nurse Joan had been lying with her eyes closed; she started up now and looked intently at the girl.

"You've come, my maid, that's right," she said. There was intense satisfaction in her voice. Her eyes looked at Patty with something of their old brightness. Tiger, who had been lying on Nurse Joan's pillow, roused himself to purr when he saw Patty. He got up slowly and rubbed himself against her sleeve. Patty stroked him, and, making a desperate effort, kept back her tears.

"I didn't know you were so bad," she said, "or I'd have come before."

"You didn't know?" said Nurse Joan; "didn't no one give 'ee the messages?"

"No, nurse, no; do you think I'd have stayed away if I'd really known? I got no messages. I came up here on the chance—just by chance to-night. I am in—trouble; and had you been well I'd have told you, but as it is it doesn't matter."

"The thing's all of a piece," said Nurse Joan, "all of a piece. You've come—not by his choosing. Against his wicked will you've come. There ain't much breath left in me, but there's a bit. Ask Mrs. Swallow to come here."

"No, no! let me do what you want; I cannot bear Mrs. Swallow—she makes me shiver."

"Bid her come here, maid, and be quick."

There was an authority in Nurse Joan's dying voice which Patty did not dare to disobey. She walked across the bedroom and called the nurse. The woman came in with a cup of strong broth in her hand.

"I don't want it," said Nurse Joan—"I can't eat. Give me another pillow."

"Why so? You won't die so easy with your head raised high."

"I don't care how I die. I want—another pillow."

"Here, put it under her head at once," said Patty.

She picked up a pillow as she spoke, and helped to raise her old nurse's head. Nurse Joan gave a sigh of relief when the operation was over.

"Now I'm better," she said with a gasp. "Leave me alone with Miss Patty, Mrs. Swallow. Don't come back till I send for 'ee."

Mrs. Swallow left the room; Nurse Joan turned her sunken face round, until her eyes, so far back in her old head, met those of her child.

"He has come and gone," she said.

"Who, nurse—who?"

"That husband of yourn—John Ward. Oh, Miss Patty, my maid, he's a cruel man; he's wicked—he's powerful—he's a master—yes, he's a master; he takes a grip of 'ee and you can't shake him off. Miss Patty, I'm feared to think of leaving 'ee with the like of he."

"Oh, never mind about me," said Patty; "I'm young—I can fight if necessary. Tell me about yourself. What did you want with him?"

"This breath will soon stop," said Nurse Joan, bringing out her words with extreme difficulty. "It's 'ard to be tied and bound when you're dying. I asked him to release me—to release my soul, and he—he refused—he refused. He's a bad man—he's a bad powerful man."

"But how did you get under his spell?" said Patty.

"Eh, I can't tell: he won't let me. I must carry my secret into the land of darkness—I must go down into the grave unconfessed and unforgiven. It's bitter 'ard. I could curse the day I knew him."

The old woman was exhausted with her own anguish. Patty feared that she was going to die there and then. She quickly revived, however, and fixed her eyes on the young girl's face, which was nearly as white as her own.

"Take a grip of my 'and, and let me say a word, Miss Patty," she exclaimed.

Patty did so. Her own hands, warm and firm, clasped the skinny old hand which was already cold in death.

"Miss Patty—I don't care what he says—he's gone now and he won't come back again—he won't trouble me no more. He set me to work and I did his evil work; but don't you find that will, my maid—don't have nothing to do with it. Stick firm to it that you won't find it. There's a hiding-place where it lies which none know of but you and me now. Let it stay there. Pretend to look for it if you like, but never find it. Miss Patty—if you value your soul, never find it."

"But I have found it," said Patty, in distress, "I found it to-day. He willed me to do it and I did it. It was in the octagon room, in the——"

"Yes," interrupted Nurse Joan, "in the tortoiseshell cabinet—the lower drawer, where I put it with my own hands."

"Where *you* put it, nurse? Where *you* put it?"

"Yes, where I put it—where he made me put it. Don't ask me nothing more. Don't ever use that will, Miss Patty. Stick firm to it that you'll never use it. Resist him; he's the very devil, and the Bible says, 'If you resist the devil, he'll flee from you.' Resist him, Miss Patty, and as you value your soul, and the heaven which we long to reach, don't have anything to do with that will."

Nurse Joan spoke with great energy up to this point, but here words suddenly failed her—she sank back gasping against her pillows, and Patty had to call Kate Swallow to her aid. The nurse wiped the dying face, and held a restorative to the old woman's lips, and after a time she lay shadowy and still once more in her bed, looking much as she had done when Patty first entered the room.

Now and then she turned her dark eyes to fix them on her nursling, but Patty did not return her gaze, and presently, when Nurse Joan slept, the girl slipped softly out of the room. She had left her shawl in the kitchen by the fire; she picked it up now, and put it round her shoulders.

"Where are you going, miss?" said Mrs. Swallow. "You're not going to leave her, surely? Her'll want 'ee soon again; her'll not sleep long and her'll call out for 'ee; it's wrong to go away. The wishes of the dying should be humoured; it's wrong and cruel to go away."

Patty walked towards the oak door; she lifted the latch.

"Good-bye," she said.

Mrs. Swallow muttered something angry. Patty did not heed her: she went out into the damp, foggy night.

Yes, the fog was denser than ever—a heavy moisture thick as a blanket lay over the land; Patty could scarcely see a yard ahead of her. She walked on for a little distance—then she stood still to reflect anxiously. She knew perfectly well now why Ward had not come back.

It was not through any preconceived plan that he was late; he was late for dinner because, like wiser men before him, he was lost in the fog.

The fogs over this part of the coast are celebrated for their density. Even on a straight road a man has been known to go wrong in them. On a mountain like this it would be absolutely hopeless for Ward to attempt to guide himself.

Only those who knew every inch of the ground could stay out with impunity in the fog, which now blotted out sky and sea and every ordinary landmark.

Patty, however, was in a sort of sense the child of this mountain. The pinewood and the hill had been Patty's grand nursery since she could walk. Not a corner of these well-known glades had been unexplored by her. No fog that ever came up from the sea could bring to her personal danger therefore; but to Ward, the fog would certainly mean either that he would have to stay out all night, soaked and chilled to the bone, or that he might fall over more than one landslip into a gulf of some sixty or seventy feet beneath. Such a fall would kill him.

Well—let him die. He was a bad man—cruel, dishonourable; he had no love—he had no pity. He would not even absolve a soul on the threshold of eternity when it cried to him for succour. Yes, he was a bad man; the world would be all the better without him—let him die!"

Patty sank down at the foot of a pine tree as these wild thoughts came to her. She had suffered so much during the last week that she was now scarcely responsible for her thoughts. Her mind was in a strange whirl. The love which had overmastered her and brought her to her present state was quiescent for the time.

In its place there was a choking, burning suffocating sense of anger. She was going through the reflex side of her passion. Her love for the time was turned to bitter hate.

"'I'M GOING TO BURN THAT FALSE WILL,' SHE REPEATED" (*p.* 283).

"Let him die," she said aloud. "The fog will do it—it will envelop him softly and coax him to his destruction. God's hand in the midst of the fog will drag him down. Let him go. He's a bad man. I feared—I trembled—I could not account for my own distress before to-night—now I know. Nurse Joan has let me into the secret. He won't allow her to make a full confession, but she has told me—she has warned me. I always had my terrors about the will—now I know—now I know. He made that will—he *forged it!* Yes, now I know. My dull fears have become active certainties. He is the worst man in the world. He has done the most dastardly—the most cruel deed. Let him die!"

Patty rose again to her feet.

She looked around her; she put her hand up to her forehead, as if instinctively to brush away the fog; she trembled as she stood motionless on the narrow sloping path.

"The fog has been sent on purpose," she murmured to herself; "it's God's way of

getting rid of wickedness. He has gone out into it; he is lost; his dead body will be found in the morning—his dead body!—oh!"

Patty started as she uttered these last words; a memory came over her of the warmth in that firm muscular hand, of the keen life in those active grey eyes, of the curves of those lips, and of the mellow and beautiful sound of that voice.

Last night he had sung, too—he had sung alone—his voice had filled the room—it was only "Tom Bowling," the best known and most hackneyed of ballads, but he had rendered it in such a manner that Patty's heart had seemed to go out of her body and to lie at his feet. She recalled the bewitching melody now.

"His cold body will be found in the morning," she murmured in a wild sort of way. She laughed to herself; her laugh sounded queer and mocking; it frightened her, and she began to think that it wasn't her own; she began to fancy that a wicked spirit stood beside her in the fog.

"I shall be a widow in the morning," she said to herself; "a young widow, quite young, but no one will know, and no one will pity me."

She put up her hand to her throat and tugged frantically at a narrow ribbon which she wore concealed under her dress. Her wedding-ring was attached to the ribbon. She slipped it on the third finger of her left hand and tried to get one gleam from the gold in the darkness—the gold would not flash—she raised the ring, pressed it to her lips, and kissed it passionately.

"He *shan't* die," she said. "By this ring, I swear that I'll find him or die too!" She slipped it back into its hiding-place, and deliberately walked several feet off the beaten track.

CHAPTER XIII.—IN THE PINE WOOD.

To go off the beaten track in a fog like the present one, was to court destruction. In a moment Patty had lost all her accustomed landmarks; she did not know whether to turn to right or left. By the feel of the ground she was aware that she was going either up hill or down hill, but beyond this knowledge she had nothing whatever to guide her. How, therefore, was she to find Ward and save him? A moment before she had felt that his life or death lay in her keeping, now she perceived that she had nothing to do with it. He had gone out into extreme danger, and even now he might be dead.

When this awful possibility was borne in upon her, the natural and inevitable thing immediately happened—she longed with intensity for his life; she could not even recall the feelings which had prompted her to wish for his death.

"O, my God!" she cried aloud, in a sort of agony; "spare him, spare him—he's not fit to die—he's not fit to die! Don't let him go out of the world in his sin; oh, spare him!"

Patty sank down on her knees as she prayed. Her wet hands pressed her wet face—her hair streamed over her face. She could have wrung water from her long hair. She moaned and swayed herself gently backwards and forwards.

All of a sudden, as if in answer to her cry, there came a fresh and cold sensation on her face and hands, a sound filled her ears—a new sound in the intense darkness and stillness.

Patty gave a joyful cry and sprang to her feet.

"The wind," she called aloud; "the blessed wind!"

It came up, trembling on the tops of the pine-trees, causing the long trunks to vibrate and the branches to bow softly. It came up gently at first, but then more quickly and more defiantly. In front of it rolled the fog—baffled and beaten. In five minutes' time there was not a trace of the dense fog to be seen—the mist and the fog were over—the clouds had broken overhead. The moon showed her bright face—the night was clear and fine.

Patty stood up and looked to right and left of her. She had not wandered many steps from the cottage. It lay a little to her right. She now knew that if Ward were still on the mountain, he would go quickly home. The moment of danger was past. She must see him before he joined the others—she had something to say to him. Patty knew exactly the path he would take. She made a careful and quick calculation, and resolved to wait for him at the other side of the lower pine-wood. He would take the ordinary route; but Patty knew a very steep short cut. She began at once to walk quickly. No amount of boulders or rough rocks seemed to impede her steps: she vaulted lightly over them, she leaped, she ran. As she went faster, she heard footsteps in the pine-wood—she knew the steps—her heart beat hard.

"Quiet," she said to it, "this is not the hour for you. Keep quiet now: I don't want you. This is not the hour for love—keep quiet. I want my brain now, my intelligence—my conscience—I don't want *you:* keep still."

She bounded on faster than ever. Her calculations had been carefully made—she

came face to face with Ward just outside the pine-wood. There was plenty of moonlight, and she saw his face. It had a gaunt and hungry look. He started perceptibly when she ran up to him.

"You are safe!" she panted.

A look of relief passed over his face.

"Patty, you here!" exclaimed Ward. "You came to look for me—that is good. I'm particularly glad to see you. What an awful fog we have had. I might have had to stay on the mountain till morning but for this providential wind. But, my darling, you are soaked through. Did you come to look for me, Patty?"

"To a certain extent I did," said Patty; "to a certain extent I did not. Don't touch me: let me speak; I have got something to say. I have seen Nurse Joan—she is dying. I know everything about the will—everything. You are never to have it. I am going to burn it. I shall burn it to-night."

Patty spoke with great defiance; she hurled her words out, and slightly raised one arm to give emphasis to her sentence. The moon shone all over her. It made her face look white—it gave an unearthly radiance to her tangled wet hair. It added to the depth of her eyes, and when she raised her white arm, it shone out clear with the purity of alabaster.

"I'm going to burn that false will," she repeated.

Ward was absolutely silent, he did not even look at her. The moon was shining over him, too; it showed a face hard as adan ant, lips shut as firmly as a rock.

His motionless appearance—his absence of all distress, surprise, astonishment, had the usual effect. Patty was like an angry wave, lashing itself in foam and fret against the giant boulder. The boulder thought nothing at all of the poor little wave. Patty's arm fell to her side—in spite of herself her voice grew quieter.

"I found the will," she said, speaking softly now. "You intended me to find it to-day, did you not?"

"I did," said Ward.

"You knew where it was hidden?"

"Yes."

"You knew the hiding-place of the will because you put it there yourself?"

"Yes, my wife; that is the case."

"Your wife!" cried Patty, in scorn. "How dare you call me your wife now? You—you—you are a—oh, I can't say it—I can't say the word."

"I can say it for you, Patty. I forged that will. Yes, it is quite true. At one time I hoped that you need never know the history of the will. I had at one time a hope that I might get you to believe that Miss Rhodes had really made it. I sincerely trusted that you would believe that it was, what it pretends to be, her last will and testament: but that hope faded almost immediately after I came to the Red Lodge. I perceived that your nature was full of caprice—that you were not above suspicion even where you loved. I paid Nurse Joan a visit to-night. When I saw you skipping down the mountain-side like a fawn I knew that you had visited her, and I knew, of course, then that you had learnt the truth. What matter? Perhaps it is best so. We can, doubtless, act more thoroughly in concert when we both know the absolute truth."

"You think so," said Patty—her voice trembled; anger, rage, were again in the ascendant; she turned her head away.

"I know it," said Ward. "I don't trouble myself to think long over what is an absolute certainty; your emotion at the present moment is natural; your anger against me is natural; but emotion will die, and anger will perish, but love, Patty—yes, don't call it love, call it passion—if you prefer the word—love, or passion, will remain, and two hearts that love, even though they are frail, even though they are wicked, even though one of the hearts shares the instincts of the devil himself, cannot remain apart. You will come back to me—perhaps not to-night, but soon, very soon."

"No," said Patty; "you are mistaken. Even your wisdom and power have limits. When you called yourself what you are, you killed my love—it is dead. I don't care for you, not a bit, not a bit."

"How you shake, darling! How tired you are! How you tremble! You will fall in a moment; you are wet through. Lean against me—let me warm you—here, put your hand in mine."

"I cannot—I cannot—don't—you are a very devil."

"So you say. I don't mind what you say; you are the light of my eyes—you are the beloved of my soul. Lean against me, poor little heart, beat here—I am strong, you see, though wicked: yes, granted that I am wicked, I am strong—lean against me, my wife."

Ward put his strong arm round Patty—she shivered violently; but after a moment she stood still—another moment she was leaning her full weight against him, her head was resting on his shoulder. Her eyes were shut, her lips moved faintly. He stooped and kissed the red lips.

"Now you are better," he said; "that is

right. This is Paradise, isn't it? Let us think of ourselves as two lost souls who have slipped into Paradise by mistake."

"No! oh, no—I won't follow you—I won't go your way; no, no!"

"Patty, we won't talk on that subject just for a little. If we are to be divided by-and-by, which I do not for a moment believe, we are together now. I am going to sit on the root of this pine tree. Now come into my arms. I must warm you—you are too cold, too wet, too troubled—I will warm you; you must rest on me. All your emotions are spent for the time being. Rest darling—rest here."

Under the strong magnetism which Ward exercised over her, Patty found herself incapable of making any reply. She remained for a time quiescent in his arms; but her good angel had not yet deserted her, and when the shivering and faintness and deadly cold had partly passed away she disengaged herself with a sudden effort, and, springing lightly to her feet, moved a few steps away.

"I am going to burn the will," she said. "It is useless to argue with you. I cannot pretend that your influence is not overmastering when I am with you, but I shall not be always with you. When you are out of my sight, the spell you exercise over me must be lessened. The dreadful cords which bind me to you must be slackened. I will never claim possession of the Red Lodge under that will—I am going to burn it. Before the morning it will be reduced to ashes. Now you know!"

"THE ROOM WAS IN UTTER DARKNESS" (*p.* 285).

"You won't burn it," said Ward.

"You think so; but when you meet me in the morning you will know that I have spoken the truth."

Like a sudden flash, Ward, who had remained lying negligently against the pine tree sprang to his feet. He came up to where the girl stood. His manner was no longer soft and seductive—his gentle mood had changed. He took Patty's two hands and held them as if in an iron vice.

"You won't burn the will," he repeated. "Why? *Because I say so.*"

His eyes looked into Patty's; she lowered her eyelids.

"Go home now," he said, releasing her with such violence that she nearly fell. "I shall not come back to the Red Lodge to-night."

Chapter XIV.—He and I against the World.

When Patty, worn out and tired to death, crept up to her own room she found Margot and Mrs. Fletcher both waiting for her in great anxiety. Mrs. Fletcher had many and hidden reasons for her fears, but Margot's were all those of tender solicitude. Her friend, her dear new friend, was evidently in some extraordinary trouble—her excitement when she went to bathe, the feverish touch of her hot hands, the impetuosity and irritation of her manner, were signs of trouble which Margot could not fail to perceive. Patty's abstraction at dinner had also been noticed by her.

She laid these signs of trouble down to a source which was in one sense true, in another false. Patty was doubtless in trouble because her lover John Ward was not disporting himself in lover-like fashion, also, because he was going away on the following day. No one could accuse the man who passed himself off as Ward, of too great attentions to Patty Neville. He was not rude to her; when thrown into her society he was fairly agreeable; but where were the lover-like glances—where was the joy in each other's society which Margot had always associated with this passion? It is true she had no personal experience of it as yet, but she felt as she stood by her mother's side, after the rest of the household had retired to bed, that she would not care to have a lover like the man who called himself John Ward.

"Mother," she said, coming up to her parent, "have you noticed that Patty has not been in the drawing-room all the evening?"

"Yes, my love," replied Mrs. Fletcher; "but she complained of a bad headache before dinner—perhaps it grew worse—perhaps she wished to go early to bed."

"Perhaps so, mother," answered Margot. "Well, come with me to her room. If she is ill and in trouble, no one can comfort her as you can."

"I should not like to disturb her if she is asleep, Margot."

"We will go in very quietly, and if she is in bed we can slip softly away. Come, mother, come—you know you are the best of comforters."

Mrs. Fletcher accompanied Margot to Patty's room without any more words. Margot knocked softly at the door; there was no reply. She turned the handle of the lock and entered, treading on tip-toe. Doubtless Patty was asleep, sound asleep, having forgotten all her troubles. Mrs. Fletcher stepped behind her daughter; she carried a candle in her hand. The room was in utter darkness, and a glance showed the two women that the bed was empty.

"Oh, mother, mother, where is she?" asked Margot.

There was a note of terror in her sweet voice, her velvety dark eyes grew misty through tears.

"Come into your own room, Margot," said Mrs. Fletcher; "the fact is——" her voice trembled, she turned very white.

Margot followed her mother, she set down the candle on the dressing table and deliberately lighted two or three pairs of wax candles which stood in heavy silver candlesticks about the room.

"Mother," she said, "you look queer."

"Go in and light the candles in Patty's room," said Mrs. Fletcher; "she will doubtless come to bed at any moment, and the room will look more cheerful if it is brightly lighted. I don't know how the servants have been so careless as to forget to get the rooms ready for the night."

Margot went obediently away. Mrs. Fletcher sat down on the nearest chair, and covered her eyes. She had reason enough for her agitation. The will which she had discovered had evidently to-day been found by someone else. Mrs. Fletcher had little difficulty in guessing who the discoverer was. Only one other person knew the secret of the octagon room, and that person was the one whom that will most concerned. Patty had doubtless explored the octagon room for some purpose to-day, had found the will and taken it away.

Poor Mrs. Fletcher felt as if she could scarcely keep her reason. Patty, of course, would not take long in announcing the fact that she had won on all counts. She had not only given up all for love, but in return love had turned round and blessed her. Riches and honour were also to be hers—Margot and Mrs. Fletcher were to return to poverty and obscurity.

The position was hard, bitterly hard, but there was no help for it. The mother felt that she could have borne it for herself, but her senses reeled when she thought of her child.

One glance she gave in memory to the hard, intellectual face of the man whom she called Sir Wilfred Dering. Her instincts told her that there was no chivalry to be expected from him; he was the last man in the world who would give up wealth when it came in his way.

Margot came back.

"We will leave the doors open between the two rooms," she said. "We will——" then she glanced at her mother. "No, we won't," she continued, with animation, "you are dead tired; you must go to bed at once. We won't sit up for Patty."

"I am not tired, my darling," said Mrs. Fletcher. "I have a good deal to think of, and some of my thoughts are rather worrying; but I would rather you did not take any notice. By-and-by, doubtless, I shall be all right again, and I am not ill—not a bit ill. Margot, dearest—dearest—all things considered, we were happy and peaceful in the old days."

"Pretty well," said Margot, removing a narrow string of pearls from her slender throat as she spoke. "But I don't want to think of the old days—everything is so jolly now; it is so lovely to be rich."

"AND, BRUSH IN HAND, BEGAN TO DISENTANGLE HER LONG WET HAIR" (*p.* 287).

Mrs. Fletcher made no reply.

"Mother, where do you think Patty can be?"

"I don't know, Margot."

"She has been absent all the evening," continued Margot; "and during the afternoon and during dinner she was in a queer nervous state of excitement. Mother, can you understand it?"

"Perhaps I can," thought Mrs. Fletcher to herself.

Aloud, she said in a reflective voice—

"Patty is a very queer girl."

"Yes, I begin to agree with you," said Margot. "I must say I don't understand her. Do you think she is happy, mother?"

"No, Margot, I do not."

"Do you think Mr. Ward cares for her, mother?"

"I—I can't say."

"Then I can," said Margot. "He doesn't care *that* for her!" Margot jerked her little finger as she spoke. "He is very good-looking, and has a delightful expression, and is jovial and kind and considerate to everyone, and yet—and yet he has a false heart. Patty gave up everything for him and he has ceased to care for her. Oh, mother! it breaks my heart to think of it, but it is true—it must be true. Oh, poor Patty—poor, sweet Patty!"

"There is something the matter, certainly," said Mrs. Fletcher; "but I really don't think it can be exactly what you fear. I believe Mr. Ward to be a thoroughly gentlemanly, good young man, still——"

"I like him for myself," continued Margot. "I like him better than Sir—Sir Wilfred." She coloured faintly. "Sir Wilfred fascinates me and subjugates me."

"Yes; he is very clever—he is a fine fellow," said Mrs. Fletcher.

"No, mother, that he is not—he is not a fine fellow. I own sometimes that I am a little afraid of him. Now, no one could be afraid of Mr. Ward—pleasant, handsome Mr. Ward. Mother, did it ever strike you—?"

"What, Margot? Did what ever strike me?"

"I don't like to say it: but did it ever strike you that Patty—that Sir Wilfred—mother, they have both been absent all the evening?"

"Hush!" said Mrs. Fletcher suddenly.

The door of the next room had been quickly opened, and Patty, with her wet clothes clinging about her and her face like the face of a ghost who walks abroad unbidden, entered her room. She gave a slight start when she saw Mrs. Fletcher and Margot.

"Oh, Patty darling, how wet and tired—how tired you look!" said the girl, springing forward.

"Where have you been, Patty?" demanded Mrs. Fletcher in a stern voice.

"I have been to see my old nurse, who is dying," said Patty. "I stayed with her for a little, and then the fog grew very thick, and I was delayed coming home; but I am home now, and very tired. I want to take off my wet things and to get into bed."

"Let me help you," said Margot, coming forward.

"No, no—don't touch me: I feel queer. I—I am in trouble—I am worn out—I must be alone. Leave me alone, dear friends; both of you. Go away—I cannot talk to you now."

"Come, Margot," said Mrs. Fletcher.

As they were both leaving the room, Mrs. Fletcher turned back and looked at the girl, who was standing tall and motionless by the dressing-table.

"Sir Wilfred Dering has also been absent the whole evening," she remarked.

Patty raised her eyes steadily.

"I know nothing whatever about him," she replied. She approached the door which opened into Margot's room as she spoke, and held it open.

Mrs. Fletcher took her daughter's hand and went quickly away.

Patty gave a sigh of relief when she found herself alone. She shook off her abstracted manner, and with a violent effort began to bustle about and to arrange matters for the night. Margot had lit some of the candles, but not all. Patty now went from one to another, setting a light to each, until the room was brilliant with illumination. She then removed her wet dress and wet shawl, and putting on a thick blue flannel dressing-gown, sat down on the side of her white bed, and, brush in hand, began to disentangle her long wet hair. There were plenty of mirrors in the room, but Patty carefully avoided looking at herself in any of them.

"I feel like a ghost," she thought; "a ghost who has undergone separation from the body and who has come back to look at the old haunts. I feel like a ghost: I won't look at myself."

When she had brushed her hair for a few moments, she twisted it up into a thick roll and then stood irresolute. Her little white bed looked inviting with its turned-down sheets and dainty soft pillow. Her head ached, her limbs ached—she was physically very weary. She stood for an instant midway between her bed and the wardrobe where she had locked up the will. Now was her time to destroy that false will. She had said she would do it, and now was the time. There was no one to fret her, or question her, or hinder her. Ward was not present—he was far away in the pine-wood, spending the night like a lost spirit under the trees. Now was the time for Patty to do the deed, the deed by which she would save her soul alive. She had promised herself; she had flung her resolve into Ward's face. Once the will was destroyed, all would be absolutely safe. Ward might fume, might rage, but he could not bring the dead will back from its ashes. Yes, she had said she would do it, and the hour had arrived. Why did she hesitate, then? There stood the empty grate in which she could lay the will. A few ashes in the grate next morning could tell no tales. Ward's soul, too, would be saved by this deed. Oh, yes; why did she hesitate? Out of love for him, she ought to do it.

She had said to him in the pine-wood:

"I will burn the will."

He had replied—

"You will not. Why? *Because I say so.*" And then she had cowered and gone home like a beaten child.

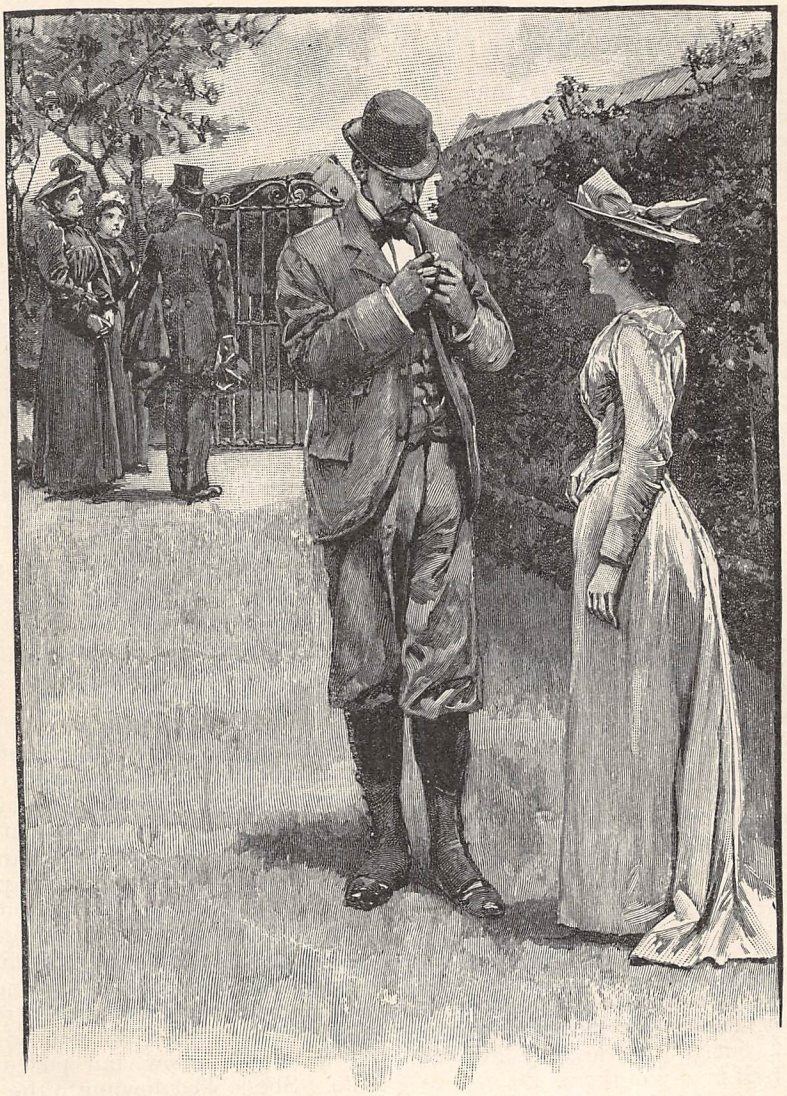
What folly to be cowed like this! After all, Ward was but a man. He was a powerful man, it is true, and she had the misfortune, the bitter misfortune, to be his wife. Still, he was but human, and his power had limits. It could not reach her here.

She moved towards the wardrobe. Suddenly she found the bright illumination from the many candles disagreeable. She went deliberately and put them all out with the exception of one. The room was now reduced to semi-darkness, but, turning swiftly round, Patty observed that one portion of it was full of ghostly light—light made by no earthly candle that had ever been fashioned. The light was pure, and cold and hard. It was made, of course, by the moon, which must now be shining over the rose garden. As if magic drew her, she walked straight to the moonlit window and pulled the blind aside. She looked down into the garden and saw what somehow she expected to see—the figure of her husband and lover—her master, her destroyer, standing beneath, leaning against a tree. His arms were folded and his eyes were fixed on her window. When she pulled the blind aside, he must have faintly seen her dim reflection, for he raised his arm and hand, pressed his hand to his lips, and then waved a kiss to her.

She stepped quickly aside, shaken, troubled, tortured to the depths of her soul.

"It is not my misfortune to be his wife," she muttered; "it is my glorious privilege, my crown of bliss! I won't go against him. He and I against the world. Oh, I am tired—tired; I must sleep."

She blew out the last candle, undressed quickly, and crept into bed.



"HE PINNED IT CAREFULLY INTO HIS COAT."

CHAPTER XV.—TO MY WIFE.

THE next morning rose with a fresh and invigorating breeze. The intense heat of the day before was over. Stagnation and stillness had left the air. All was motion, glad movement, vigorous life. It was almost impossible for anyone not to feel a sense of rising spirits on such a day. On such a dancing, brilliant morning, the hidden shadows and fears of the night must depart. It was beyond the capacity of man not to feel a degree of hope on so lovely a day.

Sir Wilfred Dering was early astir. The day pleased him ; the intoxication of young life got into his veins. He felt that a painful and ridiculous ordeal was nearly over. He had let himself in for the shabbiest deed of his life, but after breakfast the dread week would have come to an end. He and Ward were to catch the ten-twenty train to town. There he knew a bad time awaited him in writing full explanations to Mrs. Fletcher, but he would not think of that yet. He would enjoy the cheerful present.

One more meal must still be eaten in this house. Once again pretty Margot, his destined wife, would sit at the same table with him. Once again her dark eyes would be raised to his, and his blue ones would return the glance. Their souls were veiled to each

other as yet. Margot had not the faintest self-consciousness when she looked at him. As far as all wooing was concerned, this week had proved an absolute failure. Now the question remained, did he want to woo? Could he learn to love? He did not know. All was blank to him. The problem must be answered, however; well, he would reserve it for future consideration.

Ward's position was grave enough in all conscience, but he was not a man to make himself unhappy without a cause. He had spent the entire night in the open air, and the soft air had invigorated him. He felt well this morning. He re-entered the house as soon as ever the servants were stirring, went to his room and wrote a long letter to Patty. Having done this, he felt himself in a position to face the future.

Mrs. Fletcher's fears had also lessened with the night. Margot awoke with the heart of a happy child. Patty's headache, too, had vanished. She had slept an unbroken sleep, and arose physically refreshed.

The party, therefore, that assembled round the breakfast-table was gay. Light words, pleasant laughter, idle jokes floated on the air. Ward looked as coolly at Patty as if she were a chance acquaintance of yesterday. Patty devoted herself to Sir Wilfred, and took no notice of her husband. Ward sat near Mrs. Fletcher, and glanced now and then in Margot's direction. They all talked of meeting in the spring, when Mrs. Fletcher proposed to take a house in town.

"I want to have Margot presented," she said, "and then I wish to give her the doubtful pleasure of a London season."

"If that is the case, we are sure to meet," said the real Sir Wilfred Dering from the other end of the table, in a bright, hearty sort of voice.

His manner, and the way he suddenly took the lead surprised Mrs. Fletcher and Margot for a moment. He looked so gay and handsome, however, that it was difficult not to respond to his words and genial smile. Ward looked at Patty. This was the first direct and special glance he had given her, but she resolutely refused to meet it. A glance at her face, however, assured him that all was well. The will was still intact.

After breakfast there was the bustle of departure. The guests shook hands with their hostess. The young men turned to the two girls, and said a few complimentary words. Sir Wilfred came up suddenly to Margot.

"Give me something before I go," he said boldly.

She raised round dark eyes of astonishment to his face.

"I don't understand you, Mr. Ward," she said stiffly.

"I want a rosebud," he said. "A rosebud to put in my button-hole." He looked down at her from his great height with gentle amusement. He was enjoying the situation for the first time. "It would give me pleasure if you would pick it for me," he said.

She hesitated. It would be too ridiculous to say no. She moved across the grass, chose a dainty bud, and gave it to him. He pinned it carefully into his tweed coat. During this moment the real Ward had taken the opportunity to slip a letter into Patty's hand.

A moment later the two young men had sprung upon the dog-cart, and were driving rapidly away.

The three ladies stood and watched them until a bend in the avenue hid them from view. At the last moment they both stood up and waved their hats.

"Come into the house, and let us be busy," said Margot suddenly.

"I never felt more idle in my life," retorted Patty. "No, I won't go indoors—the day is perfect, I want to enjoy it."

She strolled across the lawn as she spoke, in the direction of the rose-garden. Her present sensations were those of relief. Her heart was not happy, but it was soothed and at peace. Ward's unopened letter lay in her pocket—what might it not contain? After all, the past week had been too exciting. The meeting, daily, hourly, of this unacknowledged husband and wife, had been a strain greater than the young wife could much longer bear. Ward was gone. There was no need now to fear complications, no need to test her strength daily and hourly. The reaction of spirit, the reaction of life, might prove flat enough by-and-by, but at present it was all peace.

Patty went alone into the rose-garden. Neither Margot nor Mrs. Fletcher followed her. She walked deliberately up to the tree against which Ward had leaned in the moonlight a few hours ago. She leant, too, against the smooth trunk. The feeling of rest was increasing—she was sleepy, she must rouse herself.

It occurred to her that she would go up and visit Nurse Joan.

She prepared to act immediately on this impulse, and was turning her steps in the direction of the pine-wood and the mountain path, when Margot ran up to her.

"Oh, Patty darling," said Margot, with a pale face and quivering lips, "I am so truly sorry for you."

"Sorry for me?" replied Patty, with a momentary look of alarm. "Let me tell you,

Margot, that I don't wish anyone to sympathise with me."

"How queer of you to say that," replied Margot, hurt and put out in her turn. "How changed you are! Well, I'll tell you my news, and I'll try not to sympathise. Your old nurse Joan is dead."

"Oh, is it that?" said Patty. "Forgive me, Margot, I ought not to have spoken to you as I did; I am sorry, very sorry. Of course, I could not do without your sympathy. Do give it to me, dear little Margot. Kiss me, Margot."

Margot was the most forgiving creature in the world. She loved Patty, and rejoiced in her friendship. She came close to her now with the purring action of a kitten.

"Thus far, but no farther," was still, however, all too apparent in Patty's manner.

"I was just going to see my poor old nurse," she said, taking Margot's small hand, and holding it lightly as she spoke. "I did not know she was dead."

"Well, you won't have to go now; there's no use," said Margot. "I wish you'd come and sit on the lawn with me."

"No; I must still go to see her."

"Oh, Patty—a dead person! Are you not afraid?"

"Afraid! Margot, how can you suggest such a thing? Afraid of what is left of my dear faithful old nurse? A thousand times no! If death were all I had to fear, there would be few happier girls than I should be. Good-bye, Margot; I shall probably not be back to lunch. Don't wait for me."

Margot stood in a distressful attitude, gazing after Patty's retreating form. She knew nothing about death—she dreaded what she had never seen. Suddenly it occurred to her that, for some reason or other, dead people were always covered with flowers. She called after Patty.

"Wait a moment," she said. "Let me pick you a basket of flowers."

"Flowers!" said Patty. "Why?"

"To put over the dead old woman."

"No, thank you," answered Patty. "In this case flowers would be incongruous." She walked quickly away.

A verse of Scripture darted into her head:

"The grass withereth: the flower fadeth."

Nurse Joan might be compared to the grass, long, rank, withered by constant drought, yellow and harsh with absence of vitality.

"'The grass withereth,'" murmured Patty. "Poor old Nurse Joan! After all, though, there is nothing very pathetic in withered grass. 'The flower fadeth.' Ah, yes! that's different. There comes in pathos. The beautiful flower, fresh, vigorous, full of colour and light, full of perfume and sweetness, it fadeth—fadeth. Oh, my heart! Oh, my youth! Oh, God! why was I born to suffer, to endure, to fade, to die?"

No tears came to Patty's eyes; but the news of Nurse Joan's death had disturbed the calm of a few moments ago.

She walked up the hill quickly. Any motion was agreeable to her. At last she came to the spot where she had met Ward the night before. There stood the pine-tree against which he had leant when he took her, trembling and faint, into his arms. How sweet was that silent and strong embrace. How Patty's beating heart had calmed down. How quickly had her soul, her conscience shrunk abashed out of sight. She had tasted bliss, short lived and delirious, but still bliss.

She sat down again under the pine-tree. The air was mellow-sweet, glinting lights could be seen flickering between the straight trunks of the trees. Happy creatures of the wood disported themselves gaily. The breeze swept Patty's hot forehead; it rested on her eyelids. She closed them with a sense of peace: a moment later she had dropped asleep.

In about an hour, or an hour and a half, she awoke. The sun was getting high in the heaven. It must be noon in the world, but here, in the depths of the pine-wood, it was sweet, shadowy twilight. Her sleep had rested her. She felt pervaded by Ward's spirit—his love seemed to breathe over her and comfort her. Now was the time to read his letter. She took it out of her pocket, looked at the inscription—"To my wife."

She pressed the writing passionately to her lips. Ward was a daring man. No situation, however serious in itself, daunted his spirit. He was secretive, but he was without fear. Another man in his circumstances would have hesitated to put those words on paper. Another man would have thought many times before he so committed himself as to write the words which Patty was now about to read.

She tore open the envelope, and became absorbed in the contents of Ward's letter: it ran as follows:—

"I know that the last words I spoke to you have shocked and hurt you; they have stunned and surprised you. I do not begin this letter by saying that I am sorry: I do not attempt to apologise to you, for were similar circumstances to arise again, I should do again as I did when I told you to leave me a few hours ago. I am not angry, however, for I expected the sort of resistance you are now making. I know you quite well enough to be absolutely certain as to the final result. I am not, however, a sufficient magician to be quite certain

as to the moment when you will come to your senses—that will depend on the strength of your heart over your will, on the strength of your love over the thing which you call conscience; on the strength of that unselfishness which will dare all for the sake of the beloved—in short, that will depend on whether you love me absolutely and entirely, once and for ever, better, far better than yourself. There is a battle between your will and my will at the present moment. The issue cannot for a moment be doubtful, but I am not quite certain with regard to the length of the conflict.

"Having read so far in this letter, you will wonder why I have not yet addressed you by one endearing name. I avoid weakening these words by any such superfluities—you know my heart and I know yours. Our hearts are no longer two, but one. Every throb of love you give me returns back again to you in an answering wave. Miles may divide us outwardly, but nothing can divide our hearts. You know the old story of Paolo and Francesca: you know their final doom. I sometimes think that we may have to meet a similar fate. Now, however, I must cease to use words which might by some people be construed into mere sentimentalities, and come to business.

"You are my wife, I am your husband. At the present moment that secret and beautiful fact is only known to ourselves and one other. The other person who shares our secret is a poor old woman, who even now may have drawn her last breath and passed away for ever. Patty, I believe you are beginning to understand what sort of man you have married. I married you for love, but I also married you because through you I saw my way to power. In this last decade of our century there is no power for any man, however great his genius, however strong his individuality, without that thing called money. Through you I saw my way to acquiring wealth. I took all the proper steps to secure what I thought necessary to my own happiness. With consummate care I made a will. Nurse Joan and another person, who is now at the opposite side of the world, witnessed it. It was within my power, with the assistance of your old nurse, to perfect a copy of the signature of Miss Rhodes. The will is a forgery, but it is a perfect forgery; there is not a flaw in it anywhere. One of the witnesses will soon, if she is not already, be beyond the power of betraying our secret. I have taken effective means, which I need not explain here, to keep the other witness quiet. The whole scheme—a devil's scheme, if you like to call it—has been conceived and carried out with the nicest perfection. The will was put into the most likely hiding-place for Miss Rhodes to treasure it in. Nurse Joan managed this for me. Yesterday, guided by me, influenced by the sort of mesmerism which I can exercise over you at pleasure, you went

"SHE HAD TASTED BLISS."

to the octagon room and found the will. When I met you a few hours ago, I saw at once that Nurse Joan had confided to you a fact which you already dimly suspected. You were not in the past certain of your own suspicions, but I knew that they were there. I read them in the futile struggles you made to resist me, when I set you upon the task of finding the will, in the fear which filled your eyes, in the helpless distress which took away your strength and individuality. Your mind had been tuned to suspect, and Nurse Joan's few words of betrayal fanned the fire already kindled. You came to me, Patty, and vented your feeble wrath upon me. I may well call that wrath feeble; what was it beside the love which never left your eyes—which never in the midst of your beautiful and yet ineffectual anger ceased to tremble on your lips? Poor little girl, you were shaken in a great tempest, but I had not a spark of fear as I looked at you, for through it all your love never wavered. You went home telling me you would burn the will. I smiled to myself at the idle words; I knew you were speaking of the impossible. The will is safe, Patty. I

see you as you sit and read my words—the will is safe ; you will not burn it.

"Now, then, once again to business.

"When you are reading this I shall be returning to the great world with my patron, Sir Wilfred Dering. It is probable, but not absolutely certain, that in a day or two Mrs. Fletcher will receive a letter from him explaining the *ruse* which, under my influence, he played upon her. This letter will be framed in the spirit of humble apology, and will doubtless contain a request to be permitted to woo Miss Margot for his future wife. Thus, as you will perceive, our good friends the Fletchers will have their eyes opened, and I am certain, after the first shock, not disagreeably. Dering is just the man to make that little, gentle, and somewhat inanimate, person Miss Margot the best of husbands. Much that has sorely puzzled them during the past week will be immediately made plain. Miss Margot will doubtless forgive Dering, and in the end, as far as that commonplace pair are concerned, all will be well. But now to turn to our view of the matter. By marrying Dering, Miss Fletcher will become the wife of one of the richest land-owners in his county. That fact may or may not remove your scruples, Patty. I refuse to urge it, however, for, after all, it is not from such a source that the grand renunciation which you will eventually make, is at all likely to spring. To turn once again to ourselves. When Dering's confession, explanation, what you like to call it, is made, eager and critical eyes will be fixed upon us. Miss Margot will interpret aright some glances which our imprisoned hearts dared to fling at each other across the bars of this torturing and conventional week. Mrs. Fletcher will see the matter in a very prosaic, matronly, and correct light. She will feel it her duty in life to hurry on the marriage. She will torture you with inquiries as to why the footsteps of your recreant lover tarry. 'Haste to the wedding' all will cry.

"Now, Patty, I come to the portion of this letter to which all the rest leads up. There is no movement on my part, no stirring of the fluttering wings of my love, until you come forward. I am adamant, I am stone. I do not write to you. If possible I try to forget you ; I cast you out of my life. I lock the secret of our marriage into the innermost recess of my heart, and I refuse to allow that key to be turned. In short, I ignore you, Patty. I am indifferent to what the world says ; I care nothing for reproaches, nothing for insinuations. I wait—I quietly wait. The hour will come sooner or later when I shall hear your footsteps, when you will put your hands in mine and will say to me, 'I will be your wife on your own terms.'

"Your husband,

"JOHN WARD."

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

A MESSAGE FROM MARS.

BY J. MUNRO, C.E.

EARLY in last autumn, while I was glancing at the *Times* newspaper in a morning train for London, my eyes fell on the following item :

A STRANGE LIGHT ON MARS. —On Monday afternoon, Dr. Krueger, who is in charge of the central bureau at Kiel, telegraphed to his correspondents :

"*Projection lumineuse dans région australe du terminateur de Mars observée par Javelle 28 Juillet, 16 heures—Perrotin.*"

In plain English, at that hour, a ray of light had been observed on the disc of the planet Mars in or near the "terminator," that is to say, the zone of twilight separating day from night. The news was doubly interesting to me, because a singular dream of "Sunrise in the Moon"* had quickened my imagination as to the wonders of the universe beyond our little globe, and because of a never-to-be-forgotten experience of mine with an aged astronomer several years ago.

This extraordinary man, living the life of a recluse in his own observatory, which was situated in a lonely part of the country, had, or at any rate, believed that he had, opened up a communication with the inhabitants of Mars, by means of powerful electric lights, flashing in the manner of a signal-lantern or heliograph. I had set him down as a monomaniac ; but who knows ? perhaps he was not so crazy after all.

* *See* CASSELL'S MAGAZINE for October, 1894.

When evening came I turned to the books, and gathered a great deal about the fiery planet, including the fact that a stout man, a Daniel Lambert, could jump his own height there with the greatest ease. Very likely; but I was seeking information on the strange light, and as I could not find any I resolved to walk over and consult my old friend, Professor Gazen, the well-known astronomer, who had made his mark by a series of splendid researches with the spectroscope into the constitution of the sun and other celestial bodies.

It was a fine clear night. The sky was cloudless and of a deep dark blue, which revealed the highest heavens and the silvery lustre of the Milky Way. The great belt of Orion shone conspicuously in the east, and Sirius blazed a living gem more to the south. I looked for Mars, and soon found him further to the north, a large red star, amongst the white of the encircling constellations.

Professor Gazen was quite alone in his observatory when I arrived, and busily engaged in writing or computing at his desk.

"I hope I'm not disturbing you," said I, as we shook hands; "I know that you astronomers must work when the fine night cometh."

"Don't mention it," he replied cordially. "I'm observing one of the nebulæ just now, but it won't be in sight for a long time yet."

"What about this mysterious light on Mars. Have you seen anything of it?"

Gazen laughed. "I have not," said he, "though I did look the other night."

"You believe that something of the kind has been seen?"

"Oh, certainly. The Nice Observatory, of which Monsieur Perrotin is director, has one of the finest telescopes in existence, and Monsieur Javelle is well-known for his careful work."

"How do you account for it?"

"The light is not outside the disc," responded Gazen, "else I should ascribe it to a small comet. It may be due to an aurora in Mars as a writer in *Nature* has suggested, or to a range of snowy Alps, or even to a bright cloud, reflecting the sunrise. Possibly the Martians have seen the forest fires in America, and started a rival illumination."

"What strikes you as the likeliest of these notions?"

"Mountain peaks catching the sunshine."

"Might it not be the glare of a city, or a powerful search-light—in short, a signal?"

"Oh dear, no," exclaimed the astronomer, smiling incredulously. "The idea of signalling has got into people's heads through the outcry raised about it two years ago, when Mars was in 'opposition' and near the earth. I suppose you are thinking of the plan for raising and lowering the lights of London to attract the notice of the Martians?"

"No; I believe I told you of the singular

"'I HOPE I'M NOT DISTURBING YOU.'"

experience I had some five or six years ago with an old astronomer, who thought he had established an optical telegraph to Mars?"

"Oh, yes, I remember now. Ah, that poor old chap was insane. Like the astronomer in *Rasselas*, he had brooded so long in solitude over his visionary idea that he had come to imagine it a reality."

"Might there not be some truth in his notion? Perhaps he was only a little before his time."

Gazen shook his head. "You see," he replied, "Mars is a much older planet than ours. In winter the Arctic snows extend to within forty degrees of the equator, and the climate must be very cold. If human beings ever existed on it they must have died out long ago, or sunk to the condition of the Eskimo."

"May not the climate be softened by conditions of land and sea unknown to us? May not the science and civilisation of the Martians enable them to cope with the low temperature?"

"The atmosphere of Mars is as rare as ours at a height of six miles, and a warm-blooded creature like man would expire in it."

"Like man, yes," I answered; "but man was made for this world. We are too apt to

measure things by our own experience. Why should we limit the potentiality of life by what we know of this planet?"

"In the next place," went on Gazen, ignoring my remark, "the old astronomer's plan of signalling by strong lights was quite impracticable. No artificial light is capable of reaching to Mars. Think of the immense distance and the two atmospheres to penetrate! The man was mad, as mad as a March hare; though why a March hare is mad I'm sure I don't know."

"I read the other day of an electric light in America which can be seen 150 miles through the lower atmosphere. Such a light, if properly directed, might be visible on Mars; and, for aught we know, the Martians may have discovered a still stronger beam."

"And if they have, the odds against their signalling just when we are alive to the possibility of it are simply tremendous."

"I see nothing incredible in the coincidence. Two heads often conceive the same idea about the same time, and why not two planets, if the hour be ripe? Surely there is one and the same inspiring Soul in all the universe. Besides, they may have been signalling for centuries, off and on, without our knowing it."

"Then, again," said Gazen, with a pawky twinkle in his eye, "our electric light may have woke them up."

"Perhaps they are signalling now," said I, "while we are wasting precious time. I wish you would look."

"Yes, if you like; but I don't think you'll see any 'luminous projections,' human or otherwise."

"I shall see the face of Mars, anyhow, and that will be a rare experience. It seems to me that a view of the heavenly bodies through a fine telescope, as well as a tour round the world, should form a part of a liberal education. How many run to and fro upon the earth, hunting for sights at great trouble and expense, but how few even think of that sublimer scenery of the sky which can be seen without stirring far from home! A peep at some distant orb has power to raise and purify our thoughts like a strain of sacred music, or a noble picture, or a passage from the grander poets. It always does one good."

Professor Gazen silently turned the great refracting telescope in the direction of Mars, and peered attentively through its mighty tube for several minutes.

"Is there any light?" I inquired.

"None," he replied, shaking his head. "Look for yourself."

I took his place at the eye-piece, and was

"'PERHAPS THEY ARE SIGNALLING NOW,'"

almost startled to find the little coppery star, which I had seen half an hour before, apparently quite near, and transformed into a large globe. It resembled a gibbous moon, for a considerable part of its disc was illuminated by the sun.

A dazzling spot marked one of its poles, and the rest of its visible surface was mottled with ruddy and greenish tints which faded into white at the rim. Fascinated by the spectacle of that living world, seen at a glance, and pursuing its appointed course through the illimitable ether, I forgot my quest, and a religious awe came over me akin to that felt under the dome of a vast cathedral.

"Well, what do you make of it?"

The voice recalled me to myself, and I began to scrutinise the dim and shadowy border of the terminator for the feeblest ray of light, but all in vain.

"I can't see any 'luminous projection'; but what a magnificent object in the telescope!"

"It is indeed," rejoined the professor, "and though we have not many opportunities of seeing it we know it better than the other planets, and almost as well as the moon. Its features have been carefully mapped like those of the moon and christened after celebrated astronomers."

"Yourself included, I hope."

"No, sir; I have not that honour. It is true that a man I know, an enthusiastic amateur in astronomy, dubbed a lot of holes and corners in the moon after his private friends and acquaintances, myself amongst them: 'Snook's Crater,' 'Smith's Bottom,' 'Tiddler's Cove,' and so on; but I regret to say the authorities declined to sanction his nomenclature."

"I presume that bright spot on the Southern limb is one of the polar ice-caps," said I, still keeping my eye on the planet.

"Yes," replied the professor, "and they are seen to wax and wane in winter and summer. The reddish-yellow tracts are doubtless continents of an ochrey soil; and not, as some think, of a ruddy vegetation. The greenish-grey patches are probably seas and lakes. The land and water are better mixed on Mars than on the earth—a fact which tends to equalise the climate. There is a belt of continents round the equator: 'Copernicus,' 'Galileo,' 'Dawes,' and others, having long winding lakes and inlets. These are separated by narrow seas from other islands on the north or south such as: 'Haze Land,' 'Storm Land,' and so forth, which occupy what we should call the temperate zones, beneath the poles; but I suspect they are frigid enough. If you look closely you will see some narrow streaks crossing the continents like fractures. These are the famous 'Canals' of Schiaparelli, who discovered (and I wish I had his eyes) that many of them were 'doubled,' that is, had another canal alongside. Some of these are nearly 2,000 miles long by fifty miles broad, and 300 miles apart."

"That beats the Suez Canal."

"Of course, they are not artificial. The doubling is chiefly observed at the vernal equinox, our month of May, and is perhaps due to spring floods or vegetation in valleys of the like trend, as we find in Siberia. The massing of clouds or mists will account for the peculiar whiteness at the edge of the limb, and an occasional veiling of the landscape."

While he spoke, my attention was suddenly arrested by a vivid point of light which appeared on the dark side of the terminator and south of the equator.

"Hallo!" I exclaimed, involuntarily. "There's a light!"

"Really!" responded Gazen, in a tone of surprise not unmingled with doubt. "Are you sure?"

"Quite. There is a distinct light on one of the continents."

"Let me see it, will you?" he rejoined, hastily; and I yielded up my place to him.

"Why, so there is," he declared, after a pause. "I suspect it has been hidden under a cloud till now."

We turned and looked at each other in silence.

"It can't be the light Javelle saw," ejaculated Gazen at length. "That was on Hellas Land."

"Should the Martians be signalling they would probably use a system of lights. I dare say they possess an electric telegraph to work it."

The professor put his eye to the glass again, and I awaited the result of his observation with eager interest.

"It's as steady as possible," said he.

"The steadiness puzzles me," I replied. "If it would only flash I should call it a signal."

"Not necessarily to us," said Gazen, with mock gravity. "You see, it might be a lighthouse flashing on the Kaiser Sea, or a night message in the autumn manœuvres of the Martians, who are, no doubt, very warlike, or even the advertisement of a new pill."

"Seriously, what do you think of it?" I asked.

"I confess it's a mystery to me," he answered, pondering deeply; and then, as if struck by a sudden thought, he added: "I wonder if it's any good trying the spectroscope on it?"

So saying, he attached to the telescope a magnificent spectroscope, which he employed in his researches on the nebulæ, and renewed his observation.

"Well, that's the most remarkable thing in all my professional experience," he exclaimed, resigning his place at the instrument to me.

"What is?" I demanded, looking into the spectroscope, where I could distinguish several faint streaks of coloured light on a darker background.

"You know that we can tell the nature of a substance that is burning by splitting up the light which comes from it in the prism of a spectroscope. Well, these bright lines of different colours are the spectrum of a luminous gas."

"Indeed! Have you any idea as to the origin of the blaze?"

"It may be electrical—for instance, an aurora. It may be a volcanic eruption, or a lake of fire such as the crater of Kilauea. Really, I can't say. Let me see if I can identify the bright lines of the spectrum."

I yielded the spectroscope to him, and scarcely had he looked into it ere he cried out—

"By all that's wonderful, the spectrum has changed. Eureka! It's thallium now. I should know that splendid green line amongst a thousand."

"Thallium!" I exclaimed, astonished in my turn.

"Yes," responded Gazen, hurriedly. "Make a note of the observation, and also of the time. You will find a book for the purpose lying on the desk."

I did as directed, and waited further orders. The silence was so great that I could plainly hear the ticking of my watch laid on the desk before me. At the end of several minutes the professor cried—

"It has changed again: make another note."

"What is it now?"

"Sodium. The yellow bands are unmistakable."

A deep stillness reigned as before.

"There she goes again," exclaimed the professor, much excited. "Now I can see a couple of blue lines. What can that be? I believe it's indium."

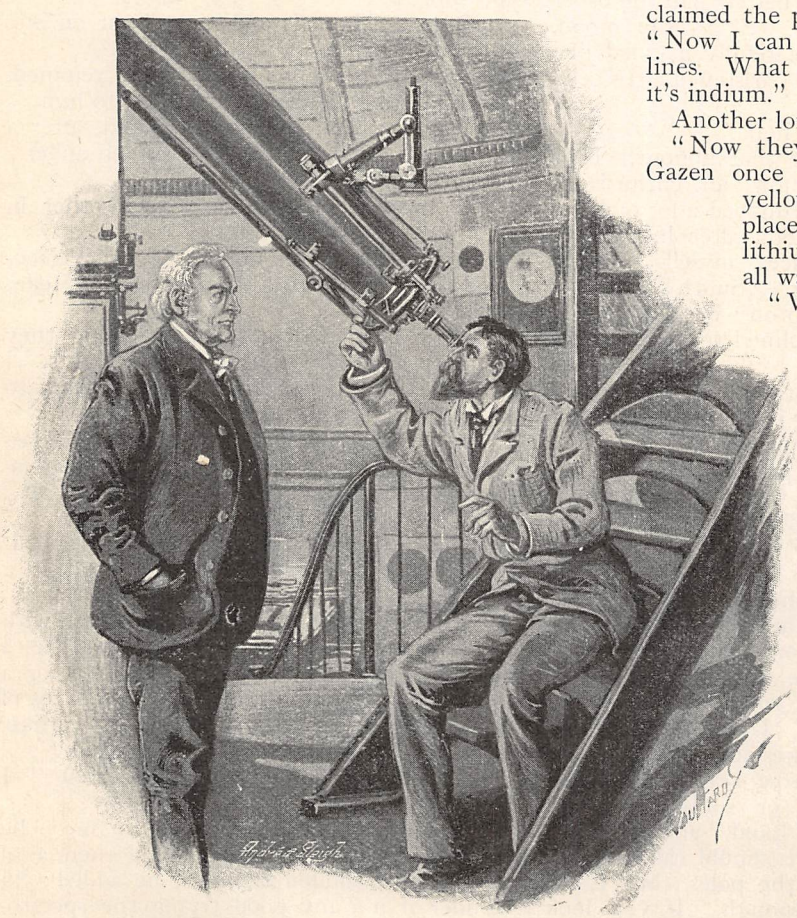
Another long pause ensued.

"Now they are gone," ejaculated Gazen once more. "A red and a yellow line have taken their place. That should be lithium. Hey, presto!—and all was dark."

"What's the matter?"

"It's all over." With these words he removed the spectroscope from the telescope and gazed anxiously at the planet. "The light is gone," he continued after a minute. "Perhaps another cloud is passing over it. Well, we must wait. In the meantime let us consider the situation. It seems to me that we have every reason to be satisfied with our night's work. What do you think?" There was a glow of triumph on his countenance as he came and stood before me.

"I believe it's a signal," said I, with an air of conviction.



"I TOOK HIS PLACE AT THE EYE-PIECE" (*p.* 294).

"But how?"

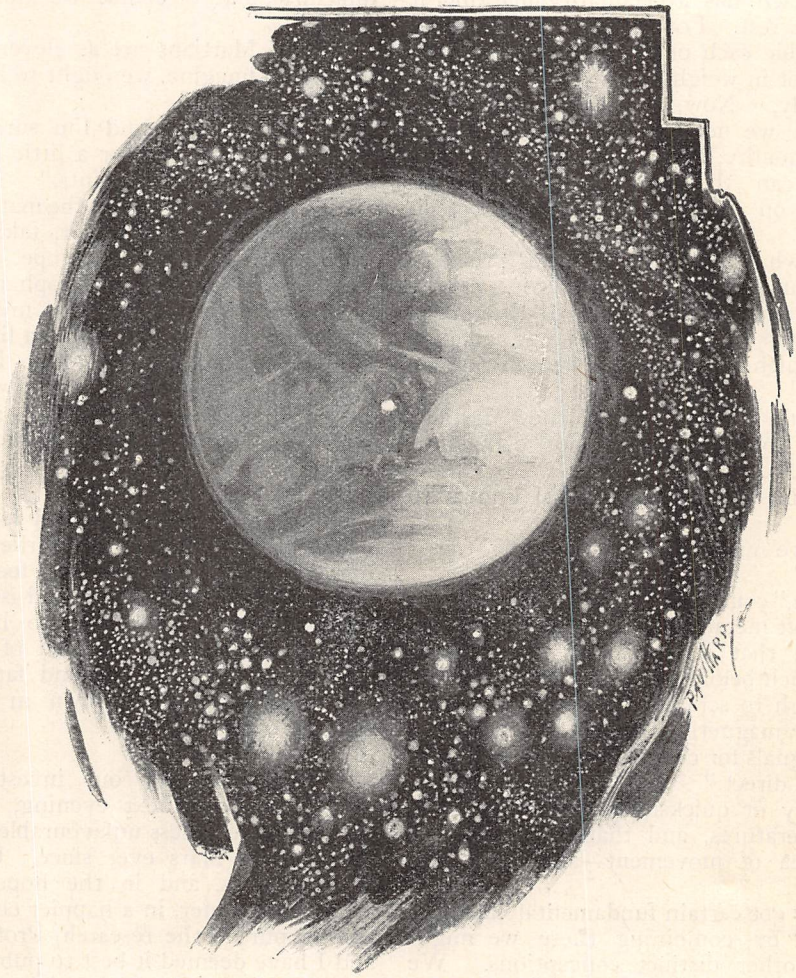
"Why should it change so regularly? I've timed each spectrum and found it to last about five minutes before another took its place."

The professor remained thoughtful and silent.

"Is it not by the light which comes from other, and show us that it must have had an intelligent origin."

"What then?"

"We should know that the Martians had a civilisation at least as high as our own. To my mind, that would be a great discovery—the greatest since the world began."



"TRANSFORMED INTO A LARGE GLOBE" (*p.* 295).

them that we have gained all our knowledge of the constitution of the heavenly bodies?" I continued. "A ray from the remotest star brings in its heart a secret message to him who can read it. Now, the Martians would naturally resort to the same medium of communication as the most obvious, simple, and practicable. By producing a powerful light they might hope to attract our attention, and by imbuing it with characteristic spectra, easily recognised and changed at intervals, they would distinguish the light from every

"But of little use to either party."

"As for that, a good many of our discoveries, especially in astronomy, are not of much use. Suppose you find out the chemical composition of the nebula you are studying, will that lower the price of bread? No; but it will interest and enlighten us. If the Martians can tell us what Mars is made of, and we can return the compliment as regards the earth, that will be a service."

"But the correspondence must then cease, as the editors say."

"I'm not so sure of that."

"My dear fellow! How on earth are we to understand what the Martians say, and how on Mars are they to understand what we say? We have no common code."

"True; but the chemical bodies have certain well-defined properties, have they not?"

"Yes. Each has a peculiarity marking it from all the rest. For example, two or more may resemble each other in colour or hardness, but not in weight."

"Precisely. Now, by comparing their spectra can we not be led to distinguish a particular quality, and grasp the idea of it? In short, can the Martians not impress that idea on us by their spectra-telegraph?"

"I see what you mean," said Professor Gazen; "and, now I think of it, all the spectra we have seen belong to the group called 'metals of the alkalies and alkaline earths,' which, of course, have distinctive properties."

"At first, I should think the Martians would only try to attract our notice by striking spectra."

"Lithium is the lightest metal known to us."

"Well, we might get the idea of 'lightness' from that."

"Sodium," continued the professor, "sodium is a very soft metal, with so strong an affinity for oxygen that it burns in water. Manganese, which belongs to the 'iron group,' is hard enough to scratch glass, and, like iron, is decidedly magnetic. Copper is red——"

"The signals for colour we might get from the spectra direct."

"Mercury or quicksilver is fluid at ordinary temperatures, and that might lead us to the idea of movement—animation—life itself."

"Having got certain fundamental ideas," I went on, "by combining these we might arrive at other distinct conceptions. We might build up an ideographic or glyphic language of signs—the signs being spectra. The numerals might be telegraphed by simple occultations of the light. Then from spectra we might pass by an easy step to equivalent signals of long and short flashes in various combinations, also made by occulting the light. With such a code our correspondence might go on at great length, and present no difficulty; but, of course, we must be able to reply."

"If the Martians are as clever as you are pleased to imagine, we ought to learn a good deal from them."

"I hope we may, and I'm sure the world will be all the better for a little superior enlightenment on some points."

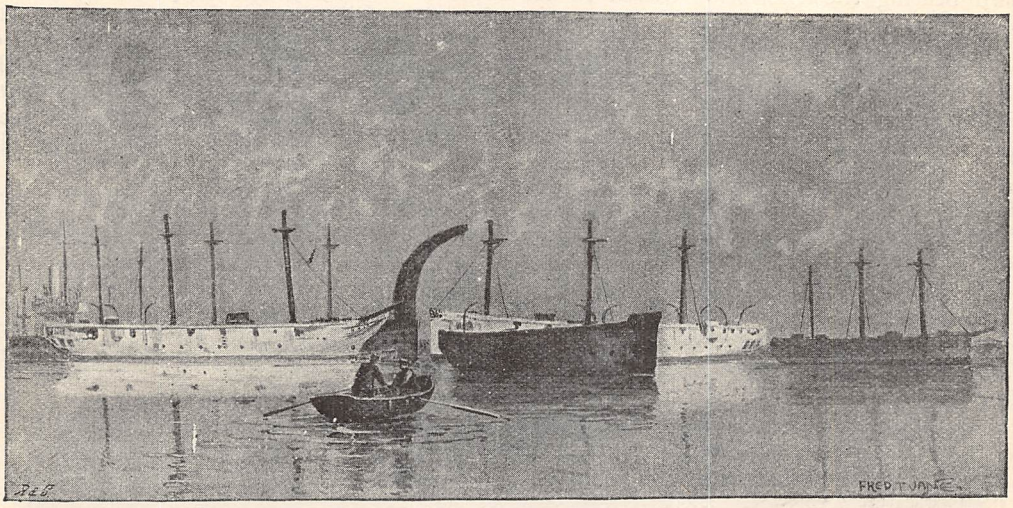
"Well, we must follow the matter up, at all events," said the professor, taking another peep through the telescope. "For the present the Martian philosophers appear to have shut up shop; and, as my nebula has now risen, I should like to do a little work on it before daybreak. Look here, if it's a fine night, can you join me to-morrow? We shall then continue our observations; but in the meanwhile, you had better say nothing about them."

On my way home I looked for the ruddy planet as I had done in the earlier part of the night, but with very different feelings in my heart. The ice of distance and isolation separating me from it seemed to have broken down since then, and instead of a cold and alien star I saw a friendly and familiar world—a companion to our own in the eternal solitude of the universe.

Unfortunately for our investigation the sky was overcast next evening, and has remained more or less unfavourable for the observation of Mars ever since. Under these circumstances, and in the hope that some other astronomer, in a happier clime, may be able to pursue the research, Professor Gazen and I have deemed it best to publish our discovery without any further delay.

A ROYAL DOCKYARD.

BY FRED T. JANE.



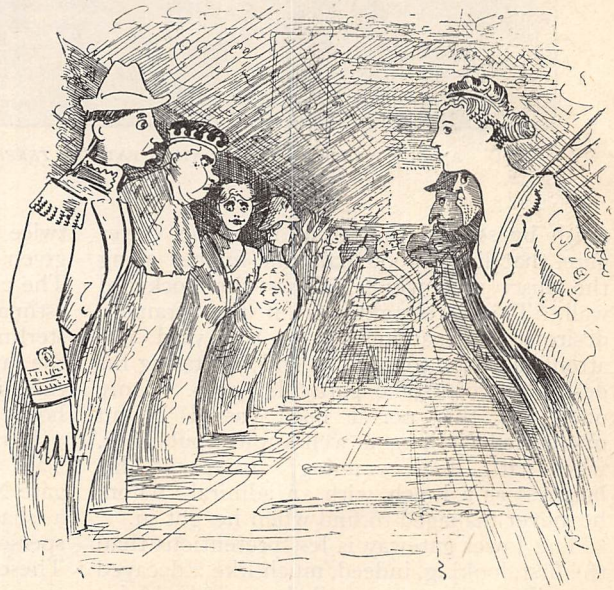
OLD GUNBOATS AND THIRD-CLASS CRUISERS, CHATHAM DOCKYARD.

CHATHAM YARD, when one considers its propinquity to London, is very little known for a Royal Dockyard.

This, doubtless, is in some measure due to the town, which is not of a sort to attract either the lover of the beautiful or the seeker after fresh air; for though both these commodities are to be found by the man who knows where to look for them, they are not visible at first sight to the stranger arriving by rail. That both beauty and air exist in the neighbourhood of the "four towns"—Chatham, Brompton, Rochester, and Stroud—is provable, the first by the pictures that Mr. Wyllie, A.R.A., has painted around them, and no one who has penetrated the recesses of the dockyard will be prepared to deny the existence of the latter in almost too liberal quantities. But, as I remarked above, they require looking for.

Chatham town has altered but little since Mr. Pickwick wrote of it in his famous journal; and "soldiers, sailors, Jews, chalk, shrimps, officers, and dockyard-men" are still its "principal productions," though the yard has grown since those days, and is now the second largest in the Empire.

The road leading to the principal yard gateway has a very martial appearance, being lined with a succession of barracks and fortifications, the obsoleteness of these latter in no way detracting from, but rather adding to, their imposing effect. The gateway itself does not proclaim its office save to the initiated eye, being more like the entrance to a nobleman's mansion or modern workhouse



AN ENGLISH JOSS-HOUSE—FIGURE-HEADS.

than aught else; indeed, I have known strangers go there to ask where the dockyard is. Yet the experienced in such matters will easily recognise it by the large notice-board bearing the inscription sacred to all dockyards—

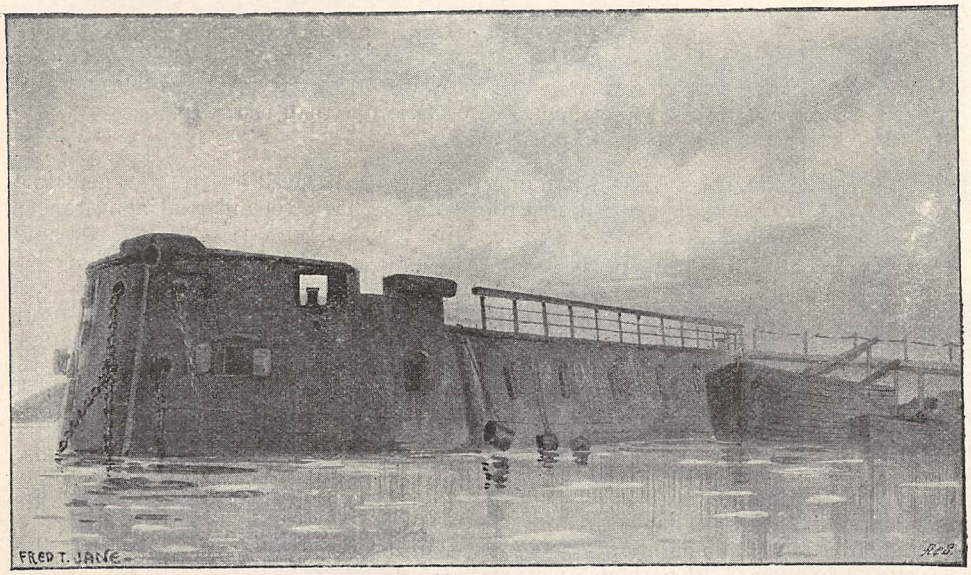
"BRING NO MATCHES INTO THIS YARD."

At sight of this notice the law-abiding citizen is supposed to hand over the forbidden articles to the police at the gate, thereby helping—so they say—to reduce the vote for lights under the head of "dockyard maintenance."

The principal gate at Chatham is not to be passed lightly, for it is guarded by a posse of policemen, who at once pounce upon anyone entering and demand his business, and generally finish by sending him round to the lower gate, that lies a good half-mile further along the dusty road which follows the dockyard wall. This is certainly so if the stranger, desirous of roaming about the yard unattended, seeks to gain his end by stating his desire to visit some particular ship. Only once has this portal been passed by an unescorted civilian, a well-known publisher, who, with deep cunning, announced his business as a lunch with an admiral—whom he never managed to find when he got in.

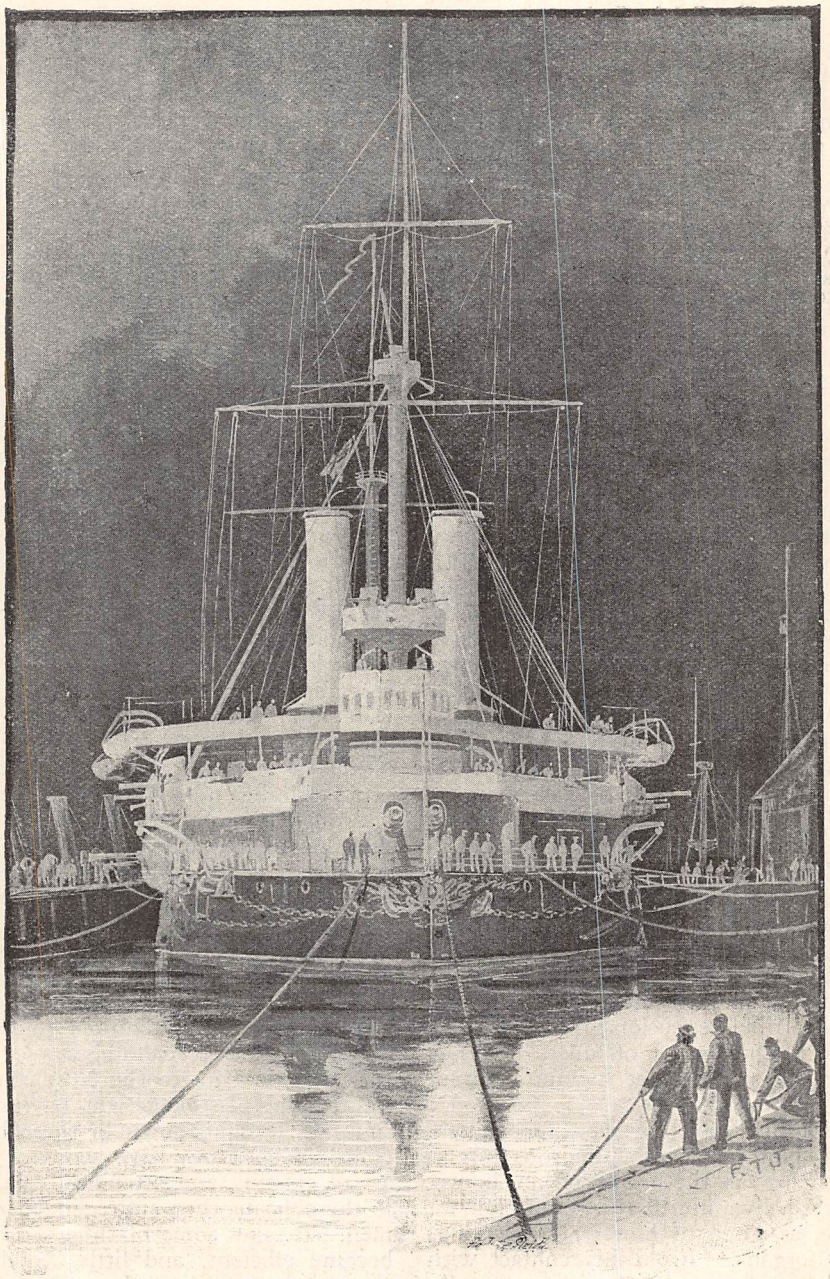
The lower gateway is less pretentious than the first, looking, indeed, much like a decayed turnpike. Coming round the seemingly interminable wall—whereon from time immemorial the dockyardsmen have been wont to chalk up their opinions of each other and of the world in general—the yard suddenly appears below, a jumble of yellow masts and funnels nestling amid the trees. At eventide this road is filled with a crowd of "dockies"—as the blue-jackets term the dockyard hands—an almost endless crowd of the proletariat, returning home with the briskness that marks a Government employé at the close of day.

Of the 17,000 men employed in the Royal Dockyards, over 6,000 earn their living at Chatham, with an average wage of £68 per annum. In France, where the dockyards give employment to something like 21,000 men, the average wage is only £40 a year; but, as the Englishmen get through nearly twice as much work, the expenditure on any given piece of construction is about equal. The cost of the dockyards in the latest naval estimates is laid at a trifle under two million sterling for the *personnel*, and a little over the same amount for shipbuilding materials; this included the foreign as well as the home yards.



AN OLD WARRIOR—THE FLOATING BATTERY *TERRIBLE*, USED BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

For purposes of description, Chatham Yard is best treated as though visited from gate No. 1, whence one passes down through a shady avenue consisting of trees interspersed with figure-heads and old guns. These figure-heads are the relics of departed three-deckers and frigates, and though they



TOWING H.M.S. *HOOD* INTO DOCK. (LARGEST TURRET-SHIP IN THE WORLD.)

may have and did look well enough in their original places, they are not pleasant objects to contemplate at close quarters. There is a chamber—or shall I say temple?—specially devoted to these old monsters, and, looking at them as they stand, figure after figure, in a horrible perspective, glaring till the whole place seems full of snakes and demons, one cannot help feeling that the monopoly of quaint joss-house does not lie entirely with Eastern nations. That is, till one remembers all that those glaring old eyes have looked upon, the scenes of valour and glory in which they have taken part. It is a pity that they are kept thus stowed away, though the wonder is that no economical Government

has as yet sold them for firewood. Seeing that they *have* survived, it is a matter of regret that they are not put up in some public place—say Hyde Park—where the memories that they evoke might make the nation remember how the sailors who manned the ships that bore them built up England and made her what she is. There is need enough, for never was there a nation with the sea for its life-blood so devoid of pride or interest in its creators as the English. The navy is sacrificed to party politics, and the end of the chapter will be an awakening too late to the fact that no adequate defence exists for the rights that we have all been scrambling for.

However, this is a description of Chatham Dockyard. The region of figure-heads is soon passed, and a district of huge sheds takes its place. From the mouths of many of these protrude the rams of great vessels being built; along and outside of them runs a little railway track, whereon a small engine, usually crowded with as many dockyardsmen as can get a foothold upon it, travels at break-neck speed. The rails are laid in an iron pathway, which has a curious and little-known history. In the old days every three-decker carried tons and tons of pig-iron as ballast, and the genesis of iron ships found the dock-yards crowded with an immense quantity of pig-iron blocks—veritable white elephants—until some genius hit on the brilliant idea of using them as paving-stones. And so in every dockyard one walks on iron pathways. Hard by the launching-slips are the machinery sheds, steam hammers, and things of that ilk, which I do not propose to write about, as they are dilated on *ad nauseam* by the policeman who takes people round. These policemen are terrible encyclopædias—some of them—and in the matter of tall stories they can give the blue-jacket points without number.

There is a difference, however; for whereas the sailor spins his with humorous intent, the policeman's is the result of an honest endeavour to live up to the reputation for knowledge assigned to him by street-songs and barrel-organs. From his contact with salt water the sailorman's efforts are generally taken *cum grano salis*, but the policeman's account is always believed in as the literal truth; and thus it is that the average citizen returns greatly impressed from a dockyard visit, and initiates his fellows into the mysteries of guns that throw shot of 100 tons in weight, torpedo-boats that dive under ironclads, and, exploding, blow them sky-high in little fragments, and other interesting information of equal value. Such an one once told me that horse marines really existed, as he had been shown in a man-of-war the place where the horses were kept—the policeman who trotted him round having mixed up horses with *hawsers!*

The building-sheds at Chatham open out into the Medway, as do also a couple of small dry-docks hard by them. After a vessel is launched she is taken down the river by tugs, and then drawn up through the basins by wire hawsers, till she reaches the place set apart for her completion. The largest vessels—the *Hood*, for instance, was—are occasionally built in a dry-dock, and when sufficiently advanced, the water is admitted, and they are "floated out." The objection to this is that the dock is rendered useless for a considerable time; but, on the other hand, the risk of damage that always attends the launch of a big vessel is obviated.

The small docks alluded to above do duty for gun-vessels and torpedo-boats; one of them is often full of these last wicked-looking little craft. These are first-class boats, averaging some 125 feet in length; the second-class boats, which are often under seventy feet long, are treated with less ceremony, being taken bodily out of the water and stowed in sheds and around odd corners, until such time as they may be needed as part of the necessary top hamper of a battleship preparing for sea.

Along the river-front, below the launching-slips, lies an old warrior in the shape of the armoured floating battery *Terrible*, which took part in the bombardments of the Crimean War. She belongs to the era of wooden steamships, and represents the birth of the ironclad idea, since which all finality in the matter of type has been lost, though it is possibly nearer now than heretofore.

Second-class torpedo-boats set out from this spot on trips to the Nore and back, for the training of stokers, who have a miserable time of it shut down in these lively little craft. When they have acquired the double art of existing and attending to their duties in these boats, they are reckoned dependable men. It takes some of them a long time to become efficient, and little wonder, for no one yet met a stoker who could be impressed with the horrors of the place where the bad niggers go to.

Beyond the launching-slips lies a great piece of waste land, covered here and there with stacks of coal, timber, old iron, and such like lumber, which one has to pass before coming upon the rest of the yard.

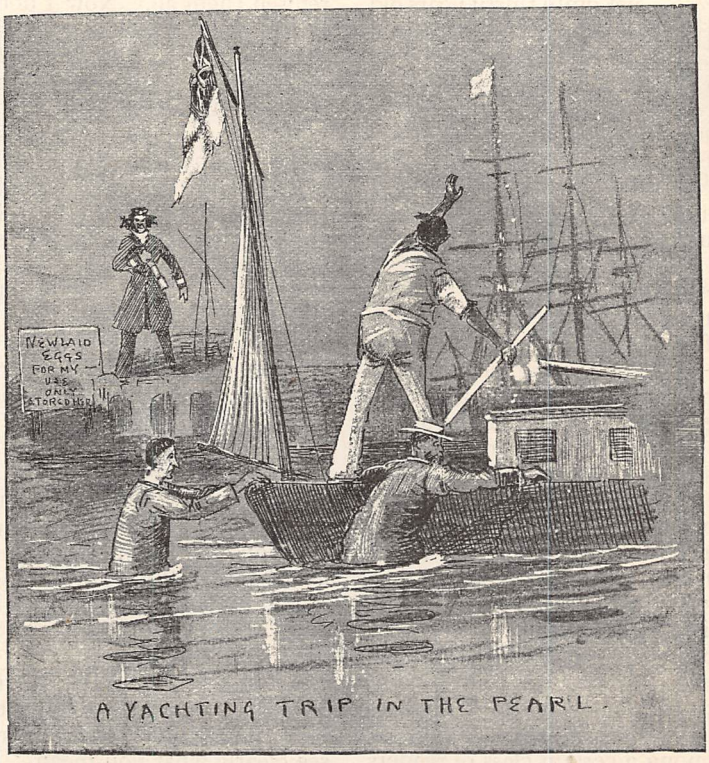
There are in all three large basins—each of them getting on for a mile in circumference—and they are generally crowded

with ships, so crowded at times that there is not room for the vessels all to lie alongside, and they are moored two, or even three, abreast.

Altogether, from forty to fifty ships generally lie at Chatham, some too old and others *too new* for foreign service. It is no uncommon thing for a new vessel to lie for years in the basin, never leaving it save for the annual manœuvres.

The upper basin is devoted principally to vessels completing for sea or refitting; and off this basin all the big dry docks are situated. Here, until recently, could be seen the unfortunate *Howe*, which grounded so badly at Ferrol, the *Empress of India*, and other new vessels. Here, too, I once had the good fortune to see the *Hood*, the largest turret-ship in the world, towed into dry-dock; and an impressive sight it was to see the enormous ironclad—telling out bright against the thundercloud behind, till even her vastness seemed exaggerated—glide silently and slowly into her berth. She was, of course, drawn in by hawsers and steam-power; one turn of her mighty screws would have washed away both dock and spectators.

In the corner of this upper basin for a long time lay the *Northampton*, champion "snug billet" and champion lame duck of the British navy. Just before being put out of commission this ship was sent to look for a wreck in the North Sea, and going full speed under steam and sail, just managed to make three knots an hour. She sighted the wreck once or twice, but it always drifted too fast for the *Northampton* to come up with it! Later, when she came to be docked at Chatham, no less than eighty tons of barnacles and sea-weed were scraped off the ironclad's bottom!



(*From a sketch in a journal published on board H.M.S. "Northampton."*)

She lay in the basin for a good while afterwards, in inglorious repose, and there she was likely to lie till sold as old iron or used as a hulk, though she was not launched longer ago than 1876, being one of the first examples of an armour-belted cruiser—"her speed enabling her to easily escape the swiftest hostile ironclad," etc. etc., as she was described in 1881. We have moved on since then.

However, a use has at length been found for the "good old *Northo*'," and decorated in the most approved spick-and-span man-of-war fashion, she is in commission as a sea-going training-ship for boys who join the Royal Navy at the different ports she visits.

A MODERN VAMPIRE.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

GEORGE MATTHEWS was unquestionably a successful man. He was not yet quite thirty years old, and he was the editor of a widely-circulated London magazine. He had made a reputation as a writer of stories of singular power and originality, and had thereupon followed the example of many other successful writers by founding a magazine of his own. He was proud of his success, and happy in the independence of his position. It was now his turn to accept or reject manuscripts; and, instead of waiting for the slow decision of editors, and the slower payments of publishers, he printed his own stories, and drew his pay whenever he pleased. He was unmarried, and his income was much larger than his necessities. He was in perfect health, with the exception that his nerves were beginning to remonstrate against excessive smoking and the hard work of earlier years. This, however, was a small matter, and Matthews would not have changed places with any man in London.

He was sitting in his office one day when the messenger told him that a lady desired to see him. He looked at her card and recognised the name of a writer whose stories were popular among a certain class of readers, and who had sent several manuscripts to him, all of which he had been compelled to reject. He felt that an unpleasant quarter of an hour was at hand, but he at once told the messenger to show the visitor in. He had expected to find her a middle-aged woman, either angular and acrid or stout and obstinate. To his surprise, Miss Vaughan was young and beautiful. Not only was she beautiful, but there was an expression in her large dark eyes that seemed to dominate him in a way wholly new to his experience. He could not quite understand the effect that she produced upon him, but he recognised that she was a woman who, if she asked a question, could not be met with an evasive answer. "If she asks me why I did not take her stories," he swiftly thought, "I shall have to tell her the truth, and then look out for squalls."

"I do not want to take up your time," she began, "and I know I have no right to question you, but you can be of great help to me if you will answer me a single question."

"I shall be most happy to be of any possible service to you," Matthews replied.

"I have sent you five stories, and you have refused them all. Now I don't for an instant doubt that you were right in so doing, but elsewhere I have found no difficulty in selling my stories. Will you tell me why you did not take any of the five?"

For a moment Matthews was about to make the usual reply, that he had declined Miss Vaughan's stories partly because they were not quite the sort of thing he needed, and partly because he was so well provided with stories that he was buying scarcely any. But she was looking straight at him, and he could not take his eyes from hers or tell her what was essentially untrue.

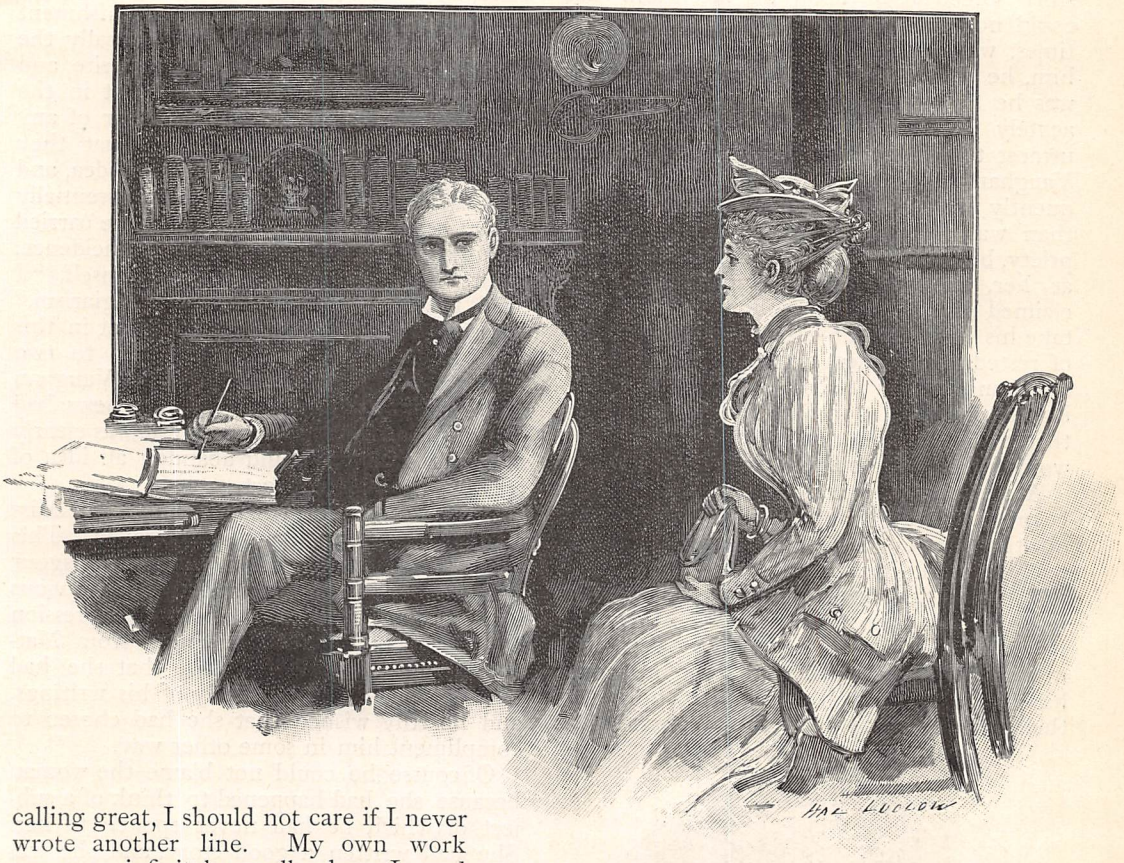
"I declined them," he answered, "because they were commonplace in conception. You write remarkably well, for a woman, and if you had a story to tell, you would tell it in an unexceptionable way; but I have never found in any of your stories a plot that was fresh, or a character that was a creation. I hate to speak brutally, but you asked me for the truth, and you have it."

He had expected to see his visitor flush with anger, but she accepted his frankness with perfect serenity.

"I think you must be right," she said presently. "I have often felt that my stories were good hack-work, but nothing more. I see clearly what you mean. I know my plots are commonplace, and I have tried hundreds of times to invent one that would be new and striking, but I never succeed. Tell me: can I ever learn to create? You can do it, and that is the reason why your stories fascinate me."

"Thank you very much," replied Matthews. "I wish I could help you, but I cannot see how that would be possible. I can only suggest that you try to look at things from a point of view different from that taken by all the rest of the world. Perhaps that will help you to find new ideas. But why are you dissatisfied? Your stories are in nearly all the magazines, and I am sure that where I have one reader you have ten. Is not your success enough to satisfy you?"

"Mr. Matthews," she replied earnestly, "I want to write something that I can be proud of. I want to get rid of this feeling, that I am always just outside of the line of true genius, and cannot get within it. If I could write one story that you could not help



"YOU ASKED ME FOR THE TRUTH, AND YOU HAVE IT."

calling great, I should not care if I never wrote another line. My own work seems so infinitely small when I read yours. You have shown me what is the matter with my stories. If I were to see you, and talk with you now and then, might I not get some glimpse of the way out of my miserable, commonplace, suburban-villa habit of mind?"

Matthews was still young enough to find flattery welcome, and flattery from a beautiful woman had the additional charm of novelty. Moreover, he felt that he had spoken to Miss Vaughan of her stories in a way that must have wounded her, however skilfully she concealed the wound. He answered her promptly and warmly.

"My dear Miss Vaughan, there is nothing that would give me greater pleasure than to meet you frequently. I cannot believe that my poor conversational powers will be of any benefit to you; but if you will kindly permit me to call upon you, you will certainly be of very great help to a tired, and probably tiresome, man."

A few days later Matthews called on Miss Vaughan. He had had a tiresome and unsatisfactory day. A story which, when he had first thought of it, seemed full of possibilities, refused to shape itself into a satisfactory ending. He did not like to abandon the story completely, and he would not put pen to paper until he knew precisely what he meant to write. He had spent hours in thinking intently on the subject, but without achieving any result. At last he resolved to dismiss, if possible, the matter from his mind for that day, and pass an hour with Miss Vaughan.

Before he reached her door the true ending of his story flashed upon him, and with a light heart he met his new acquaintance. He was still more contented by the warmth with which he was received.

The conversation was chiefly of literary matters: of books, authors, and methods of work. Matthews, finding himself suddenly thrust into the position of confidential adviser to a young and exceedingly handsome woman, was pleased with the situation. He gave her the best advice he could command, and even promised to read and revise her manuscripts. All the time, however, his own

story forced itself upon his attention. He could not put it out of his mind. Several times, while Miss Vaughan was speaking to him, he forgot to listen to her, so intently was he thinking of his own work. He was acutely conscious of this, and tried his utmost to confine his attention to what Miss Vaughan was saying. With this view he frequently fixed his eyes on hers, more intently than was quite in keeping with strict propriety, but, oddly enough, the more he looked at her, the more that impertinent story claimed his attention. When he rose up to take his leave he felt curiously tired, instead of rested. Doubtless it was the result of the annoyance which he had experienced earlier in the day, but it was certainly improbable that a call on an attractive and entertaining woman should have tired him.

A week went by. Matthews had not yet begun to write his story, owing to a pressure of other work. He was, however, at last ready to begin it, and he had just seated himself at his desk for that purpose when he received a manuscript from Miss Vaughan. Regretting his rash promise to read her manuscripts, and wondering how he could have been so weak as to make it, he nevertheless resolved to read the manuscript at once, and so make an end of the matter. As he read page after page his astonishment steadily grew. The story was virtually the same one that he had intended to write, and yet he could swear that he had not in the most distant manner spoken of it, or of any part of it, to Miss Vaughan. That they should both have hit upon the same idea, and that she should have carried it out essentially in the same way that he would have carried it out himself, was a marvellous coincidence. "After this," said Matthews to himself, "I shall never accuse any man of plagiarism." There could be no possible doubt that in this case the same story had occurred to two minds almost simultaneously. Miss Vaughan had written her story before Matthews had begun his own, and as a result it was clearly necessary that he should abandon all idea of treating the same subject.

He was also surprised to find that Miss Vaughan's style had greatly improved. This story was written with a masculine vigour which he had never found in her previous stories, and there were tricks of expression which she had evidently caught from Matthews himself. He felt sure that she had been making a diligent study of his writings, and heartily wished that she had chosen to compliment him in some other way.

Of course he could not blame the woman because she had happened to think of a subject of which he had never spoken to her. She had written a good story, and she was entitled to all the credit for it. He at once wrote to her, accepting the story for publication in his magazine. He made no allusion to the resemblance between what Miss Vaughan had done and what he had intended to do. Any such allusion would have done no good, and could hardly have failed to annoy her.

During the next six months Matthews saw Miss Vaughan very frequently. A warm friendship sprang up between them. There was nothing of sentiment in this friendship. The man and the woman were simply comrades, united by common tastes and common interests. It soon became wholly unnecessary for him to supervise his friend's manuscript. Her stories were, as Matthews cheerfully acknowledged, quite as good as anything he had ever written, and their resemblance to the work that he had formerly done was startling. Three times the same coincidence of ideas occurred, and each time Miss Vaughan wrote a story which Matthews had intended to write. In every case the coincidence between the

"THEN SHE WENT BACK TO HER WRITING.

written and the unwritten story was nearly perfect.

The first time this had occurred, Matthews had resolved never to speak to Miss Vaughan of any literary project of his own, and he had kept this resolution with the utmost fidelity. Yet three times the stories that he thought he alone had invented, were also invented independently and apparently simultaneously by his comrade. Once he ventured to speak of the matter to her, but it gave her so much distress that he was filled with remorse, and he hastened to convince her that he had been only joking.

It was not long before Matthews found himself wholly unable to write. If his ideas flowed as freely as of old when he began a story, he presently thought: "What if Miss Vaughan is writing the same thing!" and the thought seemed to paralyse his imagination. He would sit for hours, gazing at his unspotted papers, and waiting in vain for the impulse which formerly had never failed to spur him on. Moreover, he felt habitually tired, and it was evident to him that his strength was failing steadily. He consulted a doctor, who told him that his disease was nothing more than a slight weariness of the nerves, due doubtless to overwork, and that it need cause him no uneasiness.

Matthews could not feel confident that the doctor was right, for he was quite certain that he had not overworked himself at any time during the last three years, and that during the last few months he had done hardly any work whatever. However, he took the doctor's remedies, but they did him no good. His spirits as well as his health gave way. He became hypochondriacal, and life seemed a burden to him. Then his memory grew weaker, and in great alarm he went to an eminent specialist in brain diseases, expecting to be told that he was far advanced on the road to the madhouse.

This second doctor assured him that his brain was, as yet, perfectly sound, but that graver symptoms might at any time manifest themselves. Matthews was ordered to abandon all work, and to give himself as much diversion as possible. He smiled grimly to himself as he went away from the doctor's room. How was a man in his condition of mind to divert himself? His life was in his work, and now he found himself unable to write anything whatever. Ideas still came to his brain, but they seemed to pass away again before he could shape them to any purpose.

That evening he spent with Miss Vaughan. She was as kind to him as she had always been, and sincerely solicitous as to his health. She urged him to go away from London, and to make a long journey; the longer the better. She said that the loss of his companionship would be a very serious loss to her, but that she was certain that what he needed was immediate and successive change of scene.

He said little in reply to her, but sat for the most part silent, wondering whether insane people were conscious of their insanity, and in what particular form insanity would come upon him. When he rose up to go he said:—

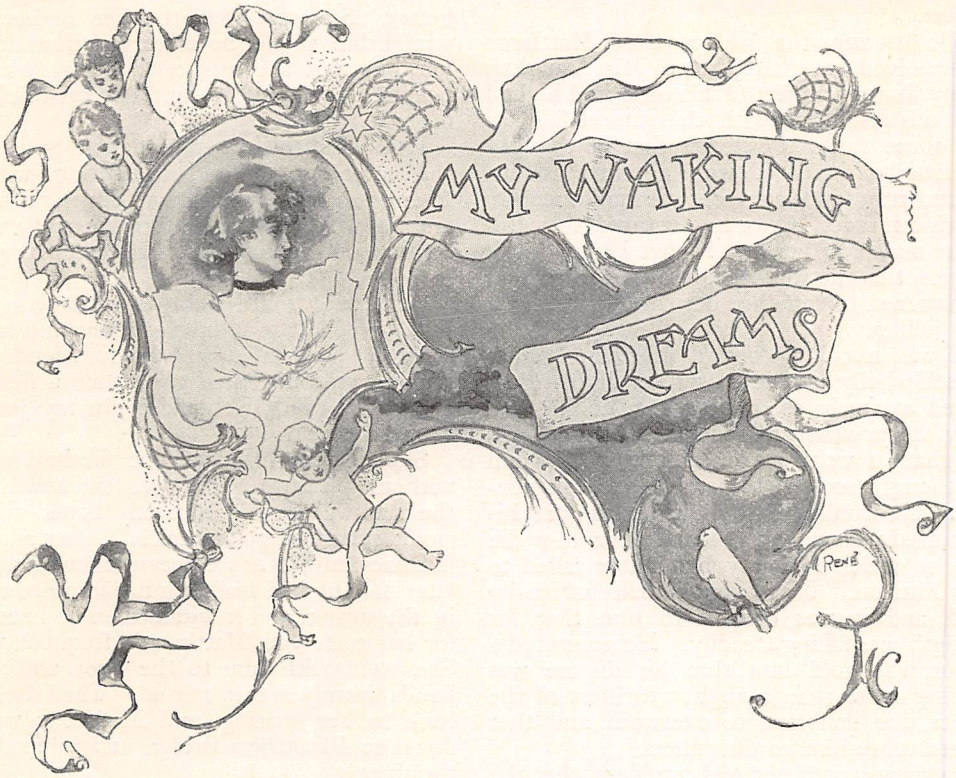
"You are quite right in what you have said. I will take a long journey, and take it at once. We have been good friends, and if you would not mind giving me a first and only kiss I think I should begin my journey in better spirits."

She kissed him without hesitation and without pleasure. She was sincerely sorry the man was ill, and earnestly hoped that he would return in good health. After all, their intimacy might as well cease then as a little later, for she had made up her mind to marry in the spring, and it would then be necessary for her to forego Matthews's frequent visits. She went with him to the door, and shook hands warmly as they parted. Then she went back to her writing, and Matthews walked down to Blackfriars Bridge and jumped into the river.

His body was never found, and his mysterious disappearance was a sensation in London for several days. His place was quickly filled by someone else, and in a year he was wholly forgotten, except by Miss Vaughan's enemies. These never forgot to say that while Matthews was living Miss Vaughan wrote capital stories in precisely his own vein, but that from the day of his disappearance she never wrote a single story that was worth reading.

"What that means, my dear," was the frequent remark of a particularly vicious old lady, "it is not very difficult to see."

But Miss Vaughan's enemies were wrong in so far as they meant to hint that Matthews had written the stories that passed under her name. They might have made an infinitely graver charge against her, had they known all the facts—a charge that would have been believed with readiness in the middle ages, but which the average man of the nineteenth century would scout as an impossibility. There is no reason to believe that she knew what she was doing during those days when Matthews's mental powers were passing into her possession. Had she known it, she would have deserved the punishment which mediæval superstition reserved for convicted vampires.



Words by A. W. BURKE. *Music by* F. PEEL, Mus. B., Oxon.

VOICE.

PIANO.

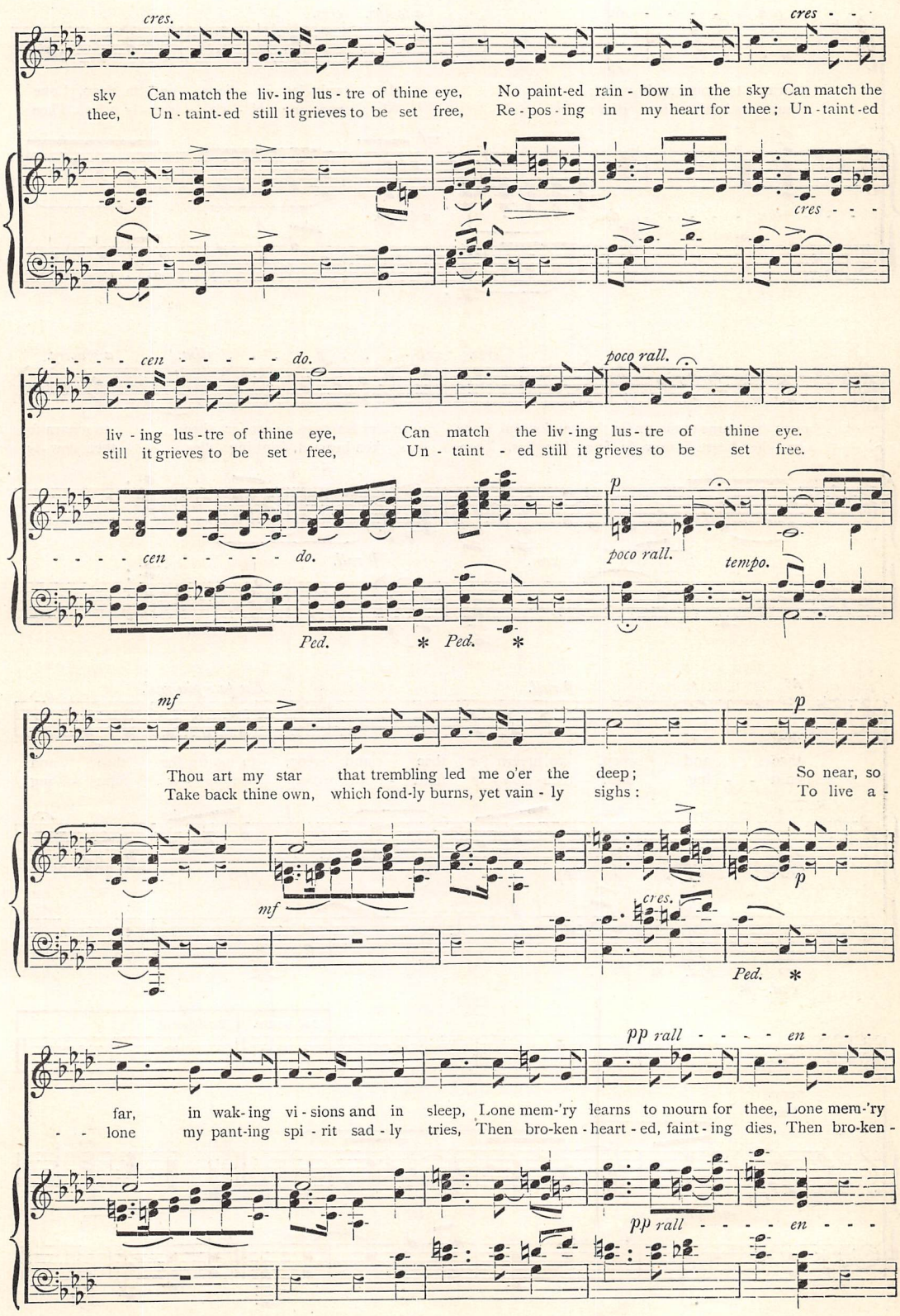
Andante. *p* *p* *cres.*

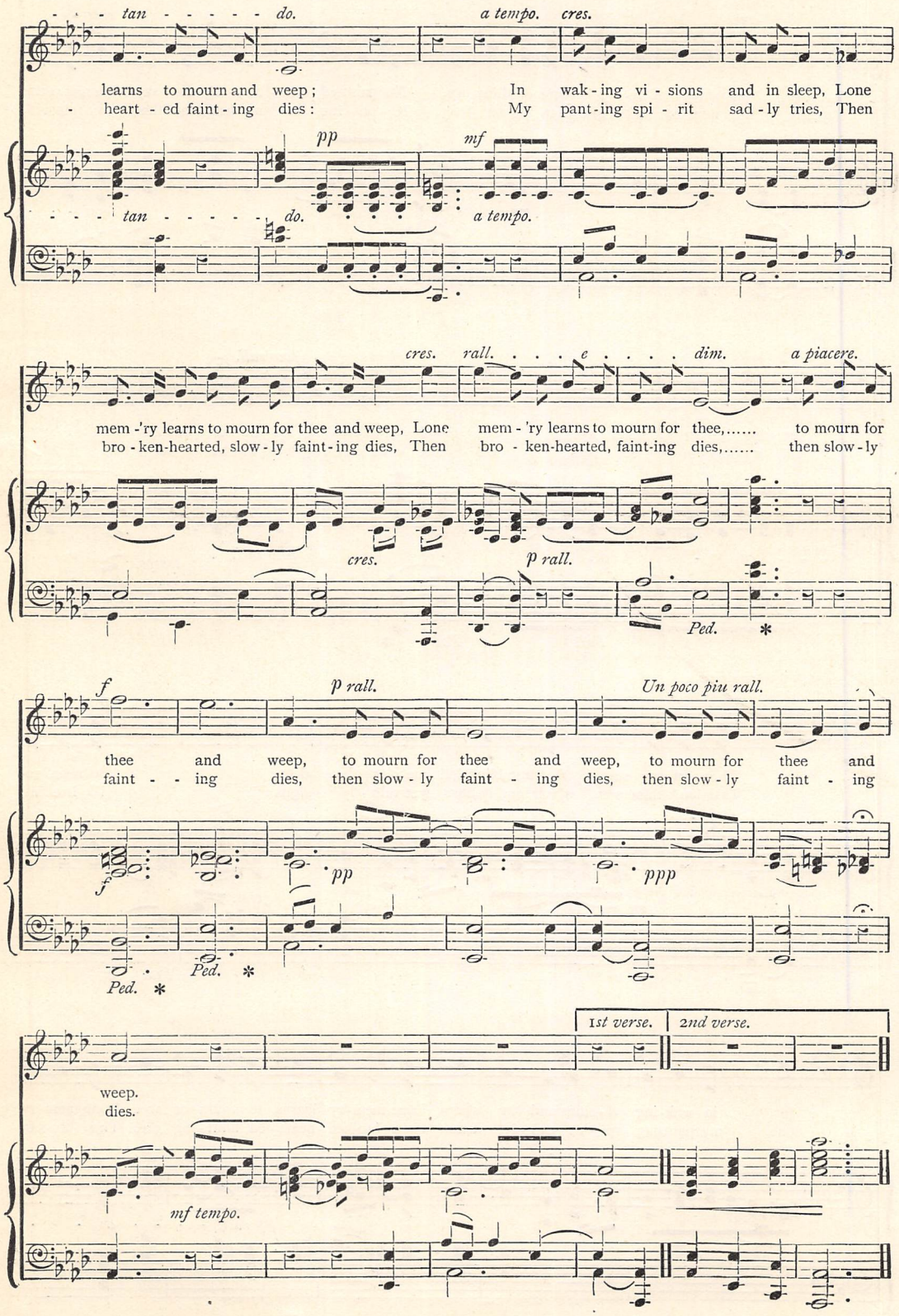
1. My wak-ing dreams of beau - ty
2. The wak-ing bliss that from mine

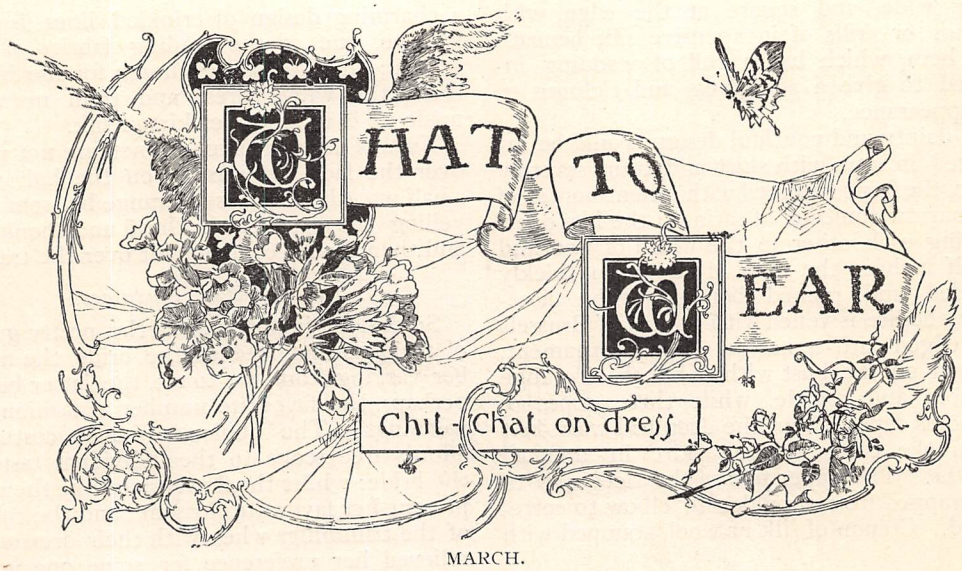
Tranquillo.

cres. *dim.*

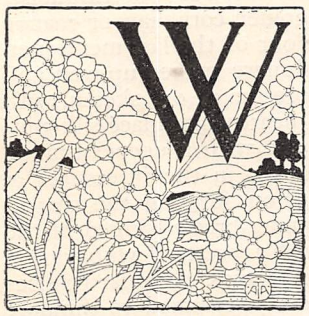
soft - ly fade and die: To me it seems no paint - ed rain - bow in the
eye - lid streams may see Thy part- ing kiss re - pos - ing in my heart for


cres.
cres - - -
sky Can match the liv- ing lus - tre of thine eye, No paint-ed rain - bow in the sky Can match the
thee, Un - taint-ed still it grieves to be set free, Re - pos - ing in my heart for thee; Un - taint - ed
cres - - -
- - - - cen - - - - - do.
poco rall.
liv - ing lus - tre of thine eye, Can match the liv - ing lus - tre of thine eye.
still it grieves to be set free, Un - taint - ed still it grieves to be set free.
p
- - - - cen - - - - - do.
poco rall.
tempo.
Ped. * Ped. *
mf
p
Thou art my star that trembling led me o'er the deep; So near, so
Take back thine own, which fond-ly burns, yet vain - ly sighs: To live a -
mf
cres.
p
Ped. *
pp rall - - - - en - - -
far, in wak- ing vi - sions and in sleep, Lone mem-'ry learns to mourn for thee, Lone mem-'ry
- - lone my pant-ing spi - rit sad - ly tries, Then bro-ken - heart - ed, faint - ing dies, Then bro-ken -
pp rall - - - - en - - -


tan do.
a tempo.
cres.
learns to mourn and weep; In wak-ing vi-sions and in sleep, Lone
heart-ed faint-ing dies: My pant-ing spi-rit sad-ly tries, Then
pp
mf
tan do.
a tempo.
cres.
rall. e dim.
a piacere.
mem-'ry learns to mourn for thee and weep, Lone mem-'ry learns to mourn for thee,..... to mourn for
bro-ken-hearted, slow-ly faint-ing dies, Then bro-ken-hearted, faint-ing dies,..... then slow-ly
cres.
p rall.
Ped.
f
p rall.
Un poco piu rall.
thee and weep, to mourn for thee and weep, to mourn for thee and
faint-ing dies, then slow-ly faint-ing dies, then slow-ly faint-ing
f
pp
ppp
Ped.
Ped.
1st verse.
2nd verse.
weep.
dies.
mf tempo.



MARCH.



WHEN the merry sunbeams chase each other across the tender green of the young grass, "with daisies powdered over," we are right willing to acknowledge that the Spring is with us, and that before us stretches the vista of Summer. This being a favourite season of the year for our gentler daughters to don their bridal attire to celebrate the great event of their lives, I dedicate to them my chat on dress this month.

The first question to be decided is what shall be the chosen material—whether satin, silk, or crépon, each well worn and fashionable ; whichever it be, let it bear the impress of the present date in its *pearly* whiteness: a tint of less warmth than the old cream-white, and far more becoming than dead chalk-white. Trimmings consist of ribbons of satin, or taffeta with satin edge, relieving the severity of the design with bows of loops set squarely, or in rosette shape, with long pendent ends linking the several bows from shoulder across the bodice down the left side of the skirt to the hem, as shown in our sketch. If the bride, or her mother, be the happy possessor of a piece of real old lace, this will prove a fortunate opportunity to utilise it, at the bidding of the old adage that a bride should wear "Something new and something old," etc. Arrange this lace as a rever crossing the figure from left to right, and clasp with a knot of orange blossoms, myrtle and white heather, at the bust and on the shoulder with a bow ; bows so placed are at present much worn. Smaller pieces of the lace would effectively ornament the cuffs.

Bodices are devised invisibly fastening; this is effected in our design by the fulness of the satin vest concealing the centre fastening, and the folded half of the bodice crossing over to the left side, where the ribbons that edge it terminate in a large bow. If the figure is slight, the skirt may be worn over the bodice ; but if otherwise, it would add to the dimensions, and be fatal to elegance. At the back the satin is drawn over the close-fitting lining, any slight fulness that may occur at the waist being drawn down into the folded ribbon girdle. Bodices are cut long on the shoulders, and wide across the back from armhole to armhole ; whilst the sleeves, although large, are not worn of extreme dimensions by women of good taste, our sweet Princess of Wales herself heading the list. The whole success of the skirt depends upon the novel cut and set, although the modernness thus attained is but the revival of a style worn half a century since revised and improved. The skirt is close-fitting to the waist, even the full pipe-shaped pleats at the back tapering to the smallest possible amount of fulness, and the hem, stiffened with muslin, sets out widely—a becoming style when not too extreme. The trained back is moderately

long, wide, and square at the edge, with ruches or frills of inexpensive silk beneath the hem, which has a roll of wadding inserted to give a roundness and richness to its appearance.

A dainty and youthful design would be arranged in satin with skirt and train severely plain, the front trimmed with a hem border of the narrow rouleaux of satin on the bias overlapping each other to the width of two and a half inches—the hem of the train thickly wadded and ruched beneath. The close-fitting bodice is veiled with a fichu of Brussels net edged with a narrow line of ornament, clasped on the bust with a bunch of orange blossom and myrtle, while three ropes of blossoms depend from the deep frill waist-belt down the centre of the skirt in unequal lengths. The upper puff of the sleeves is to be strapped from shoulder to elbow to correspond. Crépon of silk or wool, stamped with a charming design of crinkled lines, is, and will be, one of the leading fabrics of the season; should this be chosen for the bridal dress, the whole dress and train must be made up over an underskirt of silk.

Veils of lace or Brussels net are not worn over the face, but clasped on the hair with a half wreath of sprays of orange blossom, and veiling the back of the head and shoulders, and thence with centre point over the train.

Bridesmaids' Costumes.

Second in importance is the pretty group of maidens that attends the bride, the number varying from two to six, the latter being, perhaps, the favourite number at fashionable weddings. The choice of their costumes affords free scope to the individual taste of the bride; whilst the flowers worn by them represent her favourite blossom; and the colour of the trimmings wherewith their dresses are relieved her preference for some one jewel, either sapphire, emerald, ruby, or turquoise, or it may be the golden cornelian or mauve amethyst. The colour of the last mentioned in face-cloth or cashmere makes up well and becomingly to the design of our sketch, with vest and sleeves of pearl-white glacé silk pin-spotted with gold, and with a deeper tone of mauve velvet appearing in the interstices of gold and crystal galon forming the shaped epaulettes and shoulder-braces fringed at the ends, and studded with a rosette of white violets and their pale green leaves. Similar rosettes of this sweet floweret, perfumed to simulate Nature, fasten the full box-pleated neck ruche of chiffon, also the silk waistbelt and cuffs. With few seams the bodice is arranged to fasten down the centre of the front, and afterwards the cashmere lower half crosses to the left brace, where it fastens, also beneath the arm, invisibly. The skirt is of the fashionable type, with gored widths setting out at the stiffened hem, which is edged with a narrow roll of the cloth on the bias slightly wadded. The dainty muffs, carried in lieu of bouquets, are composed of silk chiffon and flowers. The hats are large, with brims wide in front of white beaver, ornamented with a beautiful plume mauve in colour, set squarely across the front, a fringe of violets interspersed with rosettes of chiffon around the low crown and beneath the brim at the back. This style is peculiarly becoming to youthful faces.

Many brides adopt the style of their bridesmaids' costumes to their own use for a going-away dress.

BRIDE'S GOWN.

BRIDESMAID'S COSTUME.

The one we have been considering would look charming for such a purpose, made in dove-grey cloth and white silk, closely powdered with tiny crystals; the cloth stamped out in a conventional design and appliqué on to pink silk for the braces, and epaulettes finished with handsome buttons of cut steel or ornaments of cord and crystals in place of the flowers. Accompanying the costume is a stylish cape reaching a little below the waist, in cloth lined with pink cut on the round, hanging in extreme fulness at the edge, with high collar bordered with white or grey ostrich feather trimming, and a wide grey satin ribbon bow made with four loops and two short ends setting quite squarely, clasping the cape together at the throat. A pretty toque would to many faces be more becoming than the large hat. It should have a crown of white violets bordered with grey velvet or feather trimming, a gold aigrette erect in front and a square bow across the hair at the back, centred with an ornament or comb of brilliant jet or paste.

The gloves should be white, and the muff made to the design of those carried by the bridesmaids, trimmed with ribbon bow and flowers, but having the frill in cloth gathered and pounced out at the edge in a design to match the bodice trimming.

Picture Frock for a Child.

Pages and flower-maidens have long been in requisition at weddings, and greatly add to the charm and beauty of the ceremony; equally fascinating are the little "picture frocks" for the tiny maidens. An example of these

BRIDESMAID'S FROCK, FROM MESSRS. LIBERTY & CO.
(*From a photograph by Walery, Ltd., Regent Street, W.*)

is here portrayed, made in a shimmering satin of pink brocade, and pale leaf green satin for the sleeves and vest: note the square shape of this last. That, and the quaint short waist are

MATRON'S COSTUME.

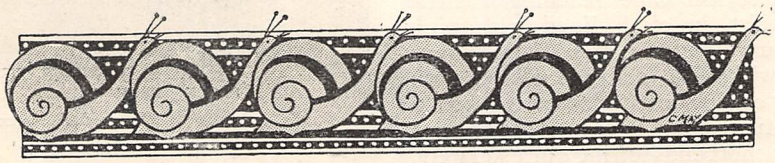
two features in the best designs. The little skirt reaches to the shoes, which peep out showing the tint of the green satin whereof they are made.

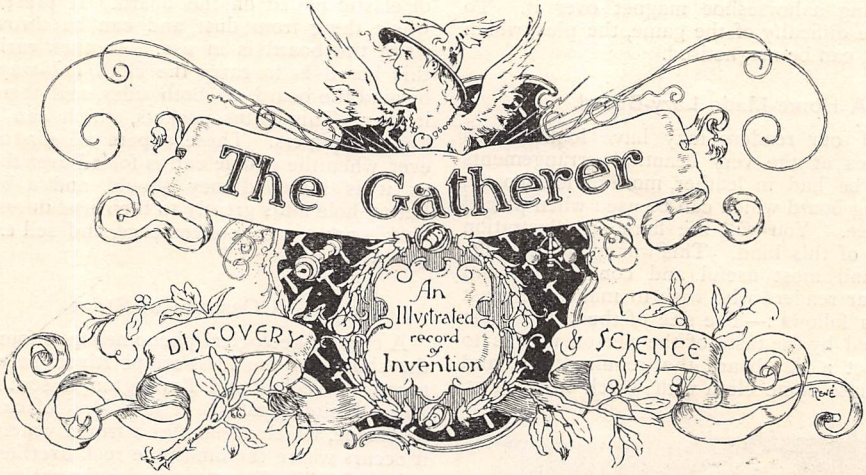
Long gloves of suède, either white or pale pink, meet the elbow sleeves, and a little green velvet cap is worn fitting close to the head and lined with pink, fastened with tiny roses behind the ears. Baskets of roses, or horseshoes arranged with flowers or tiny posies, are carried by these sweet little maidens.

Matrons' Reception Gowns.

Ornate and handsome without stint of material, and richness of colouring are the indispensable requisites of a matron's gown; the more elaborate the design, the more to be commended. Satin, especially black, brocades, rich silks, and handsome mixtures of silk woven with wool are materials employed for reception gowns and weddings; the trimmings consisting of glistening jet, paillette besprinkled galons, and feather borderings. In the accompanying sketch is depicted an elegant gown of dark green silk ribbed with black, the wide front width of the skirt tapering to the waist, outlined with black galon and iridescent paillettes in dark magenta. At either side is inserted a panel of dark green velvet pointed from the waist, the back widths of the material arranged in well shaped pleats. The tight-fitting vest forms a square on the shoulders, to the centre of the back, and is made in green velvet covered with a close design in black gleaming with the jet and magenta paillettes. The long points of the over-bodice are bordered with feather trimming finished at points with an ornament of jet, the same ornaments repeated down the centre of the cloven puff at the upper portion of the sleeves. The bonnet is black, with coronet of shaded magenta roses and green velvet wings at each side. Dark blue relieved with trimmings of jet and black velvet with geraniums ornamenting the bonnet has a decidedly stylish appearance. A. Ll. Griffiths.

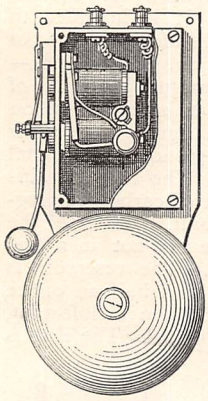
Cut paper patterns for making costumes from the original designs illustrated in this article may be had, cut to the sender's measurements, for one shilling and sixpence each. Application should be made to the Author of "Chit-Chat on Dress," care of the Editor of Cassell's Magazine, *La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.*





Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in THE GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

A Watertight Electric Bell.



On ships and in railway stations, mines, and other exposed localities electric bells are apt to become wet, and cease to operate, owing to the leakage of the electricity; but in the bell we illustrate the works are confined in a watertight case of metal. As a consequence, the bell works out of doors in all weathers, and even under water. The figure shows a six-inch bell with a part of the case removed, to exhibit the electro-magnets which actuate the hammer.

Kendir.

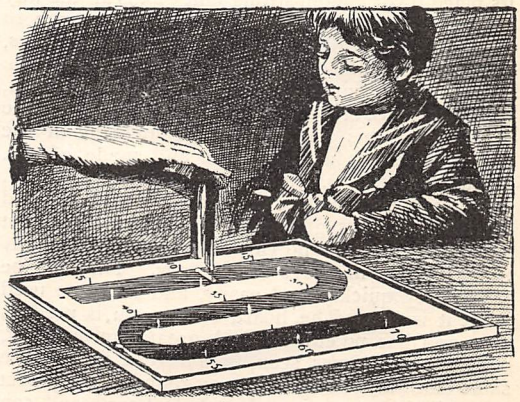
"Kendir" is the name given by the Tartars of Central Asia, east of the Caspian, to a plant which flourishes by the watercourses, but also grows in dry places, and furnishes a very strong supple fibre. Twine and cloths are made from it by the Tartars; and a French traveller, M. Blanc, having brought home specimens, it is to be tried as a textile plant in Algeria. We may add that M. Blanc has also brought to Europe a species of cotton which grows in Central Asia, and has the merit of enduring a low temperature without harm.

Volcanic Stalactites.

In a recent GATHERER we described an eruption of the crater lake of Kilauea, in the island of Hawaii. Now a later observer has recorded an effect of the eruption, which is not unlike the formation of stalagmites and stalactites in limestone caverns. Fluid lava, when shot into the air, becomes porous; and when, in falling to the ground, it forms a cave underneath, the porous roof of the cave sometimes allows a fresh deposit of liquid lava to trickle through, and solidify in irregular jets hanging from the ceiling of the cave or standing on the floor. These volcanic warts, as we may call them, are usually brittle, hollow, and porous. Their colour is black or brown, and they consist largely of felspar, augite, magnetite, and other volcanic minerals, but their surfaces are often crusted with selenite.

A Magnetic Game.

A simple but interesting magnetic game can be played by young and old with the board which we illustrate. The object of the game is to make the small roller pass from one end to the other of the course marked on the board in the form of an S, without its touching the little pins at the side. The roller is of iron, and the player moves

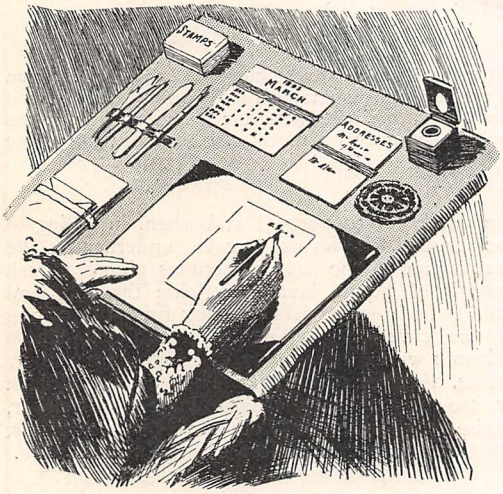


A MAGNETIC GAME.

it by holding a horseshoe magnet over it. To increase the difficulty of the game, the pins, which are of steel, can be magnetised.

A Home-Made Lazy-Board.

Many of our readers may have looked with longing eyes at the very beautiful arrangements which can be had in leather, more or less costly, for a writing board which can be used when placed on the knee. You will see here an illustration of a board of this kind. This was made at home, and is found most useful and convenient; and those of our readers who wish to make one must proceed as follows :—The size of the board must be regulated by the taste of the person who is to use it. Get a flat board the required size, and then purchase some cloth with which to cover it.



A HOME MADE LAZY-BOARD.

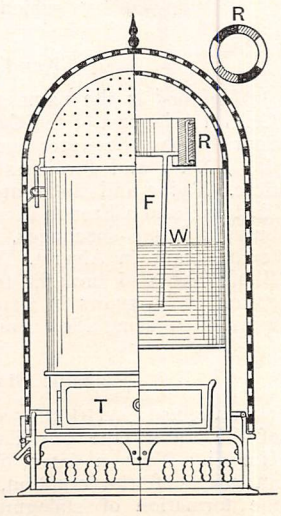
Of course, the wood must be well seasoned, or it will warp, and thus spoil the whole thing. Cloth is preferable to serge or felt, and if you get it the width to accord with our measurement of the board, you can manage it economically. Stretch the cloth well over the board, back and front, and secure it in its place by driving in strong fancy nails all the way round. If you cannot get nails strong enough to hold the cloth firmly, then use small furniture tacks, and these should be the exact colour of the cloth. The straps required to hold paper, address book, calendar, pens, etc., should be nailed down. Elastic is good for this purpose, but it must be of the very best, about an inch wide and made of silk. A box for stamps, blotting pad, spring inkstand, and penwiper are all to be fixed on the board, and for these articles glue is necessary. Gum is not sufficiently strong, and carpenter's glue is the only thing which will prove satisfactory. This can be made very quickly and easily, and must be used while it is hot. The board before you is used as it is, and has no covering. A great improvement, which is sometimes seen, is to have a flap of the same cloth fastened all the way round the farthest side. This comes over the whole board, and can be secured by a button sewn on to it and a loop of elastic nailed on the board. It preserves the whole thing from dust, and can be thrown back when the board is in use. Another variation of this board is to carry the cloth half-way further beyond the board on both sides, and then double it over. This forms pockets, which can hold all kinds of papers. These papers all slip out, however, when the double end is folded over the board, as it is intended they should, and a button or button-hole adds greatly to their usefulness. These boards are a great convenience, and sell extremely well at bazaars

A Cascade of Stone.

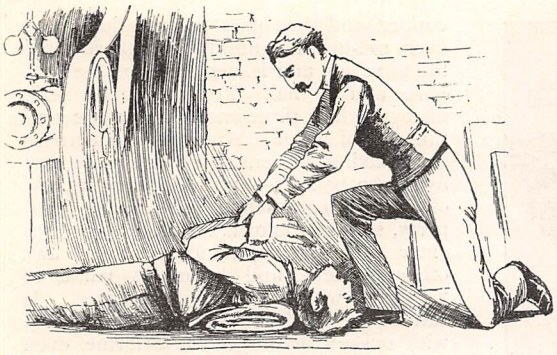
A curious geological phenomenon is found along the shores of the Mississippi River, between the towns of Keokuk and Burlington, in south-eastern Iowa, United States. It is a kind of cascade of limestone, which resembles a frozen waterfall, and it occurs where the limestone rock overlies beds of soft shale. The limestone under the action of water overflows the shale and forms a curtain of stalactites in the open air.

The Beehive Deodoriser.

Our engraving shows a neat and simple stove or vaporiser for sanitary purposes, which has been invented by Mr. J. Wilson for use in homes, offices, and hospitals. It is intended to diffuse the aromatic and disinfecting oils of eucalyptus, pine trees, and so on, or perfumes—such as lavender. The apparatus is made of metal, and consists of a tray (T) seen in section on the right-hand side of the figure, a reservoir (W) into which a funnel (F) descends, and a metal ring (R) covered with flannel. The tray contains a "chemical heater," or block of carbon impregnated with an oxygenated salt. To use the deodoriser this block is made red-hot in a fire, and then put into the tray. The reservoir is charged with a pint of water, and half an ounce of the essential oil, employed as a disinfectant, is poured into it through the funnel. The ring is further saturated with the oil, or with a perfume, if desired, and placed in position round the mouth of the funnel. The heat of the block vaporises the water, and the steam, mingled with the vapour of the disinfectant, issues through the holes in the case of the apparatus, and sheds itself throughout the room or house. As the block retains its heat for eight hours, the deodoriser requires no care during the night; and as there is no flame, there is no danger of fire. The vapours of eucalyptus, pines, and other trees



THE BEEHIVE DEODORISER.



THE TREATMENT FOR ELECTRIC SHOCKS.—FIG. 1.

are remedies for consumption and other diseases, and patients are sometimes sent abroad to pine-woods at much expense and inconvenience; but this vaporiser brings the virtue of the trees into the home. It is inexpensive and simple, and has been highly recommended by medical authorities of the highest standing.

An Electric Pencil.

In retouching photographs the pencil only marks well if "stippled," and hence the following electrical device for giving a small reciprocating motion to its point. By means of a little electro-magnet, excited by an electric current brought to the tool by insulated wires, the pencil is rapidly vibrated, like the hammer of an electric bell of the "trembling" type. In this way the point is made to act with a tremor, and the whole instrument being light in the hand, the retouching is delicate.

Electricity and Paper Pulp.

In Sweden paper pulp is now bleached in a solution of the chlorides of the alkalies or alkaline earths, and a current of electricity passed through the bath from carbon plates. In about half-an-hour the bath and pulp is emptied into another vat and the bleaching process allowed to finish of itself.

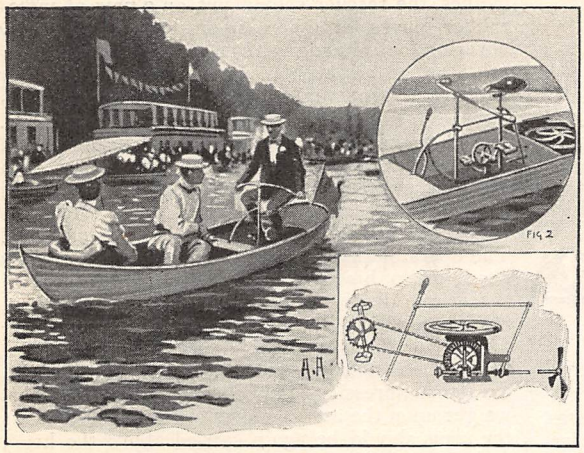
The Treatment for Electric Shocks.

Messrs. Alabaster, Gatehouse, and Co., proprietors of the *Electrical Review*, have issued a series of hints for the use of establishments where there is a danger of persons receiving an accidental shock of electricity. In many cases death is only apparent, and every effort should be made to resuscitate the victim by the method of artificial respiration now applied to drowned persons, or those who have been shot in the brain. As accidents of the kind happen every now and then, even on the streets, the directions given cannot be too well known, and they are based on the researches of eminent authorities—for instance, Drs. D'Arsonval, Goelet, Hedley, and Lewis Jones. When the victim is found still grasping the wire which has given him the shock, or even touching it with his body, he must not be seized, as there is danger of the rescuer getting a shock. Before taking hold of him, even by his clothes, the rescuer should put on a pair of india-rubber gloves, or otherwise insulate his body by covering his hands with a thick layer of dry rags, or, at all events, *dry* clothing. A doctor should be sent for at once; but, pending his arrival, the artificial respiration should proceed. For this the victim must be laid on his back, and his clothes loosened. A roll made of a coat, or anything else that is convenient, should be placed under his shoulders, so as to prop the spine and allow the head to hang backwards. The operator should then kneel behind the victim's head, grasp his arms by the elbows, and draw them well over the head, so as to bring them almost together above it, and hold them there for two or three seconds. Then he should carry them down to the sides and front of the chest, firmly compressing the chest by throwing his weight upon the arms. After two or three seconds the arms should be again carried above the head, and the operation repeated at the rate of sixteen times a minute. In addition to the foregoing treatment, if there is an assistant at hand, the tongue of the victim should be gripped with the aid of a cloth, and drawn out forcibly during the act of inspiration—that is to say, when the arms are extended above the head. When the arms are brought down the tongue is permitted to recede into the mouth. This manipulation is to be repeated rhythmically with the movement of the arms. It should be borne in mind, moreover, that in order to be successful these operations must be carried out with vigour, method, and deliberation, and not with excitement, haste, or irregularity. These efforts to induce breathing must be kept up until the full and normal respiration is restored, or until it is absolutely certain that life is extinct; and it is stated by Dr. Goelet that one cannot feel sure of this, unless the treatment has been applied for at least an hour. According to Dr. Hedley, the attempts of bystanders to pour stimulants down the throat of the victim should be resisted until a medical man arrives. Oxygen gas, if it can be made to enter the lungs in breathing, is a stimulant to the heart; but this and other remedies had best be administered by a skilled person.

THE TREATMENT FOR ELECTRIC SHOCKS.—FIG. 2.

Crystals in Books.

According to Mr. A. T. Tait, the pretty dendritic crystals which are found in the pages of books, and



A BICYCLE BOAT.

resemble little stars or the growths in moss-agates, are seldom or never seen in books older than 1835 or younger than 1882. Some twenty years are required for their development. They are probably due to fragments of copper dropped on the paper during its manufacture or in printing. In American and Continental books he has not been able to find them at all.

A Bicycle Boat.

A French inventor, M. Vallet, has introduced a boat on the lake of the Bois de Boulogne, Paris, which is propelled by the occupant after the manner of a bicycle. As will be seen from our engraving, the seat, pedals, and steering gear are similar to those of bicycles, but the motive power is applied to turn a screw at the stern of the boat. The speed of the craft is about five miles an hour in calm weather.

Argon.

The finding of a new gas in the atmosphere by prediction and not hazard is a feat reminding us of the discovery of the planet Neptune by Adams and Leverrier. Lord Rayleigh was led to infer the existence of a hitherto unknown gas in atmospheric air—which, after the experiments of Cavendish, had been supposed to consist merely of oxygen and nitrogen—by observing that nitrogen prepared from the atmosphere was slightly heavier than nitrogen isolated from other sources by chemistry. In fact, an equal quantity of "chemical" and "atmospheric" nitrogen weighed respectively 230 and 231 grains. The experiments of Cavendish, however, left some room for the belief that another gas than nitrogen might exist in the air, and it is rather curious that one has not been discovered before; but chemical methods are always being refined, and the new gas is only present in a small proportion. Lord Rayleigh and Professor Ramsay have hunted it down with dogged perseverance, trying all manner of experiments to make sure that it is a new element, ascertain its properties, and devise the best methods of obtaining it. One way is to pass atmospheric air over red-hot copper, which combines with the oxygen to form oxide of copper, and then pass the remaining gas over red-hot magnesium, which absorbs the nitrogen, and leaves the argon behind. Five and a half litres of atmospheric nitrogen yield three and a half cubic centimetres of argon. Argon is a colourless gas, having a density of 19·8—that of hydrogen being 1—and an atomic weight of about 40. Its most remarkable property, so far as known, is that it refuses to enter into chemical combination with any other element, and hence its name of "argon," which means "inactive." It cannot be made to go into partnership with oxygen, hydrogen, or chlorine, even under the electric discharge, nor with phosphorus or sulphur at a red heat. Sodium, potassium, and tellurium, which are so easily oxidised, may be distilled like mercury in the gas, retaining their metallic lustre. Spongy platinum or platinum black will not absorb it. The most energetic liquids, such as nitro-hydrochloric acid and bromine water, failed to draw it from its attitude of cold indifference. It can hardly be supposed, however, that argon is absolutely useless; and Professor Roberts-Austen, chemist to the Mint, has suggested that it may have something to do with the properties of Bessemer steel, as 1,000 cubic feet of the gas go into the "converter" during a charge. It will be curious if argon should turn out to be an idler in the universe, or at least in our corner of it, at the present time. Probably, however, science will soon discover uses for it, perhaps with the electric furnace, or else invent them. Another curious fact is that it possesses two distinct spectra—one of bright red, the other of blue lines—which are got from it by passing electric sparks through it while varying its pressure and the strength of the electric current. At ordinary pressures the glow of the spark in argon is a vivid bluish-red, reminding us of the colour of some lightning-flashes—which, indeed, may be caused by it. Argon is liquefied at a temperature of 121° Cent. below zero, and solidified or frozen at 189·6° Cent. below zero. Apparently the molecules of the new gas are single atoms, not clusters of atoms; and hence the discoverers wittily propose to give it the chemical symbol of "A1."

Liquid Carbon.

M. Moissan, the distinguished French chemist, who succeeded in making diamonds in his electric furnace, has now been able to liquefy carbon by the same means. When the electric arc in his furnace is sufficiently intense the carbon is vaporised, and may be liquefied in several ways—for example, by pressure. Moreover, drops of the liquid solidify into a species of diamond found occasionally in the mines of Brazil and South Africa. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that carbon softens in the heat of the arc, and can be welded. When the carbon is pure it does not soften, but either vaporises or turns into graphite.

Flying Shell Fish.

Dr. Ostroumoff, of the Sebastopol Biological Station, has observed a tiny green crustacean

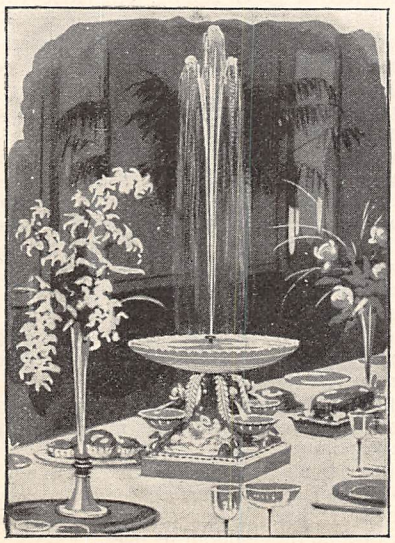
(Pontellina Mediterranea Claus) flying just above the level of the water. Many of them sprang from the surface, and described a long curve before falling into the water, after the manner of Herr Lilienthall with his artificial wings.

Science and Sorrow.

That sorrow and grief exert a bad influence on the functions of the body has long been known, but the nature of this effect is now receiving careful attention from physiologists. According to Dr. Louise Fiske, the American lady doctor, sorrow is a disease and should be treated as such. The internal organs of dogs which have died of home-sickness or other forms of depression, show a deterioration similar to that caused by starvation or infectious diseases. Dr. Louise Fiske considers that sorrow, as a disease, must run its course, and that all attempts to banish it and cheer the patient up are futile. As a disease it must be treated in a special way, and she recommends quiet drives in the country, or gentle walks with Nature, in the woods or by the sea-shore. The patient should not be tasked either in mind or body. The bright, sweet society of children is preferable to that of adults, and the presence of the familiar newspaper or magazine may be a comfort where the most tender and sympathetic friend is troublesome. Mourning wear is, in her opinion, useful for a time, a year at most, because it secures consideration for the sufferer ; but if continued too long it becomes a burden and a source of low spirits.

An Electric Table Fountain.

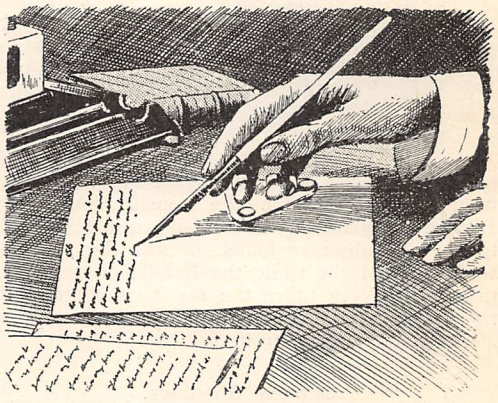
Table fountains, as a rule, only throw a small jet of water ten or fifteen inches high for a quarter of an hour or so, but the new fountain introduced by a well-known maker, plays for three hours, and the jet rises from three to five feet. Our illustration shows one pretty design ; but, of course, the fountains are in great variety. The works consist of a pump driven by a small electric motor actuated by a battery, or a connection from the electric-light wires of the house, as the case may be. The basin of the specimen we illustrate is twenty-two inches in diameter, the base twelve inches square, and the height about eighteen inches. Such fountains are, of course, an ornament in ball-rooms, vestibules, and conservatories, as well as on dinner-tables.



AN ELECTRIC TABLE FOUNTAIN.

A Hand-Rest for Writers.

The little device shown in our woodcut is intended to support the hand of a penman, and thus prevent what is called "writer's cramp." It is simply a small chariot running on castors, and having rings for one or more fingers to rest in and hold or guide it.



A HAND-REST FOR WRITERS.

Power from Wells.

Under the prairies of the Upper Missouri and the Yellowstone rivers, in the United States, there is a water-bearing strata which, when tapped by borings, sends up an ample supply of water at a pressure sufficient to form a small geyser. At Redfield and other towns of Southern Dakota the water is now used to generate electricity as well as to irrigate the plains. The jet impinges on a hydraulic wheel, which drives a dynamo, and the electricity produced is applied to lighting and industrial purposes.

A Gas Steamer

A syndicate of Havre have introduced a screw steamer of 350 tons for service on the Seine, which is worked by a gas engine of 40 horse-power. The gas is stored in steel tubes under pressure, and takes up little room. The absence of smoke or noise, and the saving of space, is a great advantage, and it is probable that gas steamers will become general for river traffic.

A Safety Inhaler.

This inhaler, which is useful in chemical or other works where the atmosphere is noxious, contains a damp sponge to filter the air, and where bacteria are to be feared, the sponge is moistened with dilute solution of carbolic acid, terebene, or perfumed with eucalyptus oil.

The Chromophotograph.

M. Dumeny, a pupil of M. Marey, has introduced what may be called a portable kinetoscope—that is to say, an apparatus on the Zoëtrope principle, by which a series of instantaneous photographs of a living person can be combined so as to give a likeness, with all the movements of the face in talking or smiling—in short, a "speaking" likeness. As we have so recently described the kinetoscope, we need not dwell upon the construction of M. Dumeny's apparatus, which is shown in the illustration. The observer looks through the spy-glass seen on the right, while the handle on the left is turned so as to move the series of photographs rapidly past his eyes, and give the impression of a single animated portrait.

Chinese Shadows.

Shadowgraphs, as we know them in the West, were introduced by Trewey, and perfected by various performers. No doubt the origin of the art is lost in antiquity, but they are described in a Chinese work, the "Yaskinaï-Koussa," by Waki-Saka Gui-dò, dating from 1790, a copy of which lies in the Musée Guimet, at Paris.

Tales of Two Centuries.

At first there is an impossible sound about a story whose action extends over two centuries. But Mr. J. Bloundelle-Burton has contrived in "The Hispaniola Plate" (Cassell) to tell a stirring story of a search for submerged treasure which began in 1683 and was only finished a couple of centuries later. It would not be fair to tell here, in brief, how the plate came to be lost, and how in the finding of it Nicholas Crafer found also other trove in the West Indies and hid it away so carefully that he provided food for two hundred years of speculation on the part of his descendants. Mr. Bloundelle-Burton tells us all that and more, for he shows how Reginald Crafer found the treasure at last, and won at the same time for his wife the daughter of one who was descended from the man who brought about the original hiding away of the treasure, and had a better claim than Reginald to some of it.—From the cut and thrust of a stirring story of adventure over the sea to a collection of village tales, such as "Old Brown's Cottages," which is the latest addition to Mr. Fisher Unwin's Pseudonym Library, is a far cry. But there is an unmistakable air of reality about these almost too vivid pictures of the squalor and squabbling which go to make up one side of village life. Although each chapter is professedly devoted to a separate cottage, the series is really continuous.

Scented Flowers.

All amateur gardeners, and every lover of flowers, owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Donald McDonald for his admirable work on "Sweet Scented Flowers and Fragrant Leaves," which is published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. There is a very real danger in these days of green carnations and black roses that the fragrance which used in the good old days to be regarded as the chief charm of our flower-gardens will be cultivated out of them. So to all readers who wish for advice as to the selection of plants with scented flowers or leaves, we heartily commend Mr. McDonald's handy volume.

GARDENING IN MARCH.

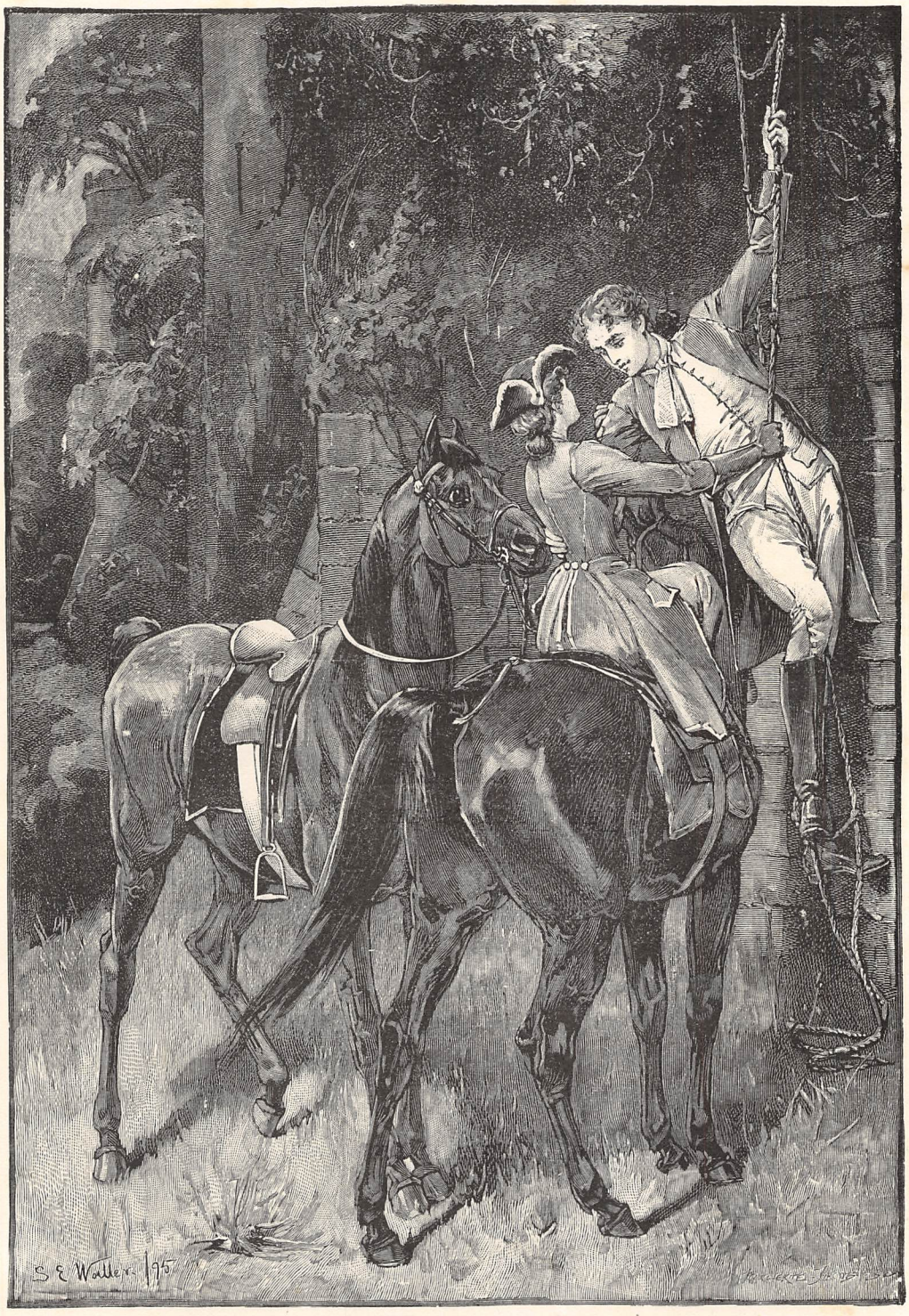
SPRING flowers now delight the eye. The early daffodils spread a golden cloth over the garden, and as March runs into April, the lovely poets' kinds charm with their sweetness and purity. A walk round a good garden at this time, especially towards the end of the month, reveals many gems so easy to grow that it is surprising these lovely mountain flowers from a thousand hills do not bedeck every garden. At this time keen easterly winds often prevail, and these are more harmful than actual frost ; therefore cover up such things as passion flowers and delicate roses. The covering need not be heavy—simply litter loosely placed amongst the branches, and kept in its place by a mat.

In late March roll the lawn well, and see that the walks are made ready for the coming summer. They must be well turned and re-gravelled, afterwards given a good rolling, otherwise they will never look bright and glossy, so to say. Gladioli—those bold, sturdy, finely-coloured flowers—may be put in now, and sow such seeds as coreopsis, Clarkia, annual chrysanthemum, convolvulus, linum, Virginian stock, sweet peas, poppies, and larkspurs. Sow thinly always, and when the plants get of sufficient size thin them out, so that each develops its true character.

Everything in frames—as petunias, "geraniums," calceolarias, and half-hardy annuals—must not be kept stewing in a high temperature, but well hardened off before they are placed in the open. Pot off bedding "geraniums," plant out roses, and it is not yet too late to plant fruit trees, shrubs, and hardy things ; but they must be well planted, as autumn is unquestionably the best season for the work.

In the kitchen-garden department sow carrots, a little cabbage seed, cauliflowers, radishes, and plant out early potatoes.

Remember that as the sun increases in power the plants require more water, all seedlings especially needing attention. If once they remain dry for any length of time they seldom recover.

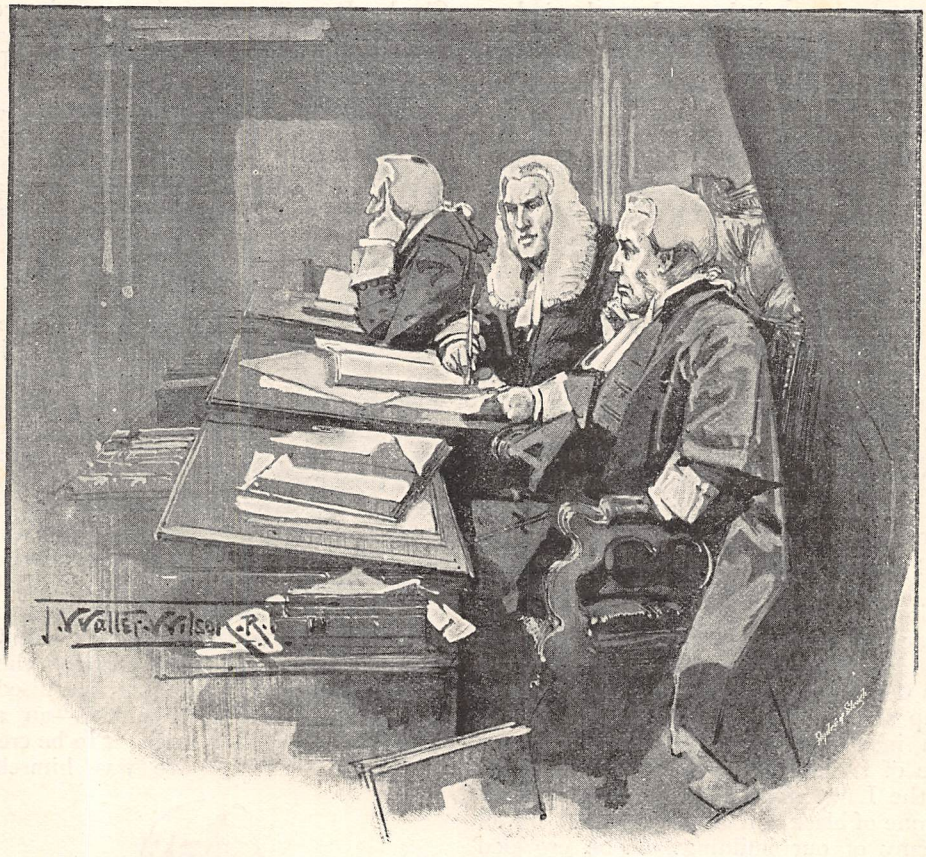


(*Drawn by* S. E. Waller.)

LOVE AND LIBERTY.

BENCH AND BAR.

A STROLL THROUGH THE COURTS.



IN THE COURT OF APPEAL (THE LORD CHANCELLOR PRESIDING).

HORNE TOOKE, in answer to the common saying that "the courts of law are open to all," made the retort, "So is the London Tavern." In both there is urgent need of payment and the necessity of "blowing in good stuff," as I once heard an American lawyer describe the parting with money, for the wares to be obtained. If one is there merely to gratify curiosity, and not as a suitor or as sued, there are worse places in which to study life than the Law Courts in the Strand. In respect to admission, the Law Courts are not quite so open as the London Tavern, for not all may find their way within unchallenged. There are police on sentry at all doors, and keepers of the building in corridors and at court entrances, and these are often not easily appeased as to the business of an applicant for entrance, especially in that attractive court presided over by Sir Francis Jeune. The restrictions which were instituted during the dynamite scare have not been relaxed much, and since the Anarchists came to the front with their "propaganda by deed," unless one is known to the police (in the better sense) their suspicions are easily aroused. Parcels and black bags, even brief-bags carried by unknown office-boys and infrequent lawyers' clerks, are often opened and examined. Then at the doors of the courts the keepers are always patiently ready for the unwelcome intruder.

The persons who enjoy most consideration from all students of life in the Courts are, of course, the ushers. They are a class apart. One knows how Lord Chancellors are made, and even whence come Lord Chief Justices, but the mystery which surrounds the origin

of ushers is impenetrable. Whether they were once spruce lawyers' clerks, and obtained the post, with all its prospective emoluments in the shape of tips, for favours rendered by their employers to judges when the judges were obscure juniors, or—but it is no use speculating. The secret of their success is hidden in their bosoms, and they go through life joyous, if sombre-hued, butterflies, scattering their "h's" with rare indiscrimination while the Courts are in term, and dormant during vacations—probably asleep in the extensive cellarage of the Royal Courts of Justice—for no man ever saw an usher elsewhere than in Court.

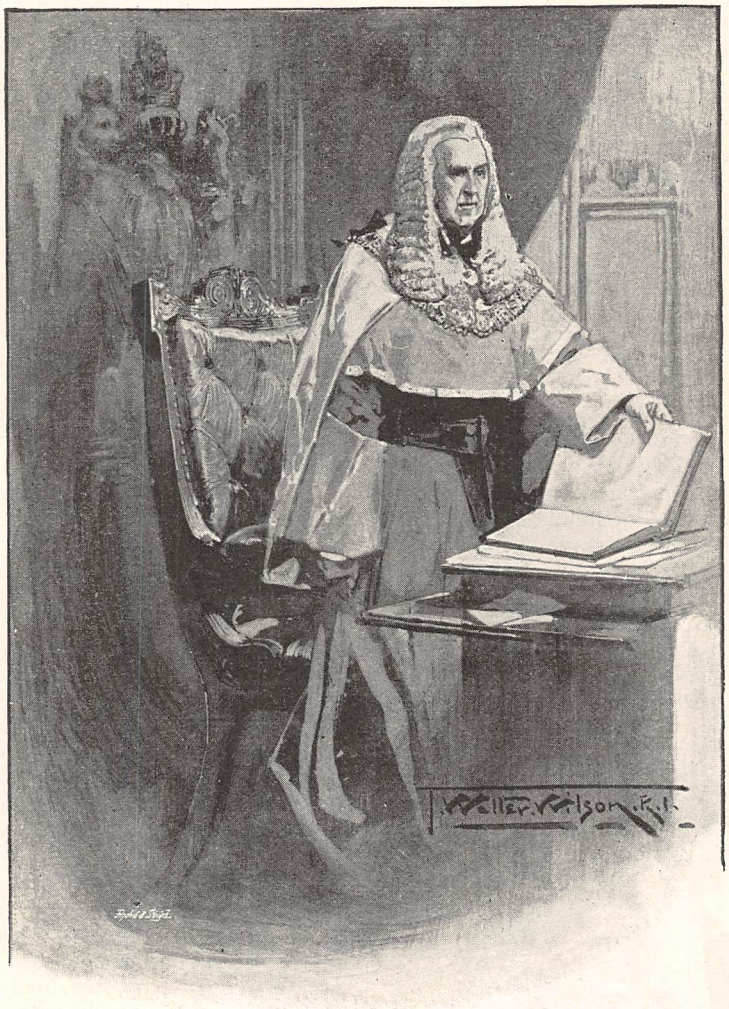
It is they who make the Court, and lend it dignity, and who believe firmly that the Lord Chief Justice, nay, the very Lord Chancellor, who is over all, are there for their advantage. As each of us believes the world is run for our own benefit, we none of us can grudge the usher his theory that it is for him the Courts are furnished, and that litigants go to law in order that his bread may be buttered.

The building in the Strand where the High Court is housed, is, in spite of all assertions to the contrary, a handsome and not inconvenient pile. Its aspect has been spoiled by the very mixed order of architecture which the Bankruptcy Division has seen fit to put up in the rear of the Courts. Time, which includes, in this case, the soot and smoke of London, is dealing very pleasantly with the Law Courts. They have developed that tone of black and grey which sits so well on many of our buildings. The crowded traffic of the Strand, and the less imposing row of shops and houses which are opposite the Courts, do not allow the fine exterior to be seen at its best. You cannot admire architecture much while engaged dodging a Putney 'bus. To fully admire Street's conception, it is worth while going home with the milk some June morning. Arrange to pass the Courts about the time the street-cleaning men—not unpicturesque beings at that hour—are engaged washing down the roadway with the hose and a strong head of water. The spraying stream freshens the air, the sun glows on the gilt roof ornaments, and lights up the grey of the towers, and there are no crawling cabs and splashing 'buses to distract the eye. It is then the building looks admirable. Age, too, will deal tenderly with the interior, where corridors and underground rooms give a cloistered and crypted aspect to the less public parts. Already history is weaving around the buildings, and there are rooms to be noted as the abodes of famous lawyers worthy to rank with the ablest in the past. The Crown and ex-Crown officials are both provided with special rooms in the buildings. Those which Sir Frank Lockwood now occupies were formerly tenanted by Sir Charles Russell, one of the most interesting and even picturesque figures which has ever occupied the chair of the Lord Chief Justice of England.

It was often said, when the famous advocate was promoted first to a Lord Justiceship of Appeal and then to be Lord Chief Justice, that he was bound to be a failure as a judge. The reason when examined was quite inadequate. It was that it is impossible for a man who has been a brilliant advocate to be a success as a judge. Lord Russell of Killowen has disappointed his critics in the most pleasing manner. He will rank high in the list, not only of great advocates, but great judges. I do not say that all lawyers will regard him with affection. He has a way of suggesting arrangements and hastening settlements in cases which might be prolonged, and be correspondingly expensive, which touches the solicitors' pockets. Then he has also a way with barristers. Some of the gentlemen practising in his Court have already come to dread the tap of the cedar pencil with which he enforces order in his Court, the pencil which has effectively taken the place of the snuff-box he formerly utilised. A counsel is badgering a witness—an art in which, by the way, if report is to be credited, the Lord Chief Justice was himself not

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL (SIR R. T. REID, Q.C., M.P.).

inexpert. Comes the warning tap: "Mr. Snooks, I think you are going too far." "I am sorry you should think so, my lud, but——" "Well, I do think so;" and counsel is wise not to pursue the matter further. Above all, there is the same kindly to be suggested. So far as Lord Russell can, he has changed that in his Court; and I am told by Mr. Collins, one of the older Law Courts reporters, that he has personally seen to the improvement of the press accommodation, and had it labelled in brass as reserved



THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND (LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN).

Sir Charles Russell regarding the Court from the Bench, the Sir Charles who used, when tired of the debate in the House of Commons, to slip away to the working men's club in Hackney, and join in a hand at whist, till recalled to Westminster. I am told he still keeps a keen eye on the interests of all who come in contact with him in any official or semi-official capacity. It used to be that the press representatives in the Courts were not regarded with esteem, and affection was not for the use of the newspaper men. Even still the Lord Chief Justice makes the delivery of a judgment rather a pleasing thing to listen to, and not by any means a circumstance to be fled from, as is the case with some judges. But the contrast between Sir Charles Russell the advocate, and Lord Russell the judge, is marked. I have, as luck has served, heard him in some of his famous cases. I remember his speech when defending Mrs. Maybrick —a bigger effort than the exposure of the

immortal Richard Pigott; and as an instance of forensic eloquence it must rank high, especially as he knew he was fighting with both judge and jury against him.

The Lord Chancellor does not find his way much to the Strand nowadays, though he still puts in an occasional appearance in appeals. His place is naturally in the House of Lords, the final court of the realm. Lord Herschell has recently been subjected to some criticism; but among members of the Bar he is regarded with general favour, as indeed is his predecessor Lord Halsbury. The Lord Chancellor likes trips into the country, and apart from politics his favourite subject of discourse is education, both secondary and technical, in which he takes a great interest. Chancing recently to be in Colchester, I re-visited the castle, a fine relic of both Roman and Norman occupation, and was rather pleased to find I was being shown round the excellent museum there by the custodian, with Lord Herschell as one of the party. It seemed he was there for some public function, and had quietly slipped off to see the chief local lions.

It marks a great change in our customs that the Lord Chancellor should be at the head of the judiciary. For many long years the custodian of the Great Seal had no separate judicial power, and was not considered of very high dignity in the State, and the office was chiefly courted as the stepping-stone to a bishopric, to which it almost invariably led. In the early Anglo-Norman reigns the Chancellor only ranked sixth of the great officers under the Crown, coming after the Chief Justiciar, the Constable, the Marischal, the Steward, and the Chamberlain. In those days the Chief Justiciar was by far the greatest subject both in rank and power. He was generally taken from among the high hereditary barons; his functions were more political than judicial. He sometimes led armies to battle, and when the Sovereign was beyond the seas, by virtue of his office as regent he governed the kingdom. It was not till 1558 that it was made practically absolute that a trained lawyer should have the post, and it was then owing to the great amount of Chancery business on hand, because of the urgency of settling disputes as to the property of the dissolved monasteries that this was done. Sir Nicholas Bacon, father of Sir Francis Bacon, was the man appointed by Queen Elizabeth to the task. By the way, St. Swithin was Lord Chancellor about 862, and there has been a lady holder of the post in Queen Eleanor, wife of King Henry III.

MR. GEOGEGHAN.

The Chancery Court is no longer the reproach to English law that it once was, but business in it is still not over-fast. That is due to the nature of things, for in no division of the High Court have precedents so much influence on procedure, and there even more than in the Probate Court the power of the dead hand presses hard upon the living. This is much the case with the Court of Appeal, but the tendency there has always been to create modern instances rather than to act on the old wise saws. Lord Esher, the Master of the Rolls, who usually presides when neither the Lord Chancellor nor the Lord Chief Justice is present, has a pleasing fondness for handsome wigs. The court, however, is not an inspiriting one. It is seldom Lord Esher finds ladies interested enough in the proceedings to occupy seats on the Bench; and only the other day I spent some time trying to get up an interest in listening to Mr. Haldane—who has many little affectations for so able an advocate—discoursing to three appeal judges as to who should or who should not use a particular dust-bin.

Our present Chancery judge is perhaps the best the Court ever saw, and suitors have no longer very adequate grounds for complaint of delay. Certainly there are now no cases of Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce. Sir Robert Romer is one of the ablest of Chancery judges, and he not long ago surprised his Court, when the famous Cordite action was before him, by proceeding to deliver a judgment of three hours' length upon the whole facts immediately counsel had sat down. This was not quite popular, for as the case had finished early

everyone was disappointed of an extra half-holiday. Among the more notable men in the Queen's Bench Division is, of course, Mr. Justice Hawkins, who, as a sportsman and judge, is very popular with a large public.

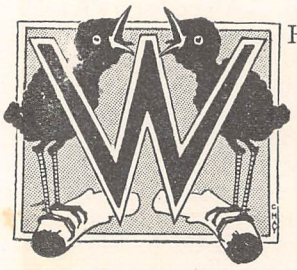
THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL (SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P.).

Another very able judge is Sir R. Henn Collins, who, when he was at the Bar, had the reputation of being called in always to pull the most desperately burnt chestnuts out of the fire. Sir Roland Vaughan Williams, about whom such a pother was recently made, is not only a splendid head of the bankruptcy department, but he is of the Welsh Welsh, and knows his country's language and literature as an expert. He is a great favourite with all who come in contact with him, except they be of the nature of fraudulent company promoters or negligent directors. Then he is most unmercifully probing, and has done much to amend City morals.

Sir Frank Lockwood promises to follow in the steps of Sir Charles Russell. He is painstaking, and has a turn for ridicule by which he used to effect that little legal movement known as "laughing a case out of Court." He is not easily suppressed, and well deserved the description Lord Coleridge applied to him of the "chartered libertine of the Courts." Those were in his days of freedom and irresponsibility. Official chains have not yet weighed him down wholly, and he will probably be a highly interesting figure when his party chances into Opposition. A good story is told in connection with the recent famous trial in the Eastern Counties. Mr. Lockwood, as he then was, was prosecuting, and the evening on which the counsel for the defence had made his speech the advocates on both sides were dining together in their inn. Their dining-room was only separated from another by a thin partition, and a party in the adjoining room were perforce listeners to the chaff which the counsel were directing at each other over the meal. The defending counsel had his speech pulled to pieces for him—it had been an excellent speech—and was heard to say: "Well, I have done my best. What more could I do? The trouble is, the man is guilty." This by way of a warning against chaff and thin partitions. Sir Frank Lockwood will frequently find opposed to him Mr. Geogeghan, who is now well to the front at the criminal Bar, having made a reputation by the fine fight he made at the Old Bailey for that unworthy person Neill Cream. Sir Edward Clarke, of course, must always take first place whether as prosecutor or defender in the criminal Courts, where he also made his reputation. A coming man is Mr. Carson, who, both at the Irish and the English Bar, has been a marked success. Speaking of Irishmen, Mr. Murphy, Q.C., must not be forgotten, and his close relative "Baby" Murphy. They are both among the biggest men at the Bar. A quaint spectacle at a little watering-place one day last summer was "Baby" Murphy, pensively sitting on the sand and building it into heaps, while doubtless thinking of the next case in which he was engaged. I believe it was of Mr. Murphy, Q.C., that the story was told—or, at least, invented—that he was once waylaid by a footpad, who proposed to rob him. "I simply fell on him," said Mr. Murphy, "and I have not seen him since. I weigh twenty stone!" The cranks who haunt the Courts must not be forgotten. There are now no after-types of the characters Dickens sketched in "Bleak House" as hanging about the precincts of the Court of Chancery. There are many regular attenders to whom constant habit has apparently given a right of entrance, but the regulations are too strict for the genius of the "crank" to attain full development. So much the better, though much interesting reading is thereby lost to the public.

'ANNER.

A WEST COUNTRY TRAGEDY.



HEN 'Liz'beth Jewell came to Yenscombe Cross that summer for the chapel anniversary, according to yearly custom since her marriage, she thought Hannah improved.

"You b'aint so peaked an' qui-at-like. I see you'm someways cha-anged, 'Anner."

Old Jacob Spearman glanced abruptly across the kitchen at his daughter.

"W'at shud cha-ange her?" he asked sceptically, yet with some suspicion.

"Lor-for-to-grashus, granda, how shud I knaw? One can't pass the leastest little remark in this house without you snaps 'en short. Do ye tek' your stick an' goo 'long; there ain't too much room in this poky pla-ace fur me an' the bakin'-pan. I can't a-bear men rompin' round when I'm to work. Ezra don't dare set foot in m'ai kitchen ef so be as I'm busy."

"I reckon he ain't over an' above anxious to set foot in it any time," her father returned grimly, wandering out through the bit of garden to the road.

Hannah twisted round in her chair, and craned her neck to look after him; rising abruptly, she swept her work up in her apron, and followed him to the gate.

"Can't ye bring in two—three sticks, fa-ather? I ain't a got none left for firin' mornin's."

She sent the request after him in high pitched tones.

He turned and looked back at her.

"Sticks," he muttered. "You thinks as I'm fit for nothin' but getherin' sticks."

She couldn't hear what he was saying.

"I ain't a got none," she repeated shrilly. "Get 'en from the shore; drifts will be main an' dry this weather."

"Why, 'Anner, whativer sense is it to send granda all that ways for a handful o' sticks?"

"It gives 'en summat to okkipy 'en," she returned shortly, spreading out her work on the table, and flattening a seam with the top of her steel thimble.

She made sailors' coarse serge suits for a slop-shop in West Tawboro. It had been her occupation for some years. The ceaseless, subdued whirr of the treadle of her machine and the never-ending procession of indigo-blue garments made it difficult to conceive anything happening in so monotonous a routine to change this tall, pale, quiet woman, bending her long back over her work day after day.

Yet in some subtle way Hannah Spearman had recently developed.

"I'd give 'en summat to okkipy 'en!" returned 'Liz'beth forcibly.

"Granda's reg'lar childish, an' worse," she added darkly. "I declare for-to-gracious he looked propperly wild a minit agone, an 'me sayin' nothin' in the world to put 'en about: just passin' a remark 'bout your looks."

She was kneading dough, and her words came in jerks.

"You'm pretty close, 'Anner, but it don't need you to tell me that granda's properly crazed, an' fit only for t' 'sylum."

The whirring of the machine stopped abruptly. Hannah rested her elbows on its stand, and looked out of the window absently.

"Father's hed a hard life, 'Liz'beth; you must miānd that. For forty year he's a worked as hard as man could work—too hard, I reckon—an' tis sarvin' him out now. His stren'th has gone from him, an' taken his sleep wi' it. It's t' want o' that meks 'en so errittable at tiāmes. He baint so mazed as you think. You've a said he oughter be put away in t' 'sylum these six years past, an' he bain't no worse now than when you first spoke."

She seemed to be speaking more to herself than 'Liz'beth.

"Bain't no worse!" repeated 'Liz'beth wrathfully. "Don't tell up such foolishness to me! You knows better than that! Ef I had m'ai way he should go to once. Tawboro' 'sylum is a propperly fine place. I went over it with Mrs. Branton, what has got a brother in; an' it's a sight deal more care an' 'tention he'd get there than iver you can give 'en, a-drivin' yourself to death into the bargain. You'm no but thretty, an' you look forty ef you look a day."

She thrust her hand emphatically into the bread-pan.

"A layin' of yourself out to be an ould maid, workin' your fingers to the bone all the days o' your liafe for some foolish notion. It meks me propperly angry."

Down in Yenscombe Bay the heated at-

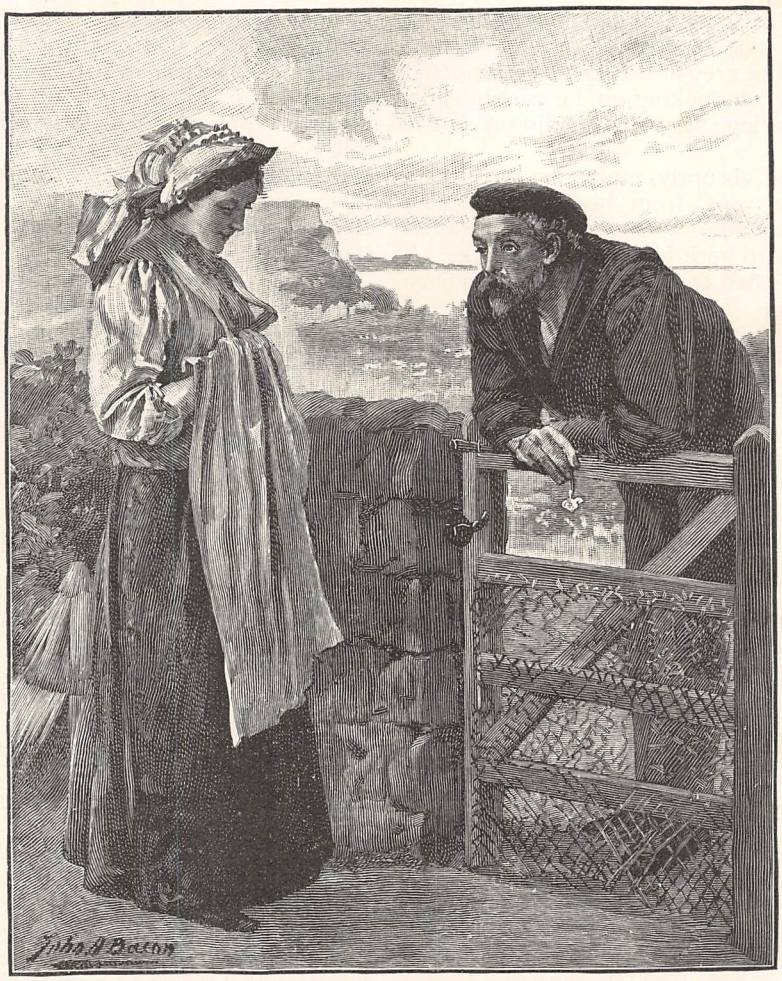
mosphere is luminous. A shimmer of faint impalpable mist radiates from rocks baking in the noonday sun. The cloud-shadows on the opaque water deepen the green-blue of the ripples to a purple tinge.

The tide is running in, but almost imperceptibly. Little waves lap softly the brown rocks, lifting the broad ribands of weed, clinging limp as the last tide had left them; swaying gently forward, it mounts higher, rippling into translucent pools, lying still on the rock's surface in the hot sunshine.

Air-bubbles float softly to the warm surface, and break as the first wavelets of the fresh tide stir the pools into life. Anemones tremble and put forth delicate tentacles: limpets relax their tenacious hold; little green and brown crabs scuttle into remote crevices.

The fringes of amber and pale-tinted seaweed rustle and wave, spreading their fine tracery anew at the inrush of cool water.

Some blackcaps wheel and settle, light as fancy, on the crests of the larger waves heaving beyond the outer rocks, turning their dainty heads from side to side as they rise and fall with the gentle sway of the tide, their breasts white as the foam they rest on; at the inner curve of the bay, where the land dips, and the cliff merges into downs and sandhills, a solitary coastguard is doing signal practice, his distant figure dark against the dazzling whitewash of the station house. The flutter of his coloured flags breaks the brooding stillness almost rudely.



"'I CAME TO ASK IF I MIGHT MAKE SO FREE AS TO 'COMPANY YOU'" (*p.* 331).

Old Jacob Spearman came round a curve of the cliff. He made his way with laggard heaviness over the rocks and boulders, feeling

each step in advance with his stick. Its iron-bound point rang smartly on the flints, and his plodding feet rested firmly where they trod.

An inexpressible weariness rather than weakness was in his bearing.

Slung across his shoulders was the drift-wood he had been collecting, bound compactly by a bit of frayed rope.

A kingfisher scudded past. The flash of scarlet and blue, gleaming for an instant against the dull grey of the boulders, attracted his idle eyes. In looking up, he caught sight of the fluttering flags of the distant coast-guard.

He stopped abruptly, muttering to himself. Slipping the rope from his shoulders, he lowered the bundle of driftwood, and rested his weight with both hands on his stick. A gaunt, attenuated figure—the wraith of a once powerful man.

Lifting one hand suddenly, he shook his fist with an expression of impotent rage.

Still muttering to himself, he raised the bundle of sticks, and toiled up a narrow path leading up the cliff. At the top he turned, his tall frail form silhouetted against the deep blue of the cloudless sky-line, and with his hand shading his eyes from the glare of the water below, looked for the flutter of the flags again with a curiously malignant intensity. They flashed red-blue—blue-red—in the distance as the sunlight caught the different colours. He remained a moment, black on the summit of the cliff, then dipped and disappeared.

The tide came in with lazy good humour, tripping forward, covering the warm brown rocks deeper : creening and whispering softly as it spread higher up the hot yellow sands : murmuring of life, and summer days, and health, and all happy things.

It was late in the afternoon. 'Liz'beth had gone up to the chapel by the cross-roads, to assist in final preparations for the anniversary. Hannah, with a bowl of scraps and an apron full of barley, went slowly down the back-yard to feed the fowls.

Jacob Spearman had been a wheelwright. When he was compelled to give up work the work-shed and yard had been converted by thrifty Hannah into a poultry-run. A disused grindstone, some broken spokes, and a couple of rotting cart-wheels remained where they had lain when the old man gave up his employment, six years before.

Curls of wood shaving, limp and discoloured, were still now and then routed out of dusky recesses by the scratchings of inquisitive cocks and hens ; and these faint reminders were all that was left of the old man's active part.

"Forty year toilin' an' moilin' an' m'ai yard gived up in t' end to wimmin an' roosters!" he would mutter bitterly.

A gate at the end of the yard, fixed and wired to prevent the fowls from straying, led into a deep rutty lane. It was never used now, as it led nowhere, having been formed in the past by the traffic of carts—new, old, and renovated—which passed in and passed out of the wheelwright's yard.

Wil Kenyon, one of the coastguards from the station, turned into this lane, seeing no one in the kitchen or about the front. Spearman's Lane, as it was known in the village, was a typical Devonshire lane ; a water-course in winter, and damp always, even in summer. It was shaded by a larch plantation, bordered with a fringe of dripping hazel.

A swift narrow stream gurgled over its rocky bottom as it slipped deviously downhill. Ox-tongues crowded its banks, laying broad green ribands on the current tenderly. The oak and lady-fern grew tall and straight beside it.

Delicate mosses flung a soft covering over every knotty root and projecting stone. The rampant briers of the bramble rioted here, large and thorny, but fruitless. The year's fallen leaves rotted into rich black mould, which lay undisturbed.

Pale starry primroses, long-stemmed and large-eyed, lingered late in the green leafy solitude of this damp retreat. The sailor nipped off one of the flowers, putting the succulent pinky stem between his teeth. Perhaps he remembered that the country folk about there call it the key-flower, and gathered it with some vague hope that it might help to unlock the heart of Hannah Spearman.

He reached the wired gate and stood looking in, resting his arms on the top bars, watching Hannah, with a cotton sun-bonnet tilted like the hood of a baggage-waggon above her eyes, dealing out the contents of her bowl and apron to a fluttering and noisy crowd of cocks and hens, chickens and ducks. She put down the almost empty bowl when she saw him, and came across the yard, turning down her sleeves.

"I reckon t' gāte's fāst," she said ; "'less you climb 'en, I don't see but what you'll have to go round to the front again."

"I shouldn't be much of a sailor ef I couldn't climb 'en."

He made no motion towards doing so, however. His keen blue eyes looked into hers. She noticed, as she always did, with a vague feeling of pleasure the upward curl of his lashes, and the fairness of his forehead above

the line of sunburn, the crisp hair rising jauntily from his temples, the gold shades in the short brown beard, the strong neck, and full throat visible above the loose sailor collar.

He was a man in the prime of a vigorous manhood. To this pale, quiet woman his virility appealed with a force she felt, but could hardly understand. The divine feminine within her recognised, but mutely, its complement in this powerful embodiment of masculinity.

She was herself a well-made woman ; and her pallor was due more to the sedentary nature of her occupation than a sickly constitution. Though colourless, her skin was clear and supple, as is the skin of most West Country women. There was an appealing youthfulness about her mouth and eyes, suggesting an unfinished girlhood, an immature maturity.

She stood somewhat away on the inner side of the gate. He gave the primrose a twirl between his teeth.

"I came to ask if I might make so free as to 'company you up to t' anniversary to-morrer ?" he said boldly.

She made a little movement of surprise. He took the flower from between his lips and leant, as he spoke, more forward, bringing the weight of his broad shoulders on to his elbows ; it raised them almost to his ears, giving him an appearance of vivid inquiring interest.

"Oh, I dunno," she said, laughing uncertainly, and nervously pressing her fingers together beneath her apron.

"You can do as you like," he observed restrainedly.

She laughed again a little helplessly.

"I sem us can't iver do that in this world. Ef t' isn't one thing, t' is another. Us can't live for what us liākes, and I dunno that us would liāke it long ef us tried it."

He shifted his arms slightly.

"I'm to be moved on to the coastguard station over to Wolland Point, t'other side of West Tawboro, next September. It's a good berth, and a free house if a man keeps stiddy. One of my mates over there"—jerking his thumb over his shoulder, in indication of Yenscombe Station—"has just been overhauled and sent back to sea for five year because he couldn't keep stiddy. I reckon I shall be a bit lonesome," he added, looking meditatively at the bit of sky behind the cottage chimney. "A man don't keep stiddy near so well when he's lonesome: it stands to reason." He brought his eyes down and looked at her, a peculiar little vagrant smile touching his lips.

She knew he was asking her to "keep company" with him. She returned his gaze, struggling with a sudden throbbing in her throat.

There was a noise in her ears which dulled her senses ; she could not distinguish the sounds in the yard, or see clearly the sunlight on the gate-posts, or the long flickering shadows cast by the trees on the uneven ground at her feet. He removed his arms from the rail and felt in the loose front of his blouse, pulling out a soft paper roll.

"I saw this in West Tawboro," he went on. "I thought you would accept of 'en."

He removed the paper as he spoke with nimble fingers, and held out in his broad tar-stained palm a pale blue silk scarf with elaborate fringed ends.

"Bloo's bound to be your colour, sence you'm fond of the sea," he added, and laughed.

Her hands slipped from the apron she had wrapped uneasily about them, her lips were slightly parted, her eyes sought his, appealing, questioning, entreating. She took no notice of the scarf or of his words.

He was a little puzzled by her manner and the tense restraint of her attitude.

"You won't take 'en ?" he said, in a tone of mortification. "P'raps you jedge I've made too free ?"

Their eyes met again above the closed wired gate rising between them. He was red, through all his sunburn ; her face had lost every vestige of the fugitive colour which had flushed it when he first spoke.

She put out her hand swiftly, and took the scarf from him abruptly. Everything appeared strangely distant : the gate rocked to and fro ; Kenyon's face was lost in a mist.

"'Anner ! 'Anner !" Old Jacob's voice—quavering, fretful, sharp with ill-humour—broke her momentary sense of dizziness.

"It's fāther !" she said, putting her hands together with a strange motion, almost of despair.

"Be I to fent fôr m'āi tay whilst you stand tellin' wi' t' hull neighbourhood ?"

The anger in the old man's tone raised it shrilly.

The sailor thought she was terrified by the old man's evident anger.

"Don't mind me," he said reassuringly. "Go right in."

He paused a moment, then leant forward across the gate, and took both her locked hands, crushing the scarf in his forcible grasp.

"You wear that there tie up to t' anniversary to-morrer, an' I shall know what answer you mean to give me. Ef so be as you don't wear 'en, well then I reckon I shall know what that means likewise. I shall come over with Lewis Bramton and his wiāfe. Go to the old man, 'Anner ; I can wait."

He released her hands and dropped back. She moved a step uncertainly, but coming back to the gate, thrust the scarf at him.

"Tek 'en back now," she cried insistently. "I mun goo to father, and you can't wait."

"I reckon I can," he said doggedly; "until to-morrer, anyhow."

Old Jacob had retreated sullenly to the kitchen. He looked up suspiciously at his daughter as she came in.

"Who's thāt you'm tellin' wi'?" he asked sharply.

"It's nobbut Wil Kenyon, from the station," she returned. "There ain't no 'casion to be angered; it were only Wil Kenyon."

Her tone was scarcely as placable as usual.

"I see he come to Yenscombe Cross pretty frequent."

She did not answer, but began to move about, getting tea. His eyes followed her with a feverish alert sharpness. He sat huddled together in his chair, his head projected forward, his chin resting on his chest. He opened and shut the bleached knotted hands, where deep hollows had formed between the prominent knuckles, as if striving to feel once more their lost power.

"I can't abear to 'ear folks tellin'," he muttered. "Niāght tiāmes, when you an' 'Liz'beth sits here tellin' an' tellin', I'm most forced to come down over the stairs and bid ye hold your noise. I could most kill ye! I hed that sāme feelin' back a minute agone. I could have a killed 'en. Tis a tarrible feelin'—tarrible! tarrible!" he repeated, with a certain sad fierceness.

"I reckon you'm tired, father," she said absently. "You'd best not talk no more."

He felt the pre-occupation in her tone.

"Tired!" he repeated, raising his voice; "I'm allus tired. I'm niver aisy. I suffers awful; and can't get rest not in m'āi body nor yet in m'āi miānd. What brings 'en?" he asked, suddenly raising his head, without altering his position. "It's a goodish step from t' station to Yenscombe Cross. Hanged ef I can see what brings 'en!"

His fist came down heavily on the table, making the teacups rattle in their saucers. Hannah faced him suddenly, standing on the opposite side, leaning slightly forward, her mild eyes ablaze.

"You knaw what brings 'en, fāther. I sem you've a knawed all 'long so well, an' better than I did." She pulled the blue scarf from her pocket, and held it out before him. "He gave it me this arternoon, an' asked me to wear 'en up to t' anniversary tomorrer. P'raps you'll see now what brings 'en?" she added indignantly.

The old man rose and seized her wrist abruptly, shaking the bit of silk before her violently. His sunken eyes glowed, his whole frame trembled, but the grip of his bony wasted hand was as if he were momentarily strong with the strength of his youth.

"A Jack-a-loon! thinkin' to trick an ould māid out o' t' bit o' monney her fāther

"THE OLD MAN ROSE AND SEIZED HER WRIST."

worked an' toiled to lay by. I'm a poor mazed body, he reckons, but I b'ain't crazed enough yet to let thee mek a fule o' thysen, 'Anner Spearman! I wonder you b'ain't 'shamed; thretty year ould ef you'm a day, yet so fain to wed that ye must tek up wi' the first chatterin' smooth-spoke——"

"Don't ye say no more, fāther! Don't ye say no more." She spoke with a passion he had never seen in her before. "You talks as ef I warn't a woman: as ef it warn't fur me to hope for a man o' my own, an' a chiel' o' my own, an' a home o' my own—as ef I was made different someways, and couldn't feel what other folks feel. It b'aint for you to mis-call Wil Kenyon an' me, same as ef we was good-for-naughts, when us be only a man an' woman who hev' found out what you and mother found out forty year agone."

She stopped abruptly, her sudden passion arrested by his glittering eyes. His grip tightened, he thrust his face close to hers.

"Ye false bad maid! Ye'll niver be wiāfe o' that man! Ye bad heart, that would lave t' ould man for 'Liz'beth an' the doctors to put away in t' 'sylum!"

His voice rose almost to a scream, shrill and thin—a mingled ring of rage and the weakness of age.

"I'll kill ye fust!" he shouted, wrenching the scarf from her, and wrapping it with a sudden twist round her neck, drawing the ends together tightly with crooked, knotted fingers. But she was too quick for him. Jerking up his arm, she flung her whole weight upon him, trying to press him back into the seat from which he had risen. The two interlocked figures swayed from side to side, their faces set and white, their breath coming short and fast. A chair was overturned; the vibration of its fall shook the frail supports of a rickety side-table, and the gaudy ornamented japanned tea-tray, propped up behind the family Bible on its wool mat, slid with a metallic clatter to the brick floor. The cat, curled up on the sunny window-sill, yawned and blinked its green eyes at them sleepily. The goldfinch in its cage against the wall broke into a shrill jumble of notes. The kettle on the hob sang with a subdued cosy murmur. But that tense silent struggle continued. As suddenly as it came, his strength left him. His face became wan and grey, his lips parted. She felt him relax, and pushed him back into the deep chair with ease, releasing her wrist from his feeble fingers, grown weak and slack.

She panted and put back her hair, which had fallen forward. He sank down huddled together, the swollen veins standing in dark knots on his sunken temples.

"Bide still where ye be, fāther," she said sternly, her breath broken and hurried.

He did not stir. With swift movements she righted the disorder of the room. The silk scarf trailed down her back; she pulled it forward and folded it quietly. His deep despairing eyes sought hers, but they were cold and stern.

He drank the tea she brought him thirstily, but without speaking. Her manner cowed and subdued him strangely. They had both passed through a crisis such as the present before; but never had the old man's momentary madness betrayed such sinister intention; possibly because never until now had the daughter's calm self-control been moved by such a gust of passion. She recognised this.

"I' was mai fault," she thought, going about her work with a white drawn face—"m'ai miānd were full o' Kenyon; I forgot poor father's waknesss. I've a-got to choose between 'en—I've a-got to choose between 'en!"

The treadle of the machine whirred a monotonous accompaniment to her thoughts.

The old man was strangely quiet the next day. He scarcely spoke, but his eyes followed Hannah's every movement with surreptitious keenness and he listened with furtive sharpness to every word that passed between her and 'Liz'beth. Early in the afternoon he took his stick and wandered out of the house on to the cliff road.

'Liz'beth looked after him with much dissatisfaction. He would be meeting folks coming to the anniversary. Why couldn't he bide at home, instead of parading almost ostentatiously his shabbiness and craziness?

"Granda wud send me to Tawboro 'sylum the inside of a week," she observed acidly; her querulous remonstrances having met with no response from her father but a look of considerable malignity. "He's that contrairy an' aggravatin'. Men, the best of 'em at tiāmes are enough to driāve a-body mazed; you'm forced to put up, anyway, wi' a gred-del, but granda's beyond everything! I niver seed sech peevish, pindlin, fractious ways. It's a mercy you'm sech a patientable sort, 'Anner; I couldn't live 'long o' granda now, I'm certain."

She was destined to be the subject of further annoyance that afternoon.

An hour or so later she stood in the little kitchen, arrayed in her broché mantle, with its trimming of beaded fringe and dangling bugles, her best black lustre and her new summer bonnet, a grey chip, supporting a liberal efflorescence of forget-me-nots and hanging grass. It was quite time to start for the chapel.

She went impatiently to the foot of the wooden stairs, smelling confusedly of soft soap and resinous pine forests, and sent her voice shrilling to the room above.

"For the lan's sake, 'Anner, do ye come 'long! One would think you was a-dressin' fur your weddin'!"

Hannah appeared at her call, still in her cotton dress and apron.

"Well, for goodness gracious!" ejaculated Mrs. Jewell, the bare prominence of her forehead shining aggressively beneath the forget-me-not wreath. "Be you clean out of your senses, 'Anner Spearman? Hevn't you no idea what time it be, and not so much as a comb passed through your hair. You'll hev to come 'long alone; I can't bide here all day a-waitin' on you. I declar' you'm all so bad as granda!"

There was an intense weariness about Hannah.

"I hain't comin' up to t' anniversary," she said indifferently.

"B'ain't comin'! Whativer now?" Mrs. Jewell turned upon her in wrathful astonishment. "Sech a house I niver knew the like," she went on. "Granda in his ole workin' cloes, not fit to be seen by decent folk, a meanderin' and a-mutterin' off in front of ivery wan riāght strāight up t' cliff road; and you tellin' up some fôolishness 'bout stoppin' away from our anniversary, same as if you owed no responsibility as a congregational mimber. I ain't no patience!"

"You can tell any as asks for me, Laura Bramton or Lewis," Hannah began quietly; but Mrs. Jewell broke in resentfully—

"I ain't a-goin' to put myself about a-tellin' up no tales 'bout you and your notions. The folk may think what they liākes."

Hannah put her hand slowly into her pocket, and brought out the scarf Wil Kenyon had given her.

"I heard you say as how you'd forgotten to bring a tie," she said; "so I've a-fetched this down to lend ye. It matches t' flowers in your bonnet," she added.

Mrs. Jewell glanced at the bright colour and handsome fringe; her asperity visibly relaxed.

"Well, 'tisn't a scarf I should have ever thort o' buying," she said, feeling it between her finger and thumb with a depreciatory air. "It's a good bit o' silk," she added. "And sence you've a-took the trouble to bring 'en down, I may as well wear 'en."

She tilted up her chin to permit Hannah to arrange it. The strong pliant fingers pulled out the wide bows and broad ends deftly. There were no creases now in the scarf, nothing to recall that terrible silent struggle; yet she felt as if she were tying the knot of a noose from which she could never be disentangled.

'Liz'beth departed, and there was silence in the little cottage by the road-side—a long silence, unbroken for hours.

When Hannah at last rose from her seat, she glanced at the clock and wondered at her father's long absence. It was almost dark, and the air felt chill.

"He forgits so when he's up along t' cliff," she thought wearily. Her strength was spent with the emotion of the last few hours; she was only conscious now of a great dulness and indifference.

She reached for the sun-bonnet hanging behind the door.

"I'd best go agin him," she thought, aimlessly pulling out the calico strings.

'Liz'beth, breaking into the kitchen with a rush and bustle followed by her husband, Ezra Jewell, who had driven over from West Tawboro in his pony-cart to fetch her home, found her in this position.

"Well, 'Anner, goodness gracious!" she ejaculated, making her way through the darkening room. "Be you an' granda bats and owls fur the lan's sake? Do ye strike a light. Us can't stop a minit; Ezra's got the pony standin' outside; us just stepped in to bid ye good niāght. It's bin the rarest anniversary! The folks all say as they niver seed sech a riāght down successful gethering. And there was several from West Tawboro as knowed what a good chapel service did ortter be."

"Was Laura Bramton there, an' Lewis?" Hannah asked abruptly.

"Oh, goodness, lor' yes! Lewis, now he's a bin māde superintendent of police, is that ighty-tighty, you wouldn't believe. Laura hed got a sister with her frôm Exeter; an' a nice piece o' goods she is, māi senses! dressed up—well, there!—a 'prenticed to the millingnery, Laura tells me. She seemed to consider this 'ere Emly-Jane beyond iverything."

"Her was a pretty-lookin' maid," interjected Ezra, mildly malicious.

"Oh, pretty! You men, you'm all aliāke. To hear you talk, Ezra Jewell, no wan would b'lieve you was a rispictable married man wi' a lad taller than thysen'. I declare, for-to-gracious, you might be nothin' but a man liāke that there fellur the Bramtons brought 'long wi' 'en—one of the coastguards from Yenscombe Point, I b'lieve he was. The wāy he an' that Em'ly-Jane carried on was a proper disgrāce! Sech behaviour didn't ortter be permitted. Ef I was Lewis Bramton—let

"SHE TURNED TO HER FATHER'S USUAL SEAT" (*p.* 336).

alone Laura, who niver hed no sense, not a morsel—I shud be 'bove 'lowin' sech goins on. There she is at this minit a driāvin' back to Tawboro wi' that Jack-a-lantern's arm roun' 'er waist a-pretendin' to hold 'er in at the back o' the shay; I saw 'en whin they started. I can't abide men liāke that there. Oh, I know the sort—reddy to carry on wi' ivery maid they comes across. Good looks an' smart wāys, an' no more conscience than a maggot! He sat to m'āi table to tea, an' I warn his impidence got as good as he gave. In the fust he was all for bein' as free as you liāke.

"'B'ain't you Mr. Spearman's dorter?' he ses.

"'Well,' I ses, kin' o' stiff; 'an' s'posin I be?'

"'Oh,' he says, smilin' an' as bland as butter, 'I doan't see 'en or your sister anywheres.'

"'No,' I ses, 'you b'ain't likely to, seein' how as they b'ain't here.'

"'P'raps they'm comin' to service after tea?' he ses.

"'No,' I ses. 'Granda niver comes to t' anniversary nowadays, an' 'Anner's got some whimsey into 'er 'ed to bide at 'ome today.'

"'Did she give you that there tie?' he ses, very abrupt.

"Did you ever hear sech imperince? M'ai

senses! I could have a give'd he a smack in the face.

"'I dunno,' I ses, very quiāte, 'what kin' o' manners they larn you to say, young man, but on lan' let me tell you folks as meks too free gets treated wi' their own sarce.'

"'So I see,' he ses, as brazen as iver.

"After that he took up along wi' that Em'ly-Jane and let me alone. But for gracious, Ezra, do you reckon to bide here all niaght, keepin' that blessed pony a-standin' in t' road with niver a coverin' to his back? Good-niaght, 'Anner. Good-niaght, granda."

She turned to her father's usual seat by the chimney corner, peering through the gathering gloom.

"Why, lor-for-to-gracious! wherever is granda?"

She paused astonished.

In the years to come 'Liz'beth recalled and rehearsed that moment, feeling assured that some occult premonition of evil touched her then.

"'Why, lor-to-gracious! wheriver is granda?' I sed, just liake that.

"An 'Anner answered as quiate as you please—

"'He's out. I was just goin' agin' 'im,' an' puts on her sun-bonnet! Did you iver?

"'Out?' I sed; 'niver! Be you blind and deaf, 'Anner, not to know that it's bin pourin' wi' rain this last hour, and that there's a reg'lar storm blowin' up t' bay?'

"'M'ai senses! That was a niaght; I shall niver forgit 'en—niver—not to m'ai dyin' day. Poor father!"

It is low tide, and the sands are wet with drifts of weed and flecks of foam, and gleams of broken shells showing just how far the last ripple has made its way. There is a level soft light in the distance touching the horizon—the fading glory of a stormy sunset. The mass of grey water, stretching as far as the eye can see, heaves and swells in long unbroken undulations.

There is white water curling at the bows of a distant boat, beating up to windward with all sail set. The sullen roll as of imprisoned breakers reaches the ear forebodingly. A gull with motionless wings outspread, poised in a passionless calm, drifts shoreward, upborne by the fitful wind blowing chill across the darkening sea.

As night draws on it will be rough, and the tide will come in with angry rush, billow chasing billow over the white surf and foaming spume.

Patches of scentless sea-pinks are seen pale in the twilight amid the short coarse grass on the cliff-side; the wind rustles faintly their sun-dried petals as it passes, and carries inland the nutty scent of the gorse, filling the excavations of an old quarry above. The clock of Tawboro Church strikes the hour. The sound of each stroke cleaves the distance with incisive clearness.

Old Jacob turned mechanically at its bidding, and set his face homewards, not following the beaten path, but straying slowly along the grassy edge of the cliff, following its curves and indentations, his feet lagging heavily, his eyes restlessly roving from point to point: now fixed on the dim horizon, now straying over the waste of water, now glancing searchingly at the cruel jagged rocks below, left naked by the retreating tide.

The revolving light from the coastguard station on Yenscombe Point flung its evanescent ray across the bay. It pierced momentarily the grey distance, and was gone, to re-appear a space later. The fitful gleam attracted his wandering gaze.

He stood still, leaning heavily on his stick, breaking into incoherent mutterings. He shifted his weight, and raising his stick, shook it at the light, which disappeared in the mist with saucy suddenness, streaming out brightly a moment later, as if mocking him. His words trailed off into rambling, disjointed fragments.

He sat down heavily by a small heap of stones, overgrown with dusty convolvulus and yellow snapdragon. The chill wind from the sea bent the ragged grasses, and sent the old man's sparse grey hairs rioting about his temples.

"M'āi day is done," he broke out with sudden clearness.

It was the refrain of most of his muttered soliloquies. The dreary train of his daily thoughts crossed before him—a weary, disheartened, dejected procession.

"I b'aint no more 'count in t' world, dawdlin' an' dwindlin' on t' road to my grave. Forty year workin' as hard as any man could work; now I can't wittle a bit o' stick but mai hed is all of a muzz, an' I feels properly fentliāke—most drove clean crazed wi' hevin' nothin' to okkipy my miānd. I'm forced to roam."

The pathetic simple words betrayed the gnawing, restless, unsubdued energy moving hungrily behind the iron bars of bodily weakness and failing power.

"I suffers one way an' 'nother awful. An' somedays I b'ain't riaght in m'ai hed. I reckon t' pain an' want o' slape have druv me most mazed. M'ai heart at times is liake anything livin' inside me—flutterin', flitterin', jumpin'. An' they doctors tell me I

shan't be no better. I've a bin mortal strong in m'ai day; it comes 'arder now to be wake an' ailin' liāke a sick woman. Many tiāmes I've a bin miānded to kill myself, ef it hadn't a-bin for 'Anner."

The mournful weariness of his tone changed abruptly. His eyes gleamed, he gripped his stick.

"Curse 'en!" he muttered. "'Anner was a good maid, so good a dorter as man iver had till he come. Curse 'en! They'm goin' to put me in t' 'sylum;" his voice dropped to an awed whisper, he glanced behind him suspiciously, and pulled his hat further down above his eyes with hands that shook. "I wanted to kill her yesterday," he went on apathetically, putting his stick between his knees, and resting his weight on it; "she'll tell 'Liz'beth an' Ezra, for shure. I've niver sarved her so bad before. She'll tell 'en. 'Liz'beth has allays hankered after t' bit o' money in t' bank. They'll put me in t' 'sylum!" his voice rose, but fell at once; cautiously glancing round again beneath the brim of his hat, with a furtive keenness: "They shan't do it; they'll never tek me in there alive," he muttered on, resting his chin on the hands clasped above his stick, and staring at the dipping curtseying light on Yenscombe Point. "I could have a killed her yisterday, I felt that strong; mostly I'm so wake's a cat. They'll mek out to decave me somedays an' git me in, whether or no!" His head dropped forward suddenly.

A terrible despair was in his attitude. God alone knows what thoughts passed through his poor tortured brain in the long silence that followed. He sat so still he might have slept.

The dark dank night had fallen; no stars in the black darkness above, no gleam of moon-lit water from the yawning depth below. The chill wind came in stronger gusts, whipping itself into fury; the distant roll of the moaning sea broke into the first hoarse roar of the coming storm.

The old man raised his head abruptly. He had not slept. He rose to his feet almost lightly, feeling again that strange momentary strength. He pulled off his hat and listened to the voice of the storm, lifting his head in the darkness with the freedom and alertness of his early manhood.

The wind tossed his hair in wild confusion, the smell of the sea was in his nostrils, his eyes dilated, a wild exultation was upon him. He laughed—a strange, happy, free laugh.

"When t' water comes up it will be gone. No 'sylum fur me!"

He tossed both arms high, turning his face upwards to the blank darkness.

"God!" he shouted loud; and the wind swept past him, carrying his cry with it.

They sought him all that night in the storm and darkness—the neighbours, the coastguards from the station, 'Liz'beth, Ezra, and Hannah.

It was Wil Kenyon who found the hat and stick on the edge of the cliff, after day-dawn.

"'GOD!' HE SHOUTED LOUD.'

He took them to the cottage. 'Liz'beth opened the door, pale and scared. The little kitchen was full of a crowd of noisy sympathisers, foreboding the worst, yet urging 'Liz'beth to keep up a good heart.

"He's a valled over t' cliff, fur shure!" they said, accepting the old battered hat and stick with pleasurable awe, as dumb witnesses of a tragedy.

"Where's 'Anner?" he asked, not seeing her among them.

"She's out still. Her's liāke a body most mazed, I can't a-git 'er 'ome," 'Liz'beth whispered.

For a week the storm raged. But through it all Hannah Spearman wandered day after

day, searching every nook of the little bay, every curve and hollow of the cliff. 'Liz'beth cried out against it, compassionately at first, fretfully at last, but Hannah was, as she said, "like a body most māzed." They never found him.

The wild waters had swept over him, and carried him back with them to the peace of their blue depths ; and no man knows aught, or will know aught until the sea gives up her dead.

Hannah Kenyon alone believes that her father's death was not accidental ; but no one, not even her husband, shares her dread.

When her baby was first placed in her arms, to the astonishment and indignation of 'Liz'beth, she broke into bitter weeping, her tears falling like rain on the little unconscious head. Mrs Jewell snatched the child from her.

"Well, 'Anner ! Ain't you no more sense than to go a-cryin' over a new-born chiel' ? A-layin' of yourself out to bring ill-luck to the blessed lamb ! "

"I was thinkin' o' poor father," Hannah sobbed, in her weakness.

"You always was properly silly 'bout poor father," snapped Mrs. Jewell. "There ain't no call fur you to keep on mournin' his mem'ry. You was a good dorter to 'im whin in liāfe ; an' 'is death I allays thort a speshul providence. You'd hev lived an' died an ould maid, I allus sāid, ef so be as the Lord hadn't seen fit to take poor father home."

But Hannah turned her face to the wall, and wept.

BEAUTIFIED HOUSE-LINEN.

OUR shops are full to overflowing with all kinds of useful and fresh-looking articles made of linen, either white or coloured. Nearly all these things are hem-stitched, and the designs upon many are sufficiently good for use in ordinary households, the members of which, while liking to surround themselves with pretty things, have neither taste nor leisure to enable them to prepare designs for embroidery themselves. The ready-traced articles consist principally of such as are useful in a house ; and most housewives find it scarcely possible to have too many of such trifles. Among them may be mentioned sets for toilet-tables, pillow-shams—some having a night-dress envelope attached—d'oyleys and tray-cloths of all sizes, tea-cloths, sideboard-cloths, night-dress cases, splash-backs, tea-cosies, and many other things. There is no necessity to give a full list ; suffice it to add that they are for the most part extremely cheap—a large toilet-cover, for instance, costing one-and-sixpence and some odd farthings. Unless silk be used, it is not likely that any very great expense will be incurred for the embroidery alone, and many workers consider that flax is the most appropriate thread for use upon linen. The best flax threads cost little over eightpence a dozen skeins, but they need care in washing. Silks are about double the price of either flax or cotton, but there is a brightness about them that is more specially suitable for very small articles, such as d'oyleys, tray-cloths, and the like.

Some few workers prefer wool to any other thread for embroidery upon linen, but it is rarely that the ready-traced goods are of a sufficiently good make of linen to render wool suitable for them. When crewels are used, the idea generally is to copy some of the old English crewel embroideries ; but these were worked upon hand-made linen such as nowadays scarcely exists, except under the auspices of Mr. Ruskin in the Lake District. A portion of a sideboard-cloth embroidered on this sort of fabric is given in Fig. 1. The design, which is handsome, though somewhat formal, is executed with Appleton's crewels, the conventional flowers being worked with several shades of apricot, the stems and leaves with green, and the centre of the flowers with dull yellow deepening to brown. The stitches used are crewel stitch, long and short, or feather stitch, and French knots. Owing to the roughness of the surface, it can readily be understood that wool is not in the least suitable for use upon anything smaller than a tea-cloth.

The coloured linens are enjoying a great deal of favour just now, and certainly they are a boon to dwellers in towns, with whom the white work so soon becomes soiled by fogs and smuts. Many of the white linen goods to be had in the shops are made up with corners and hems of the coloured material ; but if the article needed is to be made entirely of the coloured fabric, it is very

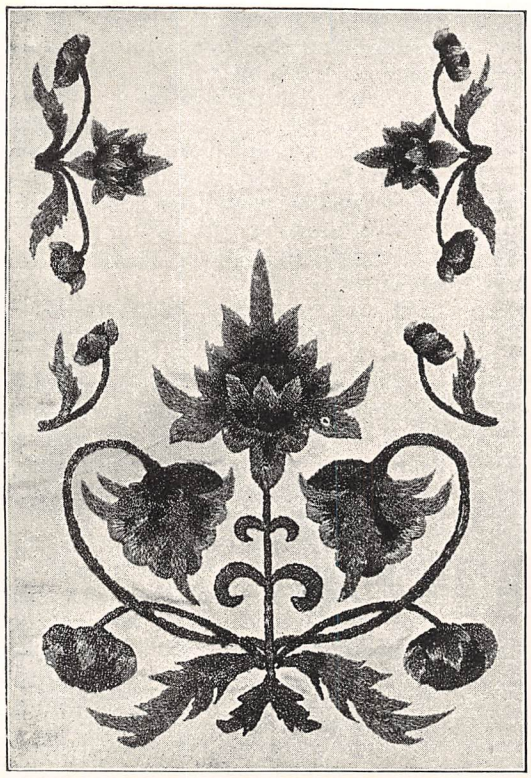


FIG. 1.—LINEN SIDEBOARD-CLOTH, WORKED WITH CREWELS.

economical to buy this by the yard, and to make it up after embroidering it. The night-dress sachet in Fig. 2 is arranged in this way: it is made of pale blue linen, upon which has been worked, with white crochet cotton, a particularly effective powdering in cross-stitch. The crochet cotton, being closely twisted and somewhat glossy, is not so apt to catch the dust as are the rougher flax threads and some embroidery cottons. The task of embroidering upon such a foundation as this will be a particularly interesting task to many workers who perhaps still retain their old fancy for Berlin wool-work. Over the whole of the linen is tacked a piece of the ordinary Penelope canvas, care being taken that the threads of this lie exactly even with those of the linen—a matter which may generally be best decided by holding the two materials up to the light, or by placing the two selvedges precisely together. The work is then proceeded with in the usual way, the stitches being kept quite regular, but pulled up rather more tightly than would be the case when no canvas is used. Also, it must be remembered that on no account must the needle be taken through the threads of the canvas. The reason for this will be seen when the embroidery is finished, for then the canvas has to be drawn away thread by thread from under the cross-stitch, leaving nothing between this and the linen. The making-up of such a night-dress case is no difficult task if a ready-made one is studied. In the original of the illustration the flap covered the pocket entirely, and was bound with blue and white binding, having a tiny blue and white pompon at intervals. Lace may be used, if preferred, and will naturally make the sachet more dressy in appearance.

Appliqué should not be overlooked now that coloured linens have been brought to such perfection, and indeed, charming heraldic designs have lately been brought out, made of pale blue linen laid upon white, and intended to be outlined and partially filled in with embroidery stitches. The worker of average intelligence should, however, find no difficulty in managing a simple form of *appliqué* for herself. If she irons off a bold transfer pattern upon the coloured linen, all she has to do is to lay this upon a white

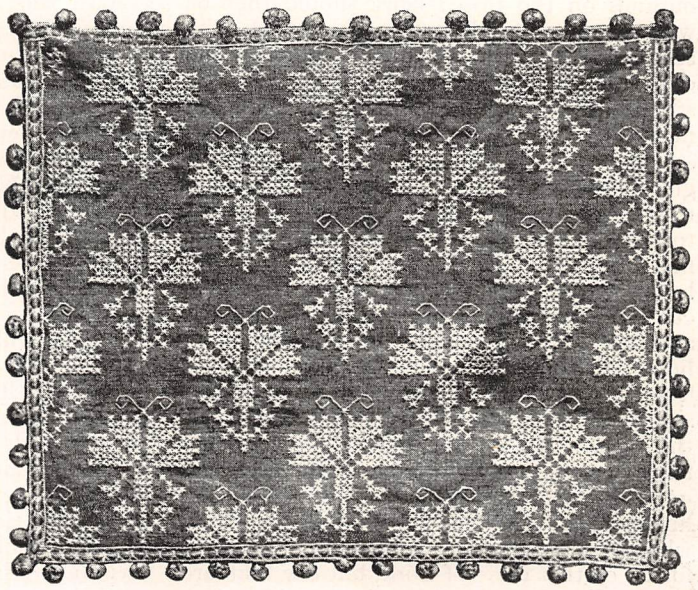


FIG. 2.—NIGHT-DRESS SACHET OF BLUE LINEN, WORKED IN CROSS-STITCH.

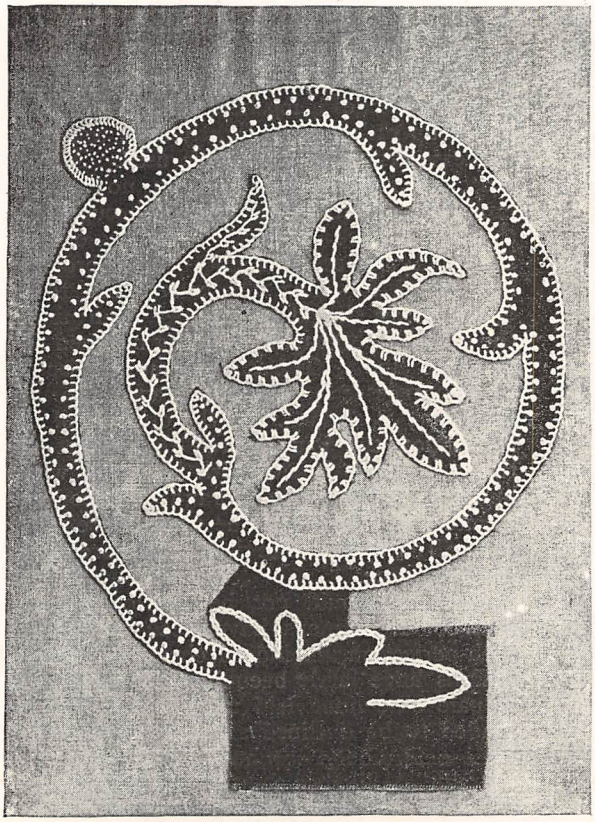


FIG. 3.—APPLIQUÉ OF TURKEY TWILL ON UNBLEACHED LINEN.

material, and to tack it well into place. The outlines on the tinted fabric should then be worked closely with button-hole stitch, the straight edge of which should set towards the outside of the design without exception. The stitches should all be taken through both materials. A few open fillings, dots, and lace stitches are a great improvement, and tend to greatly enrich the work; though, at the same time, these must not be made so closely together as to entirely cover the coloured material. When sufficient embroidery has been executed, the coloured linen should be cut away beyond the outlines of the design; and now will be seen the utility of the button-hole stitch in preventing the cut margins from ravelling. The general effect of this simple kind of *appliqué* may be judged from the portion of a border given in Fig. 3, where there is a scroll of bright red Turkey twill *appliqué* to a background of *écru*-coloured linen. The embroidery here is executed in white. There are many more elaborate forms of this class of work, but few that are more effective. Some workers are patient enough to use several shades of linen upon the same foundation, dividing and sub-dividing the designs into several colours, according to the odds and ends of linen at their disposal. When this is done, the pattern is cut out in all its intricacies before it is tacked down to the background chosen for it, and some considerable amount of accuracy in doing this and in piecing the small fragments together is essential.

A tray-cloth is a moderate-sized piece of work, of which only the laziest could find time to grow weary, and the decoration of such an article can never be considered superfluous all the while an invalid can relish food the more the better it is served, and the more perfect the appointments of the meal. A tray-cloth in most families has constantly to be in the wash-tub, and it is therefore essential that it should be of a kind that will bear even the laundress's bleaching-powders with impunity. Now, by experience, I have learnt that there is only one colour that will do this, and that is scarlet. I have seen scarlet and white d'oyleys washed and re-washed till they have almost dropped to pieces, and at the end, though I can scarcely say it is like new, the Turkey red cotton has changed to a pinkish shade that is fully as pretty and even more artistic a tint than its original brightness.

As a rule, the paucity of stitches used in embroidery upon linen is to be deplored. In Germany the utmost variety is displayed, and it would often seem as though the object of the worker were to make a decorative sampler, showing the many changes that can be rung upon simple stitches. In Fig. 4 are given a few fillings that might with advantage be employed upon the traced linen goods now prepared for amateur workers. In this little sampler the stitches are entirely such as are used for filling broad spaces between the outlines of conventional leaves and scrolls. Workers will easily recognise varieties of cross stitch: one, for instance, similar to leviathan stitch, but made up of eight short stitches instead of four long ones, all of which pass through a hole in the middle of the star. Below this is a powdering of half cross stitches, which can be used for such spaces as require little attention attracted to them and any minor portions of the pattern. Above the leviathan stitch is the arrowhead stitch, a combination of two short diagonal stitches and one longer upright one between them.

All three are passed through the same hole at the bottom. A bold and effective stitch is that above the arrowhead, which describes a series of triangles so arranged that there is a space between each equal to that occupied by one of the triangles. The stitch above this is well suited for working with two colours, for it consists of a long line of thread laid upon the surface of the material, and caught down at regular intervals with shorter stitches of the second colour. There should be no necessity for me to describe the whole of the stitches, for they are for the most part extremely simple. One or two, however, cannot be so readily dismissed. There is a close lattice work rather to the left of the arrowhead stitch, which may at first sight be somewhat puzzling. It consists of sets of three stitches placed side by side, with only one thread of the material between them. Three threads are missed between each set of stitches. They are crossed by similar stitches worked in the opposite direction, so as to lie over them at right angles, and finally, a cross stitch is worked over each square where the two sets of lines meet. This, again, is effective when carried out in two colours. Next but one to this stitch, and still going towards the left, will be seen another lattice that is very effective, but very much more troublesome to work. Carry a square network of threads over the material, as in the stitch previously described, but instead of using three threads, lay one only for each line. This done, begin at the left-hand corner of the lattice; pass the thread over the first upright thread, under the first horizontal thread, across the open square, over the bottom thread of this square, under the next upright thread, then across the next square, and over and under the threads in the same way till the opposite corner is reached; turn and work back as before, but take the thread over the lines it passed under before, and *vice versâ*. This is the most elaborate of all the stitches given here.

For outlining, where only a slender line is desired, crewel, back, and chain-stitch, also the Mount Mellick coral stitch, are invaluable. Speaking of Mount Mellick stitches reminds me that many of those stitches that are deemed characteristic of that embroidery only came originally from Germany, where they were largely used on the ordinary white linen.

Another useful outlining is button-hole stitch, which may be arranged in several different ways. If a plain edge is needed, the straight side of the stitch must rest against the line of the design; if a serrated edge is required, what more easy than to turn the button-hole in the reverse direction? Then, too, the spikes of the stitch

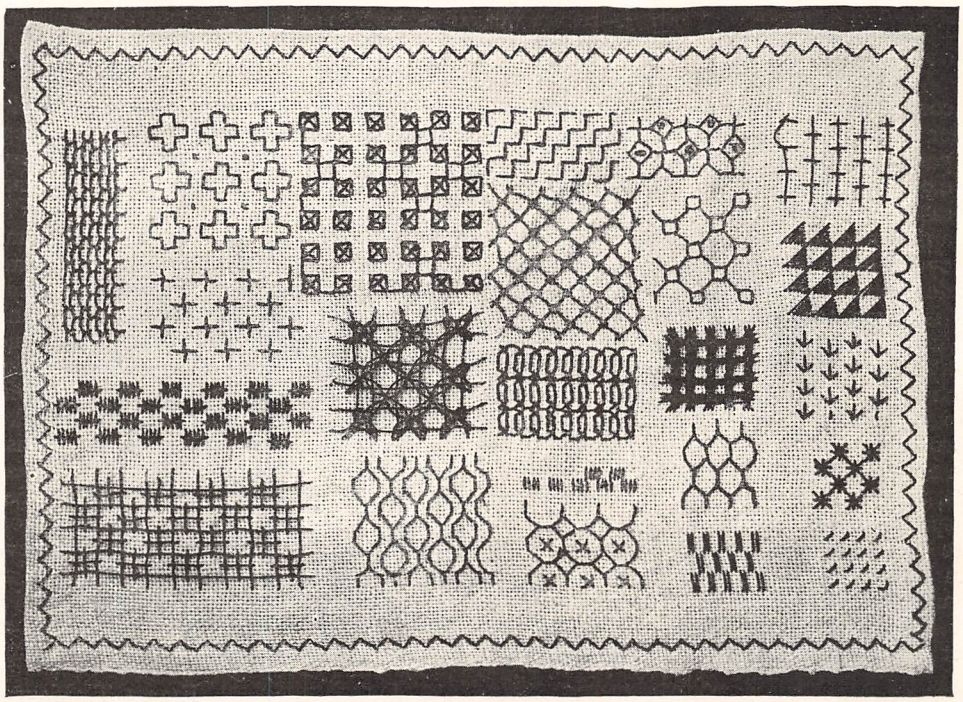


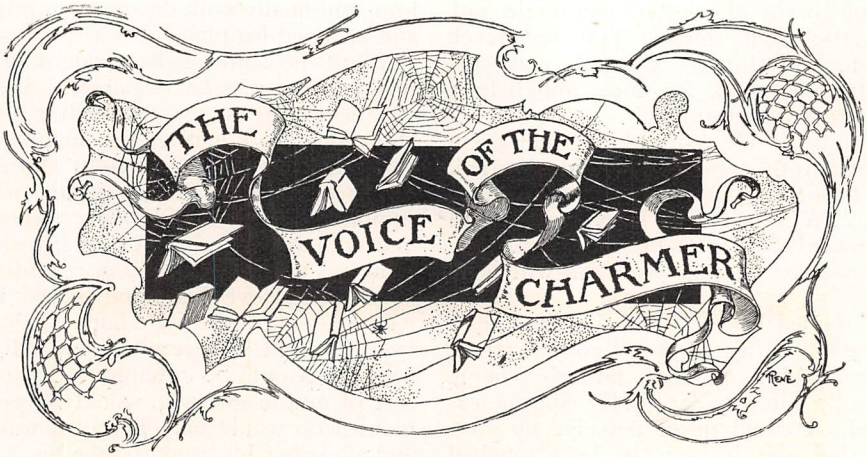
FIG. 4.—USEFUL FILLINGS FOR LINEN EMBROIDERY.

may be placed close together or at regular distances apart; or they may be made of varying lengths, so as to describe vandykes, irregular toothing, scallops, and several other forms. When very bold work is in progress the outlines are not infrequently followed with a fine braid sewn on or button-holed down with thread of a second colour.

Even prettier than this is the effect given by fine cord, which is a feature of the beautiful border in Fig. 5. Another characteristic of this pattern is the use of open fillings between the closer stitches. In this particular design flat satin stitch has a large part to play, but the appearance of this is greatly lightened by the eyelet-holes which are sprinkled over the broader portions of the design. Great crispness is given, too, by the clusters of closely-set French knots. The whole of the design is outlined with the cord above-mentioned, which serves to throw it up admirably. This scrap of work is, like so much good linen embroidery, of German origin, and would form an admirable decoration for a sideboard-cloth, tea-cloth, or even the upper sheet on the spare-room bed. We English people are quite exceptional in our fancy for extremely plain bed-linen; and this is to be regretted, as handsome embroidery of this kind gives a very decorative effect to the bed when the sheet is turned over to the outside, and in no wise interferes with its comfort or utility. There is nothing about it to prevent it from being washed as often as an ordinary plain sheet. Perhaps we shall patronise embroidered sheets and pillow-cases more in time, for the day has long gone by when we are content to keep the smaller articles of our household napery in their pristine simplicity and attendant ugliness. We no longer use our towels, table-cloths, and the like, in the severe plainness of ordinary white linen, but we are decorating them with embroidery and drawn thread-work of more or less artistic design. We do not find that our male relatives, who are apt to sneer at feminine handiwork, eat their dinner with any smaller appetite because the carving-cloth is decorated with a running pattern of embroidery and has a handsome monogram in the corner; nor do they relish their cup of afternoon tea the less for having it served on a daintily-embroidered cloth matching those on which the cake and light refreshments are arranged. It is true that a love for good embroidery may be carried to a ridiculous extent. May it be long ere we consent to lay our handiwork on the ground, to be trodden upon by irreverent feet, or ere we drape our walls with it, as was recently suggested, by way of frieze and dado, greatly to the convenience, no doubt, of the spiders and their webs.

FIG. 5.—BORDER WORKED ON WHITE LINEN.

Ellen T. Masters.



By L. T. MEADE, Author of "The Medicine Lady" etc. etc.

CHAPTER XVI.—A BAD QUARTER OF AN HOUR.

"AND now," said Dering, flinging himself into a luxurious chair in his chambers in St. James's Street, "to set this somewhat disgraceful escapade straight."

Ward was leaning back in another chair, his arms folded, his eyes half shut. He was smoking in a dreamy sort of fashion. When Dering spoke he took the pipe out of his mouth.

"What do you propose to do?" he asked.

"Make the best of a bad job. But I want your assistance. No man in the world can write a better or cleverer letter than you. I want you to frame a letter for me. After you have framed it I will transcribe it in my own fashion, address it to Mrs. Fletcher and see that it is dropped into the nearest pillar-box before I retire for the night."

"If you will allow me to give you advice, Dering," said Ward, "you will write your letter in your own way. My assistance would not be of real value to you. I am full of sophistry—you are without sophistry. Without accusing myself of conceit, I fancy that I fixed my individuality somewhat forcibly on the three ladies at the Red Lodge. They will be sure to detect the iron hand under the silken glove, and will like you none the better for coming to me to assist you."

"You talk about having fixed your individuality upon those women," said Dering, rising suddenly and walking to the window which he flung open. "Don't you think you are playing the very devil with one of them?"

"With which?" inquired Ward.

"Need I say? The look in Miss Neville's eyes, when you failed to appear at dinner on the last evening, told its own story."

"Ah, you noticed it?" said Ward. "It is true that we have the misfortune to love each other, but——"

"In the name of Heaven," said Dering, "if you care for the girl, why don't you marry her?"

"All in good time, Dering. Don't you think we had better settle about your letter before you mix yourself up in my unimportant affairs?"

Dering gave his secretary a puzzled glance. He had never understood him. That was scarcely to be wondered at, but for the first time in their intercourse the attraction which the man had always possessed for him, was mingled with decided antipathy. He approached a table, drew a writing pad and some paper before him, and dipped his pen in the ink.

Ward resumed his pipe, and viewed his friend with lazy amusement.

Dering bent over the paper, a frown between his brows. Presently he dashed off a few words, read them, laughed, and tore up the sheet with violence.

"I can't do it, Ward," he said, appealing almost humbly to the dominant influence of his life.

"Why do it?" said Ward. "It is a disagreeable piece of work, and I cannot see the least necessity for its accomplishment."

"I won't live under a lie another day."

"Just as you please, of course."

"You got me into this scrape, Ward, you

might give me a word of counsel now. Even if you won't write the letter, you might put me into the right spirit. You are clever enough for anything. Conceal your individuality, old chap, for once, and help a forsaken brother at a pinch."

Ward smiled. He dropped his pipe, drew up his chair to the table, and looked attentive.

"The first thing to be considered is this," he said. "What position do you intend to assume towards Miss Fletcher?"

"The position of a lover, if she will have me."

"Ah," replied Ward, "that simplifies matters a good bit. I feared, to tell you the truth, Dering, that your excellent father's scheme had proved a failure as far as Miss Margot was concerned. I could never perceive by your manner that she had in the least touched your heart."

"I cannot say that she has at the present moment. Still, I like her, and I believe I shall like her better. I am naturally fastidious, but there is nothing about her which does not soothe and suit me."

"Soothe and suit," echoed Ward with a sneer. "Heavens! hear how the man talks of the devouring passion."

Dering looked annoyed.

"There is no passion in the case at present," he said. "It may come—I hope it will. But, passion or not, I feel bound by every code of honour to offer myself to the girl. It is for her to reject me if she pleases. In no other possible way can I in the future consider myself a gentleman."

"In that case, your letter is perfectly simple," said Ward, rising in his turn. "All you have to do is to put your sentiments, or rather your intentions, for there is literally no sentiment in the matter as it now stands, in the very freshest and best manner that you are capable of. Believe me, you will have no difficulty in overcoming the indignation of Mrs. Fletcher and her daughter. To the owner of the Hind much will be forgiven."

Ward went to the door as he spoke.

"You are best alone," he said. "I will go round to the club for a few moments."

He went away, and Dering bent again over his letter.

Surely his sin was visiting him severely at this moment. All the dealings of this young man, up to the time when he personated another man at the Red Lodge, had been open as the day. He had done an equivocal deed—there was nothing for it now but open confession. He rumpled his hair, jumped from his seat, walked about the room, swore a good bit under his breath, wished he had never known Ward, then vowed that life would have been intolerable to him without him, and finally sank down again into a chair and resumed his pipe.

While he smoked, he thought of Margot. She was pretty, *petite*, *piquante*. She showed all the grace and good breeding of a lady. Her voice was gentle, her manner refined. Long, long ago she had been chosen by his dearly-loved father as his future wife. No compulsion was to be brought to bear in the matter, but the strongly-expressed wish of the dead was not to be lightly disregarded.

"I don't love her," murmured Dering—"not yet—not yet. Perhaps I shall never love her; and yet, were she my wife, I don't believe I should be unhappy. She is just the sort of gentle girl who would never worry a man—who would take her own way quietly, and allow her husband to take his. In short, I was right when I said just now to Ward that she would soothe and suit me. He viewed my expression scornfully. It is all too evident that I know nothing of the passion at present. I don't know that I want to. Well, well, gentle Margot! Suppose we start in life without it. Suppose we satisfy ourselves with a milder and less devouring flame upon our household hearth.

"Now for the letter. Now for the bad half-hour during which the schoolboy confesses his disgrace and humbly supplicates pardon. There is nothing whatever for it but to say—'Madam, I have been very naughty; please forgive me, and I'll promise to do it no more.'"

Dering smiled grimly.

He sat down again by the writing-table, and drew a sheet of paper before him. As he did so, he remembered the soft touch of Margot's fingers as she offered him the rosebud.

"She's a dear little thing, bless her," he muttered.

Then he bent his head, and began to write.

"Dear Mrs. Fletcher,—I am afraid my letter will surprise you very much, but there is nothing whatever for it but to go straight ahead and tell you the simple truth. The fact is this, I am not John Ward—I am Wilfred Dering; and the man whom you called Dering, while we partook of your hospitality at the Red Lodge, is in reality John Ward. For reasons which I will explain immediately, we agreed to change identities for a week. I am bitterly ashamed of having played this sorry part, but I was so placed, that, having once entered upon it, I found it impossible to retreat until the week of my visit had expired. I do not know if you will forgive me or deign to speak to me again. It is absolutely necessary, however, that you should be put in possession of the

facts, and also that I should give you what poor and lame excuses I have to offer for having behaved as I have done.

"The facts of the case are simply as follows :—

"When you were good enough to send me an invitation to visit you at the Red Lodge, I received it with special interest. I recalled the memory which gave your invitation a very peculiar meaning to me. Owing to my own fault, I have not had an opportunity while I was at the Red Lodge of finding out whether you had any idea of a wish which was strongly expressed by your husband and my father, that if by any possibility we cared enough for each other, your daughter and I should marry.

"I knew all about my father's intention. He had spoken to me of it once or twice during his life and with particular and solemn earnestness on his death-bed. I was too young to think of matrimony at the time, and as I had never seen Miss Fletcher, I put the idea from me and gave it no serious consideration. Your letter, however, opened a vista of possibilities. I felt that I owed it to my father to see Miss Fletcher, and if on mutual acquaintance we found that we suited each other, I further owed it to him to propose marriage to your daughter. A disagreeable idea, however, haunted me. I wondered unceasingly if Miss Margot knew anything of the scheme which our respective fathers had talked about. I felt that if she did, all possibility of unrestrained intercourse was at an end.

"She might shrink with abhorrence from the whole idea, or she might be too shy to show me her real heart even for a moment. It occurred to me that it might be fair to woo and try to win her as any other girl might be wooed and won. I therefore arranged with my secretary Ward to come to your house bearing his personality, not my own. The moment I entered your doors I saw the vast mistake I had made. In short, my feelings since then have been those of long repentance. Is it possible for you, under the circumstances, to forgive me? Is it in any way possible that the wish of our fathers may yet be accomplished? In short, when you and Miss Margot can bring yourselves to forgive me, may I come back to the Red Lodge in my true character?

"I feel that I have expressed myself badly, but my repentance is sincere. I need not say how earnestly I hope that you may be induced to overlook the shabby way in which I tried to meet the difficulty.—Yours sincerely, Wilfred Dering."

Having written his letter, Dering read it over with a rueful countenance.

"I believe I'm only putting my foot in it afresh," he murmured, "but I can't express myself any better. Badly as this reads, it shall go. It tells the truth, at least. Ah! and here comes Ward."

"Got the letter done?" asked Ward.

"Yes; it's a beastly affair altogether. It looks worse than ever on paper."

"Bless you, it can only look like what it is—a sop to the sentimentalities. Women will forgive anything for the sake of a sentiment. Here, give me the letter—I'll put it in the post for you."

"I'll take it out myself, thanks," said Dering, looking straight at his secretary. "I want a walk and a blow of fresh air after this business."

Chapter XVII.—"I Will Never Speak to Him Again."

Mrs. Fletcher received Dering's letter by the afternoon post on the following day. The ladies were seated in the garden enjoying tea when it arrived. Some visitors had called, and Margot and Patty were endeavouring to make themselves agreeable to them. Dering's letter, with several others, was placed on the

"'I BELIEVE I'M ONLY PUTTING MY FOOT IN IT AFRESH,' HE MURMURED."

table near Mrs. Fletcher's side. She looked at her correspondence, and then resumed her conversation with the guest who sat near, a young, bright-looking girl. She had noticed Mrs. Fletcher's visitors in church on the previous Sunday, and was making one or two remarks with regard to the personal appearance of the man who was supposed to be Ward.

"I agree with you," said Mrs. Fletcher; "he is handsome and pleasant-looking. I believe him to be as good, too, as he is agreeable to look at."

"Oh, he must be," said the girl, with enthusiasm. "And what a contrast he is to the other man."

"To Sir Wilfred Dering, do you mean?"

"Yes; we all noticed it. The fact is, mother was slightly acquainted with Sir Wilfred's father, and she thought at first that Mr. Ward was the baronet. When she heard afterwards that that dark, disagreeable-looking man was the owner of the Hind, she said she never felt more astonished in her life. In short, we—oh, I hope I'm not going to say anything rude."

"My dear," said Mrs. Fletcher, with a faint smile, "your criticism, whatever it is, will not go beyond me. You are welcome to speak freely."

"Then I meant to say that I never saw a more unpleasant face."

"You would not say so if you really knew Sir Wilfred Dering," said Mrs. Fletcher. "It is difficult for me to describe the sort of magnetic influence he exercises over all those with whom he comes in contact. When he speaks, and his face lights up, all sense of what is disagreeable immediately vanishes. I grant that Mr. Ward is particularly handsome, but I think I am speaking the sentiments of my whole party when I say that we none of us thought anything at all of Mr. Ward when Sir Wilfred was present."

"It is so good of you to confide in me," said Miss Mainwaring, the girl in question. "I think, however, you must be mistaken," she added, slightly lowering her voice. "Surely, if rumour is correct, one member of your party must have felt that there was no one like good-natured-looking, handsome Mr. Ward. The fact is, everyone in the neighbourhood knows Patty Neville's romantic history. When we saw Mr. Ward in church we ceased to be surprised at her infatuation."

Mrs. Fletcher was about to answer somewhat tartly, for she felt that this officious girl required to be put into her right place, when Patty, springing up, invited Miss Mainwaring to walk round the garden with her.

"We might have a game of tennis if you like," said Patty. "You know you are fond of tennis, Clara," she continued with a smile.

Clara Mainwaring owned that she was, but also added that it was too late to engage in a game that afternoon. She got up, however, and followed Patty across the lawn, and

"'A LETTER? FROM WHOM?'"

Margot, with the other girls of the party, immediately followed her example.

Mrs. Fletcher found herself alone with her untasted cup of tea and her pile of unopened letters.

She looked after the retreating forms of the girls and thought unpleasantly of Miss Mainwaring's remarks.

"Certainly, Mr. Ward is not behaving well to Patty," she said to herself. "It is evident that the whole county knows of the thing—in short, it makes my position here quite unpleasant. My position!—God knows how long I shall have any position here. What does Patty mean to do? Has she found the will? If she has found it, why is she silent? It is more than twenty-four hours since our guests have left us, and yet not by one word or manner, glance or expression, has

Patty behaved as it she had any secret to hide. It is true she has been looking somewhat pale, but on the whole she has been wonderfully bright and cheerful, and has borne Mr. Ward's absence far better than I could have given her credit for. Poor dear child, she looks happier on the whole than when he was here. Well, I am glad that she and Margot have taken off those tiresome, curious girls. Now I can read my letters in peace."

Mrs. Fletcher took them in her hand, examined the superscriptions of each after the manner of ladies who have not a great deal to do, and then selecting the envelope which bore the London postmark, she opened it quickly and began to read. This envelope of course contained Dering's letter.

The voices of the girls floated over the lawn to Mrs. Fletcher's ears, the distant shouts of the haymakers came to her, there was a sighing of the wind from the copses of trees and a sort of moan as well as ceaseless rumble from the sea, as though it meant to predict a coming storm. Mrs. Fletcher was only dimly conscious of all these different signs of animate and inanimate Nature. Her eyes were riveted on her letter. She read it once in breathless astonishment, twice with incredulity, a third time with a flaming spot on either cheek, and lastly with a look, an almost imperceptible look, of relief.

"Here is an opening," she muttered under her breath. "Astonishing, preposterous, daring, ungentlemanly. Yes, I admit all that. Still, it is an opening. Were I not in such a strait, I should never look at those young men again; as it is—as it is—yes, it is an opening, if only Margot can be got to see it. If only Margot can be taught to forgive. She must not see this extraordinary letter—no—no—I must break the news to her. Now some things are made plain, now I comprehend what before was darkness to me. Oh, what a wicked scheme. Don't I recall the day when I suggested to the real Sir Wilfred that he should bring his engagement to Patty to an honourable termination? Don't I remember the day when I sounded Mr. Ward with regard to my child's heart? Oh, how can I bear it? The humiliation is too keen! Why must I be humbled in this way? Why must my heart be laid bare to both these men? Why can I not reply to this letter as it deserves, and tell the men who could act as they have done that I never wish to hear their names again? Patty was in the plot, of course she was. She knew what Margot and I were being subjected to, and she said nothing. Now I can account for her excitability, for her strange conduct. Oh, can I forgive? I never felt so humiliated in my life."

Mrs. Fletcher thrust the obnoxious letter into her pocket. The voices of the girls were heard approaching.

"I must play my part," she said to herself. "Here is an opening—yes, here is an opening. I dare not give way to anger; he asks me to forgive, I will forgive. There is a will; I have read it. The will is in Patty Neville's favour. For her the wealth, for her the home, for her the luxury, the honour, the ease; for us the poverty—the grinding poverty—all the harder to bear because we have tasted the comfort and luxury of riches and power."

"Good-bye, Mrs. Fletcher," said Miss Mainwaring, holding out her hand.

Mrs. Fletcher rose instantly, a smile played round her lips. No one noticed that her handsome eyes were a little brighter than usual. She shook hands with Miss Clara and the other girls.

Margot and Patty offered to walk up part of the avenue with them.

"I want you both when you return," whispered Mrs. Fletcher to her daughter.

"Patty, mother wants us both," said Margot, when, a few moments later, the girls were walking down the avenue side by side.

"Yes, I know," replied Patty.

"You know? Did you hear mother whisper to me?"

"No, but a letter has come."

"A letter? From whom?"

"From Sir Wilfred Dering; I saw the writing. She wants to talk to us about it."

"There is no letter from Sir Wilfred," said Margot. "I took the letters and brought them to mother. I saw that there was a letter in Mr. Ward's handwriting, which I happen to know well, as I often saw it while he was at the Red Lodge. Ah, that interests you, Patty. Come on; if there is news, let us hear it at once."

"The letter is from Sir Wilfred Dering," insisted Patty. "Come, let us hasten; there is news which will surprise you. Let us hasten to your mother."

Mrs. Fletcher had left the garden, and was in her morning-room. The moment the girls entered, she asked them to shut the door; the instant they were alone she turned to Patty.

"Do you think you have treated me well?" she said.

"No," answered Patty with a flush. "I feared you would say that; I know I treated you badly. Perhaps you will never forgive me."

"You have hurt and astonished me," answered Mrs. Fletcher.

Patty turned white; she leant against the wall for support.

"Are you going to forsake me?" she asked in a wild sort of way, looking full at her hostess.

"No, poor child, no," answered Mrs. Fletcher; "I believe you are more to be pitied than blamed."

"Thank God!" ejaculated Patty; "thank God that you don't forsake me." She sank down on the nearest chair, and wiped some moisture from her forehead.

"What can all this mean?" exclaimed Margot. "Do speak out, mother; these mysteries would drive anyone distracted. First of all Patty tells me that Mr. Ward's writing is not Mr. Ward's but Sir Wilfred's, and then you blame Patty for knowing something, and Patty nearly faints, and you forgive her, and she is comforted. Poor Patty," Margot suddenly knelt down, and put her arms round Patty. "Are you not my sister?" she said. "You have done nothing wrong. How can you think it possible that either mother or I could ever, ever forsake you?"

"Listen to what your mother has got to say," whispered Patty.

Margot rose again to her feet. She leant against the wall just behind where Patty sat. She had taken off her sailor hat, which she held in one hand. Her very soft dark hair was in considerable confusion, her eyes, wide open and brilliant, were fixed on her mother, her red lips were slightly parted. No glowing dark carnation had ever looked sweeter than she did at that moment. In the midst of all her perplexity and suffering, Mrs. Fletcher's heart gave a bound of rapture. "The child is beautiful," she said to herself—"she is beautiful. All will—all must be well."

"Margot," she said, her voice trembling with the love she felt, "come here, my darling; kiss me, kiss me."

Margot went up at once, and kissed her mother.

"I am trying to be patient," she said, "but I really am very curious."

"Margot," said Mrs. Fletcher, "I have news which will astonish you. I have just received a letter from Sir Wilfred Dering."

"From Sir Wilfred?" repeated Margot—"Sir Wilfred? I knew both their writings so well, and the letter was in Mr. Ward's handwriting. Oh, yes, how stupid of me. Of course, this explains matters. Mr. Ward addressed Sir Wilfred's letter."

"No, Margot; he addressed it himself."

"My dear mother," began Margot.

"Stop a moment, darling—I said I should astonish you—your astonishment has not even begun yet. The letter which I have just received has come as a sort of bombshell into our midst. It is in truth from Sir Wilfred, written by him, addressed by him—stop, Margot, you must let me finish. Margot, my dear, my dear, those young men did not respect us as they ought. Oh, I can't help saying it—Oh—Oh! I oughtn't to say it. They, they—they were young—Sir Wilfred is only a boy—a boyish trick—a sort of thing a true woman should forgive—and the motive, Margot, the motive quite worthy, quite natural, quite respectful. Oh, Margot, Margot, you mustn't cherish anger. Oh, Margot, my child—Oh, dear; oh, dear!"

"Mother, if you don't speak out, I think I shall take leave of my senses," said poor Margot.

"Listen to me, dearest—try and listen calmly. This letter is from Sir Wilfred Dering. It contains a confession."

"A confession?" said Margot. "You puzzle me very much, mother, with all your extraordinary words. Perhaps the simplest plan would be to let me read the letter for myself."

"No, you are not prepared; you must not read it. Margot, this is the truth. The man we called Mr. Ward, who represented himself to us as Mr. Ward, the man whom we supposed to be Patty Neville's lover, is in reality Sir Wilfred Dering, the owner of the Hind. The other man—the man who dominated us all, who—who—Oh, I can't say it—the other man is Mr. Ward."

Margot's face turned white as death. She turned her eyes and looked full at Patty. Patty's eyes blazed back at her.

"That—that accounts——" She stopped abruptly and clenched one of her small hands. She was not angry as yet, but neither Mrs. Fletcher nor Patty had ever seen her look so white.

"I was puzzled—now I know," she repeated. "It was a horrid, a mean—a mean thing to do."

"You have not heard the motive yet," said Mrs. Fletcher. "Your first astonishment, and your anger are natural. I—I own that I felt as you now feel, just for a little—just until my first amazement had passed; but I respect the motive—the motive was honourable, and he was hard pressed. His position was naturally an awkward one. Yes, yes—oh, of course, I respect the motive."

Mrs. Fletcher rambled on almost disjointedly. Margot ceased to listen to her; she was looking at Patty.

"I understand about you at last, Patty," she said. "The look he gave you in the hayfield; that last evening when you were

both away for many hours. I said something to mother, but she hushed me—I felt ashamed of my suspicions. I——" Margot put up her hand suddenly to her head—"This confuses me," she said. "I feel as if someone had insulted us."

"'OF COURSE, I SHALL NEVER SEE SIR WILFRED DERING AGAIN'" (*p.* 351).

When she said these words, Mrs. Fletcher rose slowly and went up to Patty.

"Leave us for a little, my dear child," she said. "I want to speak to Margot by herself."

Patty left the room immediately. Margot stood and watched her until the door had closed behind her, then she turned swiftly and spoke to her mother.

"I can't understand what you have to say to me, mother," she remarked. "No explanations can take away the hideous fact that we have been insulted and made little of by our guests. I suppose Sir Wilfred remembered that we had only just stepped into ease and prosperity when he conceived and executed this ugly, very ugly, very ungentlemanly, practical joke. I had thought better of him and his friend; but, after all, it does not greatly matter—the joke reflects to their own discredit; it cannot seriously interfere with us. The person whose conduct really pains me is Patty—my sister Patty. I loved her and gave her all I could, all of devotion, all of tenderness. I would willingly have shared

everything I possessed with her, and yet she knew of this disgraceful thing and never spoke—never."

"I believe she was not allowed to speak," said Mrs. Fletcher. "I do not think she willingly deceived us, but let us leave Patty for the present; she is not the important person. I have something else to say to you."

"What, mother, what?"

"I want to tell you why Sir Wilfred did what he did."

Margot walked to the nearest window; she picked up a rosebud which had fallen from a vase of flowers, and deliberately pulled it to pieces. As she did so, she thought of the rosebud which she had given to Sir Wilfred, supposing him to be Ward. Her lip curled indignantly, fresh anger filled her eyes.

"Speak, mother," she said. "Tell me as quickly as ever you can. I must say, however, before you begin, that I am not interested in your communication. Nothing that Sir Wilfred now does or says can matter, for, of course, we can never, under any circumstances, speak to him again."

"What about Patty and Mr. Ward?"

"When Patty marries Mr. Ward she must leave us, for after what he has done, though he is not so much to blame as Sir Wilfred, we can have no acquaintance with him. Until she marries Mr. Ward, we will take care of her."

"I believe Mr. Ward to be more to blame than Sir Wilfred, Margot, but the fact is, you are taking this matter too seriously. The thing done was wrong—it was hurtful—nay more, I will add, it was not respectful. Still, it was the sort of thing that a woman, if she is a true woman, will forget and forgive, if the man who has committed the offence apologises as sincerely as Sir Wilfred Dering has done in this letter."

"I won't forgive," said Margot. "I can't control other people, but nothing will induce me to speak to either of these men again."

"Before you say any more, I want to tell you a short story."

"A story? What about? Really, mother, I'm not a bit in the mood."

"It won't take long, and in spite of yourself, you will not be able to help taking much interest in it, when I have told it to you."

"Very well; don't be long."

"No. I will tell it in as few words as possible. Margot, do you remember your father?"

"My father, mother—my dear, dear, father? Need you ask? Of course I remember him."

"But he died when you were a little child."

"Still I remember him—his look, his smile, the expression in his eyes. I recall the feel of his hand, the tone of his voice. Don't, mother; pray, why should you bring *him* into this?"

"In justice to Sir Wilfred Dering, we must bring him into this, Margot."

Margot tapped her foot impatiently.

"Wonders never cease," she muttered.

"Please listen, my darling. I will try to make myself as short and explicit as possible."

"I am all attention, mother."

"Your father, Margot, and the late Sir Wilfred Dering of the Hind were friends—very great friends. Sir Wilfred Dering had one son, the man whom we called Mr. Ward; your father had one dear little daughter. It entered into the heads of these fathers that their children might—might some day meet, and——"

"No, mother, don't go on," said Margot. Enlightenment had sprung into her eyes, had leaped into her crimsoning cheeks. She lowered her eyes as if they burnt her, and gazed on the ground.

"I know you are astonished, but I must go on," said Mrs. Fletcher. "The fathers of this pair, Sir Wilfred Dering and yourself, hoped that a golden dream might take place, and that some day you might marry."

Margot was now absolutely silent.

"The scheme was confided to me, but, naturally, not to you; for you were only a very little girl. Your father died—the late Sir Wilfred Dering died. Your father begged of me on his death-bed to bring about a meeting between you and the present Sir Wilfred. I wrote to him, and asked him to come here."

"You shouldn't have done it, mother—I wonder at you, mother!"

"Margot, you must allow me to judge in the matter. I had to perform a promise, and I did nothing to compromise you. I wrote to Sir Wilfred; he received my letter, and at once accepted the invitation. In the letter which I have just received from him, he confessed to me that my invitation filled him with excitement and keen interest. I did not know that he was aware of his father's scheme for you both, but he says in this letter that he knew all about it. It occurred to him that matters would be easier for him, and perhaps for you, if he assumed another man's personality for a few days. He felt, in short, that this would give him a free hand; that he might woo and perhaps win you as any other girl might be wooed and won. What is it, Margot?"

"Pray don't say any more, mother. I understand enough now, as much as I need ever know. I confess that I do not think

that it was necessary, under the circumstances, to tell me the story at all, as, of course, I shall never see Sir Wilfred Dering again."

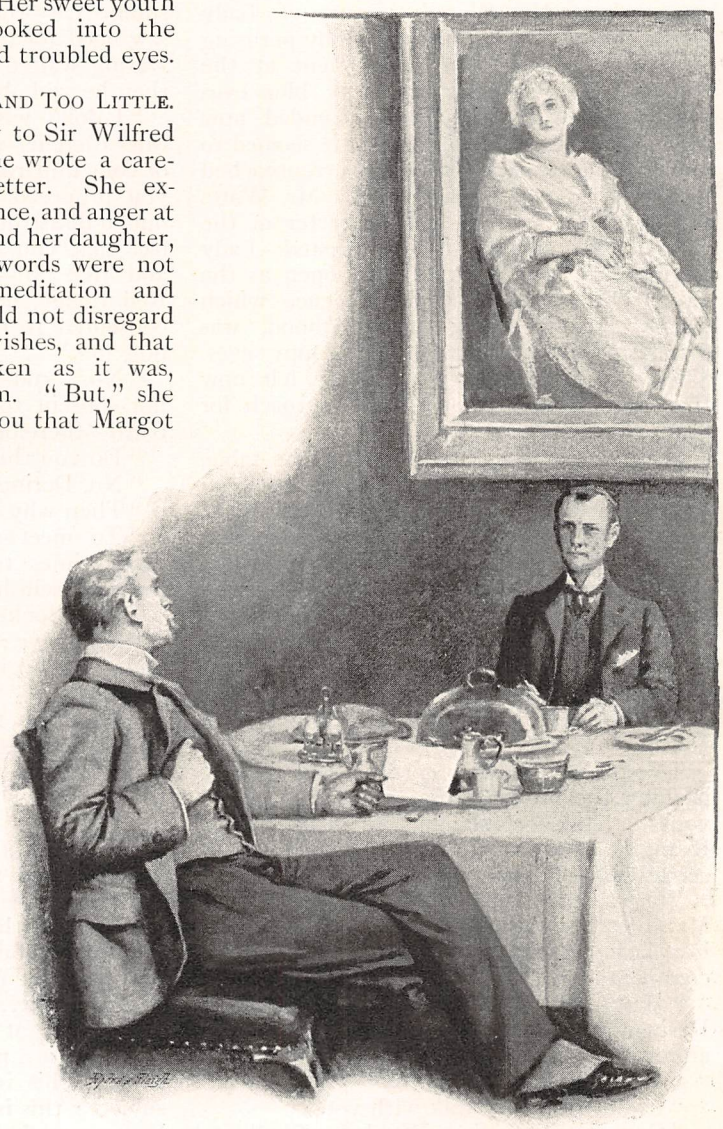
"But, my child, my child—Oh, Margot, my dear, dear daughter."

"Mother, you can't want me to see him again? Surely matters have not come to that pass? I would rather die than marry him, mother! I don't like him. He was always only tolerable to me; now, I—Mother, I hate him now. No, I don't even hate him; I despise him. Mother, don't mention his name to me again."

As Margot spoke, she stepped out of the open French window, and quickly disappeared round a corner of the house. Her sweet youth was disturbed at last, she looked into the world with amazed, angry, and troubled eyes.

CHAPTER XVIII.—TOO MUCH AND TOO LITTLE.

MRS. FLETCHER did not reply to Sir Wilfred for a couple of days—then she wrote a carefully-worded and discreet letter. She expressed astonishment, annoyance, and anger at the trick played upon herself and her daughter, but said further—and these words were not written except after deep meditation and wakeful nights—that she could not disregard her late husband's earnest wishes, and that Sir Wilfred's motive, mistaken as it was, induced her to forgive him. "But," she added, "I am sorry to tell you that Margot does not see the matter in the same light. You have wounded her deeply, very deeply, and, at present, she will not allow either your name or Mr. Ward's to be mentioned in her presence. If you think her worth wooing and winning, you must take your own means to overcome the pride and resentment which stand now as formidable barriers to all chance of her loving you. There is no use whatever in your returning to the Red Lodge, or to this neighbourhood at present. We may possibly meet next season in town, but even then I cannot say that Margot will consent to speak to you. I wish now to say a word on another matter—I wish to allude to Mr. Ward's share of the deception practised upon us. Your letter has, of course, made Mr. Ward's conduct more explicable to us. He was wary, clever, and, I may add, deep, during the few days when he was personating your character, but some signs of the real state of his affections were very apparent, and Patty's unhappiness and devotion to him are, alas! too true not to be easily seen. I am anxious, therefore, Sir Wilfred, that you should set the seal to my personal forgiveness of you by doing all in your power to bring about the marriage of your secretary, Mr. Ward, to the young girl who is at present residing under my roof. If money is the true obstacle to their union, I



"'WELL?'" (*p.* 352).

shall not be unwilling under the special circumstances to assist Patty in this particular. It may be possible also for you to help Mr. Ward in a similar manner. He has undoubted abilities of a very high order, and requires, I am sure, but slight assistance to bring him to the front in any calling which he may adopt. I shall be glad to hear from you on this subject, but as regards the first part of my letter, I would rather you did not allude to Margot in any way for the present.—Yours sincerely, Margaret Fletcher."

Sir Wilfred was at the Hind when he received this letter. It arrived at breakfast-time. Ward and he were breakfasting in the room where Mr. Watts's picture of Lady Dering hung. Dering, after carefully perusing the letter, glanced for a moment at the picture. He inherited his frank blue eyes from his mother—they were clouded now with something akin to shame. It seemed to him that the eyes in the picture reproached him. In this special portrait by Mr. Watts the dominant note in the character of the sitter was abundantly manifested—Lady Dering had been guileless and open as the day. This sweet sort of innocence which usually belongs only to childhood, was manifested in her serene and happy eyes. The son, so like her in character, felt now that they contained a hidden reproach for him.

Ward sat at the further end of the table, just under the picture. The contrast between the two faces was very marked. Ward's dark, keen, eager, and yet veiled in expression, was in every respect the opposite of the flower-like face of the gentle and beautiful woman who had been Dering's mother.

Ward knew perfectly well what letter Dering was reading—the subject could not but interest him. When Dering laid it down, he said "Well?" in an eager sort of voice.

"You can read for yourself," said Dering, pushing the letter across to him. "I have you to thank for this, and for other things. Read, by all means—the crucial portion concerns you more than me."

Ward's quick eyes ran over the contents of Mrs. Fletcher's carefully-worded letter almost in a flash; he returned it to Dering without comment.

"Have you finished breakfast?" asked Dering, whose manner showed unwonted annoyance.

"Yes, thanks."

"I want to have a talk with you."

"Certainly," replied Ward. "Shall we talk here? A talk means something serious. This room will suit a serious talk—the light is mellow and soothing."

Dering rose.

"Pray understand," he said, "that I am not in the mood for any sort of jokes just now. Come out: let us walk on the terrace."

He strode on in front of his secretary, who instantly, and without comment, followed him.

Ward knew, as his eyes glanced at Dering's broad back, that this as a rule easily-managed young man could be queerly obstinate at a pinch. He understood this phase in his patron's character perfectly. There were moments when Ward could be wonderfully submissive—the present was one. When he saw need for it, he could even be apologetic. Dering waited until Ward came up to him, then he said abruptly—

"I don't wish to allude to the subject of Miss Fletcher and myself, except to complain of your unpardonable want of frankness when you proposed the scheme which has turned out so disastrously. Had you alluded to the fact that you were engaged to Miss Neville, and that Miss Neville was staying at the Red Lodge, do you suppose I should have consented to put myself into the hole I am now in?"

"No," said Ward. "I knew you would not consent to my scheme if I told you the truth—therefore I concealed it from you."

"Do you think you acted fairly by me?"

"No, Dering."

"Then why did you do it?"

"To meet my own views. Have I not many times told you that at heart I am the most selfish man in existence?"

Dering looked at Ward in a puzzled way.

"You have; but I never believed you," he said. "I begin now to think—but no, it cannot be."

"To think that I am right?" interrupted Ward. "I wish from my soul that you would think it; it would make the present and the future less difficult."

"Why?"

"Because, if you refuse to see what is so manifest, and what I have never taken any pains to conceal, I shall be obliged to open your eyes further."

"I don't understand you," said Dering in a hopeless sort of fashion. "The fact is," he added, hastily, "I don't want to gauge the impossible at the present moment—your character is a mystery, and I haven't the key to it. This is not the time to discuss the subject: this is the moment for action. You have treated me badly. I don't say that is nothing, but just now it is not the principal

thing. I was fool enough to put my honour into your hands, and you sullied it. By frank confession I have, to a certain extent, reinstated myself with myself; but the world, did it know of this escapade, would doubtless not so easily forgive me. Mrs. Fletcher has forgiven, after a fashion; Miss Margot, as you perceive by the letter, is inexorable."

"No, no," said Ward, with the faintest of sneers round his thin lips, "not inexorable—a little harder to be won, perhaps, and therefore the more interesting, the more worthy, the more desirable of attainment. You would not want a girl to be ready to drop into your mouth, would you, Dering?"

"I refuse to discuss this girl," said Dering, with firmness. "I make one vow, which I will keep before Heaven; it is this—you shall not make or mar in my affairs in the future. Now, to come to your own business—for there, truly, my honour is concerned—what about your marriage with Miss Neville?"

"Suppose I also refuse to discuss my affairs?" said Ward.

"In your position with me, Ward, that is unjust," retorted Dering.

"Oh! so you taunt me with being your inferior."

"You know me too well to believe what you are saying," answered Dering. "Pray let us come to the point. Why don't you marry Miss Neville?"

Ward closed his lips until they looked like a straight line—a line of iron.

"You love her, I presume?" said Dering, slightly shifting his ground.

Ward opened his lips at once.

"I love her," he said, in a deep, hoarse sort of voice. "The passion I feel for her is my torture."

"Well, in the name of Heaven, why don't you marry the girl? Anyone can see that she returns your—your devotion."

"It is a great deal to admit," remarked Ward; "for the sort of devotion I give her can scarcely be measured, but I believe she does return it—in some respects, it is even probable that her devotion may reach depths which mine, consuming as it is, cannot touch."

Ward spoke with intense pain—his sallow face looked more sallow than ever—his grey eyes, with their scintillating lights, looked dark.

Dering glanced at him, and the pity in his kind heart instantly rose to the surface.

"You are in trouble, old man," he said, just touching Ward's shoulder with one of his hands. "We have been greater than ordinary friends all our days. You are in trouble; why don't you make a clean breast of it?"

"Believe me, Dering, if I could, I would—to you."

"Why not? I am surely man enough never to betray you. What is up? Speak, for Heaven's sake!"

"I cannot tell you, for the thing which holds me back from confiding in you and also from immediate marriage is, in a measure, intangible—in a measure, also, it would betray confidence to reveal it."

"Then you mean to tell me to my face," said Dering, angry once again, "that you have no immediate intention of marrying Miss Neville?"

"That is the case."

"Does she know of this?"

"Perfectly."

"Is she satisfied?"

"It rests with herself to remove the obstacle, Dering; now I can say no more. If, under the circumstances, you would prefer another secretary, you have but to say the word."

"I want to say something else, Ward. The reason for this extraordinary delay must be explained by money. Am I not right?"

"I cannot tell you whether you are right or wrong, but I will confess one thing—I have no fancy for bread without butter, nor for love in a cottage."

"You offered, a moment ago," said Dering, "to resign your post as my secretary. I accept your resignation with one breath, and appoint you anew, with a double salary, with the next. You and your wife can have a private suite of rooms here. You cannot tell me to my face that it is not possible for you to marry on an income of a thousand a year?"

Ward shut his lips again.

"Why don't you speak?" said Dering.

"I hesitated for a moment in order to find words to thank you—in order also to find suitable words to decline gracefully what many men would jump at. You offer me too much and too little, Dering. A thousand a year, with no hope in the future, cannot content me. I will stay with you for the present on the old terms. Now, perhaps, this discussion is closed."

Dering was silent; he stood facing the splendid prospect which swept to right and left of him; he felt puzzled, disappointed, and lonely. Few young men had more to thank Providence for, but his mood was neither one of exultation nor of thankfulness at the present moment. He looked round after a moment to say something further to Ward, but Ward had disappeared.

"'I SHAN'T BE LONG AWAY'" (*p.* 356).

"I begin to dislike him," thought Dering. "I could find it in my heart to be glad if he insisted on leaving me.

"Yes, I begin to dislike him," he continued, as he wended his way round to the stables. "All the same, I don't suppose I could live without him. He is the strangest man I ever met. I begin to fancy that his influence is a bad one, and yet I should like to see the man or woman either whom he could not bring under his spell."

CHAPTER XIX.—INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

"MOTHER wants you, Patty," said Margot.

"What for?" asked Patty.

She had just returned from a long ramble by herself: her cheeks were flushed with exercise, her eyes were bright. Ten days had passed since Dering and Ward had left the Red Lodge.

"I cannot tell you why mother wants you," repeated Margot, whose tone was decidedly petulant. "I can only say that she does. I suppose it is another mystery. I hate mysteries, and we seem to be surrounded by them at present. She wants you, anyhow. She is in her room, and says that you are to go to her there."

"To her room?" thought Patty, in wonder. "Why am I to go to her room?" She began to tremble slightly, but without another word, turned from Margot, entered the house, and went upstairs.

When Patty's knock sounded at the door of Mrs. Fletcher's quaint old-fashioned bedroom, she came at once and opened it.

"Welcome, my dear," she said, in a cordial voice. "Come in: I want to speak to you. I have something to say, and as I do not wish our conversation to be interrupted, I thought it best to see you here."

Patty came in silently. The colour which exercise had given her had now faded from her cheeks, her face was pale, her naturally wide-open eyes became somewhat narrow, as if she were keeping a careful guard over herself. Mrs. Fletcher noticed her changed expression, but resolved not to comment upon it. She sat down on an ottoman, and drew the girl to sit by her side. She had an unpleasant task before her—she meant to speak to Patty very plainly and very openly with regard to her engagement, and, further, intended to sound her, if possible, on the subject of the missing will.

She began her conversation in a cordial tone.

"I have made up my mind to forgive you, Patty," she said.

"Yes?" answered Patty, lowering her eyes. "I—I am glad of that."

"At first," continued Mrs. Fletcher, "I felt it difficult to restore you to quite your old place in my affections, but the resentment I felt towards you when I received Sir Wilfred Dering's letter has now faded into great pity

for your very evident unhappiness. I mean to speak to you very plainly, Patty; but I wish you first to understand that I feel towards you somewhat—somewhat as if you were really my child."

"I don't think you can feel like that," answered Patty. "I might be a different girl from what I am if my mother had lived, if I had ever known her."

Here she started up, and her face grew whiter than ever.

"Why must you speak to me in this room?" she said. "I know what you are going to say, and all your words, I feel in advance, will be utterly useless and thrown away. But why must you speak to me here? The woman who was really to me as a mother died in this room. It is misery to me to sit here and recall her memory."

"Sit down again," said Mrs. Fletcher. "You are so unhappy already, Patty; your misery is so apparent, that a little more or less cannot greatly matter for a few moments. I will come at once to the point. You are engaged to Mr. Ward. He has excited very strong feelings in your breast. I cannot say if you love him, but there is no doubt that you are much influenced by him. Now I want to do all in my power to hasten your wedding."

A faint smile broke out round Patty's lips. She was recalling a passage in Ward's letter. Ward in his letter had said that all would cry: "Haste to the wedding." What matter, when the bridegroom himself tarried?

"I am sorry to appear rude," said Patty aloud, "but the fact is, nothing can be done in the matter of my marriage. Mr. Ward and I have decided that there is no immediate hurry."

"Patty, I think I deserve some of your confidence. There must be some reason for this strange resolve. Is it want of money?"

"In one sense, yes," replied Patty. Her words came out with hesitation.

"I wish you would be quite frank and open, my dear child. It is impossible for me really to help you unless I know the simple truth. There is some obstacle which prevents two people who are deeply attached to each other from being made happy in the right and natural way. It cannot only be money, for I had a letter this morning from Sir Wilfred Dering, in which he said that he had offered to give Mr. Ward an income which would enable any reasonable man to support a wife with comfort."

"I have said that it is not only money," replied Patty. "There are other hindrances which it is quite impossible for me to explain. They may vanish with time; on the other hand, they may never be able to be overcome. It is quite useless for us to talk any further on this subject. I will say one thing, and only one, and then even to you, Mrs. Fletcher, I must absolutely refuse to speak of the matter again. At the present moment I do not consider myself engaged to Mr. Ward. I do not pretend that this state of things does not pain me. Nay, I will add frankly that I suffer considerably. My sufferings may cease as time goes on, or—or they may become unendurable, and something may happen which will enable us to meet again. I don't know—I ought to hope that such a thing will not happen. I don't know what I hope just now—I am bewildered, but my conscience does not trouble me. I am grateful to you for being kind and interested, but I have nothing more to say on this matter. If you will allow me to stay on here as Margot's friend and companion, I shall be very grateful; but if you would rather that I went away, I must, of course, yield to your wishes."

"No, Patty," said Mrs. Fletcher, "I do not wish to part from you. You are strange and incomprehensible, but there is something about you which makes it impossible for me not to love you. You shall stay at the Red Lodge until—until the happy day comes when you go from it to another home. Under ordinary circumstances this house would have been your home, your property. I cannot pretend to forget that, Patty."

It was now Mrs. Fletcher's turn to grow pale. In spite of herself, her voice slightly shook; she watched Patty with keen suspicion in her eyes. Patty felt the look—she even guessed what prompted it. She walked suddenly to one of the windows, then she turned and glanced at Mrs. Fletcher.

"Let bygones be forgotten," she said. "This place will never be mine."

Mrs. Fletcher's heart gave a sudden glad bound—there was a ring of sincerity in Patty's voice.

"I have sometimes thought," she began, "that perhaps, after all—after all—(you know, Patty, I only inherit as heir-at-law)—it has occurred to me that, after all, there may be a will."

"There is no will," said Patty. Her face grew crimson as she spoke, tears rushed from under her burning eyelids. "Of course, there is no will," she continued. "Rest in peace: you and Margot will always be rich and happy. The good things of life are for you: you will always have them. Now shall we agree not to torture each other any more?"

"You are unfathomable," said Mrs. Fletcher, but she looked at the girl with glad eyes of relief and pleasure. She went up and took her in her arms.

"I wish I were your real mother," she said. "I can truly say that I love you. I want you to believe that there are few things I would not do to secure your happiness."

"You don't mean what you say," thought Patty to herself. "You would not do the one, the only thing which could give me what my hungry heart craves for, and you shall never be asked, never—never. I feel strong now—I feel strong. By my own words I have set the seal to my future actions. After all, it is nice to be good: it rests one, it stills the heart."

CHAPTER XX.—THE DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION.

EARLY in the spring of the following year Mrs. Fletcher carried out her idea of coming to London for the season. She took a house in a fashionable part of Mayfair, and the girls and she took possession of it early in the month of March.

During her husband's lifetime, Mrs. Fletcher had many friends in the fashionable world. Since her sudden accession to wealth these friends had begun to look her up again, and her advent in London was hailed by numerous visiting cards and other tokens of goodwill. Mrs. Fletcher looked at these with a certain bitterness.

"The wealthy widow, the owner of the Red Lodge, with its large rent-roll, the mother of the young and pretty heiress, is a person of importance," she murmured. "My friends see many fascinations in me now which they failed to observe at a time when I could have appreciated their attentions. Would they be so good-natured, so profuse in sympathy, so anxious to throw their houses open to Margot and myself did they know that I am, after all, but on sufferance? Any moment that mysterious lost will may turn up again. At any moment Margot and I may have to return to that state of dull obscurity which will assuredly mitigate against our charms. Well, there is no doubt, at least, that Patty knows nothing of the will. Its disappearance is an unsolved mystery—may it long remain so, is my fervent prayer. If only Margot, if only Sir Wilfred"—here Mrs. Fletcher suddenly stood still, and the dawning of a very real hope filled her eyes. "We shall meet in town," she thought; "we shall often meet. Sir Wilfred wants the marriage: I want the marriage. Surely Margot cannot be obdurate enough to hold out against so much that is lovable, so much that is desirable. Dare I speak to her? Not yet—not yet."

On a certain afternoon, when the Fletchers and Patty had been about a fortnight in their new home, Patty went out to walk by herself in one of the parks. As she was leaving the house she met Mrs. Fletcher.

"Where are you going, my love?" asked the lady.

"Out," answered Patty. "I am restless; I want a walk."

"But it is already late," replied Mrs. Fletcher. "I don't particularly care for you to go out without a maid, Patty, especially at this hour."

"Nothing would induce me to walk with a maid," answered Patty, impatience in her tone. "I shan't be long away. Ask Margot to keep a cup of tea for me."

"Don't tire yourself," said Mrs. Fletcher; "remember, we are going to the Talbots' dance to-night."

Patty nodded, and a moment later found herself in the street.

She had said that she must have exercise, but to judge from her lagging movements and pale cheeks she looked tired already. There were black shadows under her eyes, even her lips had lost their rich colouring. She walked slowly until she came to the corner of the square where Mrs. Fletcher's house was situated. A street out of this square led direct to Hyde Park. Patty stopped at the corner, and looked across the road. The season was only just beginning, but already the park was full of carriages and people. When she left the house her intention had been to drag herself as far as the park, secure a chair, and sit down. It would amuse her, she thought, to watch the fashionable world from afar; it would distract her troubled thoughts to watch the horses, the carriages, the gaily-dressed ladies. She now stood still, however, with indecision in her eyes; she felt that she had scarcely energy to cross the wide thoroughfare; she determined to walk down Piccadilly instead. Her pallor and weariness had in one way taken from her personal beauty, in other ways they but added to it. More than one person looked at her—some eyes were fixed on her in curiosity, others in admiration, but the greater number in pity. What ailed this profoundly sorrowful woman? Patty looked older than her years. Her eyes were so full of anguish that they told some of her story to all who glanced at her. By-and-by she reached a corner which led into a quiet street; she turned instinctively, glad to get out of the crowd. There were comparatively few people in this street; she drew down her veil, and resolved to take an omnibus home. She had scarcely come to this conclusion when a strange thing happened. She was walking along very slowly when she was conscious of an altogether new and dreadful physical sensation. A sharp two-edged

knife seemed suddenly thrust into her quivering heart. It entered somewhere in the neighbourhood of the breastbone and came out between the shoulder-blades. The anguish was so sudden and intense that a faint cry escaped her lips. The pain passed as quickly as it came, but returned again, again, and again. Patty found herself absolutely incapable of movement; she clung desperately to the iron railings of a house; her lips were blue, she could scarcely see; large beads of perspiration stood on her forehead. A gentleman who was passing—an elderly, grave-looking man—stopped to speak to her.

"Forgive me," he said, "you are evidently ill; can I do anything for you?"

"I should like to go to the nearest chemist," said Patty, bringing out her words with an effort. "I feel faint; he may give me a restorative."

"There is a chemist at the corner," said the gentleman; "may I take you to him?"

He took Patty's hand and drew it inside his arm; his manner was all that was kind and fatherly. When they reached the chemist's shop he took off his hat, bowed, and walked quickly away.

"'FORGIVE ME,' HE SAID, 'YOU ARE EVIDENTLY ILL.'"

Patty felt a little better now; she went into the shop, told the chemist something about the strange attack which had come to her, and asked him to give her a restorative.

"I can give you a little sal volatile and water," he answered; "but yours is not a case for me; you ought to see a doctor and have a proper prescription."

Patty considered for a moment,

"The pain was undoubtedly in my heart," she said aloud, "and my mother died from an affection of the heart. Perhaps I'd better take your advice," she continued, looking up appealingly.

"You certainly ought," answered the man. "An excellent doctor lives about half-a-dozen doors from here. If you go to him at once, you may find him at home."

"What is his name?" asked Patty.

"Dr. Power. He is a very good man indeed; his address is 44, B—— Street—just round the corner."

Patty thought carefully for a moment. Yes, she would go; she would learn the truth about herself at any cost. She would not for worlds let Mrs. Fletcher know of this queer attack, but the agony was so keen that she dreaded a repetition of it, and was anxious to take means, if possible, to prevent it.

She thanked the chemist, therefore, and went straight to Dr. Power's house. He happened to be in, and she was shown into his consulting-room almost immediately. On lifting her eyes she saw, to her astonishment, that he was the elderly gentleman who had offered her his arm in the street. He gave her a keen glance, smiled slightly, and said:

"I am glad you have come to me. You were suffering from an attack of your heart when I saw you just now, and the symptoms doubtless alarmed you a good deal."

"They did," answered Patty. "I don't know how to thank you for helping me as you did. When the chemist saw me, he recommended me to come straight to you."

"Looks as if we were playing into each other's hands, eh?" said the doctor, with an amused smile. "Now describe your symptoms fully; I am all attention."

Patty did so; the penetrating, observant eyes of the man of science were fixed on her as she spoke.

"You must let me examine your heart," he said, when she concluded her brief story.

During the examination the doctor could not fail to notice the narrow blue ribbon which Patty wore round her neck. That ribbon, with its wedding-ring attached, told him a history which distressed him very considerably.

When he had finished his examination he spoke.

"On the whole, my verdict is not so bad as the pain you suffered might have led you to anticipate," he said cheerfully; "the heart is very much weakened, and its whole condition points to a severe strain of some sort—probably a mental one. At present, however, there is no actual organic disease, although conditions are highly favourable to such a state taking place before long. Forgive me, my dear young lady—I don't even know your name—if I ask you a very abrupt question: are you happy?"

"No," said Patty. The word was wrung from her by the suddenness of the query; tears welled into her eyes.

"Then," said the doctor, "the whole mischief lies in that brief monosyllable of yours. Get happy, and you will get well. The strain of the grief you suffer is too much for you; you inherit a weak heart, and if this strain continues, mischief is certain to ensue. If the grief from which you suffer cannot be remedied, you must learn to forget it, to live above it. If, on the other hand, it can be remedied, don't lose an hour in seeking mental relief; otherwise, believe me, your life will be the forfeit. Now I am going to write a prescription for you. This medicine will ward off a similar attack for some time, but remember distinctly that the real remedy rests with yourself."

Patty thanked Dr. Power, paid him his fee, and left the house. She hailed a hansom and drove home; she felt like one who, walking in a dream, sees everything faintly and a long way off. On her way home she suddenly remembered that in order to avoid immediate trouble she ought to get her prescription made up. She stopped at a chemist's, therefore, and kept the hansom waiting until the medicine was ready. A couple of minutes later she was at home. The drawing-room was on the first floor. She was passing it to go up to her bedroom when Mrs. Fletcher, who was evidently watching for her, called to her to come in.

"I know you will be glad to welcome an old friend," she said. And Patty found herself shaking hands with Sir Wilfred Dering.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

A NOVELIST'S TRAINING.

A TALK WITH MR. S. R. CROCKETT AT PENICUIK.

MR. S. R. CROCKETT.
(From a photograph by J. Moffat, Edinburgh.)

THE railway journey from Edinburgh to Penicuik is longer than the scheme of the universe seems to have designed. The line makes so unconscionable a sweep round as to cause the train to take fifty minutes to cover a distance which is little over nine miles by road. In amends, the traveller finds himself embarked upon a country which is always interesting, and which offers scenes of extreme beauty on a winter's day, like that on which I lately made the journey for the purpose of visiting Mr. Crockett. You circle widely round the broad base of Arthur's Seat, below the couchant lion that keeps eternal watch over the royal city. A glimpse of the sea is gained at Portobello, where the old sailor once built his lonely house, and named it after the most famous of his battles, and where now long rows of villas, plain and coloured, bear witness to the thriving condition of the Gravesend of Scotland. Then the snow-clad fields begin to open out white and bare on either side. On the one hand, the long and picturesque range of the Pentlands rears itself into the wintry sky; on the other, tall chimneys and pit-head buildings testify to the mineral wealth of Lothian. Later, one comes to the region of the Esk, and the wayside stations boast names as familiar to the lettered traveller as Rosslyn Castle and "classic Hawthornden." None of Drummond's roses are blooming now, but the famous chapel where the St. Clairs rest is conspicuous on the hillside, until it is hidden by the slope of a cutting. Directly after, one is reminded of changed times by entering the long shed which has been erected over the line to safeguard the Rosslyn powder-works from inconvenient sparks; and in a very few minutes more the train comes to the end of its journey in the little terminal station of Penicuik.

It is not far to the house where Mr. Crockett has lived since he found the Free Church Manse too small to hold him. Bank House is little more than the length of its avenue from the station: a good substantial country house, pretentious to little more than comfort, but strong in that. A tiny brook gurgles and bickers beside you as you pick your way up the narrow path that is swept in the avenue, and in a moment more you renew your acquaintance with the warm,

nervous hand-shake which is characteristic of the eminently healthy temperament of the author of "The Raiders."

As it happens, I was the first journalist who had the pleasure—I use the word advisedly in this case—of interviewing Mr. Crockett, just after the remarkable success of his first volume had brought him into the public eye.

"That was little more than a year ago," I said to him, while we dallied with a grateful cup of tea. "You have had many interviewers since?"

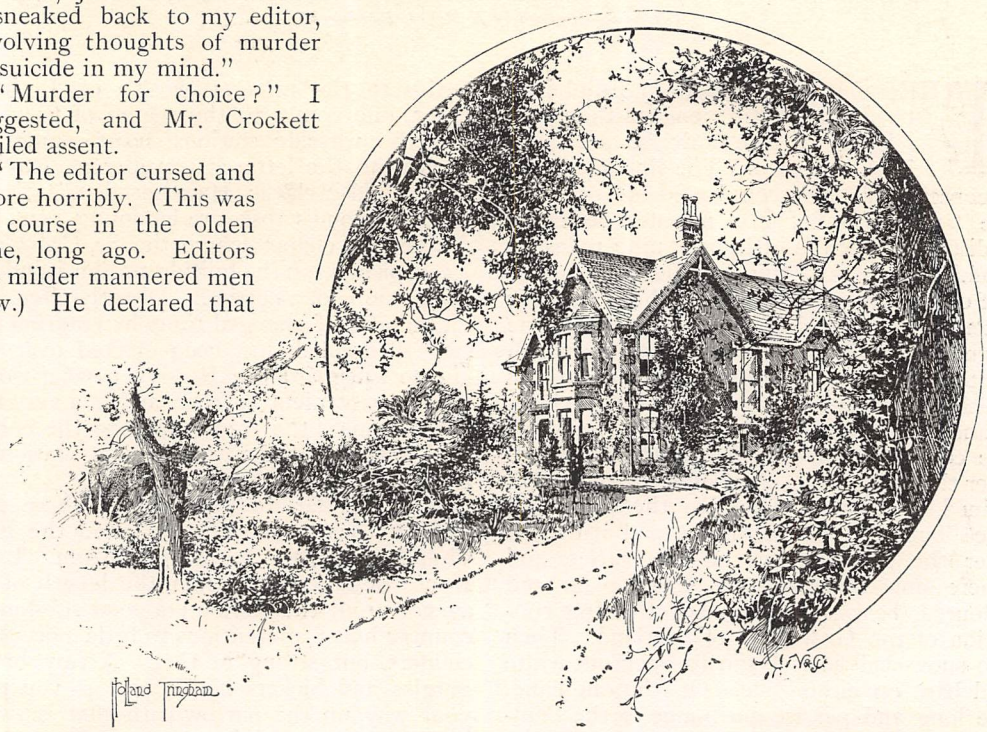
"Indeed I have," was the cheery answer. "One day there were as many as five here at once. The fact is that I have always made a point of never refusing any request of this sort. You wonder why? Well, I have been a journalist myself, you know. One of my keenest recollections of that time is this: Many years ago a certain editor, for whom I had been doing some work, asked me to go and see a politician of the second rank and get his views on some matter of interest at the moment—a Queen's Speech, I think. I went off—this was in the days before interviewing was common. I found my gentleman just coming out of his big West End mansion, and made my request. 'No, I won't tell you anything: go away!' he said, just in those words. I sneaked back to my editor, revolving thoughts of murder or suicide in my mind."

"Murder for choice?" I suggested, and Mr. Crockett smiled assent.

"The editor cursed and swore horribly. (This was of course in the olden time, long ago. Editors are milder mannered men now.) He declared that a man that could not get such a simple thing as that was of no use to him, and sent me about my business. Since then, I have tried never to be unkind to an interviewer."

"I wish every public man had had the same experience," I said feelingly. "But one result of your good-nature is that all the facts of your life are pretty well known. You were born and brought up in Galloway, among the Cameronians, I know. Tell me the salient features of your early life, will you?"

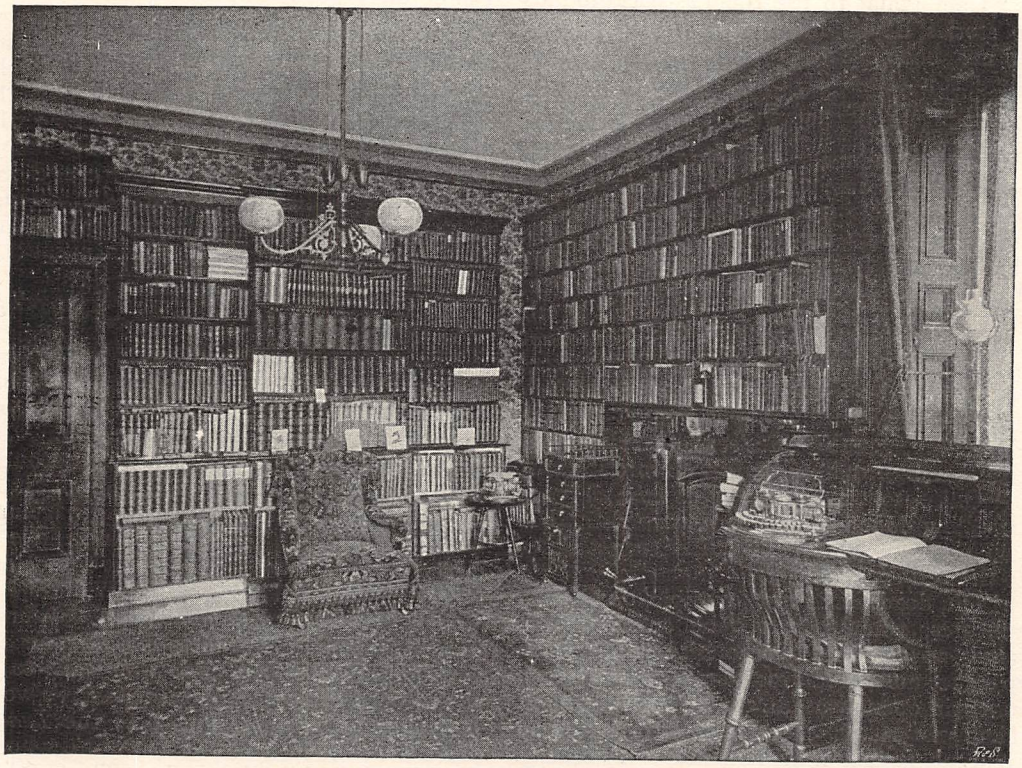
"Why, the most important influences in it were these, so far as one can indicate the facts of a dozen years in a few sentences. First, I should count the extreme strictness of our education. The Cameronians were the theological aristocracy of the Galloway countryside, so to speak; and the two or three families of whom we consisted mixed little with the laxer brethren round about. Amusements were almost all tabooed: to this day I find it difficult not to look on cards, for instance, as sinful. Besides, I can't play. Even 'light literature' was not allowed, and I had to read Scott and Shakespeare on the sly. I told you once before how the late Professor Clerk Maxwell found me lying on the muir and reading Shakespeare, and gave me two half-crowns in reward of my good



MR. CROCKETT'S HOUSE.

(*From a photograph by J. Moffat, Edinburgh.*)

taste. Now I have noticed that the other boys of the village, who were allowed to read as many novels as they chose, preferred 'The Boys of England,' and I make little doubt that I owe my early taste for good literature to this fact that it was 'stolen waters.' In other essentials my training was ideal. I could talk to you for hours about my old Cameronian grandfather, with the overweening passion for justice that dominated his life.



MR. CROCKETT'S LIBRARY.
(*From a photograph by J. Moffat, Edinburgh.*)

I hope to put that beautiful character in one of my books, if I can do it well enough."

"And then you went to school to Castle Douglas?"

"Yes; I owe a heavy debt to my master there, John Cowper. An Aberdeen and London graduate, and a sound scholar—a 'dominie' in all things of the true old type—he gave me a grounding in classics that has done me good service, besides teaching me the far more useful lessons that come from a noble life. I took a bursary at Edinburgh University straight from his teaching, and went up there when I was fifteen. It was a pretty hard life, but a healthy and enjoyable one. You may guess that there wasn't overmuch money in the matter when I tell you that for the whole time I was there my living expenses averaged nine shillings a week—three for rooms and six for food, eked out by a cheese and a bag of meal from home. I can show you my account-books still to prove it."

"And then you went up to Oxford, didn't you?"

"Yes; but not to stay. I had an idea of keeping myself there as an unattached student; but by good fortune I had an introduction to the Head of one of the great colleges, who shall be nameless. He changed my mind for me."

"How did you find that gentleman? He could be disagreeable enough on occasion, I understand?"

"Oh, yes! but I think he was never anything but pleasant to the poor amongst us. He was very kind to me. 'We shall do you no good here,' he said to me plainly. 'What you want is a travelling tutorship.' And he got me one at once: first a young American, and then a Ward in Chancery. With them I went all over Europe. I have visited every

capital but Copenhagen. We always travelled *en prince*, and saw most of the people who were worth seeing, from Bismarck to Russell Lowell. On a similar trip I visited northern Africa, and I have been in Siberia. This, as you can imagine, was a very good training for a fellow who was to earn his bread by novel-writing in the future."

"I can hardly imagine a better one," I said. "I suppose you will tell us all about your travels one day?"

"I am going to use them as backgrounds to stories, if you mean that. For instance, in my book that is coming out shortly there is a tale—'St. Lucy of the Eyes'—in which I have worked in a curious couple of clergymen that we met in Italy. One was a Waldensian minister, the other the Catholic priest of the same village. The priest complained that his parishioners would only pay their dues when the fear of death was upon them in a sickly season; while the minister's flock only cashed up when Communion-time approached. So to keep things at a fair average, the two men—who were excellent friends in private, but bitter foes in the street—had hit on the device of pooling all their drawings and dividing the proceeds! Smart, eh? Now, there are hundreds of incidents like that that one can always work up into stories."

"Quite so," I said. "But was all your travelling done in this luxurious style? Did you never rough it sufficiently to get down to the bed-rock of life?"

"Oh, dear, yes! For example, one of my ventures, when I had some spare cash in hand, was to hire three Orkney fishermen to take me across to Norway with them in their open boat in the depth of winter. That was rough enough, I think. Then I went up farther north, on my own account. The things I saw then I have it in mind to use, as thus: I am going to write a novel about a young Scots adventurer who leaves his home and goes up with one of the early Arctic explorers—like Hendrik Hudson, you know, two or three centuries ago. It is much easier to throw one's self into the past in the far north, I find, or in Morocco, for instance, than here—there is practically no change with the centuries such as occurs in civilisation."

"But how did you come to go into the Church? This does not sound like the training of a minister, if one may say so. And you are a layman again now, aren't you?"

"My going into the Church," said Mr. Crockett, as he sought for pictures in the fire, "was the result of a sudden impulse working on such an early training as I have described. I was consumed at the time with a sudden desire to do all I could to help the people—especially those of them who are down in this world. And I could not see that it was possible for a man standing alone to do anything of much importance; whereas in a great organisation like the Church he acts with the weight of all the centuries and all the brethren at his back. That was my determining motive. Now I have become a layman again, because I feel that I am able to do a different work, and can do more good as a free lance once more. But, as you know, I am just where I was, so far as unity with the Church in honest belief is concerned. I have just gone down into the ranks again—that is all. I shall always be the most loyal helper and hearer of the man who is chosen to fill the place that I have had to resign. But I shall preach no more, except in my books; and not obviously in them, I hope, for you know I don't approve of that kind of thing. The novel with a purpose is an artistic crime."

"And how did you become a novelist? Was that a sudden impulse too?"

"Something very like it," said Mr. Crockett, smiling, "only this time the impulse came from outside. I used to write articles regularly for a paper called the *Christian Leader*, of Glasgow. One day—I'm bad at dates, but it was in 1891, I think—I got a telegram asking me to supply a leading article in a great hurry on the duties of a minister. Oh, I make no doubt it would have been a most moral and improving article! But I had not time to write it. In my despair the thought occurred to me of throwing my ideas into the shape of a story, and I wrote what purported to be the account of a typical minister's day's work. It caught on, and the owner of the *Leader* asked me to write a story every week, whence arose 'The Stickit Minister,' or 'The Crockett Minister,' by Stickit, under which name I am told worthy people ask for it. The success of these stories opened up a new line of work to me, and you know what I have done since."

"You have never had any trouble since then about finding a market for your work, I believe?"

"No; not since the success of my first volume. I had one curious experience, though, with it. Before I offered it to my publisher I tried it on a Scottish firm. I had better not tell you their name. They returned it with a note politely assuring me that there was no market at all for this sort of thing. Well, not very long ago I received a letter from the same firm, saying that it was a great pity that Scottish work should go to England to be published, and adding that it would

gratify them very much to have a book from the author of 'The Raiders.' Thereupon the devil tempted me, and I fell. I looked up their earlier letter, which happened to be endorsed 'In replying, please refer to No. 396B.' So I wrote back, politely requesting Messrs. —— to refer to No. 396B, and they would see their former opinion of the work of the author of 'The Raiders.' I had no reply to that!" And we both chuckled over the case.

"Now," I said, "I think it only remains for me to ask you how you write your books. Is that too large an order?"

"Well, it is rather a large one, isn't it? What do you expect me to say? Of course, I try to get as good a plot as I can to begin with; then I seek for a period in which to embody it. I get up all the facts of the time and the local colour as well as I can. For instance, in writing the story of the Covenanters I have kept an assistant at work in the big Edinburgh libraries, extracting from the memoirs and MSS. of the period all that was likely to help me, as well as another in Galloway. I had the good luck to light upon the Earlston correspondence, previously unpublished, from which I have drawn a host of the details which are not in the histories, but add verisimilitude to a presentment of the times.

"And the imaginary figures that you bring on the stage thus prepared, are they equally real to you?"

"Even more so. It is a real heartbreak to me to end a book and part from them. Indeed, I have never had the heart to close the door upon them entirely, and I hope to renew my acquaintance with some of them—notably with Patrick Heron and his friends. But I think you had better leave these questions for another occasion, and come and look at my latest books."

"They are still coming in, then?"

"Oh, by the way, you may say that that is one of the pleasures of being a scribbler. I have an American friend—I never saw him—who sends me regularly all the best books that come out in his country in return for the pleasure that he is good enough to say my books have given him. And only the other day a south-country tweed manufacturer sent me the stuff for a new suit. More practical than admiring letters, isn't it?"

So I went off to break the tenth commandment, as visitors to Mr. Crockett's charming library of over ten thousand volumes usually do.

Indeed, it is enough to persuade anyone to turn author, to see the happy and healthy life and the abundance of pretty and attractive surroundings that go with that once despised profession in this case. W. E. G. F.

THE MURDER HOLE AND THE MERRICK.—*VIDE* "THE RAIDERS."

ENGLISH COMMON SENSE.

BY ARNOLD WHITE, AUTHOR OF "TRIES AT TRUTH," ETC.

THE student of all the sciences, which collectively constitute the study of man, has one disadvantage. He has in his veins the blood of four million ancestors, who have left on the structure of his brain such traces of feeling and temperament that he cannot wholly escape the dominion of the dead, or completely detach himself from racial prejudice or sympathy. Every man is a bundle composed of little bits of what has gone before, with a leaven of self peculiar to himself and new, which he will in turn transmit to his posterity, and thus taint or enrich with his personality millions yet unborn.

When a sufficient number of men are gathered together and kept there by language, race, and circumstance, we speak of a "nation." The qualities possessed by all or most of the individuals composing that nation are racial qualities; and it is highly interesting to dissect national characteristics in such a way as to differentiate them, and thus display their excellences and defects. There is only space for one of them here. I speak of English common sense.

A statesman once spoke of the Christian religion, explaining that by the Christian religion he meant the Protestant religion, and by the Protestant religion he implied the Church of England as by law established. In like manner, by English common sense, I do not mean Celtic, Latin, or Semitic common sense, but a racial quality peculiar to that special combination of Saxon, Dane, and Norman which is now the purest stock of the English people.

Shakespeare was of this breed. His writings are permeated with common sense, even when he created a coast line for Bohemia. A ship was necessary to the plot. Bohemia was required as the scene. The obvious result was the "desert country near the sea," and the charming description of the ship boring the moon with her mainmast, and Antigonus being concurrently pursued by a bear. Extravagant it may be, but not wanting in common sense.

Of the three great divisions of the human race, the Ethiopian, Mongolian, and Caucasian, it is only the latter that has any common sense at all. The Ethiopian is addicted to the worship of lizards, and to the formation of habits incompatible with good manners and good sense. His skull is mainly dolichocephalic, which is a particularly silly ethnological expression for long and narrow. It is also sometimes hypristenocephalic, which is rather a roundabout way of saying that it is very high. His temperament is not intellectual, but cheery with a tendency to boisterousness. His feelings are gusty and fitful, passing from hate to love and back again in five minutes. He is affectionate as a bear, and as cruel. With these elements, and a skull that is at once dolichocephalic and hypristenocephalic, we cannot look for much common sense in the type of Quashee.

The Mongolian type is an improvement upon the frizzy-haired negroids. He is dreamy, sluggish, morose, and taciturn; hence passive, with small powers of initiative, but great powers of endurance. Perhaps this is accounted for by his possessing what the anthropological obscurantists pompously term a mesognathous jaw, and a brachycephalic skull. However, this may be, he cannot be fairly described as a person of common sense. If he tumbles into the water, no one will pick him out, on the ground that fate would resent interference.

Then as to expenditure at Court. We English grumbled the other day at the amount of a Royal Grant. It was a paltry £10,000 a year.

In China, where most of the Mongolian race live, the festivities of the Court on the occasion of the Dowager Empress—who is neither young nor lovely—attaining her sixtieth birthday, cost the national Treasury over £3,000,000. Seeing that a Chinese famine was in full swing at the same time, the Mongolians do not seem to come very well out of the inquiry into their claim to the possession of common sense.

Lastly come the Caucasians, a florid, ruddy people, with flaxen, light brown or sometimes red hair, active, speculative, enterprising, and practical. They include the Aryan group, from Afghan and Persian, to Teuton and Celt; also the Semites and the Hamites of North and East Africa; the Copts and Fellahin of Egypt; the Georgians, and lastly the Basques, who are said to speak a language they themselves do not quite understand. It is in the Aryan group that we look for common sense, and especially in that portion of it which comprises the Anglo-Saxon race.

There is not perhaps, from a zoological aspect, very serious difference between the typical Frenchman or Italian and the typical Englishman. Such differences as there are arise from climatic and geographic considerations. The Englishman has suffered from the east wind, from an uncongenial climate, necessitating not only shelter but seclusion with his family ; and the permanent obligation to master the raging sea if he was to escape the savagery of a race restricted to the products of a foggy and forest-covered island. He did these things, and the conquest of difficulties has matured his progeny, by a process of natural selection.

Leaving out of account Normandy, which was settled by the same practical-minded pirates from the North, to whose unresting energies we English owe so much, the average Frenchman, Spaniard or Italian has undergone, during long centuries of time, a totally different training.

Born under a sunny sky, shelter was often superfluous, and existence in the open air, with the distracting enjoyments of sky and field, was unfavourable to concentration of thought, triumph over difficulties, or the establishment of family life, which latter in England is a national characteristic.

The essential difference between the inhabitants of two cities so near each other as London and Paris is exhibited effectively in their street life. The imagination fails to conceive of the inhabitants of Oxford Street habitually passing their leisure hours in chairs set upon the pavement. We cannot imagine the shopkeepers of the Boulevard des Italiens doing anything else.

The quality of strenuousness in the English —whether in work or pastime—leaves its mark in the serious manner in which everything English is begun, continued, and carried into effect. Long centuries of incessant struggle had already left their mark upon the English race when Froissart made his celebrated statement as to the sadness with which Englishmen took their pleasures. We cannot deny that the French play more effectually than ourselves. But we are driven to the conclusion that more of the work of the world has been done by Englishmen than by any other race. The English language is the only one that is rapidly extending. The English flag is ubiquitous.

For a hundred years and more, differences of opinion with other nations have either been settled in accordance with our contentions, or we have kept out of a war. Our bad cooking, our sauce, long teeth, big feet, and saturnine manner, with which we are credited by the best cooks and dancers in the world, may fairly remain as a set-off against our freedom from revolutions—except on the side of law—our capture of most of the world's transport, our trading system, our growing population, and the essential freedom of the individual which, more than anything else, differentiates the Anglo-Saxon from the Latin races. The temperate places of the earth are in the hands of English-speaking people, and their numbers are increasing in leaps and bounds.

There is no subject in the world upon which it is so easy to theorise, and in which it is more difficult to succeed, than the art of colonisation. The best writer in the world on the subject is a Frenchman. But the French never yet succeeded in making a successful colony. The reason is plain. Colonisation is an art depending entirely upon common sense. No theory is of the slightest value. Each colony has its own special difficulties, problems and troubles.

Wherever the Anglo-Saxon goes, he carries with him his priceless quality of common sense, which may be simply defined as the instinct to do what is best under all circumstances of the case. The French in Algeria ; the Italians in Massowah ; the Germans in East Africa, have done brave and brilliant things, but they have not exhibited that saving common sense which alone renders colonisation a practical operation.

Sentiment and common sense are rarely on good terms. With an Englishman, the performance of his duty is the common sense of his religion. With a Frenchman, to vaunt and magnify his beloved *patrie* is his highest form of expressing the ideal. Look at the English proverb, "Time is money." Educated foreigners have more often quoted that proverb *at* me, than any other. With an Italian, for instance, time is not money. You might as well look for common sense from a nightingale in respect to punctuality and the use or abuse of time, as from an Italian, a Russian, or a Spaniard.

In many cities of South Europe, especially in Italy, the public clocks strike the hour during twenty minutes. If the curious Briton asks the reason, he is told, "*Pazienza*, it would make too much noise if they all struck together!"

The successes of England arise from plodding, punctuality and purpose—three of the principal constituent parts of common sense. The successes of Italy are the results of brilliancy and inspiration. In the welding together of her variant races into one nation, she has accomplished in a quarter of a century what England only attained after centuries of toil and struggle. But the process has been

costly; and now that the bill has to be paid, there is little to meet it with. Nevertheless, new and magnificent State buildings continue to rear their heads in the midst of a destitute and indebted people. Contrast the parsimonious common sense with which England to this day continues to house the staff of her Admiralty in a squalid tenement, at which the deputy-assistant syndic of a fifth-rate Italian provincial town would turn up his Roman nose.

Contrast the irritability which average Englishmen feel and exhibit towards genius, and the instant and eager welcome shown to it by the quicker Latin and Celtic races, and think where the common sense lies.

England, as Rebecca said in "Ivanhoe," is not the world, but most untravelled Englishmen have so poor an opinion of foreign parts, that foreigners are to him either ridiculous or wicked. The French laugh at the English. The English assume a loftier tone in dealing with themselves, and indulge in the systematic setting down of their own countrymen which Herbert Spencer aptly called "anti-patriotism."

The Frenchman of the present generation has seen Alsace and Lorraine in the hands of Germany ever since he learned his geography. He has seen the French army reconstituted with quiet perseverance, until the old Gallic pride has returned with double force. Pathos, tenderness, intense affection, enter into the patriotism of the French. How much more common sense is English patriotism! England smarts from no wounds to her pride, and such smarts as she suffers from are inflicted by her faithful children.

England is a leading nation in a family of nations. The English look down on Americans because their own civilisation is older, and they look on the colonies as daughters who have revolted in the sense that the young ladies of to-day revolt, because riding alone in a hansom cab is essential to their happiness. It is only common sense that a nation so old, so big, so comfortable, so superior, rich, and good, should be in a position to indulge in searchings of heart and conscience.

A habit of quiet contempt, which is part of the English character, leads them to despise their foes and rivals. In times of war, the English almost invariably under-estimate the power and efficiency of the enemy, and the little force that begins the fight has generally suffered the most frightful hardships. There is cold common sense in this.

It is true that brave men are weighted with an impossible burden, and are, as a rule, finally destroyed. But they are generally able to hold on until the arrival of reinforcements; and think how much cheaper it is in the end! Time is money. English common sense may not be poetical, but it is economical to expend the minimum of necessary effort, and the principle applied continuously for centuries must have saved a large sum of money by now. And all men must die some day.

Comfort and cleanliness are two characteristics of Englishmen which are the direct issue of their common sense. Our national education and our national religion both teach us that self-denial and simplicity of life are the ideals at which to aim. But neither the classics nor the gospels succeed in eradicating from successive generations the love of comfort which consists in devising means for diminishing the friction of life. The passion for comfort is almost religious in its intensity with many Englishmen, and the conveniences obtained themselves become a source of embarrassment.

I know one man who makes his servant cut out the advertisement pages from the evening papers, that they may be lighter in the hand, and thus lessen the fatigue of holding them. This is common sense in degeneracy, but the love of comfort is natural, solacing, and healthy if the main energies are strenuously employed, and is quite compatible with hardihood and pluck. Where is your comfort in Italy, France, Russia, or the States? Luxury you may have; magnificence abounds; but for comfort and a cup of tea you must come to England.

In matters of cleanliness the French are incompetent, stupid and neglectful, and no whitewash or wood fires can produce more than the superficial appearance of cleanliness that does not really exist. What a contrast is there on this side of the Channel! On the principle that cleanliness is next to godliness, the disendowment of a church is naturally devoted to the endowment of village baths and wash-houses. Seeing that dirt is an extra garment, common sense in matters of cleanliness is peculiar to this island.

On the whole, the English appear to be losing those dominant tendencies that make for common sense. They are becoming less insular, more open-minded, less impatient to folly—whether legislative, artistic, literary, social, or industrial. They are becoming affected by Continental modes of thought. They sing the Marseillaise in their own streets with a want of humour fatal to their reputation for common sense. Material progress is intensely desired, but the disinclination to exertion grows by leaps and bounds. A development of this branch of the theme, however, might lead to religious and political considerations that cannot be discussed here.

THE MYSTERIOUS HOUSE AT COPINGTON.

A SHORT STORY. BY THE AUTHOR OF "PEMBERTON'S PIECE," "A BOLT FROM THE BLUE," ETC. ETC.

THE people of Copington, a small midland town, do not like strangers. As in most provincial towns, they look askance at any new family which may be rash enough to come and reside in their midst without due and lawful excuse, such as appointment to a responsible public office. A few years ago Copington was taken in by some fascinating people, who established themselves in admirable style at Norfolk Lodge, announced that they were connected with the Peerage, and entertained profusely. But just when everybody in the place was loudest in their praises they suddenly decamped, leaving no address, and only a heap of unpaid bills to reward the unlucky tradesmen who had been duped by clever adventurers.

Consequently, when it was announced that The Elms, an empty house on the outskirts of the town, was let to some people named Murray, whom nobody knew anything about, and that they had been living in Germany, everybody sniffed, and nobody rejoiced. Metaphorically speaking, Copington buttoned up its pockets, and determined that the Murrays should not take it in.

The Elms was rather a gloomy-looking house, standing back from the road, with a garden in front full of large trees. A high fence shut out the view of all but the upper windows from the passers-by. There was quite a little colony of people living round, who all knew each other, and considered themselves much aggrieved that The Elms had not been taken by anybody in "our set."

"Our set" consisted, amongst others, of Mr. May, the vicar of the district church, and his wife; Major Jenkinson, at Simla Lodge; Miss Rivers, a starched spinster of some antiquity and considerable social pretensions; and Arthur Hamilton, a clever young doctor, who lived with his mother and sister at the next house to The Elms, on the right-hand side.

However, undeterred by the hostility of the neighbourhood, the Murrays came, preceded by several van-loads of furniture and a quantity of curious-looking apparatus, destined, it appeared, for a chemical laboratory, which Mr., or Dr., or Professor Murray—for Copington could never exactly find out which was his proper designation—intended to set up. Copington sniffed more loudly than ever at the idea of a laboratory; and Miss Rivers said it was really shameful of the landlord to let a good house to a man like that. Most likely, some night they would all be blown up in their beds.

The Murrays brought their servants with them, which was an additional offence. One was an elderly Englishwoman, and the other a German, a stout, dark, powerfully-built man, who sometimes stood at the gate in the dusk of the evening, and had an annoying habit of declining to enter into conversation with the inquisitive servant-maids of the neighbours as they passed The Elms on their way to the little general-shop or the pillar-box at the end of the road. So little, indeed, could be extracted concerning the Murrays from their domestics, that Miss Rivers sagely opined there must be something very wrong, or they wouldn't be so uncommunicative.

The old professor never came to church, either, which was another offence; but his daughter did. To unprejudiced eyes she was a pretty, fresh-coloured, fair-haired girl—unmistakably a lady. Copington looked her up and down, anxious to find some ground for disparagement; and finally decided that she was very wrong in going about the town all alone as she did, and that, as her father never went out, she ought to have some elderly lady as a chaperon.

"But as she doesn't know anybody here, how is the poor girl to help going about alone?" rather indignantly demanded Arthur Hamilton one afternoon, when he had called at the vicarage, to find Mrs. May entertaining Miss Rivers, Major Jenkinson, and one or two more of the beauty and fashion of the neighbourhood.

"The question is, why did they come to a place where they knew nobody?" returned Miss Rivers, with emphasis. "I suppose you won't call at The Elms, Mrs. May?"

"My husband thinks I ought, as Miss Murray comes to church. It will be expected from me," answered the vicar's good-natured little wife.

"Well, *I* shall not go near The Elms," announced Miss Rivers, with decision. "I don't want to say too much before I am acquainted with all the facts, but——" and

she drew in her lips and looked very wise. "No; as I said before, I shall *not* call!"

"One can't be too careful," struck in Major Jenkinson. "Just think of those Edens, you know. And it was actually I who proposed the fellow for election at the club! You won't catch me being taken in a second time!"

"But I really think Miss Murray has a very nice face," said gentle Mrs. May, who spoke no evil of anybody.

"Do you?" returned Miss Rivers disparagingly. "But her hair is dyed; that golden shade can't be natural."

"I think she has such pretty hair!" remonstrated the vicar's wife.

"IT WAS ARTHUR'S FATE TO PENETRATE INTO THE MYSTERIOUS HOUSE."

"Dyed, beyond a doubt," said the old maid curtly, as she rose to go, with her own false front, had she but known it, all on one side under her ultra-fashionable bonnet. Her comical aspect did not escape the notice of quick-eyed Arthur Hamilton, whose mouth was puckered with suppressed

amusement as he politely opened the door for her exit.

He was out very late that night, attending an urgent case at the other end of the town. As he returned home in the small hours past The Elms, he was somewhat surprised to see some of the rooms on the second floor most brilliantly lighted up, to judge from the stray gleams which escaped from the chinks of the shutters. It was not the first time that he had noticed the same thing. Perhaps Mr. Murray sat up at night to read. Certainly he was hardly ever to be seen in the daytime.

The next day it was Arthur's fate to penetrate into the mysterious house concerning which Miss Rivers had already begun to throw out so many dark hints. A message arrived from Miss Murray that her cook had scalded herself badly, and would Dr. Hamilton be so good as to come at once?

He was fortunately at home, and immediately obeyed the summons. It was his first introduction to Miss Murray; and perhaps he did not greatly regret the absence of a chaperon, for the master of the house never appeared at all. The girl looked so attractive and sweet, with her blue eyes full of pity and anxiety for poor suffering Susan, who had upset a kettle of boiling water over one arm, that if a legion of Riverses had disapproved of Miss Murray, Arthur Hamilton would still have maintained that she was one of the prettiest creatures he had ever met. She showed so much good sense, and self-control also, and was so helpful in a quiet way—procuring the cotton-wool, oil, and old linen required without flurry or fuss—that it made him admire her still more. She was evidently greatly attached to Susan, who, it appeared, had lived with them many years.

"I—I don't like to trouble you, Dr. Hamilton, but I know nobody here; and I should be very glad to have the address of a good charwoman to come in until poor Susan is able to work again," said Miss Murray, as he was about to take his departure. "Could you recommend anybody?"

"I'm afraid I can't. A bachelor is rather helpless in such matters, Miss Murray. But I've no doubt my mother could tell you of someone, and would, I'm sure, be very glad to make your acquaintance, if you would like her to call."

"Yes, indeed, I should, very much!" answered the girl brightly. And Arthur returned home, a little doubtful how his suggestion that his womankind should call at The Elms would be received.

And, indeed, his mother and sister Edith at first opposed it in every possible way. They wished to know more about Miss Murray before committing themselves to visiting her. How did Arthur know she was a suitable acquaintance for them?

"Why, simply by using my eyes," answered the young doctor, rather indignantly. "The girl is a lady to the tips of her fingers—anybody can see that. But it is very dull for her having nobody to associate with except an old bookworm, who shuts himself up all day. It would only be neighbourly to call, as we live so near."

After much deliberation, therefore, Mrs. Hamilton, who seldom could refuse any request of Arthur's, did call at The Elms, where she found Mrs. May—also paying her first visit.

The furniture and appointments of the house certainly did not err on the side of luxury. The drawing-room was very plainly furnished in a half-foreign style, which did not please the Copington ladies. Miss Murray made a kind of half-apology for some very palpable deficiencies by saying that they had not had time to get things straight yet, and her father's scientific researches entailed so much expense that the house was apt to be rather neglected.

"May I ask what particular science he is interested in?" inquired Mrs. Hamilton, with the judicial air befitting the widow and mother of a medical man.

"I really can hardly explain—it is so very abstruse;" and Miss Murray reeled off half-a-dozen long words which conveyed absolutely no impression to the minds of the two ladies. Seeing their bewilderment, she added, with a smile: "I wish I could put it in more intelligible language than that—but I can't."

"And are you interested in scientific researches, too?" asked Mrs. May.

Their young hostess merrily shook her head. "No, I am too stupid to understand the complicated problems father delights in. I like housekeeping and gardening much better."

"Oh, that reminds me, my son told me you wished to hear of a good charwoman," said Mrs. Hamilton. And for a few minutes the conversation turned on domestic matters, with which there is no need to trouble the reader.

"Well, I hope you will come and see me," said the doctor's widow after a while, graciously enough. In spite of herself, she was favourably impressed by the frank manner of the young stranger. Certainly, if there was a skeleton in the cupboard at The Elms, it was difficult to imagine it could be connected with Miss Murray.

"I shall be very pleased," gratefully answered the girl. "Doctor Hamilton is so skilful! He has done poor Susan's arm so

much good already, that it is quite a weight off my mind. It is so dreadful to see anyone scalded."

"Were you in the kitchen when the accident happened?"

"Oh yes; I was making a pudding at the table. I do a good deal of cooking, for father likes some foreign dishes that Susan has never learnt how to make, and, indeed, never wishes to try."

"And your man-servant is a foreigner, I think?" queried Mrs. Hamilton, determined to find out as much as she could.

"Yes, Fritz is a German. He spends most of his time in the laboratory with father, whom he helps with some of the routine part of his experiments."

Mrs. May had already gone, and it was now time for Mrs. Hamilton to depart also. She went home, it must be confessed, quite reassured. She could not think there was any harm in a girl who was so sensible and had such frank blue eyes. Arthur seemed very pleased when she said as much, and assured his mother that there was no foundation for the spiteful gossip already circulating about the people at The Elms. He went in to attend to Susan's arm morning or night, just as suited him best, and had never observed anything in the least objectionable.

He happened to be in when Miss Murray returned his mother's call in due form on Mrs. Hamilton's "day." He could not but admire the graceful ease with which she entered a drawing-room nearly full of people, —all, save Mrs. May, perfect strangers to her. "Our set" were nearly all present, but there was not one girl half as good-looking as Miss Murray, whose large black hat, with its drooping ostrich feathers, suited her fair skin to perfection. Arthur kept pretty close to her, on one pretence or another, all the time she was in the room: handing her tea and cake, bringing her trifles to look at, and making sure that she had a comfortable chair, and felt no draught from the door.

She left her father's card, with an apology. He seldom went out, being too much occupied to have time for visiting, but hoped to have the pleasure of making Dr. Hamilton's acquaintance shortly.

Edith took up the card and examined it curiously when all the visitors had gone.

"I must say I think it's very odd that no one ever sees him about," she remarked dubiously.

"Yes, he might come to church once, at least," added her mother. But further speech was checked by the entrance of Miss Rivers, though the clock had struck six.

"My dear Mrs. Hamilton, pray excuse my being so late!" exclaimed the old maid, in her gushing way. "I was determined not to let your day pass without coming in; but I've been calling upon Lady Simpkins, and she positively wouldn't let me come away before."

Lady Simpkins was the great lady of the neighbourhood, to whose presence Miss Rivers was admitted about twice a year. She always took good care that all her friends should know when she had been visiting the mistress of The Park.

"She is such a sweet creature!" continued the spinster. "And have you had many callers to-day? You generally have numbers."

Mrs. Hamilton mentioned the names of several, including Miss Murray.

"*That* girl!" said Miss Rivers acidly. "I am sorry I did not see her. I shall certainly not call upon her myself, and I really should like to judge whether the reports that are going about are true."

"What reports?" asked Arthur, rather impatiently. "I may as well tell you, Miss Rivers, that I see a good deal of the people at The Elms, as I am attending there professionally every day."

"But have you ever seen Mr. Murray, Dr. Hamilton?"

"No, I cannot say I have."

"Nor has anybody else ever seen him," the spinster declared significantly. "He sleeps in the daytime, and only works at night. That's curious, isn't it?"

"How do you know?" asked Edith.

"My charwoman, Mrs. Brunton, who has been working at The Elms, told me so to-day. I never heard of such a strange household—never. The best rooms in the front are all given up to the professor, who never allows anyone to go into them but himself and that German, Fritz. Have you noticed what a hang-dog countenance that man has? My maid is quite afraid to pass the gate of The Elms at night, lest he should be lurking about. However, Mrs. Brunton was determined to see for herself, and watched her opportunity to peep in at the door of the laboratory. She says it was the strangest-looking place she ever saw, with great jars, and bottles, and round things——"

"Retorts and crucibles, no doubt," put in Arthur, with manifest irritation.

"And a big furnace in one corner. But before she could see any more, Fritz suddenly pounced upon her and chased her downstairs, with the most awful language—German, of course."

"How very odd!" exclaimed Mrs. Hamilton.

"Not odd at all," said Arthur sturdily. "A scientific laboratory is not the place for

ignorant women to be gaping about in ; they might do irreparable mischief without the least idea of what they were about."

"But what does Mr. Murray want a great furnace for ?" contended Miss Rivers.

"Oh, heat is required in almost every department of scientific research." But just then a maid came to say that the doctor was wanted, and he had to hasten away without being able to answer any more of the conundrums Miss Rivers delighted to propound regarding the Murrays.

The Hamiltons were spending the evening at the Mays' a week or two later, and in the course of conversation the vicar happened to mention that a good deal of bad money had lately been circulated in the neighbourhood—chiefly shillings and florins. There were three spurious coins in the offertory plates on Sunday. Mrs. Hamilton had reason to remember this next day, when a half-crown which she tendered at the butcher's was declared a counterfeit. She could not say where she had got it, but that it was a fraud was manifest from the ease with which it could be bent.

In a short time nearly everybody at Copington had undergone the disagreeable experience of handling spurious coin. The counterfeits were so exceedingly well made that it was very difficult to detect them ; and the police declared that there must be a gang of experienced "smashers" in the neighbourhood.

It was a remarkable and unpleasant circumstance that there seemed to be more bad money in circulation at the end of the town inhabited by "our set" than elsewhere in Copington. It almost looked as though the manufactory must be situated in Mr. May's parish. Yet there were no very poor people or suspicious characters living in the district, and the police knew exactly who were the inmates of each house.

Some people had a theory that the money was made at Birmingham, which was not very far away, and distributed through local accomplices. But that only raised another difficulty as to who could be the confederates of the "smashers" in quiet Copington. It is a risky business dealing in base coin.

Arthur Hamilton was coming down the road one morning towards home, when, just as he passed Armstrong's, the little general shop, out burst Miss Rivers in a state of towering indignation, her thin cheeks flushed, her false front fallen down to her eyebrows, and her garments flung on anyhow. Armstrong's must have a word in passing, for it was quite an institution among "our set." It was kept by a widow with a large family ; and partly as a charity, and partly because the best shops in the town were quite half a mile further, the Hamiltons and their friends were accustomed to send to Armstrong's for any little household requisite which happened to be needed at once. The widow sold everything, from soap to parasols ; and if the quality of many of her articles left much to be desired, still, as good-natured Mrs. May said, it didn't do to be too hard on the poor woman.

"Oh, Dr. Hamilton !" began the spinster, stopping the young man *sans cérémonie* in her excitement ; "isn't it a shame ? That abominable Mrs. Armstrong has just palmed-off a bad florin on me, and won't change it !"

"Has she ? How ?" asked Arthur, trying not to laugh at his companion's extraordinary appearance.

"Well, I sent Ann to Armstrong's this morning to buy some bacon and sugar, and gave her half-a-sovereign, as I always pay ready money. When she came back and brought the change, I went on to the post-office for some stamps, and they said the florin I gave them was bad. As I knew it was one Ann brought from Armstrong's, I went on there at once, showed it to her, and said she ought to give me another. But—would you believe it ?—the impudent woman denied that she gave it to Ann, and said there was no proof it was one of hers, as I had others in my purse. Nothing I could say would convince her. Did you ever hear such impertinence ? And such a good customer as I've been too !"

"Have you got the florin now ?"

Miss Rivers took it out of her purse, and showed it to him. To a casual eye it looked quite genuine, save for the marks it bore of the tests applied at the post-office.

"It's very curious where all this bad money can come from," he remarked thoughtfully.

"Yes, especially as there seems to be the most at this end of the town. But I *have* my theory on the subject, Dr. Hamilton," said the old maid, dropping her voice to a mysterious whisper as they passed The Elms.

"Really ! That is very clever of you, considering the police are quite at fault !"

She nodded with an air of superior wisdom.

"The police don't look in the right direction. They always think it's only poor people who do such things. It never occurs to them that it might just as well be somebody who lives in a big house, and pretends to be a gentleman !"

Arthur looked at her in astonishment.

"What do you mean, Miss Rivers ?"

"Well, all I can say is, Copington will be electrified in a few days, if my suspicions are correct. Don't imagine I'm talking nonsense—I know more than you think."

"'FOR MERCY'S SAKE, BE CAREFUL!'" (*p.* 375).

She screwed up her mouth with a cunning expression, and not another word could Arthur extract from her. Knowing how malicious she was, he was rendered vaguely uneasy; but could do no more than caution her most earnestly to be quite sure of her facts before accusing any particular person of circulating bad money.

There was a meeting of the Dorcas Society at Mrs. May's that afternoon, at which nearly all "our set" were assembled. Miss Rivers was prominent, you may be sure: a good tea, a good gossip, and the agreeable consciousness of working for a charity being attractions too potent to resist.

Miss Murray, who had recently been invited to join, was quietly busy in a corner next Edith Hamilton. The two girls were becoming intimate, and frequently took walks together. There were not many young people in the neighbourhood, and each felt the want of a friend.

Miss Rivers seated herself next Mrs. Hamilton, and made up for her enforced silence during the reading aloud by the vicar by chattering volubly as soon as the appearance of tea loosened every tongue. She poured out her grievance concerning the florin from Armstrong's, and the doctor's widow listened attentively.

"Really, this bad money is becoming an intolerable nuisance!" exclaimed Mrs. Hamilton. "It's disgraceful that the police can't detect the gang of coiners! Poor Miss Murray had an unpleasant experience this morning also, when she went into the town shopping with Edith. They went to Thaxton's, the draper's, and when Miss Murray offered half-a-crown to pay for something, they said it was bad. So it was: and it was

so awkward for the poor girl, for she hadn't another, and had to borrow from Edith."

Miss Rivers pursed up her lips with her most sagacious air. "Dear me! And had she only that one half-crown in her purse?"

"So it seems."

"Dear me!" said the old maid again. She was so interested by the story that she went over to Edith to demand a repetition of it, which was identical in every particular. Miss Murray, on being appealed to, confirmed it.

"Really," said the spinster, eyeing her closely all over. "You and I can sympathise, Miss Murray! By the way, you deal at Armstrong's, do you not?"

"Yes, I send there for things when there isn't time to go to the town."

"And pay ready money, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, always."

"You sent there this morning, I think? Ann said she met Susan coming out."

"Yes, I sent for some matches," returned Miss Murray, with perfect good humour. And, apparently satisfied, Miss Rivers went back to her seat.

"Did you ever see such an inquisitive old maid?" whispered Edith to her friend. "I wonder what mare's-nest she thinks she has discovered now?"

Miss Hamilton's amazement would have been complete if she had followed the estimable spinster on leaving the vicarage. Instead of turning in at the gate of Carnation Cottage, her own modest abode, Miss Rivers sped on at a fast pace until she reached the Town Hall. The superintendent of the local police resided there, in the aristocratic seclusion befitting a great man. Miss Rivers went round to his private door, and on demanding to see Superintendent Edwards, was shown into a neat parlour, where she was presently joined by the official.

"I'm afraid it's rather late, but really I couldn't wait another hour without coming to tell you I've found out who the coiners are who have been filling the town with bad money. There's not the slightest doubt about it, and I hope you'll arrest them at once!" she began excitedly.

"Indeed, Miss Rivers!"

"Yes, I've kept my eyes and ears open, and I tell you the coiner is Mr. Murray, as the man calls himself at The Elms!"

"By all accounts, he seems to be rather an eccentric sort of person," agreed the superintendent, with whom it was a point of etiquette never to appear astonished. "But coining, you know, Miss Rivers——"

"But listen! He never appears in the daytime, but sits up all night in a room with a furnace in it, and a complete apparatus for coining, no doubt. He won't let anyone go into this room except his servant, a horrid-looking man, who has been with him for years. Remember, there was never any bad money in this neighbourhood until the Murrays came——"

"That's true," acknowledged the myrmidon of the law.

"And I'll tell you how it gets into circulation," went on the spinster. "Miss Murray takes it herself round to the shops. She was trying to pass a bad half-crown at Thaxton's this morning, but was detected. And you know Armstrong's, that little shop in our road? I myself got a bad florin from them this morning, directly after Miss Murray's servant had been in on an errand. I haven't the least doubt the florin came from The Elms."

"Certainly, it looks very queer," said the superintendent, taking out his note-book. "You are sure of all these facts, Miss Rivers?"

"Quite sure. I can prove every word I've said, and Miss Murray herself wouldn't dare to deny it. The Murrays are just the people one might suspect of such a thing. Nobody knows anything about them, except that they say they've been living on the Continent. They brought their own servants with them —confederates, no doubt. It's as clear as possible that The Elms is simply a nest of coiners; and if you do your duty, Superintendent Edwards, you will send and have the house searched without delay."

In the utter absence of any other clue, any chance, however remote, seemed worth following up. Already the townspeople were grumbling loudly at the stupidity of the police in not discovering the "smashers." The superintendent, therefore, listened politely to all that Miss Rivers had to say, and promised to think about it. Whereupon she returned to Carnation Cottage with the blissful consciousness of having accomplished a clever piece of diplomacy. How delightful it would be, when the old swindler at The Elms had been sentenced to penal servitude, to boast to her friends that it was she who, when the police had been entirely at a loss, had solved the mystery by her own unaided sagacity!

That same evening the Hamiltons expected a visitor, an old college chum of Arthur's, who was house-surgeon in one of the big London hospitals. Dr. Kennedy's visits were always welcomed by Arthur, who was glad in quiet Copington to talk to someone who lived in the midst of the great world, and was well up in all the latest scientific discoveries.

After the ladies went to bed Arthur proposed to his friend, who had duly arrived,

that as it was a warm summer night they might smoke their cigars out of doors before going to bed also. It was nearly eleven, and all the other houses were silent and dark, except The Elms, which had the second floor windows brilliantly lighted up, as usual.

"Somebody sitting up there, it seems," remarked Kennedy, as they passed it. "By the by, I hear that since I was here last, Copington has been honoured by the residence of one of the very greatest luminaries of the scientific world."

"What do you mean?"

"Surely you know that Walter Murray, of Leipsic, has come to live here?"

"Why, yes; that is his house we just passed. But is he really such a great man? Excuse my provincial ignorance."

"I'm not enthusiastic, as you know," said Kennedy, slowly and impressively. "But I feel as if I really ought to lift my hat when his name is mentioned. In his own line he is unique—unapproachable; and every university in Europe has conferred distinctions upon him."

"What has he done?"

"Nothing that makes a show or brings in money; only carried on for years, without pay or reward, a series of the most delicate investigations connected with the phenomena of light. In fact, his studies are so abstruse that not one in a thousand, even among educated persons, has ever heard his name. It is only in the little inner circle of great scientists that he is recognised as a king. He is not a Stephenson, or a Davy, or an Edison, though he has made discoveries quite as great."

Arthur laughed, remembering the spiteful gossip which had been set afloat about The Elms.

"Really, Kennedy, I feel it a disgrace that you, a mere stranger, should know so much more about him than I, who have often been to his house!"

They reached the end of the road and turned back again. Kennedy threw back his head and inhaled great draughts of the summer air.

"How delicious this is! So Arcadian and peaceful! I quite envy you country folks!"

Little more was said until they again approached The Elms, where, to Arthur's astonishment, he beheld a policeman standing just outside the gate, watching the house. The helmet of another was visible inside on the carriage-drive.

Arthur, who was well-known to the force, stopped to question the man.

"What is this about?"

"We're on duty here, Dr. Hamilton."

"But why, in the name of goodness?"

"Well, sir, Superintendent Edwards has had information that there's a manufactory of counterfeit coin here at The Elms, and he's just gone in with a search warrant."

"Mr. Murray a coiner, indeed! Superintendent Edwards is a fool!" cried the young doctor wrathfully. "You go on home, Kennedy, while I see if I can't bring these idiots to reason! To think of poor Miss Murray being in a house invaded by the police! I'll see the superintendent myself."

He rushed off to the house in towering indignation. A policeman on the doorstep would have barred his progress, had he been anyone less universally known and respected than Arthur Hamilton. The first person he met in the hall was Dora Murray, as white as a ghost. She hastened towards him with a joyful cry.

"Oh, Dr. Hamilton, how glad I am to see a friend! What does all this dreadful nonsense mean? The police won't let me go upstairs to father, and they have shut Fritz and Susan in the kitchen without saying why. Tell me, what have we done to be treated like this?"

"On my honour, it is all a mistake," he said earnestly. "They have got some absurd fancy into their heads, but it will soon be set right. Where is your father?"

"Upstairs in his laboratory. Do go to him, Dr. Hamilton. Nobody knows what damage those clumsy men may do there if they are not stopped. All the work of a lifetime may be destroyed in a moment. Never mind me!"

"But you look so pale——"

"No, no; I'm all right. Do please go to father. Protect his instruments, if you can, before it's too late."

Arthur sprang up the stairs, and after a moment's parley with another policeman outside the door, found himself for the first time in Professor Murray's presence.

The great *savant* was a short man, with white hair, which, in his bewildered rage at finding his sacred laboratory invaded without warning by the police, he had rubbed up on end all over his head. With an expression of frenzied despair, he stood in the middle of the brilliantly-lighted apartment, surveying the ransacking of every hole and corner by two myrmidons of Superintendent Edwards, who complacently looked on from the hearthrug.

The room was filled with the appliances of an advanced student of science, strewn with books and papers, and on the floor was a large packing-case, bearing a Birmingham label, which a third policeman was trying to open with hammer and chisel.

"For mercy's sake, be careful!" entreated the distracted professor. "There are instruments of inestimable value to me in that case, and the least shock would ruin them for ever. You clumsy dolt, put that hammer down!"

But the constable continued his occupation quite unmoved.

"All right, old gentleman! Don't put yourself into a fever because we want to see what's inside this package from Birmingham. It isn't the first you've had from there by a good many, as we've found out."

"Superintendent Edwards," said Arthur decisively, "I presume you have legal warrant for this outrageous invasion of a gentleman's house? But I warn you that it would be better for you to apologise for the mistake you have made, and call off your men at once. Professor Murray is a gentleman of world-wide reputation, and to accuse him of manufacturing base coin is ridiculous!"

"I don't know how you came to be here, Dr. Hamilton, but I'd advise you not to interfere. I came here with a search-warrant, in consequence of reliable information received ——ah! there's the lid off! Now, what's in that case?"

The policemen craned their necks to see, while the poor professor danced a war-dance at beholding sacrilegious hands laid on his precious instruments, some of which were largely composed of glass.

"Let me take them out, if you are determined to unpack them," said Arthur imperatively. And as tenderly as a woman handles her firstborn, he lifted out first one fragile article and then another, until nothing remained but the sawdust and cotton-wool in which they had been wrapped. Superintendent Edwards' face fell. All this time they had not come upon a single counterfeit coin —not even a sixpence.

"I can't understand it," he said. "It seemed such a good case. If this old gentleman doesn't manufacture the money up here, what does he stay up all night for, in a room where there is a big furnace, when honest folks are in bed?"

"You idiot!" raged the professor. "If your head were not as thick as your boots, you would know that the class of phenomena I am investigating requires artificial light, and cannot be studied by daylight. If I admitted one gleam of sunshine upon the delicate objects I am testing, they would be blackened and useless, and the labour of whole years would be lost!"

It is doubtful whether the superintendent comprehended much of this explanation. But it was patent even to his understanding that as no spurious money and no "smashing" apparatus had been discovered, he could not take Professor Murray into custody merely because he worked at night, when other people were in bed. His men, having vainly explored every corner, stood looking at him for

"SHE FOUND A CANVAS BAG" (*p.* 376).

further orders; and Arthur went up to the excited professor with great deference.

"Though I have not the honour of your acquaintance, sir, I should feel it a privilege to be permitted to shake hands with a *savant* of such European renown. Don't think that we are all dolts and blockheads in Copington. I am sure that the treatment you have experienced to-night will be a cause of everlasting regret to the townspeople. I am a neighbour of yours, Arthur Hamilton, and I have the pleasure of knowing your daughter, who is my sister's friend."

And Superintendent Edwards sneaked downstairs and out of the house with his men, feeling about an inch high.

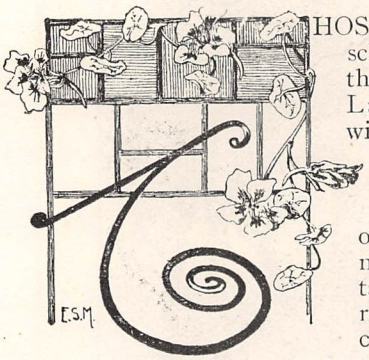
Though an attempt was made to hush the matter up, it nevertheless leaked out that it was Miss Rivers who instigated the searching of The Elms by the police. The malicious old maid found things made so unpleasant for her by "our set" that she had to leave the town, and everybody breathed more freely in her absence.

Copington now went to the opposite extreme, and could not make enough of the shy, retiring old man whom it had once believed capable of felony. Lions were scarce in that neighbourhood, and they made the most of this one.

The police made another and successful attempt to trace the false coins, which was easy enough when once they discovered that many had been received at Armstrong's. The widow confessed, on being questioned, that one day when she was in the neighbourhood of Birmingham she found thrown aside in a field a canvas bag, containing about a hundred shillings, half-crowns, and florins. She was too elated with her find to consider the legality of keeping it, or to speculate how the money came there. The coins had been really thrown away by a notorious "smasher," who was being chased by the police. Mrs. Armstrong put the coins, a few at a time, into her till whenever change ran short, having no suspicion of their genuineness.

"Our set" had many a good laugh at the ludicrous mistake made by Superintendent Edwards; and two young people, at least, had cause to bless it. For, months afterwards, when Dora was the happy wife of Arthur Hamilton, she confessed that she had never known she cared for him until that night when the police invaded The Elms, and he strode in, full of indignation, to champion their cause.

AN OLD ROMAN'S BILL OF FARE.



THOSE who in their school-days used the Public School Latin Primer, will probably remember an example of something or other—we cannot at this distance of time remember precisely what it was—which ran, "De gustibus non est disputandum." It was Horace who was originally responsible for this remark, and though we do not know what it was that prompted him to make it, it appears to us highly probable, when we come to consider the dishes which they used to indulge in in those days, that he referred to the somewhat peculiar tastes of the Roman nobility in matters of eating and drinking.

Tastes in those days differed very materially from ours, and though our modern French neighbours imitate the ancients to some extent in the mixing of their *plats*, their dishes are simplicity itself when compared with the marvels of complicated ingenuity which used to grace the tables of patricians in the palmy days of the Roman Empire.

The descendants of Augustus certainly liked things rich; and the more varied the component parts of their dishes were, the more they enjoyed them. Roast beef or roast turkeys were ultra-plebeian dishes, and a well-bred noble would have turned up his aristocratic Cæsarean nose at any course had it been much less complicated than a *salacacaby*.

The above-named dish was invented by one Apicius Coelius, a patrician who flourished in the time of Tiberius. This gentleman was the Beeton of the Latins; he wrote a book, which happily is still extant, called "De Re Coquinaria," wherein he treated the art of cooking from a scientific point of view, and expatiated upon the proper methods of

preparing all the fashionable nastinesses of the period.

As a sample of the recipes contained in this work, that for concocting a *salacacaby* might be mentioned here; and it will be seen that we have not exaggerated when we accuse the ancients of mixing. "Bruise in a mortar parsley seed, dried mint, dried pennyroyal, ginger, coriander, stoned raisins, mustard seed, and a few boned anchovies. Add salt, oil, wine, honey (the Roman equivalent for sugar), pepper, and vinegar, and stir up well. Then mix in a cacabulum, with three crusts of Pycintine bread, the flesh of two pullets, four goats' kidneys, and one goat's tongue, after which throw in vestine cheese, filberts, pine kernels, minced onions, cucumbers and garlic. Set aside in a warm place for three days, then pour a soup over it, garnish with snow, and serve up."

Apicius was a great glutton, too, for, if we are to take Seneca as an authority, he spent in the space of two years, the equivalent of nearly eight hundred thousand pounds of our money upon his food alone. Then he suddenly took it into his head to look over the state of his affairs, and, finding that he had only the equivalent of about a hundred thousand pounds sterling left, he came to the conclusion that such a pittance was not enough to live upon, and so ended his days by poison.

Another dish which seems to have owed its origin to him was a Tetrapharmacon. So far as we can gather, it consisted of four necessary ingredients—they were, a high peacock, a freshly-killed pheasant, the hock and udder of a wild sow, and a bread pudding which was baked over the whole. But this was not all by any means; these merely constituted the base of the dish, so to speak, for they used to throw in all manner of little trifles, such as nightingales, colipha (our collops), fragments of fat pork, etc., all of which tended to give the dish a somewhat rich and varied flavour, which in all probability would not recommend it to the modern-day stomach.

Ragoûts made from peacocks' brains, nightingales', swallows', or parrots' tongues (if the parrots were able to speak the value of the dish was quadrupled), were by no means uncommon *entrées* at the tables of the Emperors, whilst buzzards, ostriches, and phenicoptrices (presumed to be the ptarmigan from Norway) frequently adorned those of the wealthy citizens. Anything, in fact, that was uncommon, hard to obtain, or very expensive, was sure to find a place of honour upon the festive boards of the Court. Indeed, Suetonius says of Nero that, upon one occasion, he had a pheasant served up, over the surface of which was spread a quantity of diamond dust!

If a French cook of the present decade were asked his opinion upon the proper method of preparing venison for consumption, he would probably say that, unless the meat had been hung for at least ten days, it would not be fit to eat. Apicius Coelius, however, differs from this opinion. His method was to have the venison stewed with mustard, honey, wine, oil, pepper, salt, damsons, and oranges as soon after it was killed as could be—whilst the meat was still warm if possible. It had to stew for four hours at least, and whilst it was undergoing this ordeal, the cook had directions to take parsley-seed, juniper bark, juniper berries, garlic, rue, mint, honey, sweet chestnuts, pennyroyal, and one or two other herbs for which our dictionary does not give the English, chop them up very fine, thin the mixture down with hot olive oil, and serve it up as a sauce to the venison when it had stewed the appointed four hours.

As we are upon the subject of sauces, it might not be out of place to mention two kinds: one Garum, their famous green-black sauce which the Romans used to eat with fish, and the other a compound which they were in the habit of using as a flavouring to their fruit. Manufacturers of sauces might do well to study these two recipes, for it is said that history repeats itself, and so, perhaps, they might come into fashion again.

Garum was made as follows:—Fish of the proper kind—generally mackerel—were first selected, their entrails taken out and steeped in vinegar for several days. When these were properly pickled, they were taken out of the vinegar and dried. Then they were pulverised with frumenty, pepper, and a variety of other herbs, such as dandelion root, mint, thyme, etc., after which the resulting blackish powder was ground to a thick syrup with honey, put into jars for some weeks to ferment, and, when needed for the table, mixed with Falernian wine to a proper consistency.

Perhaps this classical concoction may not appeal very forcibly to the *gourmets* who frequent the fashionable restaurants. The Roman fruit sauce, however, will probably prove even less acceptable, and make them exclaim, like Peregrine Pickle, when he and his friends were trying a Roman course, "What beasts these Romans must have been!" We quite agree with him and them, for the following is an almost literal translation of the text of the recipe:—Take pepper, powdered rue, powdered dandelion root, hard-boiled eggs, and mix them well in a mortar. When thoroughly integrated, stir up with hot sour milk and pour over the fruit!

Of course, amongst the patricians under the

Empire, a particular dish was frequently fashionable for the time being, just as a particular style of bonnet would be fashionable for a time amongst the ladies of the present day. At one time it was the Tetrapharmacon, at another the Salacacaby. Hares had their day in Nero's reign, and he made any slave who brought him one a free man. Then came the dormouse craze, and, as a natural consequence, dormice went up to a large premium. They had dormouse soup, dormouse ragoût, dormouse sausage and fritters —in fact, dormouse done in every conceivable way. A gentleman of Galba's time, who rejoiced in the simple name of Lucius Bambonselvergius, so our friend Apicius informs us, wrote a long and learned treatise upon dormice, their habits, and the best way of fattening them for the table. Unfortunately for the cooks of the modern school, however, this valuable book is lost, but it is some consolation to know that Petronius has touched upon the subject. He tells us that dormice get fat by sleeping, and he also gives us several recipes for preparing these little creatures for consumption. Three or four pages of his book are devoted to dormouse sausages, and he then tells us that these should be eaten with a sauce made of poppy seeds or honey. Personally, we should think that morphine and chloroform sauce would be equally good, whilst the effect would be about the same. Petronius, however, did not know of these drugs, or he might possibly have introduced them in the *Materia Coquinaria* of the time.

Julius Cæsar had a great *penchant* for that whitebait of the Romans, the lamprey. We find it recorded of him by Suetonius that, upon the occasion of his first triumph, he bought six thousand pounds of them; but our historian does not say whether he ate them all himself or not, nor even whether he paid for them.

Of the kitchen utensils which were used in those times we know very little; but one fact which has come down to us through the works of Apicius seems worthy of notice. It is that tinned saucepans were used in his time by the moderately rich citizens, and silver ones by the very wealthy nobles.

Cleanliness in matters of cooking seems to have been a kind of *sine quâ non* to Apicius, and he says that on no account should such a thing as a steel or iron knife be used in a kitchen, for it gives a taste to whatsoever it touches. As a substitute, therefore, in patrician kitchens, a silver knife was always used for cutting up meat, and one made of amber for preparing the vegetables.

Though time and climatic influence have changed the tastes of man, especially of the Englishman, almost past recognition, we have still a few dishes amongst us which owe their origin purely to the Romans. Brawn, for instance, is made now in exactly the same way as was set forth in "De Re Coquinaria" eighteen hundred and odd years ago. Asparagus with egg sauce graced the tables of Pliny, Petronius, and Mæcenas, though the asparagus was much larger than ours. Pliny the Younger says in one of his epistles that of the large ones three, or even less, went to the pound, which is equivalent to saying that each stick weighed four ounces avoirdupois.

Apple dumplings seem to have been first introduced during the reign of Augustus by one Galladus, of whom nothing further is known; but Apicius devotes five pages to their preparation, and so they must have been fashionable in his time.

Apicius also invented sausages stuffed into skins, and one of the particular kinds of sausage which he tells us how to make may still be met with in England under the name of black pudding.

Twenty years ago cow-heel and calves'-foot jelly were quite common dishes in this country, as eighteen centuries ago they were common dishes in Rome. They were prepared in exactly the same way, and in all probability tasted the same. They fell into disuse, and became unknown in Rome, in the same way as half a century or so hence they will probably have become unknown to Englishmen, and will only exist in the memories of the "oldest inhabitants" as an unstable dream of the past.

Hans J. S. Cassal.

Words by SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT (1605–1668). *Music by* FREDERIC W. AUSTIN.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Allegro con brio.

f

The lark now leaves..... his wa - t'ry nest, And climb-ing, shakes his dew - y wings ;..... He takes your win - dow for the east,..... And to im - plore..... your light he sings :..... A -

mf

p

f

- wake,..... a - wake, the morn will nev-er rise!

Con energia.

A - wake, a - wake, the morn will nev-er rise, Till she can

poco rall. *a tempo.*

dress her beau-ty at your eyes!.....

a tempo. *f*

mf

The mer - chant bows un - to the

mf

sea - man's star; The ploughman from the sun his sea - son takes;.....

f

But still the lov - er wonders what they are..... Who look for

mp

day be - fore..... his mis-tress wakes..... A - wake,..... a - wake, break

f

thro' your veils of lawn ! A -

f *Con energia.*

largamente.

- wake, a - wake, break thro' your veils of lawn; Then draw your cur - tains, and be-gin the

colla voce.

Ped. *

a tempo.

dawn !.....

f a tempo.

ff

Ped. *

IN A SLEDGE THROUGH FAMISHED RUSSIA.

BY E. W. CARES BROOKE.

THE delights of sledge locomotion were not vouchsafed to those who journeyed through Russia during the terrible winter of the famine. Unusual quantities of snow fell from one end of the land to the other. Many of the paths when once blocked were not reopened because of the dearth of horses and the weakness of the few that had been kept alive, while the practicable roads and paths were, as a rule, very uneven. The difference between the easy progress of a launch on the calm surface of the river, and the helpless pitching of a coaster in a dirty night on the Channel, is not greater than that of sleighing on the levelled drives of St. Petersburg and Moscow, compared with the struggle to get across the snow-blocked country outside the towns. This comparison is not a far-sought one, for people subject to seasickness are almost invariably seized with vomiting when sledging over bad roads. It is also an extremely arduous means of locomotion, and often at the end of a hundred-miles' drive I didn't know on which side to lie down to rest, so bruised was my body from my having been continually thrown against the sides of the sledge, and occasionally clean over them into the snow.

READY TO FACE THE THREATENING STORM.

A RUSSIAN SCENE.

I served my apprenticeship in a sledge with M. Alexander Novikoff, on Madame Olga Novikoff's estates at Novo Alexandrofka, in the northern part of the government of Tamboff. Amongst other things, he initiated me into the *modus operandi* to be followed in case of a snowstorm. These storms constitute the great danger of sledge-travelling in Russia. The dry branches and wisps of straw which are placed in the snow to mark the highways are frequently covered up or carried away by the force of the storm. If this happen, the traveller is helpless, scarcely daring to move lest he miss his foothold on the hard-beaten track and sink girth deep in the soft snow that lies on either side of it. Should he find himself in such a position, he is to be congratulated if he has horses that know the locality, for he can then give them their heads, and in all probability they will drag the sledge safely to the next post-station, even in a blinding snowstorm, through which it is impossible to see a couple of yards ahead. The sagacious animals can feel when they are on the beaten track by the resistance of the

snow to their hoofs. But should the horses be strange to the country, or should they happen to run wide of the path and sink in the deep snow, they must be cut loose and allowed to take care of themselves while the traveller turns his sledge on end, bottom against the storm, and makes himself as comfortable as he can in the shelter it affords. As the snow beats against the bottom of the sledge it forms a bank over which the storm will drive, and if the weather-bound voyager be not suffocated or starved, there is little danger of his being frozen to death, for the heap of snow accumulated around the sledge will keep him warm.

"Touch your nose occasionally," said M. Novikoff, who was explaining this as we drove in a high wind one morning.

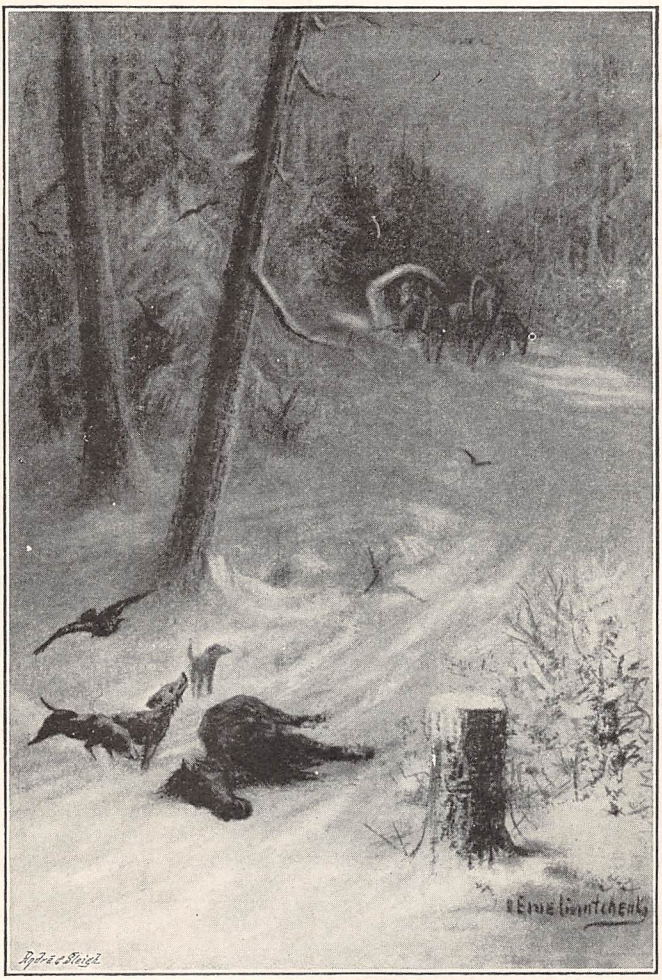
I put my gloved hand up and felt where my nose ought to be. There was nothing! I took off my glove and tried again.

"Look here," I said. "It's gone!"

"Rub it," replied M. Novikoff, who continued talking as if the loss of my nose was a matter of the smallest concern.

I gathered a handful of snow from the collar of my furs, and applied myself to the task of getting life back into my nose.

It was not long before I ran near to having to put M. Novikoff's instructions into practice. I was making a journey with Count Alexis Bobrinskoy to his estates in the government of Samara, where the famine was working terrible ravages amongst the peasants. We started from the railway town of Sizran on a hundred and fifty miles sledge drive into this part of wildest Russia. As the journey proceeded, the roads became worse and worse. Immense quantities of snow obstructed them, and frequently we were obliged to harness the three horses in tandem and put a man on the leader to pick out some sort of a path. The track lay over the ice of the Volga. It might be supposed that travelling on the surface of the frozen river would be easier than over the uneven, unmade country roads. It is not always so. When this great river freezes, the floating masses of ice are driven upon one another until the surface is not unlike what a choppy sea would be were it possible to freeze it instantaneously. A thick layer of snow gives the appearance of a level path; but appearances are deceptive, and the passage of the sledge soon shows up the irregularities. At one moment the sledge is on end, being strained over the front of an enormous block of ice; the next instant the vehicle goes down with a shock on the other side, nearly knocking the horses off their feet as it overtakes them. A moment later it is skidding sideways down another incline, or is careering half sideways, half backwards off the track, menacing to drag the horses after it.



DEATH AND DESOLATION.

At Chvolinsk, a Volga-side town, we had to cross the river and leave the regular post track. We were met with a refusal on the part of owners of post horses to take us any farther, for the very cogent reason that, owing to the famine, nine-tenths of the live stock in the neighbourhood had died of starvation, and they had no horses left that were strong enough for the work. With difficulty we obtained "free" horses to take us across the river to Douchovnitzko, a distance of four miles, and there we expected to be able to procure cattle to complete the stage.

A heavy snowstorm was raging, and when three miserable brutes were put into the sledge, the prospect of their covering even four miles did not seem encouraging. The leader was so weak that it might have been pushed off its feet with a single blow. We started, but at the end of the street the horses would not face the storm, and tried hard several times to bolt back. After some delay, they were coaxed into line and eventually made their way slowly down the banks of the Volga. Here they tried again to bolt home, and missing the beaten track, they sank up to the girths in the soft snow. The leaders dragged the shaft horse after them, the sledge capsized, and the Count and myself were precipitated into the deep snow, from which we had to roll back on to the hard track as it was impossible to get a foothold. The sledge driver was beside himself with rage. He wept and howled, and thrashed the horses, which were sinking deeper in the snow in every struggle they made to escape. Their cries of fear were almost human. While the driver was unharnessing them, the *chasse-neige* was burying the sledge. It only needed this to land us in such a predicament as M. Novikoff had described.

DISPENSING WITH THE SERVICES OF A STARVING HACK.

Although Chvolinsk was not more than three hundred yards distant, it would have been impossible to have struggled back to the town on foot. As soon as the horses were free of the harness, they scrambled back to the track, and the united efforts of all hands were successful in dragging the sledge out of the snow and getting the shafts round towards the town.

While the horses were being re-harnessed, it was found that the leader was too frightened and weak to be of any use to us, so we drove it away, trusting that its intelligence would enable it to take care of itself. The remaining animals were got into harness again, and the sledge moved back towards the town. It was now the turn of the shaft horse to make a mistake. Running wide of the beaten track—which by this time was quite obliterated—it fell and dragged the sledge with it, and we were once more thrown into the deep snow. In an instant we floundered back on to the path, and for the second time horses and sledge were rescued.

Without further incident, the return to Chvolinsk was accomplished, but the storm continued, and interrupted our journey for about thirty hours.

The paths across the desert of snow were often as though a devastating army had passed over them. At nightfall wolves prowled the country, and fed on the bodies of the cattle which had fallen dead by the side of the sledge tracks. Every now and then I came upon one of the brutes. It would trot leisurely from the carcass and watch the passage of the sledge, its lean form exaggerated out of all proportion by the evening mists. There was no danger for the living, because the plains were strewn with dead cattle, and wolves are cowardly creatures when running singly.

Out on the Ural steppes, away from town and village, the lower animals paid their tribute to the plague that occasioned so much suffering amongst men. There are hundreds of thousands of birds on the desert between the Volga and the Ural which are entirely dependent for their subsistence on the leavings of horses, the sundry ears of corn that fall from laden sledges, and the broken food thrown to them by people who traverse the country.

Every little thing breaks the monotony of journeying across these Russian plains. I recollect one afternoon hearing talking close beside me—it seemed as if somebody had got into the sledge. Turning sharply round I found my face close to the blade of a brightly polished axe-head. A Tatar lad had thrown it over the back of the sledge as a kind of grappling hook, and, hanging on to the handle, he ran behind for an hour or so with the razor-like edge remaining by the side of my head the while. I felt like pushing it off in sign of protestation, but I did not do so for fear the young Tatar might attempt to grapple the sledge a second time and put the blade of the axe through my head instead of by the side of it.

HOSPITABLE BUT UNINVITING.

I have not mentioned my equipment for this formidable journey through a famine-stricken land. It was of the simplest. I had a portmanteau and a hold-all, and what the hold-all would not hold was strapped in my travelling rugs until their bright colours caught the eye of an artful driver, who managed to "leave" them at a spot the police never succeeded in discovering. In the hold-all I carried a small supply of beef tea and dry biscuits, to be prepared for such emergencies as a delay *en route* or snowing-up might occasion. I also carried a packet of candles, for I knew that wherever there was a food famine it was accompanied by an oil famine. The biscuits were in turn frozen and sodden. In sledge travelling nothing is proof against the frost and snow.

CHANGING HORSES AT A POST-STATION.

At one point of my journey I had been living on beef tea, spread like butter on biscuits, for about a couple of days when I arrived at a village where famine bread was being handed out to starving peasants. How welcome a piece would be! I did not wait in the dreary file of haggard, ill-clothed men and women, who crowded round the door of the building, but pushed my way straight into the bakery, and while making the usual journalistic inquiries as to the state of things in the stricken hamlet I took up a lump of famine bread and ate it. The local police officer probably noticed the appetite with which I devoured this piece of black, insipid bread, for with a tact that amused me immensely when I thought of it afterwards, he invited me to lunch with him. The invitation was conditional, though the spirit in which it was given was not the less kindly for that.

"You are a journalist," he said. "If you come into my house I shall be obliged to ask you to show me your passport. If it is not inconvenient to you to have your passage through my district reported, come and lunch with me."

At that time I was laying low and working under the illusion that my movements had not excited the attention of the authorities. It would not do to spoil my work for the sake of a lunch.

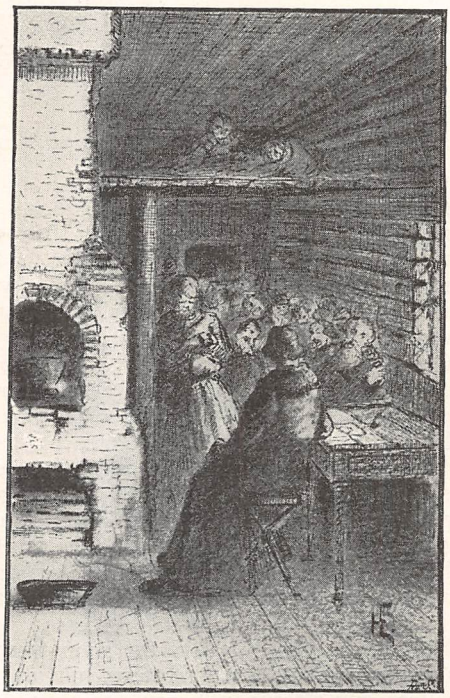
"How will you advise St. Petersburg of my passage?" I asked.

"By letter to the Governor. He can do as he likes."

It took me very few seconds to decide. I was at least three days' distance from the governmental town. By the time the authorities received the police officer's report I should be—I hadn't the faintest idea myself where—certainly far from the hospitable place where this incident was happening.

I had a nice lunch, and, with the aid of the little German that the officer spoke, I learned a good deal, and was shown much that interested me. On leaving, I looked at my passport and noticed that the *visé* was No. 1, indicating, perhaps, that I was the first foreigner who had passed through that out-of-the-way locality for many years.

It was early in the spring when I returned to Kazan from a trip up the Siberian road, and I had to hurry to Nijni Novgorod without stopping either for food or rest. The governor of Kazan very kindly sent to the post-station on the eve of my departure to say how necessary it was that I should reach a railway centre before the break-up of the ice on the Volga cut Kazan off from the rest of the world for weeks. I had relays of no fewer than fifty-seven horses for the journey between these two towns; still, it was a grave question whether I should reach Nijni Novgorod before



FAMISHED PEASANTS TAKE PRIESTLY COUNSEL.

the ice gave way. The Volga, swollen by the volume of water that had fallen into it from the melting snow, rose beneath the ice, and at some spots lifted it and broke it away from the banks. In places the sledge ran for miles through several inches of water. Every now and then it dropped into a pool of slush a couple of feet deep and I was drenched, and everything I had with me was soaked. But this was not the worst. At a spot where the rising river had broken the ice away from the shore one of the horses nearly perished. Making a false step, it slipped into a gaping crevice, but by a miracle the animal struggled out of the water before either the driver or myself had time to realise the gravity of the accident. It is due to a much-abused country to say that the dangers of travelling in Russia are greatly exaggerated. Storms are always to be feared, and accidents often occur when the ice breaks up, but there is little to be dreaded from either man or beast. I drove 2,000 miles alone through the wildest parts of Russia in the height of the famine and the depth of winter. I carried no revolver or other arm of defence of any kind. There were only two occasions when, had I been armed, I might have been led to use any weapon in my possession; but, in either of these cases, I feel certain that recourse to fire-arms would have cost me my life.

CECCA'S CHOICE.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

SI, Signore, she's a handsome woman, and she doesn't forget me, though I'm only a waiter. Every time she comes in, a smile and a nod and "Buon giorno, Luigi!" As you say, like spring. She was always fresh and beautiful.

Yes, I've known her for years—ever since I was no higher than the marble table the Signore's sitting at. She and I are compatriots. We come from the same village. The Signore can see it perched high on the flanks of the Prato Magno when he drives out in the Cascine—a little white speck on the mountain-side by day, a gleam of light through the gloom in the dusk of twilight. San Procolo, they call it. We lived there, Cecca and I, and our friend Marcantonio. He was a boy in those days; but he's a man now, of course. She's Cecca to me still, though you see her a great lady; and she says "Buon giorno, Luigi!" every day to this one when she comes into Doney's for a cup of coffee.

Think you've seen her in London? Si, si, so you would. She lives in England. She's a very great lady there. She married a painter, you know; and he's painted her often, they say, in all sorts of characters. Very distinguished, very rich, in the best society—princes and marquises, they tell me—so no doubt the Signore will have met her in some palazzo.

It was like this, Signore. Oh, yes, I will recount it if the Signore will listen, for 'tis a story worth recounting, and not everybody knows it. We lived up there in the mountains, you see, looking down upon Florence—Cecca, Marcantonio, and I. Our fathers were peasants. And Cecca was the prettiest girl in all the village. How could it not be so when now she is the most beautiful woman in your great rich London, which is as much bigger than Florence, they say, as Florence than our village? Your park, Cecca tells me, is crowded every day with thousands of carriages—the Cascine nothing to it—and in all of them great ladies lolling back with yellow hair, and footmen in livery sitting stiff up in front of them. And yet our Cecca is the most beautiful of them all! And milords stand and gaze at those full rich lips that I kissed many a time when I was a boy in the mountains. Well, well, the world is strange, a whirligig of surprises; and here in Florence, you may guess, we see a great deal of it.

She had always that golden hair—golden hair, with black eyes and a creamy skin. It was those and her lips that made them paint her for a Magdalen. She looked like a woman who could sin great sins and then repent them. Her face was—what shall I call it?—voluptuous, yet her eyes were so sweet. From a child our people used to say of her, "Little Cecca has the face of a Santa Maddalena."

When we were growing up together—Cecca you may say sixteen, and Marcantonio and I nineteen or twenty—we two lads were just wildly in love with Cecca.

I might be wildly in love with her still, Signore, if she were not married and a great lady: and Marcantonio—but you shall hear. I must not get in front of my own tale's wheels, as we say in Tuscany.

It was Cecca who began it—going out into the world. But for her we would none of us have dreamt of leaving our village. Mountain people are stay-at-home. We owe it to that girl—Marcantonio and I—that we are now cosmopolitan. Otherwise we might still be driving sheep in the mountains. But Cecca was something higher. She had potentialities, Signore, as our padre often said. Cecca had potentialities. She used to sit on the hillside and look down on Florence, where we had none of us ever been, since it was ten miles away, and see the Duomo dimly and the blue smoke of the city; and she longed to go there and find out for herself what it was all made of. It looked so large and dreamy and beautiful. The Duomo looms up when you look on it from a distance. But Marcantonio didn't want her to go. He would sit by her side in the evening and gaze out over the hills, and murmur, "Yes, the dome—the dome is beautiful. But the mountains are more beautiful, blue away there in the twilight, and the pink glow on the snowy tips of the Apennines, and the mist over the Arno. I like the mountains best, better than all the houses of the city." And Cecca would shake her head, and say *no;* but now she says he was right, since she has married in England and gone to live in London. For London, they tell me, is rich; but, oh! it is not beautiful!

Marcantonio was a poetic soul. You see, we Tuscans are built so. I am a poet myself, Signore, when I am not serving macaroons and coffee. And we both made verses to Cecca's golden hair—not written, you understand, but Tuscan *stornelli*, such as the peasants make, and remember, and sing to their sweethearts. But Marcantonio's were the best, fate having given him a poetic nature. It is long ago now, and Cecca having married and gone away to London, I am free to confess it. I was afraid of Marcantonio—afraid of his taking Cecca away from me, you see; and so, when Cecca sat and looked down on Florence, I used to encourage her wish to go there, thinking that in that way I should get her safe away from my poor Marcantonio. Which is just human nature, Signore—to remember the one man I saw before me at San Procolo, and to forget the hundreds of men who would stare at her golden hair and her creamy skin as she walked on the Lungarno. But Marcantonio was more afraid of Florence than of me. "Don't go there, little one," he used to say. "Some great painter will see you, and take you for his model; and then he will fall in love with you, and marry you, or what not, and so we shall

"'CECCA WOULD SHAKE HER HEAD, AND SAY *NO*.'"

lose our own little Cecca." Which indeed, as you see, was exactly what happened. But Cecca would laugh and toss her pretty head, and answer, "You and Luigi are very nice men, no doubt; but how do I know there are not nicer men down yonder at Florence? I don't mean to choose till I have seen the world." And then she would turn again and look down at the Duomo.

But I ought to tell you, though our parents were peasants, my people were richer and better off than Marcantonio's. Indeed, I was thought the best catch in the village. Any other girl there would have been glad to take me. But Cecca, whom I loved, must needs go down to see the world in Florence.

Well, things went on like that till Cecca was past seventeen. Another *caffè nero?* Si, Signore, directly! And then one day an English painter came up to San Procolo. It was the midday hour, and we men had holiday. We followed him about at a distance—strangers being rare, of course, in the village—and Cecca came to her door, like the rest of the girls, to stare at the gentleman. Oh, he was a great gentleman! I suppose if I saw him now, when I know the world, he would only seem to me like any English gentleman who drops in for a *sorbetto* or a *limonata;* but up there at San Procolo we thought him at least the Prince Inheritor of England. He was dressed in a light overcoat, and had a slouch felt hat, and round his shoulders was slung something shining which we none of us then knew, but now we should call an aluminium field-glass. He walked about the village with such an air, as if it belonged to him. Nowadays I know that that is merely the habit of the English signore when he goes as a tourist, but then I thought he must certainly be a prince to poke his nose like that into other people's villages.

The girls were mostly shy, but Cecca—she was always a woman of the world, in the grain. So, when the rest held back, she went boldly forward and asked the Englishman if he wanted anything.

Well, the Englishman, of course, had very little Italian. In those days we thought it odd, and smiled at his broken words, never having met anyone who could not speak Tuscan; but to-day, of course, we understand that the English gentlemen are very slow at languages, and stupid to learn, so that they prefer we Italians should pick up English to speak with them. Which naturally to us is a very small matter. So the Englishman told Cecca she was a *bella ragazza*, and had beautiful hair, not having much finesse, which astonished us all that he should speak in such words to a proud girl like Cecca, whom none in the village would have dared to address save in the most respectful manner. But, to our surprise, Cecca seemed to understand either that he was a great prince or that he was unable to express himself in Tuscan better, and erred through inadvertence, for she smiled and showed her teeth, and came nearer to him instantly. And then a pang went through me, and I ceased to fear Marcantonio, and began to wish Cecca had never desired to go down to Florence.

So there he and Cecca stood talking on the platform of the church that looks down on the Arno, and we men gathered round, and bit by bit drew nearer and nearer. Presently he took off the bright thing on his back, and began to peer through it. "What is it?" says Cecca, womanlike.

"A field-glass," says the stranger. "Here, take it and see Florence."

Any other girl would have laughed and giggled. But Cecca took it quite quietly, as if she was always used to it; and, not finding the focus suit her, moved it up and down, the same as she saw the painter do, till she got the right sight for her. And then she cried out, not so much surprised as delighted—

"Oh, Luigi! Marcantonio! come here and see!"

She named me first, and I noticed it. Then she told us what she could make out—the Duomo, and the Campanile, and the houses, and the bridges, and the horses and people streaming over them continually. And then she passed it on, and clasped her hands, and cried out—

"Oh, Luigi! Marcantonio! I *must* go down to Florence!"

"Come and sit to me," said the painter, looking admiringly at her lips and hair—as many have looked since, and well they may do. So that very moment, Cecca made her mind up. And before a week was out, now she had seen what Florence was, she had gone to the city, and was sitting as a Santa Maddalena to the Englishman.

"And she married him, and went away with him to London?" No, no, Signore; not so fast, I pray you. It's you who are getting in front of my tale's wheels this time. Patience, patience, as we say; who cooks *stufatino*, must not be hurried. No sooner had Cecca gone, than I determined to follow her. I went down to the city, and looked about for a place as helper—not, of course, an important post like this, where I am at the head of the profession, and laying by

"THE ENGLISHMAN SAT AND WATCHED" (*p.* 391).

to open an establishment of my own—but a very humble place in the old quarter by the Mercato Vecchio. Cecca had a room close by, and I soon found the painters were all agog about her. Such a model! such a discovery! She had risen in her ideas, too, all at once: that's Cecca's nature; if you made her a queen, you'd think next day she'd been born in the purple, and held a royal court ever since she could remember. And between ourselves, I've seen queens here a great deal less queenly than Cecca. She was friendly, you know, quite friendly: that's Cecca's nature, too; she's too proud to forget or not acknowledge a friend. If she was really a queen, she'd come here still, all the same, with a smile and a nod, and "Buon giorno, Luigi; and how were all good friends at San Procolo when you heard from them?" But Marcantonio! good lady, how could I ever have feared *him?* To see her surrounded there by those English painters: all admiring her golden hair, and her lips, and her profile; and our Cecca, calm and queenlike, sitting chatting in their midst, as if she had known them, like us, from a baby. I spoke to her of myself one day, when I'd been there a month; and she smiled at me, and said: "Dear Luigi, no more! Since I came to Florence, I feel I could only marry a painter."

It wasn't pride, you know; but she had found her level. Like so many of us Tuscans, she was an artist in temperament. Not for nothing are we fellow-citizens of Leonardo and Donatello.

But Marcantonio—well, he stopped up in the mountains, and made *stornelli*, and wrote them down, and sent them to her. And he wrote her letters; some of them she showed me. He wasn't afraid lest his mountain lily should be spoiled in the valley, he said (for he, too, was a Tuscan of the artistic type); he knew she could never forget those evenings on the hillside, when the setting sun cast red glows on the snow of the Apennines, and then the flush died away, and the peaks grew cold, the twinkling lights came out slowly one by one, and betrayed the secret of high hill-top castelli.

But he longed to come down: yet he

knew not what to do; for he was only a peasant. And one Sunday he came; and in the morning he and I and Cecca went over the Uffizi.

In your country, they tell me, the peasants and workmen do not understand or care for pictures. But with us, as the Signore knows, it is altogether different. The Tuscan blood is warm within us. Any Sunday morning, after mass, if you go to the Uffizi, or the Belle Arti, or the Pitti, you will see some soldier, who has been a year in Florence, taking his comrades who have just been drawn—raw recruits who know nothing—round the walls of the galleries to show them his favourite pictures. And as the Signore knows, you will see him stop and point out what he thinks well done, and explain and criticise with all the air of an expert. Well, that's how we went round, Cecca, Marcantonio, and I; and Marcantonio stopped long, looking hard at the Andreas and Botticellis and so forth. He paused and drank it in. To hear him talk, you'd almost think he had painted them.

But in the afternoon, Cecca took us round to the Englishman's to see her portrait. He'd painted her in a "Supper at the House of the Pharisee." And there the Englishman was, quite at home and jaunty. But the moment Marcantonio saw the portrait—it was different from the Uffizi: he put his head on one side, and then on the other, and looked very hard at it; then he pursed up his lips. I could see with half an eye he didn't much care for it. The Englishman could see it too, and was piqued at his silence. A fellow from a village, who never till that day had even come into a city! "Well?" he says after a while. And Marcantonio says "Well?" and looks aside at Cecca.

"What do you think of it?" says the Englishman, as well as he was able.

"It's correctly enough drawn," says Marcantonio, hesitating; "and the mouth isn't bad; but you've missed the expression and the fire of the eye. And, somehow, that cheek isn't full enough for the signorina."

"Perhaps you could do it better," says the Englishman, making fun of him.

"Perhaps I could," says Marcantonio, very modestly, "though I'm not much of a painter. But still, you see, I know her face so well."

"Would you like to try?" says the Englishman, laughing and looking aside at us. You should have seen Cecca flush; but she never said anything.

"Perhaps I might," says Marcantonio again, never even seeing that the Englishman was trying to laugh at him—that's Marcantonio all over, so simple and straightforward. "It might help you to catch the expression, Signore, as those of us see it who know her and have studied it."

Well, the Englishman's smile was a sight to remember. He handed Marcantonio a pencil and paper. Cecca posed herself without a word, just as she had done for the Englishman.

"I can't try it in colours," says Marcantonio, still as modest as ever, "for I don't understand oils; but I learnt from our priest how to make the frescoes in the church at San Procolo, and——"

But the Englishman started.

"Did *you* do those frescoes in the church at San Procolo?" says he, in quite a different voice.

"I did," says Marcantonio, going on with the portrait. "I've never learned much, of course; but I've tried what I could by the light of Nature."

Well, the Englishman sat and watched, his eyes opening wider and wider all the time. And Marcantonio worked and worked. And I stood and looked on at them, knowing at once it was all up with me now for my chance of Cecca. And when it was finished the Englishman drew a long breath, and said in his bad Italian—

"Untaught! quite untaught! Full of amateur's faults; but—a born artist!"

As for Cecca, she rushed at him, and flung her arms round his neck.

"Marcantonio!" she cried, "Marcantonio! I told them all along I never could marry anyone but a painter!"

Well that was the end of it—or that was the beginning, whichever you will. The painters all said Marcantonio must take to art—he was born an artist. So the people in our village made a purse up. He came to Florence and studied; then he went to Rome, to Paris, to London. He married Cecca, of course; and now he's a great painter. His other name? Oh, Cipriani; he's one of your Royal Academicians. Yes, that was the famous Mrs. Cipriani; I thought you'd know her. But to me, Signore, she's Cecca, and always will be.

APRIL.

Driving and Travelling Coats.

APRIL is with us, and "Pan trolls out a strain of ecstasy, and sets the world a-piping." True; but the practical feminine mind turns from poetic sentiment to consider the desirability of purchasing one of the beautiful Scotch cheviot cloths from Scott Adie, knowing full well that a coat made of their weaving — be it in grey, heather, or green—will be impervious to rain and storm alike. As a criterion of what is worn by women of good style and refined taste I will describe three models here to be found. Portrayed is a splendid driving coat of smoke-grey cheviot, having upon its surface a narrow line of warm colouring in the form of a large check. The coat is full length, and fits to the figure at the back, fastening double-breasted in front, with large roomy pockets at each side. The sleeves are free and ample, and the detachable triple cape with its comfortable collar, that may be worn either turned down or upstanding, buttons straight up the front, the fulness allowing freedom to arm and wrist, and no fluttering points dash into the face as one drives along on a breezy day, for each corner is secured with a "position" stitch to the under cape. The sleeves and body portion are lined with grey satin. The coat is an altogether costly and luxurious garment.

Another is an ideal travelling cloak in myrtle green cloth, entirely enveloping the figure, fastened double-breasted, with two rows of handsome buttons and with deep pointed revers and collar of the same cloth. The inner high-standing collar is strapped across, and there is a shapely detachable hood. Large full sleeves of delightful cut and finish give a style all its own to the coat, which is amply provided with useful pockets. Convenience and comfort are evinced in every line and curve. A garment deserving of universal patronage was formed of Scotch heather-coloured diagonal cloth, the sleeveless coat close-fitting from neck to waist, expanding at the hem, with elegant over-cape and hood lined throughout with the pleasing tones of green of the Gordon plaid. This cape is distinct from the coat, and would furnish a good example of a golf cape.

The small close-fitting hats of beaver, felt, or straw, with simple trimming of velvet or ribbon and quills clasped by a cairngorm, are fitly associated with these elegant coats, which are the chosen attire of the highest in our land.

CHEVIOT DRIVING COAT, FROM MESSRS. SCOTT ADIE, REGENT STREET, W.
(*From a photograph by Walery, Ltd., Regent Street, W.*)

New Features in Millinery.

Taking a general view of the leading characteristics of the new millinery, the colours that meet the eye are pink, from pale rose to crimson and deep magenta; yellow in gradation from straw and maize to gold and amber, black and white, this last claiming prominence in the pearly whiteness of lace, chiffon, and lisse; also in the monopoly of those roses that do not display the vivid shades of deep red with petals shading to depths almost black at the edges, and tints of fire-glow in the heart. Roses are seen on every hand, and claim to be the flower of the season. They appear in closely-crushed masses, bunches, and coronets, without foliage, this being arranged separately, and the tints of green varied by a shot effect of rose or mauve. Wing or fan-shaped ornaments of jet or lace are fashionable, and tiny multi-coloured paillettes are profusely employed outlining the designs on lace and bordering the finely-kilted or goffered lisse now so greatly in demand for millinery.

Laces are fine in make, Chantilly taking the foremost place in black, white, and butter yellow.

The new straws are very beautiful, fine, and fanciful, a bright ribbon-straw simulating a tiny satin ribbon in black or gold being the leading novelty, looped in rows, closely set together, forming charming bonnets. Swiss straw hats will share favour with the well-known Leghorn and Panama as summer advances.

Ribbons figure largely in the production of hat trimming. Large loops—four or five in number—are set widely across the front of hats, standing out to right and left in a style that might well startle even the beauties of 1830 of prodigious head-gear fame. The most beautiful tints are combined in the colouring—for instance, a lovely peach tint daintily shot with cool green, or amber shot with palest pink, and in contrast to these one assertively rose-coloured ribbon had a half-inch border of black satin, this, associated with black ostrich feathers, fine black lace, and loops of jet, effected a strikingly handsome design for a carriage hat. Toques are large and square in shape; so also are bonnets. Squareness across the brows continues to be the form of all the newest designs, some designs describing three points in front. Hats are mostly extreme in size, composed chiefly of lace and jet, whilst others are in fine straw. Veils are plentifully besprinkled with dots of chenille, and are worn very deep, entirely covering the face, and raised high on to the hat or bonnet. The modern shape of millinery necessitates the hair being raised to either side of the face, and the fringe, when worn, is only slightly waved. Frizzing is now quite out of date.

Weatherproof Plush.

Every rule has its exception, else would it be truth to assert that all women cherish an admiration for a sealskin mantle? But as a

LISRENE PLUSH COAT.

matter of fact, few possess the means to acquire these luxurious garments, and gladly accept "Lister's" successful substitute—an English manufacture that compares favourably with that eminently becoming fur. It also has the merit of being more seasonable at this time of the year, as its beautiful surface defies rain and damp, and when transformed into the handsome full-length or three-quarter coats, finished in every way worthy of

sealskin exhibited at Messrs. Debenham & Freebody's, nothing is left to be desired, excepting only the possession of one such coat.

As a useful and becoming style the accompanying sketch makes well, the under sleeveless coat following closely the lines of the figure. The round cape lined with peach-coloured silk brocaded in gold, and square shoulder piece and collar outlined with jet cabochous, fastened with four handsome ornaments of jet, is complete as a pretty cape that may be worn with cloth costumes well on into the summer. This would supply a charming addition to a young bride's trousseau. Beneath the coat is worn a simple round skirt and fancy silk blouse to the waist, a style closely followed by all that admire and wear simple, becoming, and comfortable dress.

Frock for Girl of Twelve Years.

This is a delightful style in combined colouring of rose-pink and white for a fair child; or blue and poppy red for a darker type of childish beauty. Our design is arranged for a white canvas embroidered in white marguerite petals, and a rose-pink silk patterned over with white marguerites. A thin rose-coloured washing silk is utilised for lining the white canvas throughout, thus imparting a shot effect of alternate white and rose with every movement. In front the frock is set in a double box-pleat to the square embroidered yoke, clasped at the waist with a broad pink ribbon sash, which passes beneath the pleat at the back, and is made up into a bow and ends fastened to one side. The silk sleeves and under vest are made up on a tight-fitting lining, and fasten at the back. This design is useful for less costly materials—for instance, two shades of cloth, the over-dress cut out and button-holed to a conventional design in mushroom brown over flesh-pink, or green over red. Tennis cottons or even the homely Turkey twill may also be employed. For the little ones, as for their elders, bodices, blouses, and vests will be worn in contrasting colour and material to the frock—a fashion that is at once pretty, simple, and convenient, for thus many a handsome over-frock can be worn a greater length of time by the exchange of varied under blouses. The favourite colourings for children will be pale maize yellow—a yellow with a slight dash of pink in the tinting—a delicious shade of rose-pink; also pale lily-leaf green, old blue, and pearly or creamy white.

FROCK FOR GIRL OF 12 YEARS.

ELDERLY LADY'S COSTUME.

Elderly Lady's Costume.

Unto this last have I reserved the pleasure of suggesting a costume for the beloved of our households, who with their lovely silver

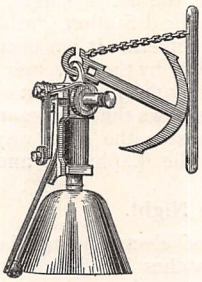
hair and stately presence add a charm to our homes.

Characteristics vary—one will require the soft clinging draperies of cashmere or crépon, satin or velvet, and another the richness of watered silk, poplin, or brocade. Black relieved with rose-pink or mauve, and grey with white are the accepted combination of colours, the soft fine laces now worn being the fittest material for those charming accessories of cap, wrist frill, and neckerchief; the full sleeves devoid of stiffening, with fichu-shaped bodice ornament with stole ends, are also appropriate and becoming. Our sketch is a design for a beautiful gown of crêpe on silk faille, or satin on crépon, with the added richness of dull or bright-cut jet. A. Ll. Griffiths.

Cut paper patterns for making costumes from the original designs illustrated in this article may be had, cut to the sender's measurements, for one shilling and sixpence each, or one shilling in the case of the child's dress. Application should be made to the Author of "Chit-Chat on Dress," care of the Editor of Cassell's Magazine, *La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.*

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in The Gatherer may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

An Electric Bracket Bell.



The bell shown in our engraving is well fitted for use in shops, offices, and yards. The mechanism is similar to that of the ordinary electric bell, the hammer being moved by an electro-magnet excited by the electric current. The actual size of the bell is about six times that of the figure.

Life and Colour.

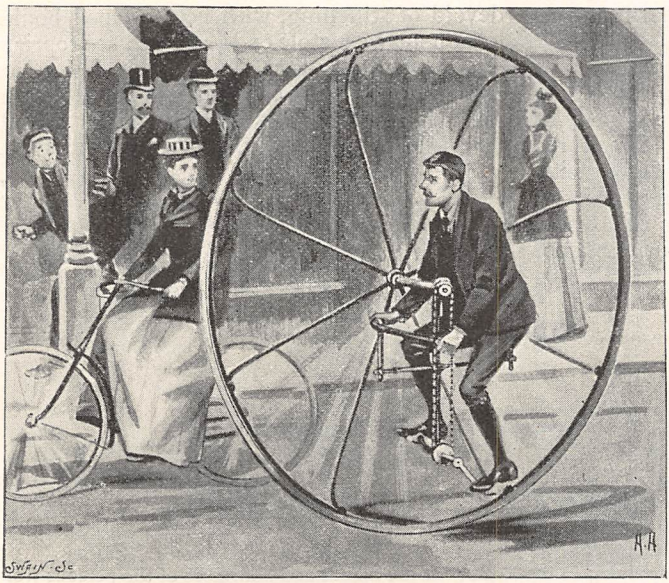
The influence of colour on life is a subject which is now receiving much attention from psychologists and physiologists, or perhaps we should say psychophysiologists. It has been proved, by test, that children of the white race prefer yellow to other colours, whereas adults prefer red. The American Indians prefer yellow, the Chinese blue or yellow, and the negroes are partial to green. More important is the discovery that red light stimulates, whereas blue light soothes, the nerves. Red light is also found to favour the development of certain seeds and plants. Some curious particulars have also been collected as to the influence of colour on intellectual activity. Wagner, for example, always draped his study with satin hangings of rose or blue colour, and took them with him on his journeys.

"Wrinkles" for Everyone.

It has often been pointed out in The Gatherer columns that what are called small novelties are frequently those most appreciated by the average housewife and the man in the street. A new way of cooking and serving eggs is foreshadowed by the introduction of the "Premier" Egg Cup, which is made of porcelain, is rather larger than the cups generally used, and is fitted with a nickel cover. The first advantage secured by the new cup is that the sending of bad eggs to table is made impossible. For the egg is broken into the cup, the required seasoning is added, and, the nickel cover having been screwed on, the cup containing the egg is plunged into the saucepan. In a minute or two longer than by the old-fashioned method the egg is cooked, and may be served in the cup. All the mess and untidiness of chipping shells are avoided, and eggs cooked in this way will be found very digestible.—Another novelty which claims the suffrage of all good housewives is the "Little Friend" soap tray, which has been designed by a lady to fit housemaid's pails and washing baths. It is of metal, well perforated, and by means of clips can be attached in a minute to the rim of any pail or bath, where it will hold soap, flannel, or brush, and thus save the worker from groping for these in the water, as well as prevent the waste of soap.—No name plate that could be devised would make an umbrella unstealable! But an "Umbrella Identifyer" which has just been patented seems to open a channel for the return to their lawful owners of umbrellas and sunshades which fall accidentally into the hands of the well-disposed. The "Identifyer" consists of a tiny collar of metal, in which a slot is specially stamped out for the reception of a slip of paper upon which the owner's name and address are written. This metal collar is then clasped automatically upon the roller which encircles the stick. Anyone finding an umbrella or sunshade thus decorated may readily see the address to which it should be sent.

Monazite.

Monazite, or the "lonely" mineral, is a compound of several rare earths, and is found in small quantities in Bohemia, Norway, Cornwall, Finland, and North Carolina. It occurs in six-sided crystals,



A MONOCYCLE.

and is highly refractory—that is to say, can withstand an intense heat without fusing. Hence it is found suitable for making the hoods employed in the incandescent system of gas-lighting. A demand having sprung up for it, considerable deposits have been discovered in North Carolina amongst the river beds and in the clefts of the gold reefs. Whilst upon this subject we may also state that large deposits of a fine-grained marble, varying in colour from rose red and green to grey, have just been found in the State of Georgia.

A Monocycle.

Our illustration shows a stable monocycle which has been brought out by a French inventor, M. Gauthier, of St. Malo. The wheel is over six feet in diameter, and the spokes are bent, so that the centre of gravity of the rider is below the centre of the wheel. The idea is not new, but M. Gauthier has worked it out with more success than earlier constructors.

The Seats of Thought.

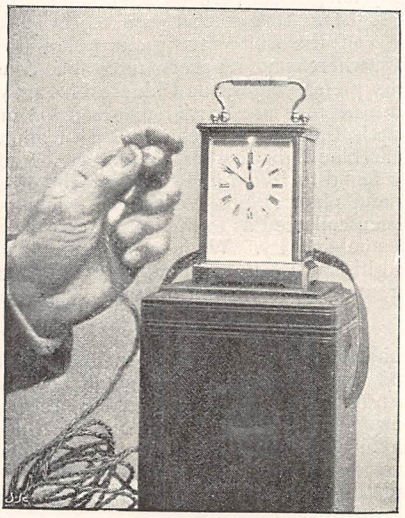
A discovery which, if verified, will be of great importance in mental science is announced by the Rector of the University of Leipzig, a distinguished physiologist. It has long been understood that the outer layer of grey matter forming the "cortex" or bark of the brain is the seat of intelligence, and that the bulk of the brain consists of white fibres which connect the cortex to the ganglia or lumps of nervous matter underlying the hemispheres of the brain, and also to the spinal cord and the various nerves of the trunk and limbs. The outer layer is a kind of root from which the entire nervous system springs, and may indeed be compared to the sending and receiving apparatus of a telegraph station, from which the branching lines proceed. Sensations from the body pass along the nerves to the cortex of the brain, and, contrarily, messages pass from the cortex to the other parts of the body. Ferrier and others have shown that those parts of the brain concerned with the motions of the body are located in the front and sides, and there is reason to believe that the parts dealing with sensation are placed at the back. Hitherto, the centres of thought—that is to say, of the intellectual powers—such as reason, imagination, and memory have been unknown, but suspected to lie in the fore part of the brain. The German scientist claims to have localised four centres of thought under the temporal bone and the parietal or side wall of the head. These areas of the cortex are connected together, and also to the sensory and motor areas, by nervous fibres and in his opinion serve to combine mere sensations into ideas. According to him, they are absent in the lower animals, and only fully developed in a child after it is three months old.

Natural Breathing.

An observation of much importance to the health of men and women, and also in the art of singing, has been made at the Physiological Station, Paris, by means of the instantaneous camera. It has been supposed that men breathe chiefly by the movement of the diaphragm, and women by the movement of the thorax; but photography shows that a woman unrestricted by a corset breathes in the same way as a man—that is to say, by the diaphragm and thorax.

Telling Time by Night.

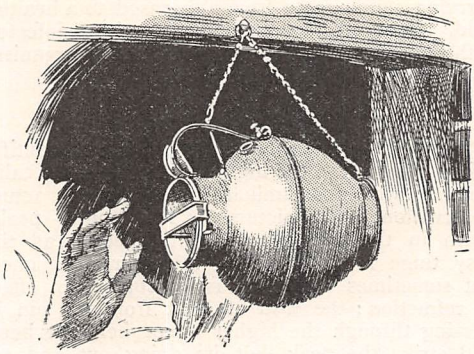
An ingenious application of electricity to the illumination of clocks and watches has just been introduced. A tiny incandescent lamp is fixed inside and immediately above the glass of a clock or watchstand, and is coupled up to a dry battery. A flexible silk wire with a push-piece



enables the tenant of the room to flash a light upon the clock face, and so tell the time without getting out of bed. The utility of this application, particularly in sick rooms and to medical men, must be apparent. And it is equally useful when applied to carriage clocks.

A Hanging Churn.

The little churn for home use, which we illustrate, is called the "Jersey Baby," and consists of



A HANGING CHURN.

a Jersey milk-jug, fitted with a view-glass, and made air-tight by a simple arrangement of the lid. The churn is suspended from a nail or hook, as shown, and the operator swings it to and fro through a range of several inches. Although the churn has no internal beaters or dashers, the butter comes in five or ten minutes. It can make as many as 5 lbs. of butter at a time, but, of course, it is not intended for a large yield.

A New Chimney-Pot.

The "duplex chimney-pot" for the cure of smoke is of simple construction, and has no revolving parts to get out of order. It consists of a galvanised iron cylinder about five feet long or more, tapering towards the top, where it opens out in a basin-shaped mouth, the sides of which incline towards the vertical at an angle of 36 degrees, and thus deflect the wind upwards instead of downwards into the chimney. The wall of the shaft is doubled, and tends to improve the up-draught by keeping the ascending smoke and air warm. The shaft, moreover, offers no internal obstacle to the sweeper's broom, and has a neat appearance.

Cold and Non-Conductors.

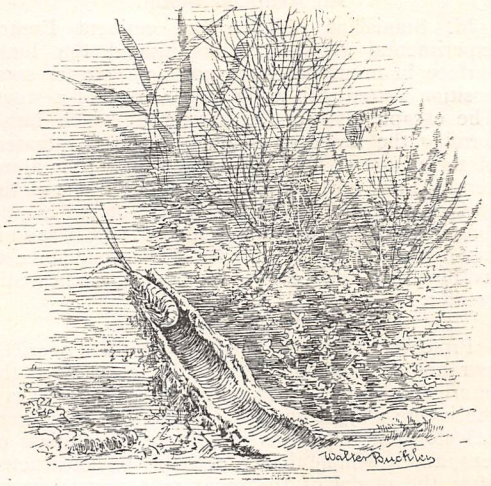
The researches of Pictet, Cailletet, Dewar, and others have shown that when the non-conductors of electricity are cooled to an extremely low temperature they become conductors, and M. Pictet has recently proved that non-conductors of heat behave in a similar way. Cotton-wool, for example, is a very bad conductor of heat, or conversely of cold, at ordinary temperatures; but when cooled under 80 degrees Centigrade below the freezing point, it loses this power. A cylinder of copper at a temperature of 170 degrees Centigrade below zero, and packed in cotton-wool twenty inches thick, recovered its ordinary temperature as rapidly as it did when bare.

Comets of the Year.

Encke's comet, which is now visible to the naked eye, is remarkable for a certain resistance to its motion which it encounters in space. This has the effect of driving it nearer and nearer to the sun at every revolution in its orbit. The nature of the resistance is unknown, but there is reason to believe that a very little gas is distributed throughout space. Another comet, which will be visible during the summer, is that discovered by Professor Barnard. It reappears every five and a half years, and in June will be as near the sun as the orbit of Mars.

A Nest-building Shrimp.

The little creature in our illustration was sketched from life as he was perched at the entrance of his tubular dwelling, fastened against the side of the tiny aquarium in which he lived. He and his fellows—for there be many which form dwellings of various kinds—are among the commonest of the "common objects" of the seashore, especially where pools occur that are filled at each incoming tide. Some species, indeed, are so abundant, as to be pests to the collector who is looking for the rarer kinds. The tube which our "shrimp" inhabits is semicircular, and composed of sand and small pieces of seaweed, cemented together with a glutinous matter, secreted by the builder. When it commences operations it lies on its back, and with its long feelers—antennæ is their proper name—gathers to itself a small heap of decaying vegetable matter and sand. Then it pours out upon these the secretion from its mouth, and uses the front pair of legs, the last joints of which are very large, as building tools, adding bit by bit to the structure, till it is large enough to form a secure dwelling and refuge. It is probable, though not certain, that in such dwellings the young are born and nurtured



for a time. The correspondent who placed the material for our sketch at the disposal of the Editor, writes: "Of some half-dozen specimens of the same species (*Amphithoë littorina*) that lived for about four months in a small aquarium, and

built several tubes, two were females bearing eggs. I was hoping to see the young born and reared in the tubes, so as to determine whether these structures were really nests or merely shelters. Unfortunately the death of the females put an end to the observations." These creatures differ from true shrimps in having the eyes set in the head, not borne on foot-stalks like those of the lobster and crab. They may be found among the thread-like green weed in any rock pool, and the fronds of Carrageen moss are often studded with the mud-tubes of an allied species.

A Toast Crisper.

Toast is apt to soften on the breakfast table; and as crispness is desirable, the little device

which we illustrate will be useful. The toast is put into the receptacle, which is kept hot by a lamp underneath. Moreover, the final crisping or "caramelising" of the toast can be effected in this way. Toast, as is well known, has not only an appetising flavour, but is more nourishing than plain bread, and peculiarly grateful to invalids.

An Artificial Moon.

M. Stanislaus Meunier, an eminent French experimental geologist, has imitated the lunar surface in miniature, by exposing a plaster composition wetted with water to the heat of a stove. The escaping steam forms bubbles, which burst, forming the familiar volcanic peaks and craters of the moon. The mimic volcanoes occur along certain lines and in various groups; tracts of the surface remain flat, like the "seas" of the moon; long lines of fracture are produced, and if sand is first sprinkled on the plaster, the resemblance of its blistered surface to the moon becomes still greater.

The Limit of Telescopes.

Professor Barnard, the well-known American astronomer, is of opinion that the telescope of the future will be of the reflecting type—that is to say, the image will be formed in the focus of a great reflector, not by means of a large object-glass or lens, and it will, he thinks, probably be constructed after the model of the great reflecting telescope which the French are making for their exhibition at the close of the century. It is not that opticians cannot manufacture lenses up to seven or eight feet in diameter; but the larger the lens, the more difficult it is to get a distinct image from it, owing to the tremors of the atmosphere. Even with lenses thirty and forty inches in diameter it is very seldom that a good image can be obtained, and Professor Barnard does not believe in the plan of making multiple lenses, similar to those in the eye of an insect.

Vegetables and Infection.

The disease of turnips called Finger-and-toe is, according to Professor W. Somerville, extremely infectious, one field of turnips catching it from another by merely inoculating its soil with that of the other. Care should, therefore, be taken to avoid carrying soil or roots from a diseased to a healthy field. The tainted soil can, moreover, be disinfected with lime—a fact which points to a micro-organism as the cause of the disease.

The Alpine Glow.

"Alpenglühen" is the name given to a beautiful effect of sunset in the high Alps during clear calm weather, which is familiar to many from actual observation or in pictures. The snowy peaks blush in the rays of the setting sun, and the rosy tinge fades out, then reappears, not once, but sometimes twice. It is, of course, an effect of refraction; the rays of light from the sun in passing through the higher atmosphere are bent, and strike the peak, but its dying out and re-appearance has been a mystery. Dr. Amsler attributes it to changes of temperature affecting the refractive power of the air at high altitudes. The repeated waxing and waning of the glow is due, he thinks, to cold rising from the air below the peaks after the sun's rays are withdrawn from it, and to heat afterwards rising from the soil.

The Best Teas.

An interesting paper on teas was recently read by Mr. A. G. Stanton before the Society of Arts; and in the discussion which followed the reading, it was stated that Assam tea is richest in theine, the effective principle of tea. One speaker said that Indian and Ceylon teas did not keep; another speaker declared that tea actually improved by keeping it, provided the box was air-tight. The best teas of all came from Darjeeling. Moreover, as we have already mentioned in THE GATHERER, the "strong black brew" of other days is now condemned as unwholesome, and the infusion should not last beyond a few minutes.

A New Sash Fastener.

The sash fastener in our figure resembles an ordinary one, and is worked in the same way; but in turning the lever, L, from the unfastened position

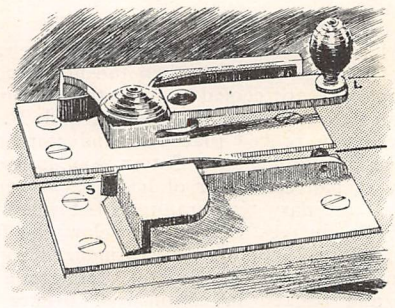
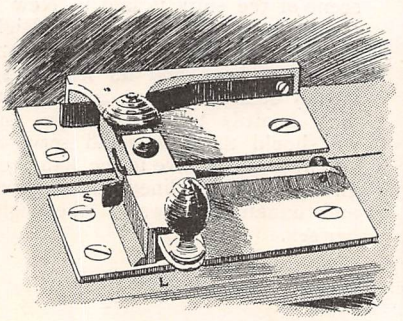


FIG. 1.

of Fig. 1 to the fastened position of Fig. 2, the upper sash is pressed—by means of the spring, S—against the outer head of the window-frame, and



NEW SASH FASTENER.—FIG. 2.

the lower sash against the inner head, thus fixing both sashes in one operation, and stopping all tendency of the sashes to rattle in the wind. The fastener has been tested during the wildest winter weather, and found satisfactory.

Fossil Bacteria.

Bacteria are old-established denizens of the world. According to a paper read before the Académie des Sciences, M. Renault has found their fossils in the coal measures and in the flints of Esnost, in France. The oldest yet discovered is the bacillus varax. Those found are known as destroyers of the *débris* of plants.

Sunstroke and Fatigue.

Experiments made with dogs exposed to heat and shaded from it whilst turning a sort of treadmill have proved that sun- or heat-stroke, caused by intense sunshine or the heat of furnaces, is always, or nearly always, a consequence of fatigue. Fatigue, in short, predisposes the body to heat-stroke, as it does to "mountain sickness." It follows that people should beware of exerting themselves too much in hot weather, and that troops should not be exercised during the hottest hours of the day in summer.

Natural Soap.

For some time past a number of men have been at work collecting a saponaceous material, or natural soap, from the banks of Owen's Lake, California. The soap appears to be formed from a solution of borax and soda in the water of the lake and the oil from the myriads of dead flies which fall into the water. It gathers like a scum on the surface, and is nearly an inch thick. The layers forming year after year have collected into a bank of natural soap.

Commercial Acetylene.

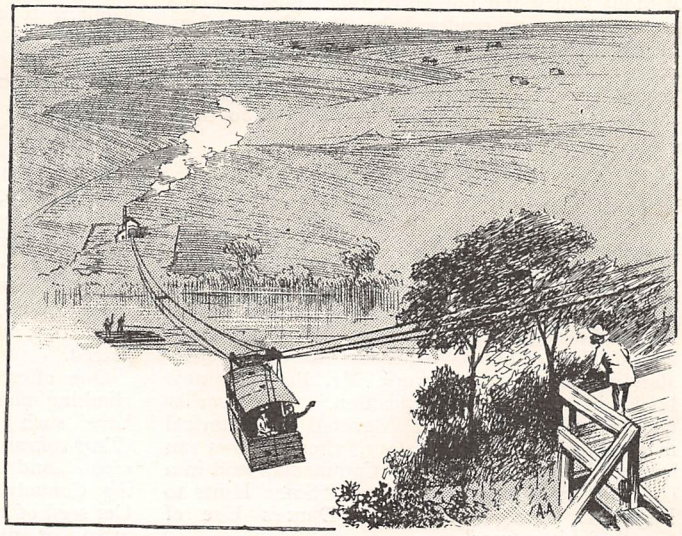
The hydro-carbon gas acetylene can now be made commercially by the process of Mr. T. L. Wilson, who first forms calcic carbide in the electric furnace from a mixture of lime or chalk and carbon; then adds water to the calcic carbide, producing calcic oxide or lime and acetylene. A ton of calcic carbide yields eleven thousand cubic feet of the gas, and costs about £4 to make. Since a flame of 240 candle-power is obtained by burning five cubic feet of the gas per hour, the process is likely to be valuable. Acetylene will also be useful for enriching the poorer coal or water gas, and, moreover, the chemist is able to manufacture all the other illuminating hydro-carbons from it. It is highly instructive to find that calcic carbide, hitherto regarded as a useless and malodorous product of experimental chemistry, has at length found a mission, and bids fair to enjoy a brilliant future.

Rhythm and Light.

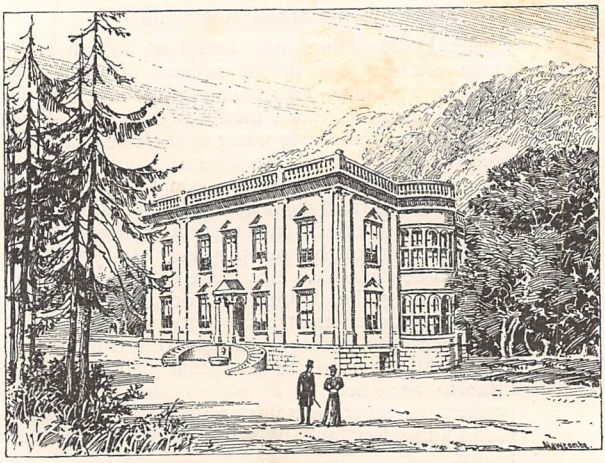
Experiments are now in progress at the Depôt of Lighthouses in France which may revolutionise the system of flashing lighthouses. It is found by M. Charles Henry that certain rhythms in the flashes of a light enable it to be seen much further, owing to the sensibility of the eye, and there is one rhythm in particular which gives the longest range of visibility.

An Aerial Tramway.

Our illustration will give some idea of a suspended tramway, now at work near Knoxville, Tennessee, United States. It is the invention of Mr. Gagnier, of Detroit, and was designed to transport passengers to the summit of a hill, from which a magnificent view is obtained. The rails are of flexible steel, and the car, suspended from its wheels, is drawn by a cable. The span of the line is about 1,000 feet, and the gradient is 33 feet of vertical rise for 100 feet of horizontal span. The carriage, with sixteen passengers and the drivers, weighs about two tons, and the speed is about



AN AERIAL TRAMWAY.



A HOUSE OF CONSTANT TEMPERATURE.

twenty-four miles an hour. It is proposed to construct a similar tramway across Niagara.

A House of Constant Temperature.

A house of one uniform temperature, summer and winter, is a dream of hygienists, which has been realised by M. Caron, at Chamounix, in Upper Savoy. Our illustration shows the châlet as it appears, and the secret of construction is merely an elaborate system of water-pipes forming the framework and supporting the wooden walls and floors. In summer cold water circulates through these pipes, and in the cold season this water is heated to the desired temperature before it enters the pipes. There is little doubt that M. Caron's plan will be adopted for hospitals and public buildings, as well as for private villas.

Pressure and Bacteria.

Mr. H. Roger has been trying the effect of high pressures on bacteria. The germ of erysipelas bore a pressure of 1,000 kilograms per square centimetre without injury, but one three times greater killed some of them, and rendered the others less virulent. Other microbes were similarly affected, and he concludes that a pressure of at least 2,000 kilograms per square centimetre on the culture containing certain microbes is required to do them appreciable harm.

A Book about Dante.

Of living English writers on Dante, none has a higher reputation than Mr. A. J. Butler. But his new book on "Dante: His Times and His Work" (A. D. Innes & Co.) is not addressed to the scholars and specialists so much as to beginners in the study of the great Italian. As a popular key to the riddle of Florentine politics and social state, and to that extent as a help to the right understanding of the poet's work, Mr. Butler's latest book is a distinct acquisition. The earlier chapters of the book are devoted to historical matter and personal history, then follows an admirable summary of the "Commedia," and in a couple of appendices are given "Some Hints to Beginners," and notes upon "Dante's Use of Classical Literature."

"A Bachelor Maid."

This is the latest addition to Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Autonym Library," and is from the pen of Mrs. Burton Harrison. The scene of the story is laid in New York, and its theme is "Woman's Rights"; but the tone of the story is so healthy, its interest so keen, and its leaning so obviously sound, that we can commend it most heartily to our readers. Indeed, we should think it would serve as an admirable corrective in the hands of any girl who was inclined to take extreme and unnatural views of the rights of her sex.

GARDENING IN APRIL.

SPRING should be really with us in April days. It is not always so; but, no matter how unseasonable the weather, get on with sowing flower-seeds. All seeds intended to produce blossoming plants should be sown this month, and where they are to remain, as transplanting very late in spring means a poor and fleeting harvest of bloom. Sow thinly, and let every seedling have sufficient space to develop. The lawn will need mowing every week, and made to look velvety and glossy. A good way to spoil the aspect of a lawn is to mow it badly, or to allow the grass to grow tall. Prune roses early in the month. Climbers need little attention, but cut back strong shoots on dwarf plants to about three eyes from the base, removing very weakly spray, especially if in the way of more robust wood.

Auriculas are now in full bloom, and must be shaded from bright sun, to preserve the beauty of the flowers. Seed sown now germinates readily if sown in a shallow pan of light soil, and placed in a greenhouse or cold frame. We care most for the glorious border-kinds, those lovely flowers that give rich perfume and superb colours, from sapphire to almost crimson. But to get a good selection, poor kinds must be weeded out.

In the kitchen garden much work is on hand. Everyone who has even a modest plot wants a few potatoes. Now is the time to plant, and such famous kinds as Schoolmaster, Magnum Bonum, White Elephant, and Reading Russet will give a bountiful return of large well-flavoured tubers. Sow spinach, parsley, cabbage of most kinds—a remarkably useful sort being Ellam's Early Dwarf—and salading, such as radish, lettuce, etc.

The grape-vine is in vigorous growth. It makes much useless wood, an abundance of shoots that should be rubbed off, retaining only one, or at the most two, on each branch, and then those best placed.

One often sees in gardens a dearth of good climbing plants, but this need not be whilst we have such gems as the climbing Nasturtium (*Tropæolum*), Canary Creeper (*Tropæolum canariense*), and the many beautiful forms of the climbing Convolvulus, with their large showy flowers. Get seed of these in now, sowing at the foot of an arbour or anything one wishes to cover.

TEA AND TATTLE.

(*From a drawing by* SYDNEY COWELL.)

FRONT-RANK CRICKETERS OF TO-DAY.

BARBADIANS *v.* ENGLISH. THE OPENING BALL ON FEB. 5, 1895.
(From a photograph by S. Poyer.)

THE INDIAN "BLUE," KUMAR SHRI RANJITSINHJI.
(From a photograph by E. Hawkins & Co., Brighton.)

IT has been truly said that to whatever part of the world an Englishman may migrate, he will carry his bat with him; and the extraordinary way in which our national game has "caught on" all over the globe is certainly a great tribute to our sporting instincts as a nation. Many have been the visits paid to and received from our Australasian cousins, and that they are little, if at all, behind the Mother Country in their proficiency at the game has been proved over and over again on many a hard-fought field; while at the Cape and in our Indian Empire the enthusiasm for the game is great. The extraordinary interest with which the tidings of Mr. Stoddart's team have been received in this country has proved that even in the hard days of winter, with almost Arctic weather, the interest in cricket is kept up almost as keenly as when we are basking in a summer sun. Never do we remember the result of any match being waited for with such intense anxiety as that of the final and rubber match between England and Australia which finished on March 6 last, and resulted in such a brilliant victory for the Englishmen.

What has perhaps lent an additional interest to this tour is the fact that so many of the players belong to the younger generation—many of the great names who have scored so consistently on previous visits being conspicuous by their absence. An English team without "W. G.," Shrewsbury, Gunn, and others we could name, seems hardly complete; but we must face the fact that these famous players cannot keep on for ever, and that we must now look to the younger blood to keep up our reputation in the future.

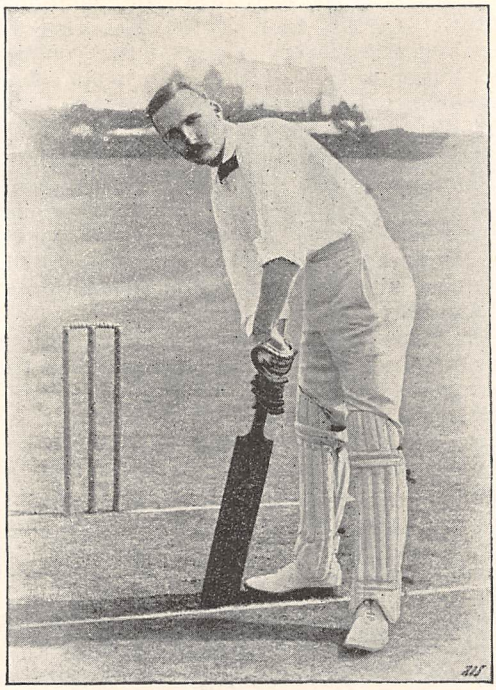
Whether the players of the present are as good as, or better than, the champions of the past, is a subject on which there are and will be many opinions. True it is that the scoring is much heavier than in bygone days, though the great feat of Grace, in 1876, of scoring 1,278 runs in ten consecutive completed innings, will require a lot of beating. We must remember, though, that the wickets are now as near perfection as they can be, and the turf in much finer condition for rapid scoring. Again, boundary hits are much more frequent, and the batsman can thus husband his energies to a greater extent than he could in the days when nearly everything had to be run out. We read that in one match in the olden days, an out fieldsman flushed a covey of partridges—an event which in these days of well-kept grounds would be very unlikely to occur.

Standing out easily foremost among an unusually good lot of Australian cricketers, is George Giffen, who, although thirty-five years old, is at the present day one of the finest all-

round players who has ever stepped on to a cricket-field. His play against the Englishmen has excited the greatest admiration from friend and foe alike. To show, however, that there is no "royal road to success" in cricket any more than there is in learning, Giffen tells us that he started his career in senior cricket with seven successive ducks'-eggs, and remembers with amusement how, after achieving the third one, he sat on the fence of the park lands, too disheartened to be hungry, and too much ashamed to go home until all the household had retired. His subsequent success bears out the truth of W. G. Grace's testimony when he says—

"I should have liked to say that good batsmen are born—not made; but my long experience comes up before me and tells me that this is not so. I am strongly enough convinced that constant practice and sound coaching have everything to do with it."

The visit this winter of a team of amateurs to the West Indies, under the captaincy of



MR. A. C. MACLAREN.
(*From a photograph by E. Hawkins & Co., Brighton.*)

Mr. R. S. Lucas, also marks an epoch in the game.

Great efforts were made by Dr. Anderson and Lord Stamford to bring off this tour, to open the eyes of English sportsmen to the amount of keenness that prevails for the game in these comparatively little-known parts of Her Majesty's dominions. The result, from a sporting point of view, has proved highly successful; and our players were probably surprised not a little when, at Barbados, they had to field out in a blazing sun while their opponents piled up the nice little score of 500 or more. There was a most curious similarity in this match to the now historical contest played at Sydney.

In each case our opponents made the huge score of over 500 runs in their first innings, while our players, following on in a large minority, ultimately pulled the match out of the fire, turning what at first looked like a heavy defeat into a splendid win.

These two matches deserve to stand on record as illustrations of the truth of the old cricket adage, that "a game is never lost till it is won." The future career of Mr. Lucas will be watched with much interest. Hailing from Merchant Taylors' School, which has up to the present turned out very few prominent cricketers, he worked his way through club cricket into the Middlesex eleven, in much the same way as Mr. Stoddart did before him. His best performance last year was at the Oval, against Surrey, when, with Phillips, he put on 140 runs for the ninth wicket, he himself somewhat unluckily getting out when within three of the century. He also scored a fine innings of 99 against Sussex at Brighton, certainly a curious instance of a batsman twice in one season just failing to secure the coveted hundred.

Another young amateur who has reached the front rank with great rapidity is Mr. A. C. Maclaren, of Lancashire fame. Receiving his early cricket training at Elstree, where so many fine players have been turned out, he proceeded to Harrow, where, when under sixteen years of age, he made his first appearance at Lord's, against Eton, in 1887, heading the score in both innings with 55 and 67. In 1890 he captained the team, again playing a fine innings of 76. But his most extraordinary achievement in this year was when asked to play for his county—an unusual honour for a schoolboy—he at the first time of asking got his century, scoring 108 against Sussex, at Brighton. We cannot remember any other case of a boy coming straight from his school eleven into a first-class county match performing such a feat. During the last season he captained the Lancashire eleven with great success, and has played most brilliantly in Australia. His fine scores of 228 against Victoria and 120 against Australia at Melbourne will be fresh in our readers' memory.

Another notable instance of a schoolboy getting into his county team is that of the

THE ENGLISH TEAM IN THE WEST INDIES.
(From a photograph by W. Taylor, Barbados.)

young Kentish amateur, Mr. J. R. Mason, who was captain of Winchester in 1893, and played twelve innings for his county during that season, his average for the county being nearly 28—a highly creditable performance; while for the school it was 55. During last season he also did well for Kent, his best score being 102 against Lancashire; and he also had the honour of playing for the Gentlemen of England against the Players at Lord's. As he is now only twenty-one years of age, we may hope to hear much more of him in the future.

A very interesting prominent performer of late is the young Indian, Kumar Shri (or Prince) Ranjitsinhji. By sheer merit he obtained the coveted blue at Cambridge the season before last, being the first instance of a gentleman coming from our Indian Empire gaining that distinction.

His name caused much trouble at first to the papers, he being, as he tells us, to his amusement, described as Mr. K. S. R., K. S. R., Esq., and even as Kumar Shri R., Esq., which last considerably tickled his sense of humour. He is very popular on the cricket-field, and is as active as a cat, some of his fielding being quite marvellous. He relates many laughable tales of his antagonists on the field, some of whom, having been told on one occasion that he knew little or no English, made audible remarks such as "Time that beggar was out"; and when hit on the face with a rising ball, they hoped "this joker would have some of the steam knocked out of him now." When they heard him talking English fluently at lunch-time, they sat very still, and looked sad. Last season he had the capital average of 32 in sixteen completed innings. We hope "Mr. Prince Ranjitsinhji, Esq.," will be seen in the field many times during the coming season.

Surrey fully deserves the position it again attained last season as the champion county, for in no part of the country is rising talent more carefully looked after than at the Oval, and any youngster who has cricket in him is watched with the closest attention.

The present state of Surrey cricket is largely due to that popular amateur, Mr. John Shuter, who, when he first undertook the arduous position of captain, found matters very different from what they are now. That famous bowler, George Lohmann (now, unfortunately,

invalided from English cricket), also largely helped this result. On his retirement, however, Richardson and Lockwood have well kept up the traditions of Surrey bowling, the former having done some fine performances with the ball in Australia.

Foremost among their batsmen stands William Brockwell, who, though born in 1866, has quite recently come to the front as a batsman of the very first rank. In fact, it was not till the year before last that he played at all regularly in first-class cricket. Last season, however, he jumped up with a rush, and stood out as the most successful batsman of the year. Five times at the Oval he played an innings of over 100, and ended the season, having made a grand aggregate of 1,491 runs, his average for the forty-five innings which he played being 45. He was included in Stoddart's team, but has by no means played up to his reputation, having failed time after time in a most unaccountable manner. On one occasion, however, his bowling helped largely to win one of the big matches.

Surrey has another likely young player in Thomas Hayward, nephew of the famous old Tom Hayward, of Cambridgeshire, who, many years ago, was generally regarded as the finest professional cricketer in England. Young Thomas comes from the same county as his famous uncle, but has qualified for Surrey by residence. He soon made his mark for his adopted county, and in 1893 made his hundred against Leicestershire, following this later in the season by making 112 against Kent. Last season he was a bit "off colour" to start with, but he ended up very successfully with two more centuries, his 142 against Kent being a fine performance.

T. HAYWARD.
(From a photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.)

Another county which has run Surrey very close indeed, and virtually did quite as well last year, is Yorkshire. One of the best of the county's recent recruits is the now famous Cambridge captain of a year or two ago—Mr. F. S. Jackson. It may safely be said that he has risen in a short time to be one of the very finest amateur cricketers in England, and it was a subject of great regret to many that he did not take part in the Australian tour, where he would have been most useful. No team to represent England can be said to be complete without him, on his last season's form, both as a batsman and bowler. Born in 1870, he received his early coaching when quite a small boy at Locker's Park, a preparatory school of somewhat the same type as Elstree. Proceeding to Harrow, he was in the eleven for three years—1887 to 1889—and made a great school reputation, rising to the coveted post of captain of the eleven, a training which stood him in useful stead when he came to fill the same post at Cambridge. It may be remembered that it was when he was in command that the famous incident occurred in the 'Varsity match, which occasioned so much talk at the time, of C. M. Wells deliberately bowling a ball for four wides to the boundary, to prevent Oxford from following on. Last year, in conjunction with that popular all-round sportsman, "Sammy" Woods, he bowled unchanged for the Gentlemen through both innings of the Players in the Lord's match—a feat only performed by amateurs in this match on two previous occasions in the annals of cricket. Another brilliant all-round player in the Yorkshire team is J. T. Brown, who hails from Driffield, and has come suddenly to the front in the last two years, and who was only second to Mr. Jackson last year in the county averages. He is one of the little men of cricket, but manages to get over the ball wonderfully well. In the field he is very brilliant, and last season, at point, let few balls pass him, besides bringing off some wonderful catches. He was asked at the last moment to go to Australia with Stoddart's team, taking the place which had been offered to Abel, of Surrey. He has there been a great success, having exceeded the century on several occasions. As an example

J. T. BROWN.
(*From a photograph by E. Hawkins & Co., Brighton.*)

of cool nerve and splendid pluck, his famous stand with Ward, of Lancashire, in the final match at Melbourne against Australia will long be remembered.

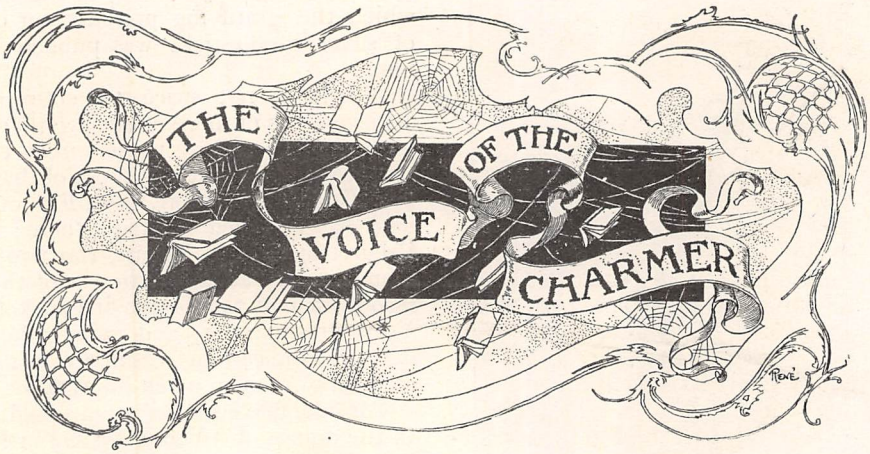
An instance of a county that has suffered severely from having paid too little attention to the encouragement of its rising players, is that of Notts. Many of the county's great players have grown old together, and without their great professional, Arthur Shrewsbury, who was unable to play all last season, they did very badly indeed. Too many of the team adopted an over-cautious style of play, which was very unattractive to watch; and while on many occasions cautious play is undoubtedly correct, yet it was much overdone; and the climax was reached when, at the end of the season, they remained at the wickets the whole of the day—against Kent—for 195 runs. In striking contrast to this slow play was the brilliant performance of Hampshire at Southampton, in August last, when Sussex having declared their innings closed, they were left with the seemingly impossible task of making 241 runs to win in three hours. Most teams would have played for a draw, but, thanks mainly to the magnificent hitting of Captain E. G. Wynyard, who made 117, the task was done, with four wickets to spare. This batsman has the credit of having performed the rare feat of scoring over a hundred in three consecutive matches, in recognition of which the gratifying presentation of a pair of silver candlesticks was publicly made to him.

We have not space to enumerate the achievements of more of our prominent rising players; but many names may easily be recalled to mind, such as those of that Admirable Crichton of sport, C. B. Fry, of Oxford, who has obtained his triple blue; L. C. H. Palairet and H. T. Hewitt, the two brilliant Somersetshire amateurs, heroes of the famous record stand of 346 for the first wicket, against Yorkshire, in 1892; and many others whose deeds for the coming season are being looked forward to with so much interest.

Considerable curiosity was excited last year in the doings of "Young W. G.," who it was hoped would get his blue at Cambridge. Although, however, he was given a good trial, he was not quite successful enough to warrant his inclusion, even in a team which was certainly the weakest the Light Blues have sent up for years past. He bats very carefully, and also at times bowls well, and may jump into form suddenly. It would be a matter of great satisfaction to all cricketers should he succeed in doing so, as we hope the great name of Grace will be found in our score sheets for many years to come.

An Old Player.

MR. W. G. GRACE, JUN.
(*From a photograph by E. Hawkins & Co., Brighton.*)



By L. T. MEADE Author of "The Medicine Lady," etc. etc.

CHAPTER XXI.—A SONG.

"PATTY, mother has sent me to fetch you."

The speaker was Margot Fletcher. She had opened the door of Patty's bedroom and stood on the threshold, hesitating whether to enter the room or not. Margot was all in white—in shimmering white, from her shining white throat to the tips of her satin shoes; her dark hair and eyes and rich complexion forming the only bit of colour about her. Her eyes were shining now with a curious expression. A look made up partly of defiance, partly of expectancy, gave a fresh charm to her always charming face.

"Patty, are you ready?" she repeated. "The carriage is at the door."

"Yes, wait a moment," replied Patty; "I've only to fetch my gloves and fan."

She turned as she spoke, opened a drawer, took out a pair of long gloves and a large feather fan, and turned to accompany Margot downstairs. Her dress was black, made low at neck and sleeves. Margot looked at her with dissatisfaction.

"Why do you wear that?" she said. "It is too old for you; it makes you look years older than me."

"That is as it should be," replied Patty. "Don't let us waste any more time now, Margot; we are very late as it is."

"But won't you have some colour? You really don't look your best—your face is white, your dress black. There are some crimson camellias in the drawing-room: let me fetch some to put in your hair and belt."

"No," said Patty, "I prefer to go as I am."

"Are you ill?"

"No, Margot. Why do you question me?"

"I won't say any more. I hope the Talbots' party won't fag you to death. For my part I don't care to go a bit, and I told mother so just now. I have quite made up my mind—I won't speak to that man on any terms. He insulted us, and I will never forgive him."

"What man do you mean, Margot?"

"Need I tell you? Sir Wilfred Dering. He was here to-day, and mother gave him welcome. You talked to him, Patty; mother told me so."

"Why not? I don't feel any ill-will to him. But surely we need not discuss him now, we are late as it is; don't let us keep your mother waiting another moment, Margot."

"It's very fine for you to say that we are not to discuss him now," retorted Margot. "I can't talk about him in the carriage before mother. I absolutely refuse to enter on the subject with her, but as I have got to meet him in half an hour, I wish you at least, Patty, clearly to understand that I am going to keep my word. I won't be civil to him. I may be forced by circumstances to acknowledge his presence in the briefest possible manner, but be assured I shall do no more."

"Come, girls; how much longer are you going to keep me waiting?" called out Mrs. Fletcher's voice from below.

"Come on, Patty," said Margot. But it was now Patty's turn to stand still.

"Did you say," she stammered, "did I

understand you to say that Sir Wilfred Dering was to be at the Talbots' to-night?"

"Of course," replied Margot, "and doubtless accompanied by his shadow, or rather his substance, Mr. Ward."

Patty's cheeks were no longer pale.

Margot looked at her with full sympathy.

"Ah! that excites you," she said. "I am glad to know that something excites you once again. You have become so cold, so dead in yourself, so immovable. Deadness, and coldness, and immovability don't suit you, Patty; they kill your charms. But now you are awake again. I am glad—I am glad! Your heart is all right. Come, you look yourself once more with that brilliant colour and those shining eyes; you don't want red camellias now. Come, this party will be misery to me, but you will see the man you love once again; how glad you will be. That little stupid mysterious cloud which has come between you two all the winter will vanish when you meet. Oh, how very glad I am for your sake."

"Thank you, Margot—let us come now," said Patty.

She took Margot's hand in hers. Her own firm, strong hand trembled. She did not attempt to gainsay any of Margot's words. Her heart, which had lain like a stone in her breast for many months, was now awake and joyful. In a few moments she would see Ward. No matter anything else — no matter just now anything beyond this one simple fact—they would meet face to face in a short half hour.

She entered the carriage with a glad spring, and, sinking back in a corner, covered her dazzled eyes with one hand.

"What is the matter with you, Patty: are you unwell?" asked Mrs. Fletcher.

"I am perfectly well," replied Patty, with a ring in her voice.

She did not know herself for the girl who had crept back from the doctor's a few hours ago. Then all things pointed to death; now all things pointed to life. She would see Ward in a few moments. She was starved—starved to the last extremity, and a full meal with wine fresh from the grape was offered to her. She was too happy to speak, and Mrs. Fletcher and Margot did not trouble her with any more questions.

They arrived in due course at the little house in Mayfair, where the reception to which they had been invited was held.

The Talbots were people who belonged to the artistic and literary set; some of the smaller lions of the season were therefore to be met at their house. The whole thing was pretty, bright, and delightfully

"'PATTY, ARE YOU READY?'"

unconventional. The house was a small one, but as the reception rooms opened one into the other, as the hall was a good size, the stairs low and wide, and as there were one or two conservatories, it was possible to entertain a goodly number of guests in these minute dimensions.

The Fletchers and Patty were some of the last arrivals. When they entered the house, the place was thronged. Stairs, hall, conservatories, and reception rooms were full of a moving mass of people. There was a babel of sound which seemed to Patty to resemble a confused and ugly jargon. She could not stand silent in it—it seemed to get on her brain, to worry her indescribably, to deprive her, as if with a blow, of the sense of excited joy which she had experienced when in the carriage.

An acquaintance came up—a young and promising artist. This young man had known Miss Neville in the days of Miss Regina Rhodes, and was eager to renew acquaintance with her now. He told her about his latest picture and his latest success. Margot and Mrs. Fletcher were borne far away from her. She stood near the staircase, leaning against the wall. The colour of expectancy was still in her cheeks, and the light of hope in her eyes.

Selwyn, as he looked at her, thought that he had seldom seen a more beautiful woman. She was so delightfully enthusiastic, too; she gave him so much—so much of speaking eye, and glowing cheek, and softly parted lips for so little.

Her dress might have been a little old for her, but it suited her. He had admired her long ago when she was nothing but a careless, happy child; now he began to feel his heart quicken, to think of her as the principal figure in his next picture, to compare her to Queen Elizabeth of Hungary, to Saint Cecilia, to many other rapturous visions. He concluded that he was falling in love with her, and liked himself for the sensation.

"Let us go into one of the conservatories," he said. "There is such a din and noise here we can't hear ourselves speak. That is the worst of Fred Talbot and dear good-humoured little Mrs. Talbot, they will overdo things—they will ask twice as many people to their parties as the house will hold; it's useless speaking to them. The fact is they just overflow with hospitality, and any poor beggar who has not another spot to turn to is safe to find a hearty welcome here. There is Fred now at the head of the staircase; one of my very oldest friends. You shook hands with him, of course, when you arrived, but let me introduce you specially? No? You don't want to? Well, he has vanished, so I can't. Let me give you my arm; it's not quite so chokingly hot in the conservatory."

"How do you do?" said another voice in Patty's ears. She raised her head with a start and encountered the keen bright gaze of Sir Wilfred Dering. "I have been here some time and have been looking for you," he said. "Ah, how do you do, Selwyn? I am afraid I must carry Miss Neville off; my friend Mr. Ward is just going to sing, and I should like her to hear him."

A rather wretched expression crept over Bob Selwyn's bright face; he had to retire, owning himself vanquished for the time, and grumbled under his breath as he watched Patty and Dering threading their way through the crowded rooms.

"Shouldn't be surprised if he were sweet on her," he muttered. "Shan't blame him if he is, I'm sure. Mighty hard luck on me, for she was suiting me down to the ground, and I'm awfully hard to please—but there, perhaps it's only my fancy, and she may be free to win after all. But stay, haven't I heard some queer story about her and that disagreeable secretary of Dering's—something about a fortune relinquished and—but no, it can't be. She's not the girl to throw herself away on a fellow of that sort. He can sing though—Heavens, what a voice! I must listen to it, come what may."

Bob Selwyn pushed his way eagerly forward. As he approached the music-room, the buzz of eager and animated voices grew less and less. When he entered it, there was a hush and look of expectancy. Dering was standing near the door; Patty, upright as a dart and with a face absolutely colourless now, stood near him. He offered her a chair, but she did not hear him; he looked into her face, but her eyes stared straight in front of her and had a sort of blind intensity about them—they were gazing full at the dark, thin man who, seated by the piano, was playing a low, very low, intensely pathetic prelude to his song. Just before he opened his lips to pour out a volume of sweetness which would be almost divine in its power, he darted a quick glance right down the room to where Patty stood. His heart gave a leap in his breast. His eyes met hers with a flash, and then withdrew themselves. To Patty then there was only one person in the room—the singer. To the singer there was but one woman—his wife. He paused to take a full breath—more and more people thronged to the door, for Ward's power when he sang was well known to all his friends. The accompaniment grew fainter, sadder, then the words rose up in a full slow exquisite sweep of sound,

in a pathos which melted every heart and filled the room.

"When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree:

Be the green grass above me
With showers and dew-drops wet:
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain:

And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget." *

The moment the song was sung the singer rose abruptly from his seat; there was no *encore*, but some of the women raised their handkerchiefs to their eyes, and everyone, with the exception of Patty, seemed more or less visibly affected. Her face was still perfectly white, and her eyes continued to wear their strained, unnatural expression. She

"'I AM AFRAID I MUST CARRY MISS NEVILLE OFF.'"

* Christina Rossetti.

saw that Ward was deliberately making his way towards her; he came closer and closer; she began mechanically to count the number of people who had yet to be passed before he reached her—that loud-looking woman in red, that piquant little girl in forget-me-not blue, that tall man with the sloping shoulders and the sandy hair, that group of boys, who considered themselves men, but were not. She counted them one by one. Ward seemed to know everyone in the room; they bowed to him, they waylaid him, the women talked to him as if they meant to caress him. Patty knew his power well. She was not angry at the many delays, for she knew he was coming to her, but she wondered if her state of starvation could be endurable much longer. She felt as if a force were pushing her from behind, and impelling her to go to meet him. She fought against it, but she feared that any moment it would become stronger than she. At last—at last relief was at hand; the very last interruption was passed—Ward came up to her; he held out a cool hand, and looked her full in the face.

"How do you do, Miss Neville?" he said. "I am glad to see you again—are you well? Is Miss Fletcher here to-night? How is Mrs. Fletcher?"

Patty's tongue seemed absolutely tied. The utterly cool and indifferent tone, the thin lips with their sarcastic smile, the cold clear eyes, with their veiled expression—what did they mean? Was Ward going to insult her? A moment before when he sang—when he sang to her alone—oh yes, she knew the song was for her alone, he had lifted the curtain and showed her his heart; she had seen that heart beating fast and hard, and knew that each throb was hers. Now a man of ice came up and took her hand; she gave him a tortured glance, and then, like a wounded animal, turned aside.

"I am not well," she said faintly to Sir Wilfred. "Can you manage to take me out of this, and to let Mrs. Fletcher know that I have gone home?"

"I will find her and tell her," said Ward in his clear-cut voice. "Pray take Miss Neville into one of the dressing-rooms, Dering, she looks quite knocked up."

Dering gave Patty his arm, and they moved quickly away. Ward stood still and watched them until they were out of sight. His face still wore its impenetrable mask. When they had vanished from view, he turned on his heel and prepared to execute his commission of finding Mrs. Fletcher and conveying to her the tidings that Miss Neville was ill.

"Ill!" he muttered under his breath as he threaded his way through the crowded rooms. "Ill with a vengeance! What a change in that blooming face. Where is its colour?—where its animation? And yet suffering has made it more beautiful than ever—ten times more attractive than it was before. There is little doubt that the end must be near now; such distress, such manifest pain of mind and body cannot go on interminably. The moment for which I wait must be at hand. I shall soon hear her step and see her face, not as I saw it to-night, but radiant with the happiness I can bestow upon it. My lips will soon press hers. Yes, the hour for which I have waited is close at hand. I was a devil to wound her as I did just now—but I sang to her, and she knew it. If I nearly killed her one moment, I raised her to the seventh heaven the moment before. Very soon she will be mine. She will bring me fortune, power, and, better than these, the love of her priceless heart."

As these thoughts passed rapidly through Ward's queer and complex mind, he was touched on the shoulder by Sir Wilfred Dering.

"I have put Miss Neville into a cab and directed the driver to take her home at once," he said. "She is very ill, and it is your fault. I cannot speak to you here, but I shall have something to say to-night. This state of things can't go on."

"This state of things won't go on much longer," said Ward. "You need not speak to me, old fellow; believe me, I know my duty."

"Then you will marry her?" said Dering, joyfully.

"Yes."

"You will marry her soon?"

"Yes. Need we discuss my private affairs in public? Don't you want to find Mrs. Fletcher?"

"Of course; come with me, Ward. Mrs. Fletcher is all that is amiable, but I have not yet met Miss Margot."

"Let me say one thing to you," said Ward. "My own affairs are all important to me at the present moment; nevertheless, I give yours a thought. If Miss Fletcher is cold to you and inclined to be offended, Dering, you may justly argue that she takes a profound interest in you; if, on the other hand, she receives you with gracious and pleasant indifference, you may infer that you have yet to win her."

"How do you know that she may not feign the pleasant indifference?" said Dering.

"I know she will not feign anything: she is not clever enough. There they are, Dering. Miss Margot looks distinctly bored; the man

who is talking to her does not rouse her enthusiasm. From the expression on Mrs. Fletcher's face, she is counting the moments until she can decently order her carriage and return home to bed. Now let us go to them."

The young men crossed the room. Mrs. Fletcher rose and held out a cordial hand to both.

"How do you do?" she said, in a pleasant voice. "I am glad to see you both again, and together. I trust I shall make no mistake in the names by which I address you. Margot, my love, here are our friends of last summer. We have agreed, have we not, to forget old scores and receive them with pleasure?"

Margot's face turned first red and then pale. The young man who had been talking with her saw that something was wrong, raised his eyebrows, and then stole away. Sir Wilfred's face became white and rigid with suppressed emotion as he held out his hand to Margot. She allowed her fingers to touch it, gave a slight bow, and then turned to speak to Ward.

"I am anxious about my friend Miss Neville," she said. "I have not seen her for some time. She came with us here, but mother and I lost sight of her almost immediately. Do you happen to know where she is?"

"Let me take you into supper," said Dering to Mrs. Fletcher.

Mrs. Fletcher rose at once. She put her hand inside the young man's arm, and they went away to the supper room.

"Don't you want some refreshment too?" said Ward, looking at Margot. "May I take you to the supper room?"

"No, thank you; I don't wish for anything. I want to know where Patty is."

"I can tell you: she has gone home."

"Home? What can you mean? Is she ill?"

"I regret to say she is unwell. She asked Dering to get a cab for her, and went home a few moments ago."

"Have you seen her, Mr. Ward?"

"Yes."

"Did you think her ill?"

"I thought her changed . . . and ill," said Ward, slowly. He sat down near Margot. "I am anxious about her," he continued, speaking in a semi-whisper, and looking at Margot with a sort of queer sympathetic glance.

Her sense of irritation vanished when he sat near her. She looked back at him with trouble—but also strong interest in her eyes.

"I cannot understand you," she began impulsively.

"Don't try," he interrupted. "Natures like mine are not meant to be understood by natures like yours. Let us talk for a little about your friend. She is ill and in trouble. Don't you think it possible that you could help her?"

"No," said Margot. "You are the only one who can help her."

"But it might be your happy mission to bring us together."

"How?"

"I cannot quite tell you how. I want you to use that precious possession of yours, your woman's tact, in my behalf."

Ward's words, as unexpected as they were startling, threw Margot completely off her balance. Her face grew eager; she forgot the *rôle* of reserve which she meant to play.

"I would do anything for Patty," she said; "anything to give her the only happiness which can content her. You must know what she wants, Mr. Ward. How inexplicable, how dreadful of you to act as you have done to her! Oh, I say nothing now about what occurred last summer. I always maintained that you were much less to blame in that disgraceful affair than Sir Wilfred Dering—what did you say?"

"I asked you to pardon me for a moment," said Ward. "It is absolutely necessary for me to contradict that last statement of yours. In the affair of last summer, which seems to your inexperience so adverse to the code of honour, mine was the dominating and ruling spirit. It was I who proposed the scheme. Dering was led by me in the matter: I was the unwise adviser. The vials of your wrath should fall on my head, not on his."

"There are no vials of wrath to fall on anyone's head," said Margot. "I am justly offended and annoyed, but I am too indifferent for anger."

"That you are not," thought Ward, as he glanced at her.

"It does not really matter who instigated the scheme," she continued, "the offence lay in the thing itself. But now to return to Patty. You say I can help to bring you together. How? Do tell me how."

"You would help in this matter, then?"

"I would help Patty. I would do anything in the wide world for Patty; but when you speak of my woman's tact telling me what to do, I own that I am in a dilemma. My woman's tact is not great enough for this emergency."

"Perhaps that is so," replied Ward, in a thoughtful voice. "I will give you a message to take to Miss Neville. Tell her, when you go home to-night, that you have seen me. Repeat our conversation as nearly word for word as you can."

"I may, or may not, feel inclined to do that," answered Margot. "But the message? You promised to send a direct message."

"Tell her this," said Ward, in a thoughtful tone; "tell her that the longest and darkest hour must come to an end, and that I, I, John Ward, live in hope and expectation."

"Is that all? How vague!"

"It will not be vague to her. Don't add to the message or take from it. Tell it to her word for word as I have told it to you; she will understand."

Ward rose as he spoke; his face looked ghastly pale, his eyes had a weary expression, his thin lips had forgotten to wear a sarcastic smile. Margot glanced quickly at him, then she lowered her eyes—he had given her a look which thrilled her. She felt as if her soul had got a glimpse of his soul; she owned that he had cast a spell over her.

"I will give your message," she said, "faithfully, and word for word. Now please take me to mother."

Mrs. Fletcher was returning from the supper room. She was in high spirits, and was not particularly impressed with Margot's information that Patty had gone home ill.

"Dear child," she said, "I will see after her as soon as ever I return."

"Won't you come home at once, mother?" asked Margot.

"Not quite yet, I think, dearest. I should like to have a talk with Mr. Ward; will you take me to the conservatory, Mr. Ward? it is so hot here."

Ward hastened to comply, and Margot found herself, against her will, thrown upon Sir Wilfred's mercy.

He looked at her eagerly, took his cue from her face, and began to talk on a subject which she could not help responding to. He told her at once how unhappy he was with regard to Ward and Patty, and how anxious to promote their marriage in every possible way. As this was also one of Margot's strongest desires, she found it difficult to maintain her mask of coldness and utter indifference—in spite of herself she listened to her companion's eager and kind words. Almost against her will, little suggestions for Patty's benefit could not help dropping from her rosy lips. When Ward and Mrs. Fletcher emerged presently from the conservatory, they found the pair chatting eagerly. A smile of delight beamed from the mother's eyes; Margot saw it and froze instantly. Sir Wilfred, however, seemed perfectly happy and contented, and when Margot stepped into the carriage, and caught a last glimpse of his genial face, she had to own to herself that, notwithstanding his sins, it was difficult to resist him.

"IN SPITE OF HERSELF SHE LISTENED."

CHAPTER XXII.
WILL POWER.

WARD lived in comfortable lodgings near Dering. His rooms were the perfection of good taste. The strong literary bias of

his mind was manifested by the piles of the best current literature which lay about, and by the few standard books which reposed on brackets against the wall. There were no pictures of any sort in the room. Ward was literary, but he only cared for a certain sort of art. An old Dutch master delighted him, but he did not care for its reproduction in black and white, and as he could not afford to indulge himself with originals, he did without pictures.

On leaving the Talbots' house he went straight home and to bed. When he laid his head on his pillow he owned to himself that unless he exercised his will, almost to an abnormal extent, he was likely to pass a sleepless night. A sleepless night was not to his mind, he felt that it would injure him physically, and might possibly impair his judgment in a crisis which he felt certain was approaching. Exercising his will, therefore, he forced himself to banish all disquieting thoughts and memories, and was soon peacefully sleeping the sleep of the innocent. The hour was quite a late one on the following morning when he awoke, a page-boy who always waited on him was standing by his bed-side with a note in his hand.

"From Sir Wilfred Dering," said the lad, proffering him the note on a salver.

Ward held out a thin hand, took the note, opened it and read it. It contained a brief request from Dering for his secretary's presence at as early an hour as convenient.

Ward reflected for a moment; he then tore a blank page off the note and wrote as follows:

"Good Friend and Brother,—I am somewhat hipped and must be alone. I am, in short, in a beastly humour, and it would be impossible for me to contribute to anyone's comfort at the present moment. This day I wish to spend in my own society, and in it alone. I will attend you at any hour you like to name to-morrow.

"Yours,
"John Ward."

The note was despatched, and Ward soon afterwards rose and dressed himself. He hoped that Dering would take the hint and leave him to himself, but he was well aware of that young man's tenacity of purpose and somewhat opaqueness of vision. To avoid all chances, therefore, of an unwelcome interruption, he resolved to make it impossible for Dering to interfere with him by going away for the day.

He rang his bell, therefore, ordered a hasty breakfast, and then told the boy, Henley by name, that he was out to all inquirers.

"Really out, sir, or only not to be seen?" said the lad.

"Really out," replied Ward. "I may return to-night, but I'm not certain. Put my sitting-room in order. Arrange all the papers and see that you stay in to receive messages."

Five minutes later Ward was bowling in a hansom to Victoria station. When there, he took the first train to Southsea. He hated Southsea with the most cordial and active hatred, but it was a good way from London, and neither Dering nor any of his friends were likely to meet him there. He got out at Fratton Junction, and presently wended his way from Southsea to Portsmouth, and then across the ferry to Gosport. In the course of an hour or so he came back to Portsmouth again. Looking back upon this day afterwards, it seemed to him that he had walked through a greater number of ugly streets and taken note of a greater number of blank-faced, absolutely commonplace houses than any man had ever done before. He knew perfectly well why he was walking so hard—why he was giving himself this senseless, fatiguing, and apparently purposeless day. The day was not in reality purposeless. Ward never did anything without a direct purpose. That purpose shone steadily ahead of him whether he turned to the right hand or to the left. His object in going to Southsea was to avoid Dering; his object in walking through miles and miles of commonplace streets was to tire himself bodily and to kill time. Yes, he was feverishly anxious to kill time. A queer premonition which he had felt at intervals through his life, told him that he was nearing a turning point. As the hours flew by, he became feverishly restless, a longing seized him, it took possession of him, it pervaded his whole frame, it filled all his bodily senses, as well as the subtler and rarer senses of the spirit—the longing was for Patty, not for what she was to bring him—but just for Patty herself. Not for worlds would he abate one jot or tittle of that which he required at her hands; but all the same, his longing for her now amounted first to unrest, then to pain, then to a torture which almost reached agony's point.

Did he love her? He could not tell whether that which he felt for her was love; he only knew that he wanted her. Her face haunted him; it kept staring at him with the persistency of a sick man's delirious fancy. As he walked the crowded streets of Portsmouth, he saw Patty's face instead of the ugly houses; her eyes looked into his; her lips, full of dumb reproach, essayed to speak to him, but could find no words. He was so

utterly spent at last, so tortured by this vision of Patty, that he felt he must drive it away by a very ordinary and material course of action. He entered a restaurant and ordered the most absolutely nourishing meal he could think of. When the carefully-done

"'REALLY OUT, SIR?'"

steak was brought to him he ate it with deliberation. He had not a scrap of appetite, the food tasted like wood in his mouth; nevertheless, he finished his meal, washing it down with the best Burgundy the place afforded, and went out. For a time he was better, and the haunting face seemed only now to follow him from behind. He returned to the railway station and took the first train back to town. He had a first-class compartment to himself, but before the journey was half over, he earnestly wished for fellow-passengers, for the face peeped at him from the windows, and came between him and the newspapers which he tried to read. He could not clasp that visionary face in his hands, he could not lay that intangible head on his breast. He longed until he felt sick for the touch of the real and living woman, but the face which was all spirit, which seemed to embody the very essence of reproach, tortured him until he feared he might be going mad.

It was past nine o'clock when he got to Victoria, and night, the night of gas lamp and electric light, had settled down over London. He hailed a hansom and drove to his lodgings. His page opened the door for him.

"You can go out now," said Ward. "You can go home. I shall not want you until the morning. Go! do you hear? I don't want you."

"Have you dined, sir?"

"Yes; I don't want anything more to-night—go!"

Ward's tone was quiet, but a little husky. His eyes were bloodshot. The boy looked at him as if he were afraid of him—this was not the first time he had feared Ward, but he feared him more to-night than he had ever done before. He pointed to a pile of letters and cards, therefore, which lay on the centre table, and a moment later had gone away.

When he left the room Ward locked the door.

Having done this, he then went into his bedroom and changed his coat for a shooting-jacket. He looked at his face for a moment in the glass, remarked *sotto voce:* "I have gone through an ugly time, and I show traces of it," and then returned to his sitting-room. He turned on the electric light, and sat down in one of the many easy chairs with which the room abounded.

It was not yet ten o'clock—the night was young. He went to the sideboard, took out a bottle of brandy, and hesitated for a moment whether to pour himself out a glass or not. He was naturally a very abstemious man, and after a moment's reflection, he decided against imbibing the spirit. He took a box of choice cigars instead, put them on a table near him, and began to smoke. He smoked one to the end, and then immediately commenced another. After the second cigar was finished, however, even the wish to smoke left him; he sat moodily, his hands drooping between his knees, his head bent forward. He was struggling with himself: he was seeking to overcome a keen pain of spirit which would not be quieted by any artificial means.

All of a sudden a light filled his keen bright eyes—a thought came to him.

"Ha!" he said aloud. "I'll do it: the whole day has been leading up to it. I never thought of it until now, but I'll do it: it is just the thing. I want—I want her for herself, just for herself. There are minor considerations which will assuredly come to the fore by-and-by, but at present I want her just for what she is, and for that alone. She alone can satisfy me. So strong is my craving for her, that if she does not come I shall go mad. Is a brain like mine to be turned? Is reason like mine to be unseated from its throne for the sake of any woman? No, I

say; a thousand times no. I want her, and she shall come. I will her to come."

Ward rose from his chair, he walked to the windows—there were two in the room. The careful Henley had drawn down the blinds and pulled the heavy curtains together. Ward dragged the curtains apart, drew up the blinds, and opened both windows wide.

The night was a cold one in March. An easterly wind came in and filled the room; the cold air was welcome to the man's fevered brow. He stood back several feet from the window and stared straight out before him.

A queer change was immediately manifest on his face. Its tortured look of restlessness vanished; his eyes grew dark and purposeful, they stared straight before him; his brows were slightly knit, his lips resembled a thin straight line. Gradually his figure became stiff and as motionless as if it were cut in marble. He had folded his arms across his breast. For the space of half an hour he no more moved than if he were really the marble he resembled.

At the end of that time the cold dew on his forehead was dropping down in great drops of sweat. He gave a faint sigh, turned away, and flung himself into an armchair.

"I have succeeded," he said aloud. "She is coming! I have succeeded—she is coming."

The whole expression of his face changed. The pain had completely vanished: he was the purposeful, resolute, and cool Ward once again.

"There is not a moment to lose," he muttered. "She is coming; she will soon be here."

He shut down the windows, drew down the blinds, went to the door and unlocked it, then he rang his bell.

After a brief delay his landlord came up to answer it.

"I rang, Hawkins," said Ward, "to say that I expect a lady to call almost immediately. When she comes, show her up here at once."

"I hear a ring at the front door now, sir," said the man.

"That is her ring most probably," repeated Ward, his voice thin and as unemotional as if each word were but a morsel of ice. "She will give you her name as Miss Neville. Show her up here immediately. Tell her that I am expecting her."

The man withdrew, closing the door softly and silently behind him.

Ward sat down by the centre table. He took up a volume of "Kant's Philosophy," and opening it, deliberately forced himself to take in the meaning of one of the sentences.

Steps were heard on the stairs; he heard them, but he did not flinch nor raise his head, and when Hawkins, his landlord, threw open the door and announced Miss Neville, he even waited for a brief instant before he rose from his chair. The man shut the door from behind. Then, for the first time, Ward looked up.

Patty had covered an evening dress with a long grey cloak. She had tied a white handkerchief round her head. Her eyes wore the curious, half-blind expression which had come into them when Ward sang to her the night before. She walked swiftly and yet gropingly towards him. He held out his arms wide; she fell into them, and he clasped her to his heart.

"This is submission; this is bliss," he murmured to her in a voice whose infinite tenderness could not possibly be surpassed.

"Yes," she answered; "yes."

Chapter XXIII.—A Shut Door.

It was nearly midnight when Ward brought Patty home. He rang the bell at Mrs. Fletcher's hall door, and when the surprised and sleepy-looking servant opened it, spoke to him in a firm, tense voice.

"Have the goodness to tell your mistress——"

"My mistress is in bed, sir."

"Have the goodness to tell her the first thing in the morning that I propose to call on her at an early hour."

"Yes, sir."

The man could not help staring from Patty to Ward. He noticed that she volunteered no good-bye, and that Ward turned away as if he did not expect her to.

"A rum state of things," muttered the man. "We all thought that Miss Neville had gone to bed ill—there was even talk of sending for a doctor. A rum state of things for sure, but it's no business of mine."

He stood, however, in the hall to watch Patty's slender figure as she mounted the stairs. There was a spring and alertness about it which he did not fail to remark.

"Guess they're sweethearting," he muttered. "Whatever the station in life, gals is all alike."

He went away to his own room, putting out the gas as he did so.

The next morning, as soon as she came downstairs, Ward's message was faithfully delivered to Mrs. Fletcher. She received it with outward composure, but with an inward astonishment which caused her to go to Patty's room at once.

Patty's condition had alarmed the good lady very considerably on the previous

evening. She had appeared to be more or less in a state of stupor all day, and had broken down completely at dinner. She had burst into hysterical weeping, had gone away to her own room, and had earnestly begged to be left alone while there.

Mrs. Fletcher and Margot, much against their inclinations, had been forced to respect her request, but they had talked about her together until far into the night, and thoughts of her, anxious and affectionate thoughts, had mingled with their dreams.

Ward's message, therefore, came to Mrs. Fletcher with the force of an electric shock. Margot was not yet down, but she could not wait, she must see Patty immediately. She knocked with energy at the young girl's door. When she did so, hurried steps were immediately heard within, and Patty herself flung the door open. She was fully dressed ; there was a bright bloom on her cheeks, and her eyes looked glad and excited.

"My dear," said Mrs. Fletcher, starting back in astonishment, "how delighted I am to see you looking as you do ; you seemed to be so very ill last night."

"I almost forget about last night," answered Patty. "I am well now : quite well. Won't you come in? How good of you to trouble about me. Yes, I am well : perfectly well. I am just coming down to breakfast."

"I need not say that I am glad to hear it, my dear. I came up to you because Anderson has given me an astonishing message and also an amazing piece of news. He says that you, whom we all supposed to be ill in bed, returned home at midnight last evening in Mr. Ward's company, and that he, Mr. Ward, is coming to see me at an early hour to-day."

"That is true," said Patty.

"True that you went to him last night? You stole out of the house unknown to us and went to him?"

"Yes."

"Do you think you acted rightly?"

"I don't know, Mrs. Fletcher—the question of right or wrong did not come into the case at all."

"My dear, such a question ought to come into every case always—always. You are a motherless girl. Can you not understand to what cruel suspicions you have laid yourself open?"

"I am afraid I don't care. I am too happy to care about anything. I am going to be married to Mr. Ward as soon as ever the ceremony can be arranged."

"This is indeed good news," said Mrs. Fletcher, "it relieves my mind of an immense load of care. I suppose under the circumstances I must forgive you. Come down to breakfast and let us tell Margot what has occurred."

Patty tripped down by Mrs. Fletcher's side. Her heart was singing within her. For six long months she had struggled valiantly against evil ; now the struggle was over, she had yielded to evil. Her tortured heart felt completely at peace. She had put herself absolutely into the hands of another. The knowledge that she now belonged irrevocably to Ward, that she had sworn to do exactly as he wished, that she had consented to give up her will to his was such rest after the torture of the last few months, that her worn-out conscience slept, and gave her no prickings of remorse.

At breakfast, therefore, Patty appeared in an altogether new light to her kind hostess and to Margot.

Immediately after breakfast Ward called, and Mrs. Fletcher went into her little morning room to interview him. She was with him for a quarter of an hour, then she called Patty, who was moving restlessly about in the breakfast room. There were traces of tears in Mrs. Fletcher's kind eyes. She drew the girl to her breast and kissed her solemnly.

Patty stared at her.

"How is it that I don't feel even a trace of sorrow?" she murmured to herself. "I'm going to crush her immediately, but I don't care. I don't care about anything now, but the joy—the mad joy—which fills me."

"Go to your lover, my dear ; he is waiting for you," said Mrs. Fletcher, and Patty tripped off immediately.

The moment she entered the little morning room Ward came up to her and took her hands in his.

"Put your arms round me," said Patty. "I have been so starved to feel them."

He did so ; she laid her head on his breast.

"Don't speak for a minute or two," she said. "I want to realise the full bliss of the knowledge that we are together, that there is nothing between us."

"We are one, my dearest," said Ward ; "not two, but one. Now sit down : we will hold each other's hands while we talk. I want you to listen to me attentively, Patty ; I have much to say."

Patty sat down at once ; she lowered her eyes, then she glanced up at Ward, and new smiles dimpled round her lips.

"I can't believe it," she said. "I can't really believe it. The path of evil is good—very good. I understand at last the full joy of sinning—it is an intoxicating and very delirious joy."

Ward frowned slightly as Patty spoke.

"We will not talk of these things," he said. "There is a certain knowledge which even the closest and dearest friends must keep one from the other; each assuredly will know the full heart of the other, but these things are best not spoken of."

"Why?" asked Patty; "why? If our hearts are really and assuredly one heart, why should there be secrets, why reservations, why any depths which cannot be plumbed and talked about?"

"There will be no secrets and no reservations," said Ward; "but when the heart knows all, it is unnecessary for it to waste its strength in speech. In our peculiar, very peculiar case there is danger in speech."

"Why?" asked Patty; "why?"

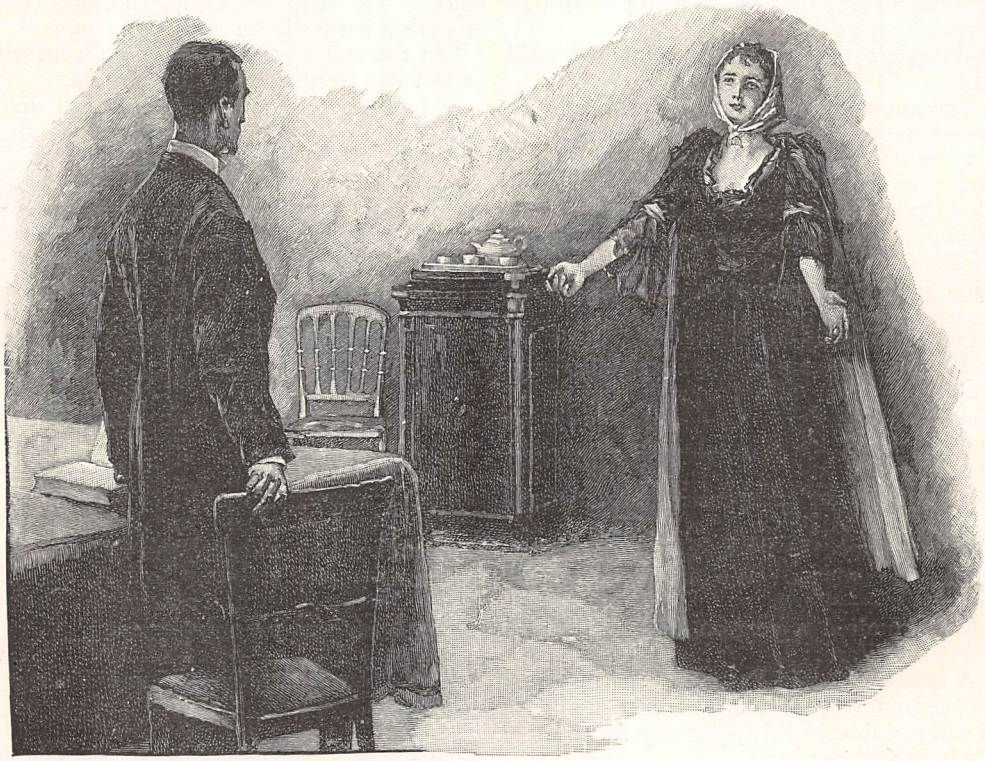
"We have agreed, have we not, that conscience must absolutely sleep—speech may awaken it."

"Conscience must sleep," repeated Patty. "Yes, you are right—you are right, it would be madness to awaken it. Are there any means by which we can effectually kill our consciences, John?"

"By deliberately turning our backs on them," said Ward, after a prolonged pause.

As he spoke, he held Patty's two hands firmly in one of his. He felt her hands tremble for an instant, then they lay motionless in his clasp.

"I have tamed her," he murmured under his breath. "Bold, bright, defiant, noble spirit that it was: it is mine now. She will do all that I wish in the future—we shall have a beautiful life together. She has sold her soul for a mess of pottage—she is mine. Were the deed not so necessary, I could almost shrink from this aspect of my own work."



"SHE WALKED SWIFTLY AND YET GROPINGLY TOWARDS HIM" (*p.* 417).

"Why don't you speak?" said Patty, after a pause. "Your eyes look as if you were almost sorry."

"Sorry?" said Ward; "no. It was necessary that we should say these few words to each other. Last night was all bliss. I see before us a life of splendid happiness, but the reservation with regard to speech—the veiling of the innermost temple of both our hearts—is, as I have just said, absolutely necessary for our comfort—we make a compact, Patty, that we don't talk of that which we have done."

"Yes," said Patty, after a pause; "yes. Our consciences will die."

"Of starvation," said Ward.

He rose and kissed her on her brow. His kiss scorched her like fire. She lowered her eyes and trembled again.

The next moment his manner had utterly changed — he was speaking in a bright, business-like tone.

"After you left me last night, Patty," he began, "I went back to my rooms and thought most carefully over the new aspect of affairs. After careful reflection, I decided that it would be best to conceal the fact of our being already married, and to go through the ceremony again."

"Wouldn't that be very unlucky?" said Patty.

"The question of good or bad luck must be tabooed between us, my dearest; it seems to me to be expedient to go through the ceremony a second time. I have carefully concealed the fact that we are in reality husband and wife from Mrs. Fletcher, and have told her that we wish to be quietly married at the earliest possible opportunity. You are agreeable, of course?"

"Quite agreeable," said Patty.

"Before our marriage, however," continued Ward, "I should like the will to be discovered."

Patty looked up eagerly, her lips were faintly parted.

"Did you want to speak?" said Ward, giving her a keen glance.

"Oh no, not really: I only wish to remind you of our compact. We are to settle an allowance of——"

"Five hundred a year on Mrs. Fletcher," interrupted Ward.

"A thousand," said Patty.

"Five hundred, dearest, is all we can afford. We will not discuss this point any further."

Patty bowed her head.

"The finding of the will is most important," continued Ward, "and after careful reflection, I have decided that the right person to discover it is Miss Fletcher."

"John, what do you mean?"

"What I say. Miss Fletcher is the person to find that will which leaves the Red Lodge to you."

"Oh John!"

"Give me your hand, Patty. I told you last night that all our future depends on how you act in this emergency. You have agreed to let me guide you. All you have to do is simply to follow the exact path which I indicate. Remember, at the end of the struggle——"

"There is no struggle," interrupted Patty. She stood up, her cheeks blazed, her eyes shone. "There is no struggle," she repeated. "When I came into your room last night, when I fell into your arms, the struggle ended. A door is shut behind me—that door can never be opened. I can never go back—I don't want to go back. I'd rather stay out here in the cold with you than hear the angels sing on the other side. I am yours—all yours. What do you want me to do?"

"How splendid you are," said Ward, "even I never expected you to act as you are doing to-day. I looked for victory, but nothing so complete as this. Now sit down, we will talk." He held her hand, and they talked together earnestly for an hour or more.

At the end of that time Ward went away, and Patty went to seek Mrs. Fletcher.

"I should like to be married from my old home," she said; "may I go back there? May I go back to-day?"

"To-day?" said Mrs. Fletcher with some disquietude, "why to-day?" For months she had almost forgotten about the will, but now the memory of it returned to her.

"You shall be married from your own home if you really wish it," she said, "but it is inconvenient for me to return to-day; besides, the place will not be ready. We can manage to go home on Saturday. This is Wednesday; you can wait until Saturday, can you not?"

"I would rather go home to-day, if I might," answered Patty. "We are to be married by licence, and there are only a very few days. I should feel happiest at home; may I go home? and may Margot come with me? Margot, you don't mind whether the house is in apple-pie order or not?"

"Not a bit," answered Margot. "It will be fun going back like this, and I really am sick of London. You can follow us on Saturday, can you not, mother?"

Mrs. Fletcher could scarcely tell why this plan was so repugnant to her.

"You will want a *trousseau*, Patty," she said. "If you are to be married so quickly, it is all the more necessary for you to remain in town for a few days."

"We have arranged about that," replied Patty. "We are to be married quietly in the little church at home. There is to be no wedding in the ordinary sense—no friends, except you and Margot, are to be present. Any dress will do for such a simple marriage as that. Afterwards we will go to Paris, and if new clothes are necessary to my happiness, I can get some. You will let Margot come with me to-day, will you not, Mrs. Fletcher?"

"I should like it of all things," said Margot, her eyes shining.

"I have looked up the trains," continued Patty. "There is an express at one fifty, which we can catch if we pack our things

without delay. Shall I write a telegram now to prepare the servants?"

"I suppose I must consent," said Mrs. Fletcher, "but it is annoying. Very well, I will follow you on Saturday."

Chapter XXIV.—The Words on the Sign-Post.

During the journey down to Devonshire, Patty Neville appeared in an altogether new character. With all her grace and charm, and notwithstanding a certain reckless bravery which appeared in her manner at times, she used to be a somewhat shy and retiring creature. A word, a hint, were sufficient to make her withdraw into her shell. If she exhibited high spirits, a moment's quiet reflection caused them to vanish; if she looked radiant and full of life one moment, the next she was depressed, dull, lifeless.

This varying temperament of hers made her all the more lovable, however, to those who really knew her. The sweetness of her temper, the real and loving kindness of her heart, her unselfish thought for others, ensured her being a favourite in all society and in every company in which she found herself. In short, she was as gracious as she was beautiful, as gentle as she was sometimes profoundly sad.

On this journey, however, it seemed to Margot that her companion was a new and altogether different Patty from the girl she had known and loved well for many months.

The new Patty had high spirits, the highest, but she was not absolutely unselfish, as of old. Her own future seemed paramount with her, her own happiness the one and only essential thing to be thought of in the world.

She talked of Ward, of her approaching marriage, of her honeymoon, in the rapturous strain of other love-sick girls. Margot acknowledged that it was natural enough, but unlike Patty, very unlike Patty; she felt that she preferred the old Patty to the new. When they got to the end of their railway journey and stepped into the victoria, which had been sent to meet them, she was almost tired of the subject of Patty's bliss.

They drove quickly through the balmy evening air to the Red Lodge. As they did so, Margot turned and looked at her companion.

"I suppose all human characters are somewhat complex," she began. "I used to think that you at least were consistent, but I suppose no one is." Here she sighed.

"Of course no one is consistent," answered Patty. "How dry and uninteresting a thoroughly consistent character would be! If the element of the unexpected was blotted out of our natures we shouid become quite intolerable to our fellow men and women; but may I ask, Margot, what special inconsistency you see in me at the present moment?"

"As I look at you to-day," answered Margot, "I cannot help wondering how you ever brought yourself to relinquish the Red Lodge for love."

At these words the vivid colour on Patty's cheeks slightly paled, and her drugged conscience feebly fluttered in her breast.

"Have I proved to you that I love wisely as well as well?" she answered.

"Yes: during our journey down you have shown me quite a worldly side of your character."

"Strange," answered Patty, "for I have talked of nothing but love—love all the time."

"There was a subtle difference in your tone," replied Margot.

Patty turned and looked at Margot in some surprise.

After a moment she said:

"I'm afraid I showed you that I can be very selfish; perhaps my selfishness will increase and grow more marked in the future; at present, however, it is new-born, and has not reached the strength of adolescence."

"It is certainly new-born," responded

"'THERE IS NO STRUGGLE.'"

Margot. "I used to think you the most unselfish girl in the world."

Patty interrupted her eagerly.

"Before I learn to think of no one but myself and Mr. Ward," she began, "before my line of conduct becomes too narrow and self-absorbed to allow me to give a thought to others, let me say a word to you, Margot. I am a very, very happy girl to-day; I want you to be equally happy, dear little Margot; I think you know what I mean."

"I do know what you mean," answered Margot, colouring, "but forgive me, Patty, I would rather not talk on the subject."

"That seems such a pity. You could not but love Sir Wilfred when you really knew him, and as his wife, you would be so—so safe, and your mother, your dear affectionate mother, would be relieved of such a load of anxiety."

"I don't understand you. What possible anxiety can you allude to?"

Patty started and coloured.

"Life is uncertain," she said; "even wealth is uncertain."

"Our wealth is not uncertain," responded Margot. "What can you mean?"

"If I mean anything, you will soon find out; but perhaps I mean nothing. As Sir Wilfred's wife, you would be raised immeasurably above the cares which attend poverty. Your mother wishes for the match, your dead father wished for it, Sir Wilfred wishes for it."

"No, not really," replied Margot; "he does not love me—at least, not with a true love—not as Mr. Ward loves you."

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated Patty.

"Why do you say that? Why should not my happiness be equal to yours?"

"Because you could not hold it. What dwells in my breast now would kill you, little Margot. Oh, you don't know, you can't guess."

"You are beginning to talk riddles again," said Margot. "When you talk in that mysterious style, you are more like the old Patty, and I like you better."

"The old Patty is dead," answered Miss Neville. She sank back in the carriage and shaded her eyes with her hand. She was once more an enigma to Margot, who thought very little about her queer words as to the possibility of poverty once again visiting the Fletchers. Was not Patty always mysterious? Mystery was her element. Margot also leant against the luxurious padded seat of the victoria and allowed her thoughts to fly to Sir Wilfred, the man who did not love her and whom she did not love—the man whom, nevertheless, all her little world wanted her to marry.

"How queer of them," murmured Margot; "why should my people worry me? Why should not a girl be left alone? I don't want to marry for many years. Patty's example does not attract me. Such a fierce love as hers would scorch and wither me up; she is right, I could not hold it. What a strange girl she is, she was so flushed and excited a moment ago, and now she is pale as death."

"Margot," said Patty suddenly, "what are those words staring at us on that sign-post? Oh, I see them; don't let us pass them; tell the coachman to go round by the other way; speak to him quickly, Margot."

"The other road is a great round home," replied Margot, "and what can words on a sign-post matter? They have been put up doubtless by one of those out-of-door ranters, those people are always coming here, as you know. What is the matter with you, Patty?"

For Patty had pushed aside Margot's detaining hand, and was standing up.

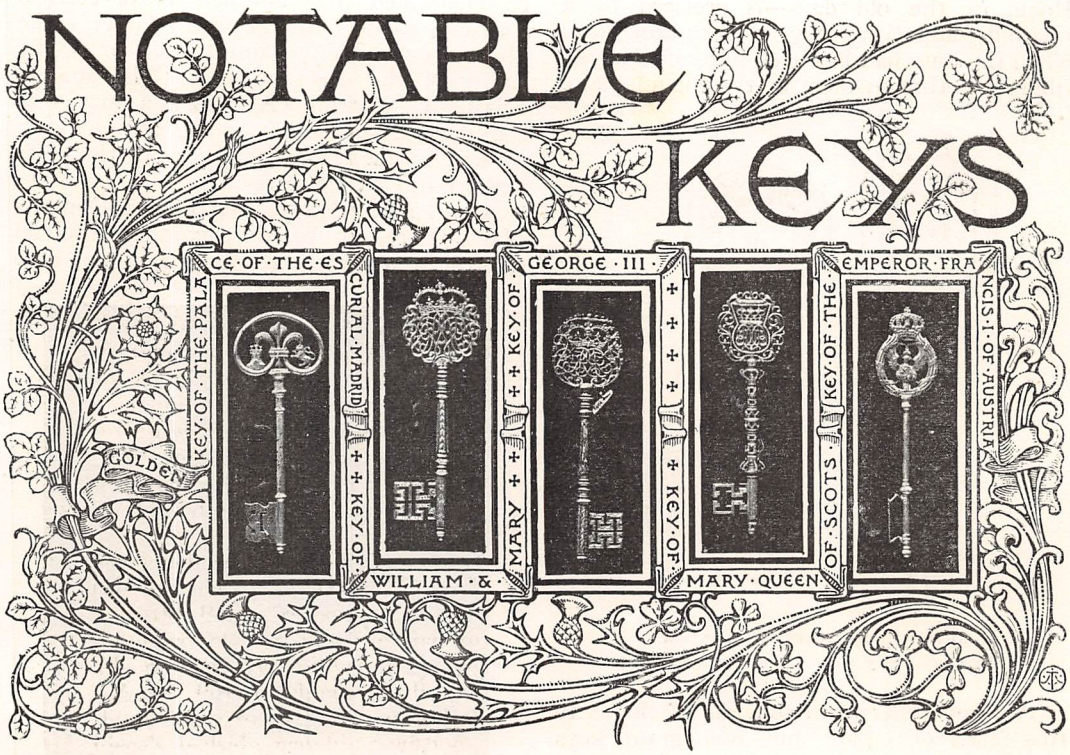
"We will go home by Quilter's Quarry, Jenkins," she said to the coachman.

The man touched his hat and immediately turned the horses. The words on the sign-post were now no longer visible to the two girls. They shone out, however, clear and solemn against the evening sky.

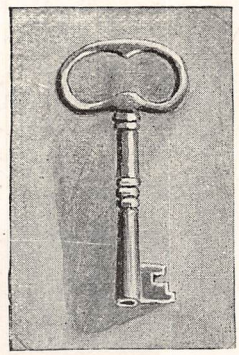
"Be sure thy sin will find thee out."

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

NOTABLE KEYS



BY W. CADE GALL.

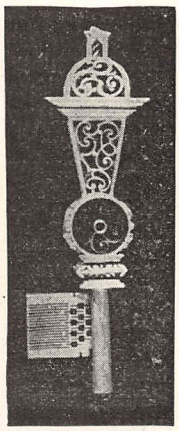


THE KEY OF THE PRIME MINISTER'S DESPATCH-BOX.

KEYS, in our own day, have not only lost their former beauty, but are fast losing their significance as well. With the adoption of patent contrivances and strong-box "combinations," the whole tribe of portable keys threatens to become as extinct as tirling-pins, tinder-boxes, and warming-pans.

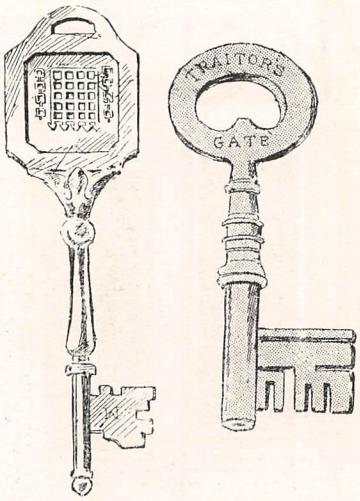
To a person of imaginative temperament all old keys possess a strong fascination. But if keys ever become obsolete or descend into mere emblems or talismans, surely the keys presented in the course of this article could scarcely fail to interest the most practical mind. The history of such keys, for example, as those of the Bastille or the Tower of London, could they ever be told, might form a narrative to which the most thrilling of Dumas or Ainsworth would be mediocre and dull by comparison. The turning of the key in the lock of Traitors' Gate, to let the unhappy Princess Elizabeth or Lady Jane Grey pass inwards to the Tower—the jingle of the bunch in Jules Durand's girdle, as the French prince, statesman, or musketeer was dragged along the dungeon pavement, are here quickly revived in the fancy.

It is difficult to know where to begin the task of describing the accompanying keys, sketched or photographed by the writer, either in their original houses and resting-places, from the National collection, or from the cabinets of private collectors. One would scarcely say which was the most interesting—the key of the Palace of the Escurial, or the key of Oliver Cromwell, or Richelieu, or that of King William and Queen Mary. The first-named key is of gold—with several replicas of gilt—and unlocks the door at the entrance to the royal apartments of the sovereigns of Spain. This series of chambers—containing the Royal Jewel



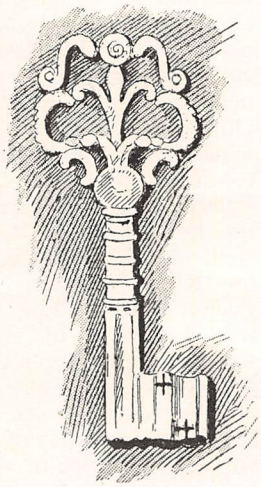
RICHELIEU'S KEY.

Room in the old days—is prefaced by a vestibule, and every day, at a certain hour, when the king had bestirred himself, this vestibule was thrown open by the Chamberlain.



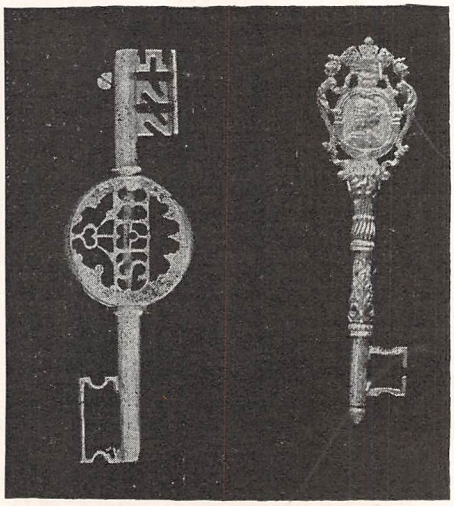
KEYS AT THE TOWER OF LONDON.
(*By permission of Lieutenant-General Milman.*)

The key of William and Mary belongs to that class of cipher and monogram keys which were introduced early in the seventeenth century, and which became common to the nobility of every grade. Another example is the royal key of St. James's Palace in use by His Majesty George III., which, with several others mentioned in the course of this article, are now the property of Mr. Gurney, who courteously permitted the writer to photograph them. One of the most curious is that of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, which had, in addition, a rather curious history after it left the hands of its royal owner. It is said to have passed into the possession, successively, of the late Duke of York, a nurse, a physician, a locksmith, and an Edinburgh architect before its origin was known, the cipher, MARIE, being very intricate, although the thistle, joined with the Crown of France, might have given some clue to its possessor. It may be mentioned that another set of clavical wiseacres connect this key with James, Duke of Ormond. They claim to see in it the cipher of the earl and that of his spouse, Elizabeth Dingwall. As this is a matter of considerable contention among antiquarians, we will let our readers decide as to the key's real origin for themselves.



KEY CARRIED BY OLIVER CROMWELL.

Another royal key, that of the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria, carries the Imperial eagle surmounted by the crown, framed by a scroll. The bit consists of a scalloped square, with a trefoil chiselled out in the centre. A comparison of this key with that of the Archduchess Marie is interesting. The bit on the latter displays what almost might serve as a representation of an anchor.



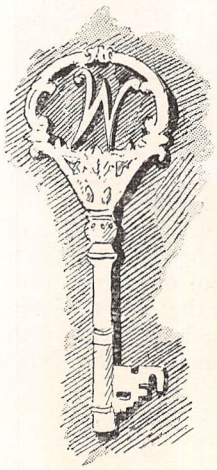
HOLYROOD PALACE CHAPEL KEY, WITH MOVABLE BIT AND I.H.S. KEY OF THE CASTLE OF WURTZEMBERG.

Keys of the type of that carried by Richelieu were very common in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Indeed, square or oblong castle-shaped bows were among those in use as far back as the time of the Crusaders. There are at least three of the great Cardinal's keys extant—or alleged to be so. The writer remembers having seen one exhibited in the shop-window of a wine-merchant in Paris, together with the lock of the chest wherein the Cardinal kept his State papers; but upon what authority the assertion was made, or the final disposition of the afore-named chest, no explanation was vouchsafed. The bit of

KEY OF LORD BURLEIGH, ANCESTOR OF LORD SALISBURY.

the present key is curious, although there are elsewhere specimens having as many as thirty teeth in place of the fourteen which the key of Richelieu boasts.

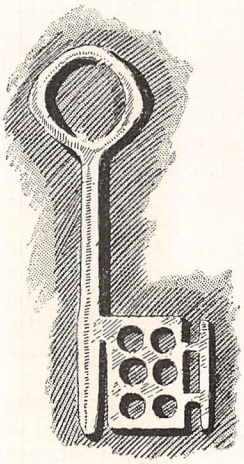
Oliver Cromwell's key is of English workmanship, steel, and about two and a half inches long. It was formerly strung through a band of ribbon, and, being the key of a private letter and deed closet in Whitehall, was probably kept strung about the Lord Protector's neck. Walpole mentions Pitt as carrying a key strung by a ribbon in such a manner. Lord Rosebery, however, carries his most important key, we believe, in his waistcoat pocket.



SIR ROBERT WALPOLE'S KEY.

A curious key is that in the appended engraving, formerly belonging to the lock of the chapel door at Holyrood Palace. It is fitted with a movable bow of circular pattern, in which the letters I.H.S. have been chiselled out.

A singular and valuable key is that of the Castle of Wurtzemberg. In the centre of the bow, framed by two chimeras, *adossée*, is a medallion portrait of Prince Frederick Charles of Schoenborn, at whose induction as 78th Bishop of Wurtzemberg the key was made in 1734.

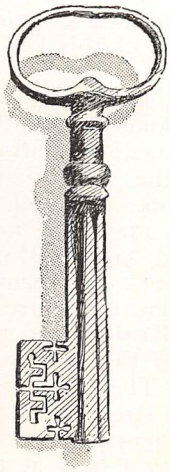


CHARTREUSE.

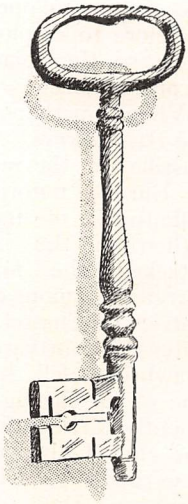
Another key with chimeras, *adossée*, was formerly, it is said, carried by Lord Burleigh, Queen Elizabeth's favourite, and, after passing through several private collections, is now the property of the nation.

A key important to students of English history with an imaginative turn is sketched herewith. It was formerly the property of Sir Robert Walpole.

Not least in interest will be found the key of the old Chartreuse Monastery, in use for several centuries, and invariably borne, together with the keys of the several outhouses, by a monk, constituted key-keeper for



THE BASTION TOWER (GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE).

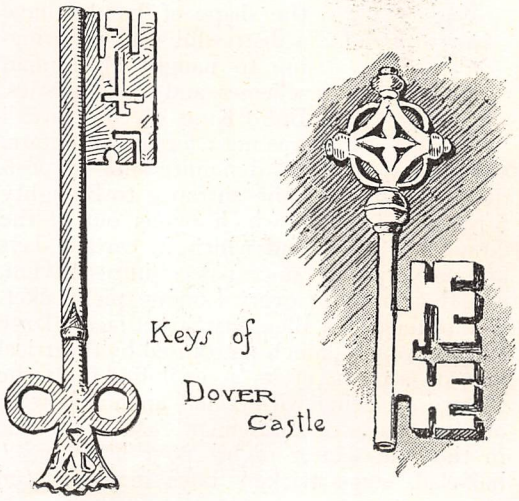


THE AUBRIOT DUNGEON.

KEYS OF THE BASTILLE.

that day, surrendering them on the morrow to his successor.

Harrison Ainsworth, in his two absorbing chronicles connected with the Tower, has frequent occasion to mention the keys of the several towers and dungeons. Wherever they are, they seem to be rarely left idle at the wings, constantly appearing to enact a principal part in the tragedy, or occasional tragi-comedy, that is going forward. Through the kindness of General Milman, the Deputy-Lieutenant of the Tower, the ensuing sketches of the Tower keys were made. The older is battered and cracked, and the pipe shows signs of repeated repairs. During the present century it has, happily, not been



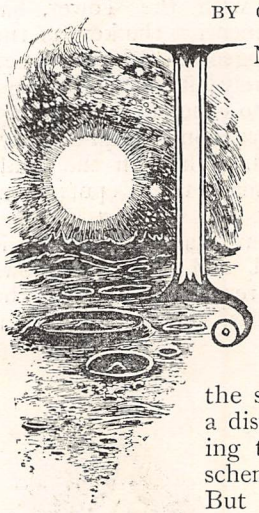
the custom to open the Traitors' Gate, and therefore to employ the appended key very often. so the wear and tear of this key is inconsiderable.

Vieing, perhaps rivalling, in interest are the Bastille keys. For over four centuries the Bastille was the most renowned State prison in Europe, notorious for the cruelty and callousness of its governors and gaolers. When, on the 14th July, 1789, the mob attacked the fortress and compelled its surrender, amongst them was a man named Carrier Le Chastel. Being one of the first to enter the courtyard of the Bastille when the drawbridge fell, he snatched the keys from one of the fleeing gaolers. These he subsequently carried through the streets stuck on the end of his pike. The possession of the keys made Le Chastel a great hero at the time, and they remained as trophies in his family until 1859. In that year a descendant emigrated to America, taking with him the precious keys. A year or two afterwards reduced circumstances compelled him to part with them to an amateur collector, who allowed them to be publicly exhibited from time to time. They are now in the possession of Mr. H. S. Howell, of Galt, Ontario. The larger key is nearly twelve inches long, is very heavy, and is certainly sufficiently old and rusty enough in appearance to have been used by Hugues Aubriot, the Bastille's first governor. The smaller key is of different workmanship, and dates from the fifteenth century. It is about six inches long.

Quaint, and indeed unique, are the keys of Dover Castle, that treasure-house of so much that is quaint and beautiful of bygone centuries. They are, perhaps, the oldest of any keys given in this article, and are well worth all the attention from antiquarians they have commanded.

"KING O' THE GATES."

BY G. B. BURGIN, AUTHOR OF "HIS LORDSHIP," ETC.



IN these days of dynamite it is a perilous thing to be king of anywhere, for there be certain base malcontents abroad who have studied the monstrous art of compounding various chemicals which, on being hurled at anything or anybody in the shape of bombs, have a distressful way of bringing to naught all human schemes and sovereignties. But "King o' the Gates" was not a foreign potentate, and feared neither dynamite nor deposition. He lived at the entrance to Bloughty Street, one end of which opens out of the Gray's Inn Road, and which, in certain days not so very long since passed into oblivion, was the haunt of every London pickpocket. The other end of Bloughty Street faces a large London square, much patronised by theatrical folk, on account of its accessibility from the theatres, it being within half an hour's walk of most places of amusement. Many a time in the chill winter nights poor half-starved, half-clad, stage-stricken boys may be seen walking back through the pouring rain to Bloughty Street (they cannot afford to live in Bloughty Square, because rents are expensive), supping sumptuously on a penny baked potato, and drenched to the skin, yet afire from head to foot with the glorious majesty of Shakespeare, and utterly unconscious of their own deplorable plight. Josiah Blake, "King o' the Gates," lived in a little two-roomed, one-storied house by the left side of the big iron gates which cut off Bloughty Street from the gutter *gamins* of the Gray's Inn Road.

"What ho, 'King o' the Gates'!" one young Roscius was accustomed to cry, as Josiah snoozed before the fire in his snug little tenement. "What ho, your Majesty! Fare forth—swing down the drawbridge, and let us enter!"

And Josiah, tickled by the novelty of being called a king—for most of us would fain be monarchs if we had so moving a chance at Fortune's hands—unvaryingly "fared forth," and swung back the ponderous gates without one sinful word to emphasise his displeasure at being aroused from dreams of plenty. Times were hard, and the penny toll for opening the gates did not go into Josiah's pocket to remain there, but was reluctantly drawn forth again to be forwarded to his employer, the owner of the Bloughty estate—Josiah receiving a pound a week, one gold-

braided hat, and a stupendous—there was no other word to adequately describe this magnificent garment—mulberry coat every year, as stipend for occupying so onerous a post.

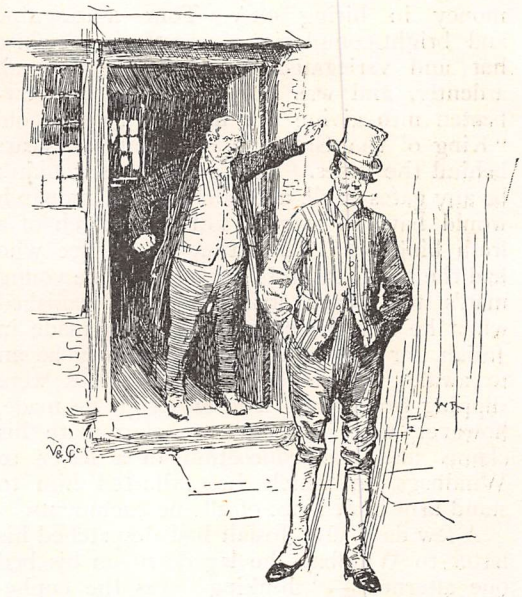
Her Majesty, Queen o' the Gates, had been known to admit, in confidence, that Josiah was a "bit rugged." "A cross-grained old file," his enemies called him. Now, if there was one thing more than another which Josiah particularly disliked, it was being called a tool of any description. Still, even royalty has its peculiar pangs, which are just as keen as those of mere gutter-snipes, and so Josiah gradually came to regard the opprobrious term as a public recognition from less favoured mortals of that exalted position to which he had been called.

"Takin' into consideration my five-and-twenty years' service here," Josiah was accustomed to say to his royal consort, as he worked doggedly away at the figures on a board with a piece of chalk—"takin' into consideration my five-and-twenty years' service, and the tolls at two hundred pence a day, and three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, that there *Windbag* (Josiah always spoke of his employer in terms of the deepest animosity) robs me of my hard-earned money to the tune of about £365 or more a year. When you comes to multiply £365 by 25, and gets the amount I've been swindled out of by that there Windbag, why, it's paralysin'!—that's what it is—paralysin'!"

Queen o' the Gates—when presuming to point out that the lodge wherein they dwelt was Windbag's, and that the pound a week they received, the gold-braided hat, and mulberry coat also came from him—was thrashed by her royal spouse for lack of conjugal sympathy, and henceforward only ventured to see one side of the question, as became a loyal and dutiful wife. At length she died, leaving Josiah to bring up their one child—the princess—in all that royal etiquette which was his natural prerogative. Josiah, however, resented his consort's unwarrantable departure from this world, as it necessitated a great deal more work than he cared for—work which he had affected to make light of whenever its burden bowed the back of his patient partner; for it must be confessed that during her Majesty's lifetime she did most of the work about the Court, and thus it was only on very infrequent occasions indeed that she was able to "clean up" herself in a manner befitting State traditions.

When a cab or carriage drove up, Josiah—clean-shaven, albeit somewhat ruby-nosed from the effects of last night's potations—stood at the door of his dwelling displaying the gorgeously-laced hat and mulberry coat to the best advantage, and cried "Gate!" On hearing this magic word, it behoved her Majesty to quit rocking the cradle wherein slumbered or screamed the infant princess—sole pledge of their mutual love—and immediately turn the iron wheel with much labour and difficulty, as if she were steering an ironclad through cross currents, until the gates slowly swung back, and Josiah majestically stepped forward for the penny toll. Josiah affected to believe that people were as enthusiastic as himself with regard to tolls, and sternly resented any delay on the part of his *clientèle* in parting with the customary copper. As time went on, however, it gradually became forced upon him that the world in general did not share his enthusiasm to any great extent. A new generation of flippant butcher-boys sprang up who were not awed by Josiah's magnificence, but "guyed" him greatly—much to the wrath of the Princess Sarah, a lovely girl of fifteen, who believed in her father far more devoutly than she should have done.

When the Princess Sarah was eighteen, even she could not disguise from herself that



"'YOU BE OFF!'" (*p.* 428).

tolls were doomed. "King o' the Gates," wrapped up in arithmetical calculations as to how much money Windbags owed him, with compound interest, gave little heed to the rumours of impending change. When

Tom Harness, a handsome young cabman from a neighbouring mews, gently tried to break the news to him that the gates were to be removed shortly, Josiah regarded him with an incredulous stare, and affected to believe that Tom had been drinking.

"See here, young man," he said sternly, "I know what you're after; but you don't have her. Why, just look!" (he produced voluminous rolls of paper); "if she had her rights she'd be rollin' in money; and yet you have the bloomin' cheek to come here and ask me for her. You be off! Don't show your ugly mug in here again. As long as you behaves yourself I'll let you through when you've got a fare, but my Sarah ain't for the likes of you, so put that in your pipe and smoke it."

The young man did put it into his pipe, but, apparently, was unable to smoke it, for he came whenever he could get a glimpse of Sarah as she sat steering the gates. Sarah would blow him a kiss and send him little ill-written notes, in which she enjoined him not to lose heart. Her dear father was the only relation she had in the world, and she wouldn't do anything to vex him. They must be patient, and everything would come right some day. Meantime, Tom was to save up money to buy a second horse for his cab; then he wouldn't have to waste money in hiring one. Tom—a sanguine and bright-complexioned youth, in a white hat and variegated trousers—loved Sarah ardently, and was not going to be brow-beaten into giving her up just because old "King o' the Gates" was a hundred years behind the times. Very soon there wouldn't be any gates at all, and the deposed monarch would have to wander forth in search of a fresh kingdom. Then they would see who had the most reason to be proud. The young man's temporary irritation soon vanished when he saw the change the news made in Josiah, for that worthy at last slowly began to awake to the fact that his gates were slipping from him. The only sign he made, however, was an attempt to formulate his claims and the concoction of a letter to Windbags, in which he exhorted him to stand firm in defiance of all encroachments.

A few days after Josiah had despatched his letter to Windbags he lay down on his bed one afternoon—"thinking" was the euphemistic way in which he accounted for an hour's continuous snoring—leaving Sarah strict injunctions to wake him if anything happened. The deal table was covered with multitudinous rolls of foolscap, over which Josiah's irregular figures chased each other in wild confusion. There were numberless rolls—each roll containing the particulars of Josiah's claims for one year. It made Sarah unhappy to look at them. The future seemed very dark, for Tom's horse had broken its leg the day before, and that sporting young gentleman was worse off than he had been for years. Instead of having an additional horse, he was now reduced to hiring two—which meant that he could not possibly save money. For one brief minute Sarah gave herself up to despair. Then she wiped her eyes, and began to do some sewing for the vicar's wife, who took a great interest in Sarah's love-story, and highly commended her disinterested affection for Josiah.

When Sarah looked up for a moment from her sewing she heard an embarrassed cough. The cough proceeded from a fat old gentleman in a stock, a blue coat with bright brass buttons, a buff waistcoat, and nankeen trousers. He held his curly-brimmed, low-crowned hat in his hand, and cautiously motioned Sarah to join him at the door.

"What do you want, sir?" asked Sarah, as she gently came to the entrance.

"That's him, is it?" asked the man in the blue coat, pointing to Josiah's recumbent figure. Josiah was the reverse of picturesque, and snored loudly. "That's his Majesty, the 'King o' the Gates,' *alias* Josiah Blake?"

"Yes, sir," somewhat timidly replied Sarah. "Do you want to speak to him?"

"Me want to speak to that old humbug?" rejoined the stranger, growing purple. "Young woman, d'you know who I am?"

"No, sir," said Sarah; "and if you call my father names, I don't want to know."

"I'm Windbags," said the old gentleman. "Now d'you know who I am?"

Poor Sarah felt covered with confusion.

"But how did you find out who you were?" she asked timidly.

"Oh, from your father's friends. D'you mean to say, young woman, he really believes all the tomfoolery he has written to me?"

"Yes, sir," said Sarah simply.

"Zounds!" retorted the old gentleman.

"I won't stay here to be sworn at," cried Sarah with spirit.

"Quite right, my dear. But please put yourself for a moment in my place. You would feel rather sore if these gates had been in your family for a hundred and fifty years, and you expected sympathy from the man who looked after them; and then, when you wanted to do him a good turn, found out he was in the habit of calling you 'Windbags,' and cherishing imaginary grievances against you."

"Would you like to talk it over with father, sir?" faltered Sarah.

"'DON'T SAY YOU HAVEN'T A SWEETHEART.'"

"Talk it over with father? No, thank you; he's an obstinate old fool, like me. I only came to warn him they move the gates to-morrow, but can't take the lodge too. Windbags, indeed! I'll go on paying his pound a week, though he doesn't deserve it. I'd much rather do something for you, young woman."

"Thank you, sir; but I have my sewing," replied Sarah, looking at the old gentleman, her beautiful eyes suffused with dewy gratitude.

"I'll be shot if you haven't a sweetheart, too," retorted the old gentleman. "It's a crying shame if you haven't. Don't say you haven't a sweetheart. I'd be sorry to think all the young fellows were such fools as that. Tell me his name, and I'll forgive your father. There now, I'm sorry I called him a fool, but I'm very much vexed about my gates having to come down. What's the young fellow's name? Where does he live? That's right, that's right. What is it? Don't mind me. What's the rogue's name? Fortunate young scoundrel—if he only knew it!"

"Oh, if you please, sir," said Sarah, the tears giving way to blushes—"it's Tom."

* * * * *

It was the second evening after the gates had been taken away. They had not yielded without a struggle, for they were old, solidly built into the ground, and reported to be the work of some cunning Flemish artificer in iron. Josiah stood alone at the door of the lodge, feeling exhausted. He had sworn and raved, entreated, begged, cajoled—but all in vain. The visible signs of his sovereignty were slowly upheaved and taken away, he knew not whither. He had at first thought of following them, but the emotions of the day wrought so hardly upon his somewhat feeble frame, that he was unable to do so. The scent of the sweet lilac from the square

garden somewhat revived him. When night came he would creep into one of the gaping holes (the other had been filled up already) and die there. Then Sarah could marry young Tom, and be happy. She would not care to be bothered with her father any longer.

As the old man turned to go indoors the rumble of an approaching carriage smote upon his ear In another moment it had turned the corner and pulled up before the door. From mere force of habit, Josiah put out his hand and cried—"Toll!"

"Certainly, your Majesty," said Tom, handing him the customary penny. "You don't think I'd have the heart to drive through your gates without paying?"

Josiah recognised Tom with a start of surprise. The young fellow looked very handsome in his quaint, somewhat old-fashioned livery. The delicacy of his conduct immediately washed away all Josiah's animosity.

"You're a good sort, Tom," he said. "I wish I hadn't been so hard on you."

"Oh, that's all right," Tom cheerily answered. "I've got leave to take you and Miss Blake for a drive, if you can stand a couple of hours in the country. These 'orses want exercisin', they do, and I keep forgettin' I've got to allow more room for this here family vault. It ain't a hansom, this ain't. There's no skimmin' round corners in this old bathing-machine."

As Josiah hesitated, Sarah appeared at the door with a little bundle in her hand.

"In course, you'll come too, miss?" asked Tom with lofty politeness—as if he had not arranged the matter that very morning.

Sarah blushed and smiled assent. It was a pretty sight to see her enter the stately carriage, and sit there in modest beauty.

"Now you come up on the box, your Majesty," said Tom to Josiah, "and we'll just drive down the Gray's Inn Road, so as everyone can see you; and then we'll go into the country and hear the bloomin' blackbirds singin'. I'd like your opinion of these bits of blood. Own brother to Wheel of Fortune—that off 'oss is."

Josiah, moved by the thought of frowning majestic derision at those who had rejoiced in his downfall, climbed slowly up to the box-seat beside Tom, who lightly flicked "own brother to Wheel of Fortune" with his whip—an indignity which that proud steed resented with a plunge forward—and the heavy old carriage rumbled away in great state, through an immense crowd of neighbours and small boys.

"HE HAD SWORN AND RAVED, ENTREATED, BEGGED, CAJOLED—BUT ALL IN VAIN" (*p.* 429).

"I'd like to give you the reins," said Tom diplomatically, "only these tits are full of corn; and it wouldn't be the right thing for your Majesty to drive yourself. You jest bow to 'em right and left, same as the Prince of Wales does when he's goin' to open foundation stones."

It was the proudest moment of Josiah's life as, amidst cries of "Good old Josiah!" "Hooray, Sarah!" "Mind, Tom, here's a pleeceman!" the carriage drove past the sportive multitude, and his Majesty bowed right and left.

They drove on in a blaze of glory through sweet country lanes, by stately rivers, and meadows green, until they pulled up at the entrance to a long avenue, in the trees of which sable rooks cawed solemn welcome to all newcomers.

Josiah rubbed his eyes and peered through the waning light. Was it possible? But, no—it couldn't be. There were the old gates—smartened up, but still the same old gates—with their lacework cleaned and furbished, looking as if they had never heard of such a place as smoky London.

The old man trembled violently.

"Let me get down, Tom; let me get down. I must touch 'em again. I can't leave 'em."

"Nobody wants you to leave 'em," said Tom, affecting to busy himself with the somewhat refractory "own brother to Wheel of Fortune." "Nobody wants you to leave 'em. Sir Lucius told me to drive you straight down and let you take possession last night; but the workmen hadn't finished, so I waited till to-night."

"Where are we, Tom?" asked Sarah's sweet voice, as she looked out of the carriage, although she had a very shrewd idea. In obedience to a hint from Tom she had brought with her a bundle containing her most cherished possessions.

"'Ome," said Tom, trying to help the old man down. "Keep quiet, can't yer?" he added to his refractory horses.

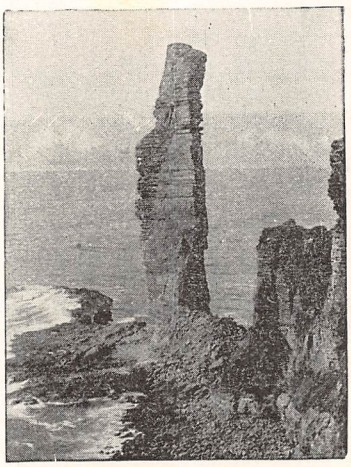
Josiah paused—one foot on the wheel.

"And who's Sir Lucius, Tom?" he asked.

"Old Windbags!" sententiously replied Tom. And his Majesty, with a gasp, came down suddenly, in a sitting posture, on the hard high-road.

IN THE HOME OF THE AFTERGLOW.

(Illustrated from photographs by G. W. Wilson & Co., Aberdeen.)



THE OLD MAN OF HOY.

NOT in the farthest north, among Arctic icebergs or Icelandic snows, but yet as high as the latitude of Greenland's southern cape, "Hjaltland" is our own far north. We call it Shetland—that is a corruption; the Scotch group it with Orkney as one of their counties, but Orcadians and Shetlanders alike repudiate the Scottish name.

"I am going to Scotland," says the Shetland voyager to the mainland; and these pure Norsemen prefer an Englishman to a Scot any time. Shetland, to an English boy, suggests a sturdy little pony; to one of our fair girls it suggests a warm winter's wrap of exquisite workmanship, or a fleecy white cloud of gossamer fineness, to encircle the neck. The average Englishman remembers these remote islanders as the folk who in General Elections keep him waiting a fortnight after everybody else has voted.

Somebody told a Londoner that if he intended visiting these barbarous islands he had better go in old clothes, the people were so rough and primitive. He did so, and landed at Kirkwall, in the Orkneys, where his first duty was to order two suits from a local tailor. He found Kirkwall was a very fashionable place. Our steamer touches there.

The glory of these isles is the wonderfully-preserved cathedral, built more than seven centuries ago by Earl Ronald, and still in full use for worship. Here the Maid of Norway, St. Margaret, lies buried; she died within sight of Bonnie Scotland, whose throne she had set sail to claim. Here the last scenes of "The Pirate" are laid.

And in our drive to-day across to Stromness we shall pass the memorials of a yet earlier religion. Stennis Stones, ten miles out from Kirkwall, are, next to Stonehenge, the most complete circle of "Druidical" stones in the

THE NAVE, KIRKWALL CATHEDRAL, LOOKING EAST.

kingdom ; and more curious still the strange "Picts' houses," of which more anon.

The sun is setting as we descend into Stromness, and laying down a broad road of gold over the western waves. These high latitudes are the home of the afterglow ; from May to July there is no night there, and the smallest type can be read at midnight.

In the morning the *St. Magnus* awoke us by sounding her bell at the pier, and we hurried on board. We are threading channels which, crossed and divided by masses of purple headland and jagged cliff, form mirrors in which the grand outlines glass themselves, and where timid boatmen must feel in Paradise. Mark yonder misshapen stone giant, the half-human figure of the Old Man of Hoy—a landmark for leagues to the mariner.

Now we are clear of the land. What is that strange chain of nearly submerged black wheels ploughing the water far in front of our bows? Can it be Captain Nemo's *Nautilus*, or the veritable sea-serpent once more enlivening the holiday season? A cold-hearted old pedant volunteers the information that it is only a shoal of porpoises, so another good newspaper par. is spoiled.

The great Atlantic rollers have sent below the people conscious of possessing stomachs, but a chosen few remain to catch the first glimpse of the Fair Isle. Yes, it is yonder at last, over to the north-east. Its 300 people see few visitors ; it had far more one summer, three hundred years gone, when great Armada galleons went to pieces on its pitiless rocky face.

Many of the Spaniards survived the storm and wintered here, escaping in the spring following. They taught the islanders the wonderful patterns—brilliant crosses and zigzags in wool, dyed with seaweed green and scarlet, crimson and yellow—in which they knit the hose, and caps, and gloves which tourists generally carry home when returning south.

And now we are tossing in the turbulent "roost" of Sumburgh. We will go below. Sea-sick? Oh, no! But the views of Scottish scenery, the cabin fittings, the electric light, the snug berths—especially the berths—are worth looking at. The steamer trembles under the heavy blows, straight from the shoulder, which old Neptune delivers against all who would press towards *Ultima Thule*.

But he soon thinks better of it, and grows strangely quiet. Climbing the hatchway, we see the reason. We are under the lee of majestic Sumburgh Head, famous in weather reports, immortalised by the shipwreck in the "Pirate," as is Fitful Head, several miles along the other side of Shetland, by "Norna the Reimkennar."

We are in the land of romance when the old pedant's voice once more recalls us.

"What is that promontory, or ness, right ahead there, sailor?"

The waggish sailor gave a wink.

"Where, sir? I see *No Ness*."

It is the name of the headland.

We get a glimpse of the most perfect example of a Pict's house anywhere as we pass the isle of Mousa. What were these curious buildings? No one knows their history. They are somewhat like an hour-glass in shape. This one is about fifty feet diameter at the bottom, and its walls slope upwards towards the waist of the structure, again widening outwards near the now broken top.

In war-time it could be used, along with the hundreds still lying in ruins over all these islands, its narrow doorway built up; and its inhabitants could gather their cattle into its inner court below, while they ascended the winding stairs to the little rooms above, to which no assailant could ever scale—instances of prehistoric towers of refuge.

The island now looming large on the right is Bressay. It has several beautiful arches worn in its cliffs; one by the clean low lighthouse is very conspicuous. I was pointing out its attractions to the phlegmatic hero of No Ness and the porpoises, when the practical talk about fisheries and crops stopped for an instant by his remarking that he had seen no cornfields in Shetland, and thought that corn could not be grown.

A friend, who had chafed under the unromantic conversation, broke in with—

"No, sir, not a corn; but there is a *Wart* on Bressay 1,300 feet high."

Then he whispered to me—

"We're quits now for the sea-serpent."

He will get us into a scrape yet before we get back.

"Lerwick!"

Well, there's the pier, right enough, but the houses must have crowded round in wonder when it was being built, and have not had room to turn back since. Gables there are without end, blank walls, but no street, nor any law and order about the buildings. You can find no street when you have landed, either. There is a passage of varying width, very angular and crotchety, which dodges about among the houses and into a square or two here and there, forming a maze for foot-passengers, carts and horses, and carriages. This is "Commercial Street."

In the newer buildings a few shop windows try to toe the line as well as circumstances will permit, and to offer some apology for the ruder and older houses that all around give you the cold shoulder, or turn their backs on the stranger. But which is the back? Is it where the front door is? Why, that opens straight into the sea. They were adapted for old smuggling days; no doubt their builders knew their business.

Steep lanes lead up into the newer part of Lerwick, and there the houses behave as

FITFUL HEAD, SHETLAND.

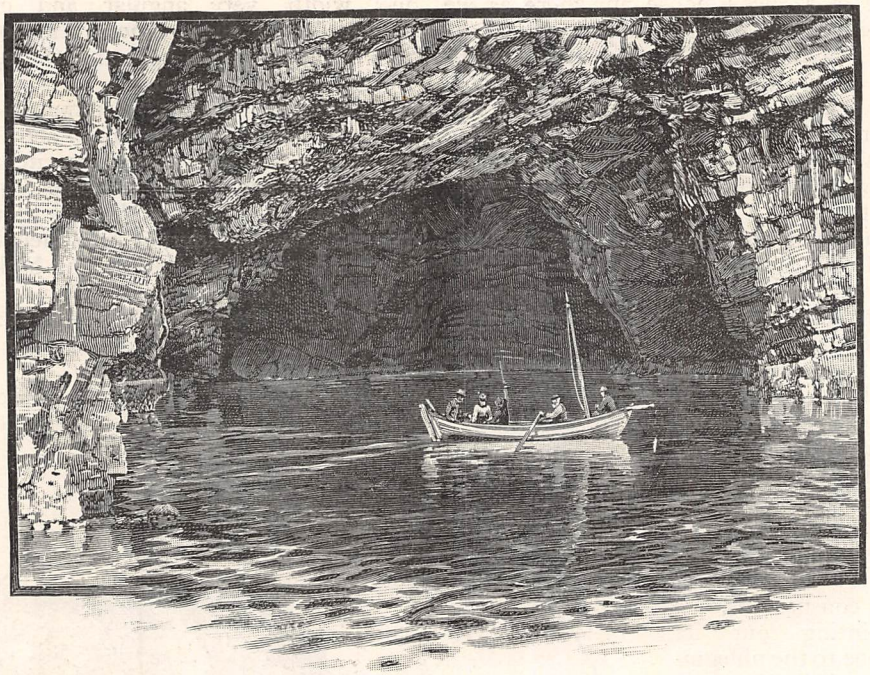
well-conducted dwellings ought to, and keep their places in due form.

Lerwick contains many comfortable lodging-houses, and is homelier than it looks. It is a capital centre for visiting the islands. Suppose we begin with the nearest. It will give us a splendid example of the awful quiet of this northern scenery. A noisy crowd would only spoil our enjoyment. A milk-boat crosses Bressay Sound twice a day. Start early; take plenty of food, for there is absolutely none on Noss. Get an order at that white house on Bressay, just across the water.

This sound forms the roadstead of Lerwick. It often swarms with shoals of fish—the Shetlanders' fortune; sometimes above the herring shoal the dreaded forms of the dog-fish appear. They are epicures, biting out a favourite piece from the herring's back and spoiling all. The placid waters are dotted everywhere with the white sails of luxurious pleasure or the "honest brown" of trade.

The heavy boat grates its keel on the pebbles at the little jetty, and we are on a good road leading eastwards. It is only rough moorland here, but oh! the fresh air. No factories, no railways pollute it. It is literally the breath of life to the jaded city toiler. You expand the lungs to their fullest, and drink in great draughts, which pervade all our being with "the wild joy of living."

A few miles' tramp, and the road again descends to the water's edge. The sound between Bressay and Noss looks narrow, and shallow enough to be waded, especially where that vein of marble gleams below the tremulous green of the swift, strong current.



ORKNEY-MAN'S CAVE, BRESSAY, SHETLAND.

Sheep and sea-bird dispute the possession of this lonely islet. For an hour we walk along the shore, and then stand on the top of a high cliff, guarded by a good stone fence.

Look down, far below, over the shelves of brown and white to where the seaweed waves and tosses in the deep channel which has detached from Noss that tremendous rocky mass called the Holm. It is as untrodden by man as it was before the day when, two centuries since, a daring cragsman scaled its perpendicular sides, and on its summit planted a stout stake, and bridged the hundred feet of chasm with a rope, from which he swung the sheep cradle, in which the shepherds of seven generations carried sheep across, one at a time, to the pasture. It was an unique sight, but tourists kept fooling with it, until one day the proprietor's dread of some accident rose higher than the value of a few hundred square yards of herbage, and the airy cradle, which rocked on a tight-rope two hundred feet above the deep, was removed.

We turn away to climb the highest point, the Noup of Noss, and look behind us. The

wild rocks of Bressay, and beyond them the blue outline of Mainland, stretch from Sumburgh to the northern mists that hide Yell and Unst. The eye sweeps over Whalsey, Fetlar, and the Out Skerries. Eastward and southward stretch leagues of ocean, across which play shifting lights and dark shadows. The tempered breeze blows straight from Norway, and at the name the hardy Norseman's war-dragons once more plough the deep before us.

This is the very "Swan's-bath" which they crossed to glorious death or certain victory. How the fierce old Vikings would have stared to see one of our Atlantic greyhounds cross it, and touch the Shetland coast in six hours!

The best way to see the grandeur of these cliffs is to charter a small yacht at Lerwick. Sail by the rocky caves and wave-worn arches of Bressay, noting where that natural flying buttress, the Giant's Leg, supports the solid cliff wall; and then cross over to Noss, sail through the watery cañon that separates Noss and the Holm. Then, as we emerge, the majestic white walls of the Noup rise six hundred feet above the narrow strip of sand, shelf above shelf, tier above tier. How grand it must look in the starlit nights of winter! And before the first human eye gazed upon it, and after the last has sadly turned away from it to die, age after age that unchanging rocky face defies the sweeping tides that encircle a desolate world of tempest and storm.

Clouds of seagulls wheel around it, thousands upon thousands of birds mottle its brown shelves in the breeding season.

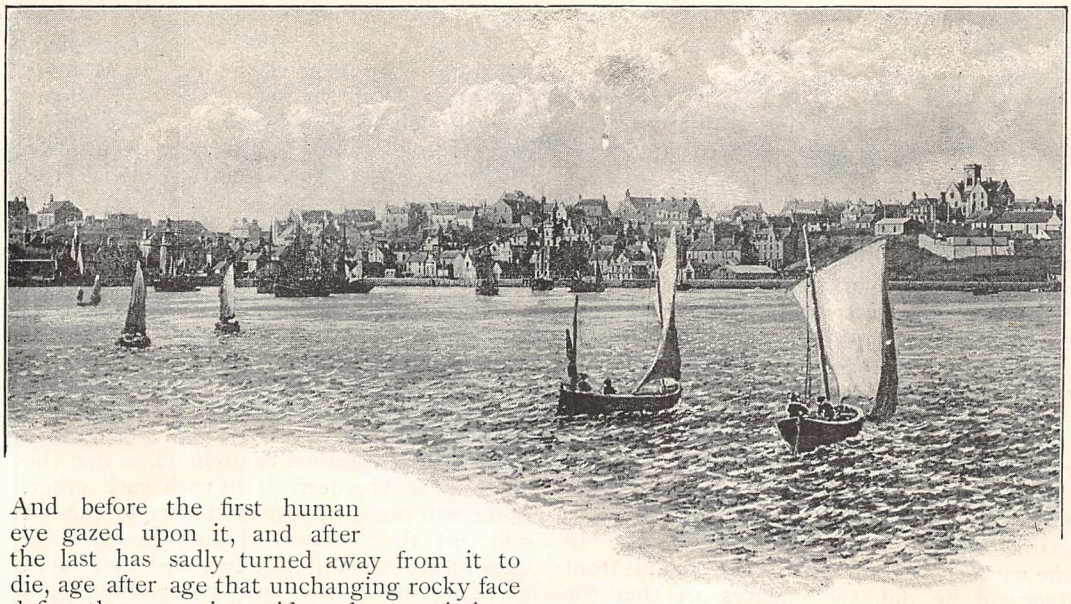
"Come here in May, if you would see us at our best," says the Shetlander.

With a boat we can see the Orkneyman's Cave, containing hundreds of beautiful stalactite figures. We visit it for pleasure—the Orkneyman came for quiet. The press-gang wanted to confer a Government appointment upon him, which he shrank from. To avoid the persistent deputation, he came alone, and as he had no wish to leave at once, forgot to fasten his boat. It had gone without him when he wanted it, and after waiting two days for a lull in the storm outside, he swam out to a projecting rock, climbed to the top, and retired from the gaze of history.

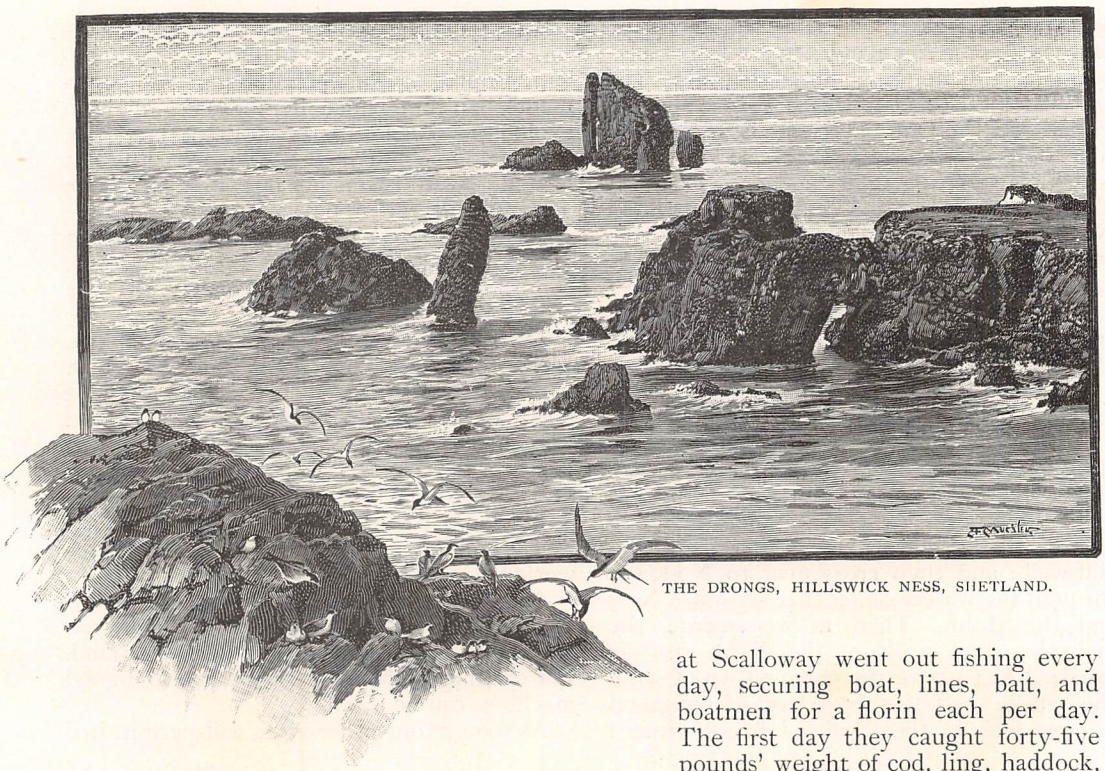
Try to catch the *Earl of Zetland* on one of its occasional trips to Baltasound or Yell, or the North Isles. Unst is the furthest north. On it stands the Muckle Flugga Lighthouse, 250 feet above the sea, at which height it just reaches safety from the violence of the gales. The currents which sweep down the sounds of these islands often, even in summer, isolate them from the outer world.

As to the inland scenery—if you can thread your way along Mainland without a map you are clever, the voes run so far into the land. For cycling the roads are excellent, and good machines can be hired.

As soon as our other visits will permit, it is advisable to visit Scalloway, the second largest town in Shetland. It contains ninety houses—I counted them all—and five churches, a lot of fish-curing sheds, and an old castle, once the residence, then the hiding-place, of cruel, wicked Earl Patrick Stewart. His fondness



LERWICK FROM BRESSAY.



THE DRONGS, HILLSWICK NESS, SHETLAND.

for tobacco cost him his life, the smoke from his pipe betraying his lair to his watchful enemies.

From Scalloway we can visit all the ports on the west side: Hillswick, with its strange rocks, called the Drongs, so worn and splintered as to resemble a fleet in full sail suddenly petrified into eternal stillness; and Walls, and the Isle of Papa, where the great granite quarries are worked by convict gangs; and occasionally far-away Foula, so stormbound in winter as to have often been in the extremities of famine. It is forty miles away, but always in clear weather its bold outline of hills stands sharp against the western sky.

Its cliffs are more than twice the height of the Noup of Noss. The daring cragsman will descend a cliff 1,300 feet in height to obtain the eggs. One or two varieties of birds extinct elsewhere are still preserved here. In the winter gales no man dare open his front door; if he did, the chances are that the wind would lift the roof of his miserable shieling.

The west side of Shetland possesses the finer scenery. At Walls are grand rocks; at Tangwick the massive Door-holm has an arch 500 feet wide and 150 high. From the Witch's Hill at Scalloway can be had a fine view of the western isles. Two friends staying at Scalloway went out fishing every day, securing boat, lines, bait, and boatmen for a florin each per day. The first day they caught forty-five pounds' weight of cod, ling, haddock, etc., and did well on the other days.

Now as to cost. Shetland is more than 700 miles' sail from London. It is most economical to go by sea all the way. Boats leave Limehouse almost every day for Aberdeen—second cabin return fare, twenty-five shillings. From Aberdeen to Lerwick the return fare is under thirteen shillings, so that we get nearly 1,500 miles' sailing for less than two pounds. The food on board is not expensive. To travel first cabin throughout costs less than four pounds, and four friends can, by forming a party, have a private cabin to Aberdeen.

Boats leave Temple Pier, on the Thames Embankment, one hour before the steamer sails, and in connection with it. The times should be well studied beforehand, so that the steamers at Aberdeen fit in with each other. Some will prefer to travel thither by rail—it will cost them eleven shillings more, third class return, than if they travelled first cabin by sea. Sea-sickness need not terrify; I am a wretched sailor, and find that lying in the berth is the best policy. I thereby get a rest, which the doctor tells me does me good.

The voyage will benefit overworked, debilitated, or consumptive men. It will teach an Englishman the size of our home islands, and he will learn to know our warm-hearted northern brothers.

THE COLONEL'S COURTSHIP:

AN ANGLO-INDIAN STORY.

"*Bombay, 1st September, 1756.*

"MY DEAR SELINA,—I take up my pen to give you the pleasing intelligence of our nieces' safe arrival in Bombay.

"They reached the island after a good passage, but the young ladies will doubtless favour you with a more particular account of the voyage.

"I will content myself with saying that they were vastly pleased with the behaviour of Captain Franks and his officers. He was all attention, and they were all complaisance; but Anne assures me they never forgot the respect due to Mr. Bygrave's nieces.

"I am further happy to inform you that the young ladies are arrived in excellent health and looks, and they have already, in some measure, attained the object of their coming.

"Isabella has captured the heart of Mr. Falkland, the head of the factory at Malamigger, and only yesterday he proposed to Mr. Bygrave for her hand.

"She is a happy girl, for she will take precedence of every lady in the place, save myself and three others.

"Her sister, Clarissa, promises to do equally well, for Mr. Wellbank, the wealthiest of our unmarried merchants, has distinguished her with the most flattering attentions, and will doubtless speak ere long; the settlements will be of the handsomest.

"As yet, no one has come forward for Nancy, but I trust she will soon do as well as her sisters; for she is a good girl, and shows a great liking for my little Betsy.

"I hope she will not follow Anne's example, for one old maid is enough in a family.

"Yet even Anne might have a beau—so plentiful are they in this country—only she tells me she has no such wish; and I could ill spare her at present.

"I must conclude this long letter by asking you to present my compliments to all old friends.

"Ever, my dear Selina,

"Your affectionate sister,

"ARABELLA BYGRAVE."

Mrs. Bygrave gave a sigh of relief as she folded the above letter. Whatever energy she may have originally possessed, it had been sapped by a residence of ten years in India, and it said much for her real kind-heartedness that she should kindly welcome the consignment of penniless and orphaned nieces, who had been sent out by their friends in England to seek fortunes—and husbands—in India, subject to the strict etiquette of that place and day, which compelled a young lady to accept the first eligible proposal for her hand.

She could not reject a suitor, however old, or ugly, or otherwise distasteful he might be, if his position and his means entitled him to propose to her.

"You must make this quite plain to your nieces, Arabella," said Mr. Bygrave: a prudent and far-sighted person. "There shall be no quarrels in my company, and the young ladies must come prepared to follow our customs."

"Oh, of course, of course."

"You had better warn Anne that there must be no silly flirtations on board ship—or none, at least, that don't end with the voyage."

"Certainly, Mr. Bygrave. I am sure that Anne will be all discretion."

"Then she will be more than someone I could name."

"Oh, Anne was cut out for an old maid from the first," replied Mrs. Bygrave; but she gave her husband's message, like the dutiful wife she was.

There would have been no ground for surprise had the young ladies' heads been a little turned on exchanging the humble parsonage and the friends who treated them with the scant consideration due to portionless and superfluous girls, for the adulation of their fellow-passengers on board the *Maid of Kent*, and the attentions shown by captain and crew to young ladies who were related to Mr. Bygrave of Bombay.

Their aunt, Miss Hazelton, was prepared to be indulgent towards her young charges; perhaps a touch of disappointment mingled with her relief, when she found there would be no imprudence to forgive.

"La! ma'am," replied Clarissa, the eldest of the girls, to a little kindly warning from Miss Hazelton. "You don't conceive, I hope, that I shall throw myself away upon a man who hasn't enough to keep himself—let alone a wife! I intend to marry a nabob, at the least."

"A nabob!" echoed Isabella, in a tone of contempt. "A general or a governor for me!"

"And let me tell you that the youngest Miss Hazelton means to marry the first of the three!"

"Why such haste, Belle?" asked Aunt Anne, smiling.

"It will be such fun walking out of the room in front of Clarissa and Nancy. Why, I shall go before you as well, Aunt Anne."

"You will be quite welcome, Belle; only if you take the lead, I hope it will be in the right way."

"What do you mean?" said Isabella; but without waiting for a reply, she rattled on with her plans, which, amid all the inexperience of her sixteen years, showed a shrewd sense of her own interests, and the best way to secure them.

It never occurred to Miss Hazelton when Clarissa and Isabella were showing such unlooked-for prudence, that there could be any fears for Nancy.

It was Nancy who had repaid her care by a tender affection—very different from Clarissa's and Isabella's half-contemptuous liking. It was Nancy who had shared her tastes and pursuits, in spite of her sisters' loudly-expressed threats, that she would become "an old maid, like Aunt Anne."

The girl was like her aunt in a certain delicacy of feeling, not too common at that day. She could not join in the incessant chatter about beaux and husbands, and sometimes wondered how her aunt could listen, with her indulgent smile, while her sisters chattered on about their conquests and their hopes.

While Clarissa was admitted to be "a monstrous fine woman," and Isabella "a dashing girl," Miss Nancy was spoken of with more reserve, and admired with more respect.

Even that audacious youngster, Jack Courtland, lowered his bold looks before the girl's gentle grey eyes; and when a careless speech once deepened the colour on her delicate face, he told his friend, Hugh Sandford, he felt nearly as bad as if he had struck her.

Hugh Sandford turned upon him so savagely that Courtland first stared at him in bewildered indignation, and then burst into a prolonged chuckle.

The ice, however, being once broken between the young men, Courtland found himself the recipient of Hugh Sandford's confidences, and his determination of making a name and a fortune worthy of Miss Nancy's acceptance.

Yet his prospect of doing this was so distant, Sandford might have given up hope when the *Maid of Kent* landed her passengers at Bombay, but for a sudden perception that he was not an object of indifference to the girl.

Afterwards, as he pursued his tedious journey to his destination at Surat, her sweet young face was often before him.

He remembered the shy gentle smile with which she used to greet him, the bright intelligence in her clear grey eyes as she listened to him; and, dearest of all, the sudden pallor which overspread her face when she learnt they must say good-bye.

"But I shall return to Bombay very soon: in a few months, if I am fortunate," said the young man wistfully.

The colour came back to Nancy's cheeks and the light to her eyes.

"You will find me there," she said simply, and she held out her little hand towards him.

He felt it tremble in his own for a second's space, and then the interview was over.

Yet these few words had been enough to keep Nancy's hope warm and her heart light.

On her first introduction to the little world of Bombay, she had found it easy enough to elude unwelcome suitors.

Clarissa and Isabella were ready for any amount of homage; and as Mrs. Bygrave declined escorting more than two young ladies at a time, it quickly fell out that Nancy should be the one to stop at home.

But when, at the end of three months, a second marriage had taken place from her house, Mrs. Bygrave felt she ought to bestir herself seriously for the establishment of her third and favourite niece.

"For sure, sister, she could nowhere find a better husband than Colonel Roger Courtland," remarked the good lady one morning to her sister.

"Roger Courtland! Has he made proposals for Nancy?" exclaimed Miss Hazelton.

"Ha, sister, what's amiss? You have nothing to his discredit, I hope?"

"Oh no," replied Miss Hazelton, recovering herself. "Only I did not conceive—I was not aware—but doubtless, he is a most worthy gentleman!"

"Colonel Courtland has not yet come forward in so many words," continued Mrs. Bygrave. "Greatly as he values the honour of an alliance with a relative of Mr. Bygrave, he yet desires to see the young lady before speaking out. Our bachelors have been very backward in marrying of late!"

Mrs. Bygrave ended with a sigh over the exacting disposition of the gentlemen of Bombay in general, and of Colonel Courtland in particular.

"I am expecting Colonel Courtland this morning," she added, after a pause. "No,

Anne, do not leave me. I think I hear someone coming, and I want you to see him."

Miss Hazelton resumed the seat she had been about to leave, just as a servant ushered Colonel Courtland into the room.

At the same moment a light step was heard hurrying along the verandah, and presently Nancy appeared at the open window, with her little cousin Betsy perched upon her shoulder.

The girl was laughing, and out of breath with her exertions; she stood before Mrs. Bygrave, with her red lips slightly parted, her eyes shining and her cheeks glowing, while her hair was blown about her face in a pretty confusion of little rings and curls.

Colonel Courtland bowed mechanically as Mrs. Bygrave introduced him to "My sister," while visions of home and memories of youth flitted through his brain as he gazed upon the charming apparition in the verandah.

At first the girl did not see the stranger in the darkened room till her aunt motioned her in.

Poor little Betsy set up a fretful cry at being carried indoors.

"Let me have her, Nancy," said Miss Hazelton, rising a second time from her seat.

She took the little sickly child, who stretched its arms toward her, and nestled confidingly against her with the instinct which made most wounded or suffering creatures turn towards Anne Hazelton.

She made a curtsey to the colonel, and received a formal bow in return; and then she passed out by the same window through which Nancy had entered—a slender, pensive figure, whose silent footfall made no noise along the verandah.

Little Betsy responded to the soothing influence of her new companion, and fell asleep before five minutes were passed.

Miss Hazelton, however, did not return to the drawing-room, but sat quietly by her little niece's bedside, watching with a thoughtful, yet far-away, expression, while the ayah drowsily fanned the sleeping child.

Meanwhile, Colonel Courtland sat on in the drawing-room, and while he stole many a glance at Miss Nancy, he talked with Mrs. Bygrave about "the late shocking news from Bengal."

"I hear they are despatching a large force from Madras," he added, "and we are preparing to do the same from here. But these are not topics for a young lady's ear." He turned to Nancy as he spoke.

"Shall I have the honour of meeting you at the governor's reception to-night?"

"My aunt has been good enough to say she would conduct me there," replied the girl. "He seems a nice kind old man," she said to herself, as she looked at his bronzed face and grizzled hair, and felt she had nothing

NANCY.

to fear from the stately courtesy of Colonel Courtland.

For the first time since she had come to Bombay, Mrs. Bygrave felt provoked by her niece that evening.

The girl treated the colonel with a pretty respect and deference, such as her aunt thought very suitable when Mr. Bygrave was its object. But she showed a far deeper interest in a subsequent conversation with Jack Courtland, who came up and claimed her acquaintance, carrying her away from his senior with the directness and audacity which

enabled him to appropriate so many of the good things of life.

"I met Hugh Sandford at Geria," he remarked. "He is now in charge of affairs there, and is well thought of for his good management. He is a lucky fellow to get such a post so young; but they have had a sickly season at Surat, between the cholera losses and the late trouble with the Mahrattas. If I met you in Bombay, Sandford charged me to tell you he would be back in a month, at latest."

"I am obliged to you, sir," replied Nancy demurely, her head in a whirl of delight. "Only one month more; I can surely keep free till then!" she thought.

At that very moment, Colonel Courtland, who had been watching her with a kindly smile, turned to Mrs. Bygrave.

"I am glad to hear from my friend, Bygrave, that my desire to form an alliance with a member of your family is not distasteful to you."

"I could wish nothing better for her," replied Mrs. Bygrave warmly. "I will tell her to-night of the honour you propose paying her."

"Pardon me if I ask you to let me plead my own cause. I am a poor hand at speaking, but I will write to the lady to-morrow. Might I ask you to keep my counsel till then?"

Mrs. Bygrave assented in perfect good faith—which did not, however, prevent her hinting to Nancy, on their return home, that great things were in store for her.

To her surprised disappointment, the girl begged her to desist. She did not want any proposals. She had rather not marry so soon.

"So soon!" exclaimed her aunt, "when you have been six months in Bombay! Look at your sisters: both married within three! I am disappointed in you, Nancy. Do you wish to be an old maid, like poor Anne? I hope," she added, with a sudden fear, "that no improper person has been courting you?"

"No, indeed, aunt."

"Has anyone proposed to you?"

"No, ma'am," replied poor Nancy regretfully.

"Then if a certain person I could name should offer you his hand, you are bound to accept him."

"Oh, I know it! But, dear aunt, can't you make him wait awhile—if it were only for a month?"

"What means this, Nancy? I am ashamed of your folly!" replied Mrs. Bygrave, the more severely because she feared the girl would move her with her entreaties. "Go to bed, and try to wake up in a more dutiful mind."

Nancy slept late the next morning, after a restless night; and Mrs. Bygrave, sitting alone with Miss Hazelton, hinted something of her hopes and fears.

For once, she found her sister unresponsive.

"I am thinking of spending a few days with Clarissa," she observed; "and I should like to take little Betsy with me. Clarissa's house is so cool and high; I think the change will be good for the child."

"You don't mean to say she is ill?" exclaimed Mrs. Bygrave, in sudden alarm—little Betsy was the only one left out of six children.

Her sister hastened to soothe her fears; but Mrs. Bygrave was pleased with the plan, and so warmly furthered their departure that, when Nancy at length came out of her room, Miss Hazelton and Betsy were already on their road to Clarissa.

The poor girl felt sadly deserted. She had hoped to find a champion in Miss Hazelton; and now she was left face to face with Mrs. Bygrave, whose usual good-humour had deserted her.

The poor lady was nervous, and hard to please that day; her niece could do nothing aright. She was uneasy on Betsy's account, and she was wondering why no letter arrived from Colonel Courtland.

As the long hot day dragged slowly on, and no message came, she grew more and more impatient with her niece, till it was a relief to both ladies when Mr. Bygrave's return put an end to their protracted *tête-à-tête*.

"I've some news for you, Selina. Courtland's going to Bengal, after all. Telson, who was in command of our force, was down with the cholera last night. We buried him this afternoon. Courtland is the only man here fit to take command, and the men embark to-night. He bid me convey his regrets to you that he could not take leave in person."

"Then, that is why he has not written. All day long I have been expecting his offer to Nancy."

"No doubt he forgot, amid more important matters," said unromantic Mr. Bygrave; but he misjudged his friend as he spoke.

Early that morning Colonel Courtland had written a formal letter, offering his hand and his heart to the young lady who had captivated his fancy, and had given it to Jack Courtland, charging him to deliver it at once.

The young man received the commission with great internal disapproval, all the more vehement because he durst not give the

slightest expression to his feelings. He was sure that Nancy's heart was given to Sandford; and he was strongly of opinion that old uncles were unsuitable candidates for matrimony.

As he neared Mr. Bygrave's house in this temper he saw a carriage leaving the compound with a lady inside, whom he recognised as Miss Hazelton.

It flashed through his mind that her name was Anne. On board ship her nieces were always calling for "Aunt Anne," and the letter he had been charged to deliver was directed to Miss Anne Hazelton.

In his precise way the colonel had addressed the young lady by her correct name, instead of using the more familiar "Nancy."

He might have been wronging his uncle after all, thought Jack Courtland.

Suppose the letter were intended for this sensible, sweet-tempered lady, who—as the shrewd young fellow was perfectly aware—had done so much to make their outward voyage agreeable.

This would be a perfectly suitable match for his uncle. "Just the right person for an aunt; and by no means ill-looking, either!" he reflected, as the carriage stopped for a moment, and she smiled kindly at her young travelling companion.

Jack was fairly puzzled as to whether the letter was for her or her niece, and there was an unwonted hesitation in his manner as he remarked—

"I am the bearer of a letter from Colonel Courtland."

The bright glow which suddenly passed over Anne Hazelton's face convinced the young man that the letter was meant for her.

"By the powers, it's the old girl, after all! Well done, Uncle Courtland!" were his inward comments, as he politely offered the note to Miss Hazelton.

"If I may give this to you here, I shall be glad to return at once. We have much business on hand to-day."

"Certainly. I am on my road to my niece, Mrs. Wellbank; and should the letter require an answer, I will send one from there during the day."

There was a trace of agitation beneath Miss Hazelton's quiet manner, which did not escape the observant young man.

He rode away charmed with his own sagacity, and disposed to think Colonel Courtland had shown better sense than was to have been expected—in an uncle.

Miss Hazelton glanced at little Betsy, asleep in her ayah's arms, and then slowly broke the seal and unfolded her letter.

In a few plain words the writer told his correspondent, how the sight of her "at my friend Bygrave's" had awakened feelings to which he had long been a stranger.

"When I saw you so tenderly caring for his little child"—the good colonel had a general impression that little Betsy had been tenderly handled, so, of course, it was by Nancy—"some of the sweetest memories of life came back to me. When I first entertained Mr. Bygrave's proposal of an alliance with a member of his family, I little suspected who that member was; now, apart from my old friendship with him, I am impelled by the ardent desire of a heart, which asks nothing but to be allowed to devote itself to your service. That you will be favourable to this, my suit, is the earnest prayer of

"Your most humble, obedient servant,
"Roger Courtland."

Tears of joy stood in Anne Hazelton's eyes as she came to the close of the foregoing lines. Memory had been busy with her, as well as with Colonel Courtland, during these past four-and-twenty hours—was it only so short a time since he had come into her life again?

Once more she lived over the happy days when Arabella had been about to marry, and Mr. Bygrave had brought his friend, Captain Courtland, to the little vicarage house, where Nancy's father, Mr. Hazelton, had given a somewhat grudging shelter to his orphaned sisters.

For the moment, however, there had been high good-humour at Arabella's wealthy match; and even quiet little Anne had come in for her share of good things—a new frock as bridesmaid, a little relaxation from her duties as nursemaid to her brother's children, and the courteous attention of her new brother-in-law's friend.

But Mrs. Hazelton, whose health was already failing, did not wish to lose the only one of her sisters-in-law whom she found useful. She even aimed at transferring Captain Courtland's budding inclination for Anne to her second sister, Selina, but the young man's leave expired before she could mature her plan.

He left the vicarage, taking with him the impression of an idyllic life of love and roses, of fair girls sporting with pretty children in the green English fields, of peace, and happiness, and beauty, and of the sweet charm of home.

How could Anne Hazelton guess, that while Courtland's image had never faded from her heart, he had so completely forgotten her, that, upon Nancy's sudden

appearance in the verandah, he had associated the beautiful young girl with all the emotions which once had caused his youthful heart to glow?

Anne thought it was like a fairy tale come true, when her hopeless constancy met, at length, with a return; and she lifted up her head as she had not raised it for nearly fifteen years.

Whatever lay before her in the future, a cloud was lifted from her past—Colonel Courtland had loved her of old, and she had not given her heart in vain.

She wrote her acceptance in a few touching words, which reached the poor colonel just as he was about to sail, and filled his honest heart with wonder and delight.

He thought Nancy's letter almost more charming than herself, while he asked himself what he had done to win the girl's love, and the very completeness of his good fortune made him feel a little afraid.

Happy days followed for Anne Hazelton—happy, though anxious; for Colonel Courtland was often in danger, and so engrossed by the active measures now being taken to re-establish the company in Bengal, that he had little time for love letters.

The scanty messages which he sent her as occasion offered were treasured by Miss Hazelton to the end of her life, and she answered them by letters which were a revelation to Colonel Courtland.

Once or twice these letters seemed so far beyond her years, that the colonel felt a sudden qualm, lest someone had helped Nancy in their composition.

But he dismissed the unworthy suspicion. It was impossible to doubt the candid soul into whose depths he had been privileged to gaze.

He was more enamoured of Nancy than ever, and the slender packet of her supposed letters lay next his heart when he led his detachment into action on the eventful day of Plassy.

He escaped uninjured from that victorious engagement, but among those who were reported as severely wounded, Mr. John Courtland's name headed the list.

His uncle procured his conveyance to Calcutta, where he rejoined him later, on his return from Moorshedabad.

Letters from Bombay were awaiting the colonel: two or three in Anne Hazelton's pretty Italian writing, and one in a more masculine hand, addressed to Lieutenant Courtland.

It was two months since they had received their last letters from Bombay, so rare and uncertain were communications between the different parts of India; but the colonel went first to inquire after Jack, and to give him his share of the budget before opening his own letters.

The young man, who was slowly recovering, turned eagerly to the letter of his old chum, Hugh Sandford: quite an event in his tedious sick room.

A sudden exclamation of surprise and pleasure made the colonel look up from his own letters, which he had been reading with ever-increasing bewilderment.

"Hugh Sandford, my old friend, is married," explained Jack. "Married two months ago to Miss Nancy Hazelton!"

Colonel Courtland made no reply; but the hand which was holding Miss Hazelton's letter trembled a little, as he read her account of Nancy's engagement and marriage to young Mr. Sandford.

"Nancy and he became attached to one another on board the *Maid of Kent*," wrote Miss Hazelton, "and the saucy girl has made us laugh with the account of her difficulties in keeping unwelcome beaux at a distance. We now understand why she was so sad and coy upon her first arrival in Bombay. But since this happy ending of her trial she is quite herself again—the sweetest girl that ever lived; and when you come home, you must love her as well as I do."

Colonel Courtland's bewilderment was turning into fierce anger, though still no word escaped him; but there was something in his face which awed Jack Courtland into being silent also.

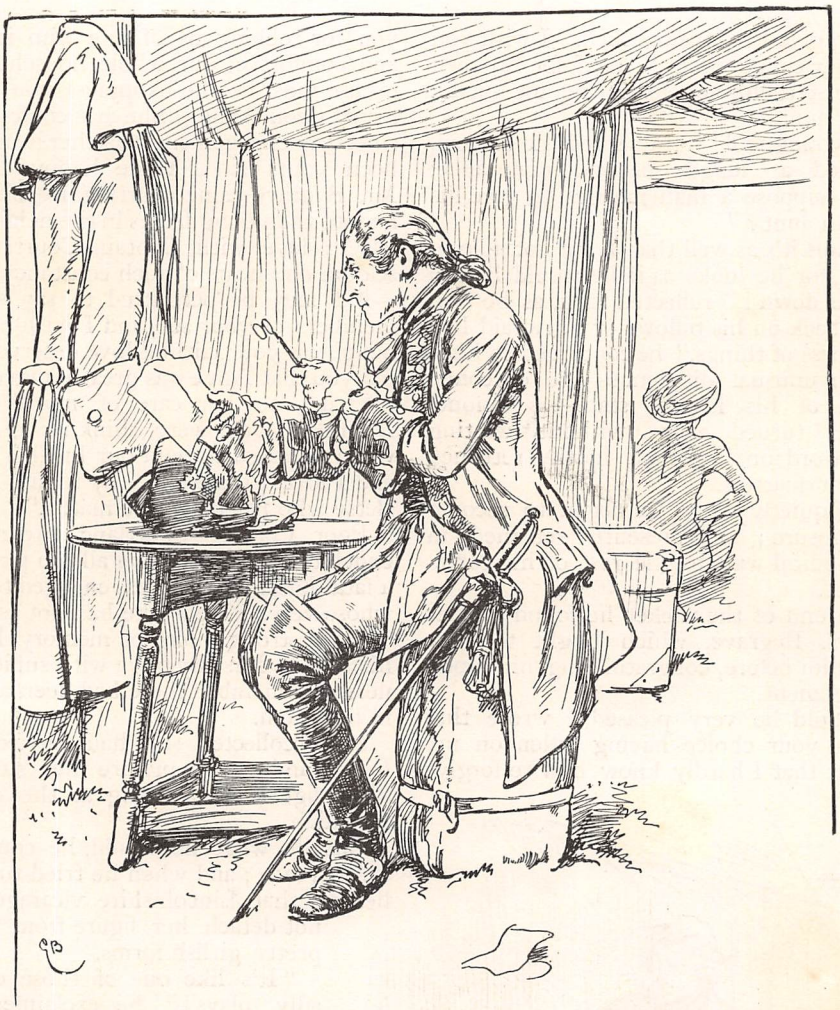
Nancy's conduct seemed so inconceivably treacherous and cruel, when he imagined himself figuring as one of the "unwelcome beaux" in her heartless narrative. Then he asked himself who could have written this account of her perfidy?

Surely not Nancy herself; though these letters came from the same hand as those he had received before. Yet she would hardly write of herself in the third person.

Had his correspondent been all along some vile substitute? Was he the victim of an infamous intrigue?

As he asked himself these questions his glance fell on Jack Courtland, who was watching him with an uneasy look. He recollected that Jack had been his messenger, when he made his proposal to Nancy. Surely the boy was not in the plot against him!—his own nephew, whom he had always treated with kindness, the generous, light-hearted lad whom he had loved for his gallantry and high spirit, and whose danger had given him many an anxious hour of late!

But Jack was there to be questioned, and,



"HE DISMISSED THE UNWORTHY SUSPICION" (*p.* 442).

in his usual direct fashion, Colonel Courtland would hear the worst at once.

"I gave you a letter," he said, "on the day we left Bombay. Did you deliver it?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jack, with a vague misgiving that there was something wrong, after all.

"Do you remember to whom you gave it?"

"To Miss Anne Hazelton, Mrs. Bygrave's sister."

"Mrs. Bygrave's sister!" exclaimed the poor man.

"Yes, sir. The letter was addressed to Miss Anne Hazelton—Aunt Anne they all call her."

"You knew there was another Miss Hazelton?"

"Miss Nancy," assented Jack.

"Nancy is only a familiar name for Anne. Did it not occur to you that the letter might be meant for her?"

"Yes," admitted Jack frankly. "I was puzzled for a bit as to which lady the letter was meant for; but I happened to meet Miss Hazelton, and then I was convinced that the letter was for her."

"Why?"

The young man hesitated a moment.

"I had rather not betray a woman's secret."

"Come, sir: it's no time for idle scruples. You have done mischief enough with your folly. Let me hear the whole truth."

"Well," said Jack, reflecting, "as I imagine you are about to marry the lady, my telling you can't much matter. When I mentioned I was the bearer of a letter from you, Miss Hazelton blushed like a girl. Her whole manner convinced me that you were not indifferent to her; and she is not the sort of

woman to give her love unasked. I wish you joy of your conquest, sir! And for my own part, I must thank you for giving me such a charming aunt."

"You young fool!" thundered the colonel, exasperated at length beyond endurance. "Do you suppose a man marries to give his nephew an aunt?"

"Perhaps it's as well that I am not able to stand up, for he looks as if he would like to knock me down!" reflected Jack, as he laid his head back on his pillow. "I'm afraid I've made a mess of things," he continued to himself, with unusual diffidence—the outcome, probably, of his invalid state—as Colonel Courtland turned away, without wasting another word on him, and hastily returned to his own quarters.

Sitting quietly alone, he began to recover his composure; and presently returned, in his methodical way, to the rest of his correspondence.

At the end of the packet he found a letter from Mrs. Bygrave, which ought to have reached him before, congratulating him upon his engagement.

"I should be very pleased," wrote that lady, "at your choice having fallen on my sister, but that I hardly know how to forgive you for robbing us of one who is the help and comfort of our whole household. Your excuse must be the happiness you have conferred upon Anne. She has confessed to me, since her engagement, that her heart has ever been yours since those happy days when Mr. Bygrave came courting in Lincolnshire, and all the young ladies in the neighbourhood fell in love with Captain Courtland. It is seldom one hears of such constancy, especially—if I may be permitted to say so—among members of your sex, and I wish you all the happiness your faithful love deserves. I must tell you that Anne was greatly moved by your referring to her care of my little Betsy. Doubtless you were thinking of the days when she used to tend our brother's children, and I love to tease her by saying it is little Betsy who has made the match."

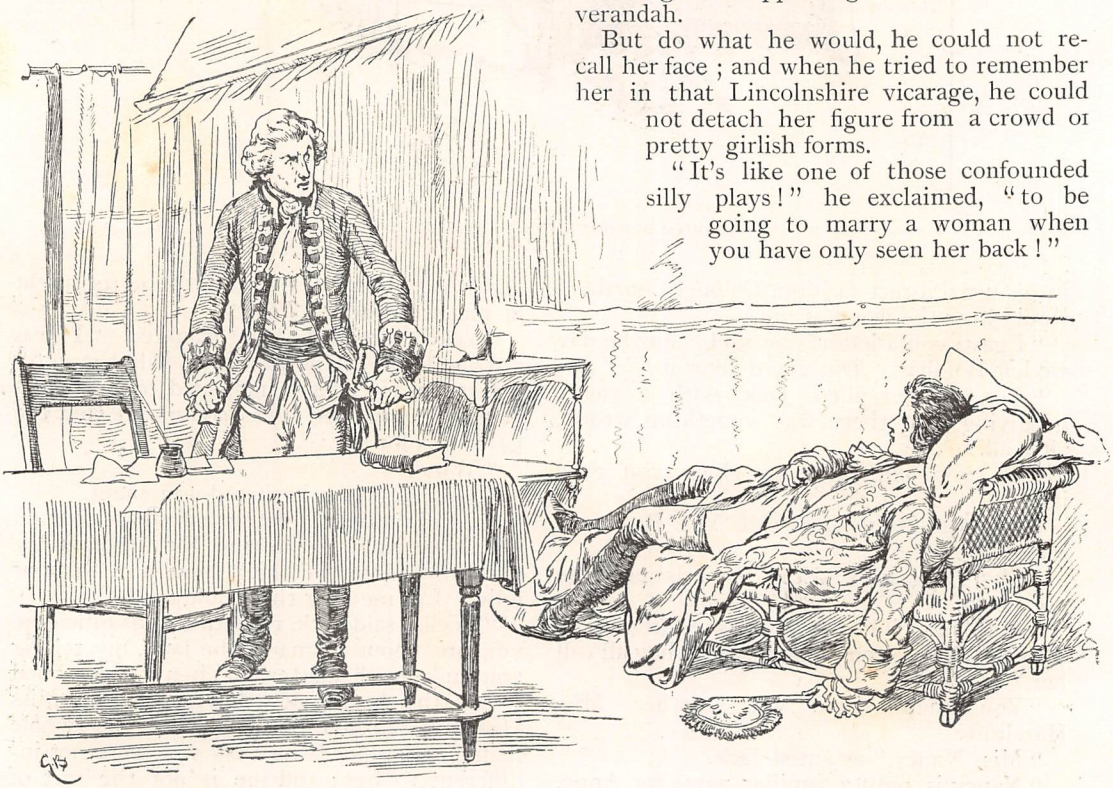
Poor Colonel Courtland groaned as he ended the letter. It was all too plain that by a fatal mischance he was engaged to a woman whose very existence he had not realised.

By a strong effort of memory he recalled his visit to Mrs. Bygrave with sufficient clearness to remember there had been a third lady in the room.

He recollected she had carried off little Betsy, and could picture her subdued and silent figure disappearing at the end of the verandah.

But do what he would, he could not recall her face; and when he tried to remember her in that Lincolnshire vicarage, he could not detach her figure from a crowd of pretty girlish forms.

"It's like one of those confounded silly plays!" he exclaimed, "to be going to marry a woman when you have only seen her back!"



"'DO YOU SUPPOSE A MAN MARRIES TO GIVE HIS NEPHEW AN AUNT?'"

No idea of breaking his engagement ever crossed the colonel's mind. He would as soon have drawn back after volunteering on a forlorn hope; but that would have been a less formidable matter than a marriage with Anne Hazelton.

It was clear that everyone had acted in good faith; and only a perverse fate had created the false position in which he found himself.

A feeling of pity even stole into his heart for the woman who had given him a love which he could neither value nor return.

"Poor soul! poor soul!" he said. "But, at least, she shall never know. Yet 'tis a hard matter for me. I would I could know the worst at once. I shall have no peace till she has turned round and shown me her face."

As if in answer to his thoughts, the door of his room was suddenly opened, and a charming face showed itself in the doorway.

For a moment the colonel could not speak. He did not hear his servant announce Mr. Bygrave, but stood as if turned to stone, till roused by his friend's hearty voice—

"You never expected to see Anne and me?"

"Miss Hazelton!" gasped Colonel Courtland, surprise and fear and hope contending in his voice.

Could this be the faded old maid whose face he had dreaded to see?—this sweet and winning countenance, transformed by happiness and love?

"I thought we should startle you," said Mr. Bygrave. "But I am come to Calcutta to settle our Bombay claims, and Anne persuaded me to let her come too. 'Twas reported in Bombay that you were dangerously wounded. But we heard as we came along that, happily, it was only your nephew."

"Poor lad!" said Anne kindly. "I trust he is the better of his wound?"

"He will feel much obliged by your inquiry. You have already won his heart, Miss Hazelton; but I cannot wonder at that," added the colonel gravely.

Thus it came about that Anne Hazelton "never knew"; and when in later years people remarked upon the unusual affection between General Courtland and his nephew, they little guessed it had its foundation in a secret which lay buried between them—a secret about the woman whom they honoured above all the world. E. Chapman.

THE ART OF WASHING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR HOME LAUNDRY," ETC.

THIS art of washing is almost one of the lost arts. Our great-grandmothers could use the Italian and goffering irons with skilful fingers. The dainty ruffles of real lace, the lappels on their quaint caps, the collars above their laced stomachers, all bore witness to the interest they took in this dainty pursuit. We read much of lavender-scented bed-linen, dazzling table-cloths, and simple muslin gowns. In this age, which of us house-mothers could garb our daughters or deck our houses with such? We give our clothes to be washed in some unknown region in the slums, in which lurk fever, and diphtheria, and many of the microbes introduced to us by Herr Koch. How much better for us and ours if we grappled with the mysteries of a Home Laundry ourselves.

One would suppose this subject ought to be nearly threshed out. Such is certainly not the case. Scarcely one lady out of fifty knows anything about washing. Its secrets are, presumably, too deep. You would offend ninety-nine mothers out of a hundred if you suggested they could not cook or sew, or order their households well. Yet ninety-nine out of a hundred will not blush to confess that the domain of laundry-work is altogether a *terra incognita*.

Our servants have much of this to answer for. Like a famous soap, they "will not wash clothes"; representing that it requires herculean strength, and much expenditure of time. We have accepted this statement as a fact. Very few of us have proved how fallacious a one it is.

I am one of those few.

For nearly twelve years of married life I was content to be hoodwinked by my cooks, and browbeaten by a mild-looking, but, as I thought, indispensable washerwoman. Mrs. Green ruled me with a rod of iron. Flannels were shrunk, collars frayed, table-cloths stained, undergarments ironmoulded—and I bore it patiently. It was the apathy of ignorance! In order that "this reign of terror" in regard to washing may cease, I venture to write out and send to your FAMILY MAGAZINE the *modus operandi* of my home laundry. . . . We all wear the new sanitary underclothing.

Every Monday morning the heap of soiled, self-coloured garments is well shaken in the open air. This is to get rid of fine particles of white dust that adhere to them. A large pot of soft water is then prepared, in the proportions of two cans hot to one cold.

Into this is poured a little melted soap, made by shaving a bit of "household yellow" into a saucepan of water, and boiling the same. A stir of the hand makes a fine lather when enough of the soap-jelly has been put into your pan.

To this is added ammonia (strong liquid), one tablespoonful to one gallon of water.

In this bath every woollen article is soused, completely covered with liquid (every inch left above the water will shrink), and hermetically sealed with a board covered with a blanket.

For one hour—hearken, O ye shades of Mrs. Green!—our precious garments are left soaking in the above liquid and under the above cover.

At the end of that time a lot of very dirty-looking brown water is exposed to view. In it lies peacefully our sanitary clothing.

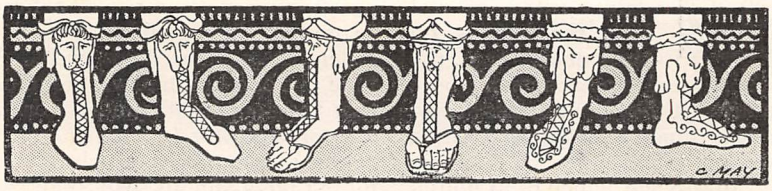
Quickly the garments are wrung out of their bath, rinsed in fresh clean water, wrung again, shaken vigorously to restore their original hair-like surface, and put to dry—*not* in the sun, or they would shrink, but in a breezy secluded corner of the garden. If it happens to be a wet day, our combinations and vests are hung on a clothes-horse in front of the kitchen fire. *Not* so near that they steam, or shrinkage would also follow, but in the warm, dry air near the range.

A mangle applied after folding, and our clothes are done for the week.

Very sweet they smell! Very clean they look! Not at all are they shrunk by the above process. I know this plan is against every generally received notion about flannel-washing. Mrs. Green's formula is "plenty of soap, no rinsing, lots of soda." Result: hardness, thickening, and general shrinkage. Our method leaves us in possession of *worn-out* not *washed-out* garments.

The plan I have recommended answers for all woollen materials. I have washed a Redfern tweed gown—lined with silk—in this way, and thus saved a cleaner's bill. We have done smocked frocks of the baby's; dainty little nun's-veiling things, which came out looking as if fresh from Liberty's; grandmamma's Shetland wraps are "in and out of the tub" regardless of consequences, as, in this case, there are none but the best. My little son's knickerbocker suits go into the bath, so do our best Witney blankets, and all our white flannel petticoats, silk embroidered or lace trimmed.

The labour expended is infinitesimal: our way of washing is a scientific one; the flannels wash themselves. Are not these very flannels the things most spoiled at the ordinary washerwoman's?



Words by JAMES STRANG. *Music by* GERARD F. COBB.

VOICE.

PIANO.

S. mf Legato.

Larghetto, cantabile (♪ = 108).

p

1. O - ver the lake, with its
2. Up on the hill, in the

S. mf Legato.

poco cres - cen -

wood-lands and is - lands, Peaceful - ly drift-ing one day,..... A - lone with my love, in the
still au - tumn wea - ther, Joy - ful - ly i - dling one day,..... A - lone with my love, 'mid the

- do.

heart of the High - lands, Thus did I whis-per and say :.....
broom and the hea - ther. Thus did I whis-per and say :.....

"On - ly, on - ly for

rall ad lib. ten.

con anima.

molto cres. con passione.

this do I crave you; On - ly, on - ly for this do I pray: Give me your heart for the

molto cres.

ten.

bene cantanto.

Ped.

rit - ar - dan - do.

1st time.

heart that I gave you! Love me for ev - er, and pro-mise to-day!"

espress.

rit - ar - dan - do.

p

8.

2nd time.

f Giojoso.

Poco più mosso (♪=132).

3. Far lies the lake in the

8. f

High-lands and hea - ther, Yet am I hap-py to - day,..... For she is be - side me, and

tr

con forza.

sf

Ped. *

rit - - ar - - dan - - - do.

Tempo primo (♩=108).

dolce.

we are to - ge - ther—This, and this on - ly I say:..... On - ly, on - ly for

Tempo primo (♩=108).

rit - - ar - - dan - - - - - do.

dim.

poco cres.

Con passione.

f poco slentando. ten.

this did I crave her; On - ly, on - ly for this did I pray; To give me her heart for the

cres.

f poco slentando. ten.

stretto.

ad libitum.

heart that I gave her: She gave it— I keep it— I wed her to-day!

affrettando.

sempre colla voce.

Ped.

CARTER'S INCANDESCENT CATS.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

ON the voyage home from Bombay I shared my cabin on board the *Gwalior* with an American globe-trotter. Of course, I began by hating him. The Anglo-Saxon is so constituted that he always hates the fellow-traveller who prevents him from monopolising a railway carriage or a steamer cabin; whereas the Frenchman, or the Italian, is in like circumstances invariably delighted at the prospect of companionship. However, I ended by liking my room-mate; for I found him to be a simple-minded, honest fellow, who, if at times a little tiresome, was at others extremely, though unconsciously, amusing. Before we had been twenty-four hours out of port he had furnished me with his autobiography, and I knew that he was a locksmith, who had made a fortune by inventing an improvement in door-locks, and was a prey to an insatiable longing for culture. It was to cultivate his mind that he was making a journey round the world by the shortest and quickest route, and without sparing any time for visiting the various countries at whose ports he stopped. He had stopped in Japan only three hours, and had not gone ashore at Hong-Kong or Singapore.

"They tell me," he remarked, "that nothing cultivates the mind like a journey round the world, and I want to do it as quick as it can be done, so as to try some other plan. I need a lot of cultivation, and I'm going to try everything that is good for it."

It was for this purpose that he persistently read a volume of Herbert Spencer's philosophy during the voyage from Bombay. He had heard two clergymen on board the steamer from Vancouver to Japan discussing philosophy, and he made up his mind that philosophy was an excellent aid to cultivation.

"So," he continued, "when I got to Calcutta I went to the book-store, and I said, 'Who do you consider the boss philosopher?' The chap behind the counter, he says, 'Herbert Spencer.' 'Then give me his book,' says I. The chap told me that Spencer had written a lot of books, and which one would I have? So I says, 'Give me one that is about an inch and a half thick, for I want something to last me between Bombay and England.' He gave me thishyer book, and I'm bound to finish it or bust, though I can't seem to make head or tail of it so far."

Parker, as my room-mate was named, was, as may be presumed from what I have said of him, a totally uneducated man. He was fully aware of his deficiencies, and there was something pathetic in his efforts to use what he imagined to be correct English. When interested in a subject he usually forgot his long words and careful phrases, and talked in the homely dialect of his native Cincinnati. The changes which he made from one method of speech to the other were sometimes extremely abrupt, and added much to the variety of his conversation. He certainly amused me, but I am glad to say that he never knew it; for only a hopeless cad would have laughed openly at the poor man's struggles after culture.

One night Parker and I had turned in early, and when the electric light was extinguished, I heard a low chuckle from his berth.

"You seem amused at being left in the dark," I remarked.

"Oh, it ain't that," he replied; "I mean, you misinterpret the cause of my amusement. I happened just then to think of Carter's incandescent cats, and it sort of made me smile."

"Tell me about the cats," I said. "I'm not a bit sleepy, and I'd like to hear a story, if you have one."

"Certainly," said he. "Always glad to oblige. There ain't very much of a story to it, but I shall regard it as equally a pleasure, and—well, anything else—to tell it to you."

When I lived in Cincinnati—which, by the bye, is the best town I've seen yet, and lays away over Calcutta and Bombay—my next-door neighbour was an odd little chap, who was forever trying to invent something. He was employed in a place where they made electricity—Edison lamps, and alarm bells, and such—and he believed that the time was coming when every blessed thing would be run by electricity; I should say, when the electric fluid would be the inspiring medium of every sort of industrial occupation. One

day he comes into my house and says, 'Tom, tell me how I can get two dozen full-grown cats, on the quiet.'

"'What's the matter with you now?' says I. 'Are you lonesome, and going in for general cat society?'

"'I'm going to try an electrical experiment,' says he. 'My wife's away from home, and now's the time to do it. I'm going to light my house with incandescent cats.'

"'What are you giving us?' said I. 'What's an incandescent cat, anyhow?'

"'This is what I mean,' says Carter: 'Did you ever rub a cat's fur in the dark?'

"'Of course I have,' said I.

"'Well then,' says he, 'you know that a cat is just chock-full of electricity. I rubbed our cat for a full hour last night, and she gave off on an average twenty-five sparks a second. I've calculated that at that rate a cat can furnish enough electricity to run a ten candle-power Edison light for just as long as the cat's fur is rubbed. What's more, it isn't necessary to rub her fur. The electricity is there all the same, whether she is rubbed or not; and if you attach an Edison lamp to a cat, and complete the circuit, that there lamp will burn just as long as the cat lives.'

"'How are you going to complete the circuit?' said I, beginning to get interested in the thing.

"'That's what I haven't worked out yet,' says he, 'and I want two dozen cats for experiments.'

"'Limp or stiff cats?' says I.

"'I don't know what you mean,' says Carter.

"'Why,' says I, 'there's one kind of cat that is as limp as a rag when you pick her up, and you can do pretty near anything with her. Then there's another kind that is as stiff as a poker; and when you try to handle a stiff cat, the chances are that you'll wish you had let her alone.'

"'Then give me two dozen limp cats,' says Carter, 'and I'll be eternally obliged to you.'

"Well, I told a boy who worked in my shop to gather in some cats without attracting any attention, and in the course of a couple of days he'd gathered in the two dozen that Carter wanted. I didn't see much of Carter for about a week, but by the cater-wauling that came from his house I calculated that he was working at his experiments. At last he got through with them, and called me in to see how his invention worked.

"Carter looked as if he had been having an argument with a dozen drunken Indian squaws. There wasn't an inch of his face that hadn't been scratched, and as for his hands, they were pretty near raw. However, he was about as proud and happy as they make 'em. The first thing I saw when I went into his front hall was a cat sleeping on the hall table, with an electric light on her back. You see, Carter had completed his circuit by fastening the end of the cat's tail in the upper part of the lamp, and running two wires from the lower part of the lamp to the cat's ears. At least, this was the way that he explained the thing to me, though I don't profess to understand it. The lamp didn't give out very much light, but, as Carter explained, that was because the cat was asleep. 'You just wait,' said he, 'till she begins to exercise her muscles, and then you'll see that I didn't make an over-estimate when I said a cat could keep a ten candle-power light going.'

"Carter's dining-room was lit up as brilliant as the saloon of thishyer steamer. He had six cats scattered round the room, and he had a small puppy-dog, who stirred up the electrical action of the cats, and kept their lamps burning, as the hymn says. There's no denying that the cats looked mighty

"CARTER EXPLAINED."

unhappy, except when they were swearing at the puppy; and they had a way of creeping under the table and concealing their lights by squeezing between the furniture and the

CARTER'S "READING-CAT."

wall, that reminded me of the woman in Scripture who hid her light behind a bushel. On the other hand, it was clear enough that one or two cats lighted up the room better than half-a-dozen gas-jets would have done, and accordingly I congratulated Carter on the success of his invention.

"'Here's my reading-cat,' says he, picking up a mighty limp and dispirited-looking cat, and setting her on the table. 'You see, when I want to read, I just put this cat on the table where the light falls over my left shoulder, and I take a book and sit down and read, as comfortable as you please.'

"So Carter sat down with an open book in his hand, and made believe to read, and the cat sat quiet until she judged the right moment had come, and then she made a jump and lit on Carter's head, and started in to scalp him. But that's just the way with cats: you can't ever trust 'em any farther than you can see 'em.

"Carter tore the cat off his head, losing considerable hair in the process, and then went on discoursing of the merits of his invention.

"'Now,' said he, 'suppose you want to go down cellar. Instead of carrying a lamp or a candle, and setting the house on fire, you just start an incandescent cat down the cellar stairs ahead of you, and she lights up the whole place till you're ready to come up again. Or suppose you want to go out into your back yard at night, where you can't carry a light on account of the wind. If you've got an incandescent cat, all you have to do is to let her out of the back-door, and there you have the whole yard illuminated.'

"'Do you calculate to go to bed by cat-light?' says I.

"'Of course I do,' says Carter; 'that is, provided I can get Mrs. Carter to see the advantages of it. It's going to take considerable talking, however, before she can be got to allow a cat in her room. She is everlastingly prejudiced against science.

"'Now,' continued Carter, 'we'll come into the parlour, and I'll bring in the dining-room cats, and you'll see what a brilliant effect a dozen incandescent cats will make.'

"There were six cats in the parlour already, and when Carter had routed them out from under the sofa and from behind the chairs, and had brought in his six dining-room cats and the puppy, there is no doubt that the room was, as you might say, a blaze of light. But while Carter was lecturing on the cheapness of the new light, which cost absolutely nothing to run it except what the cats might eat, one of the brightest of the cats had a fit, and took to running round the room at about fifty miles an hour, and producing the effect of a big Catherine-wheel that had broke loose and was celebrating the Fourth of July on its own hook—I mean to say, celebrating the Fourth in a highly individualised and lawless manner. Then the other cats joined in the circus, and what with the upsetting of furniture, and the smashing of Mrs. Carter's china images, and the barking of the puppy, and the yelling and swearing of the cats, Carter's parlour was almost as lively a place as a man could wish to see.

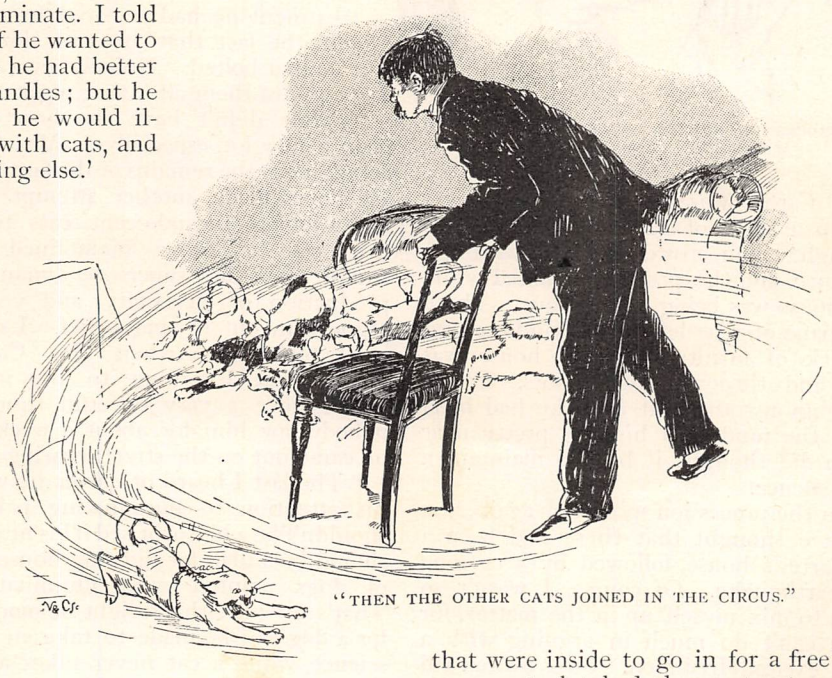
"The circus lasted till the original cat who had started the thing with a fit fell down exhausted, and two other cats, who had engaged in a rough and tumble fight, had filled the air with black and grey fur. Then things sort of quieted down, and most of the cats got together under the sofa, and freed their minds in language that I wouldn't like to repeat. Only two of the lamps were broken, but the rest of them either went entirely out or burned mighty dim; and Carter, when he reflected on what his wife would probably say when she should come to see the state of her parlour, was a little down in the mouth—I should say, a prey to the devouring element of grief.

"However, he braced up after a little while, and said that the only discouraging feature of the affair was the fact that a cat's electricity seemed to give out after too much excitement. He maintained that the cats could be trained to behave as incandescent cats ought to behave, but that it would probably take time and patience to train them.

"'Thinking it over,' said he, 'I'm not a bit discouraged. I've demonstrated that cats can be used for lighting purposes, and that is all I set out to do. The invention is all right, and just as soon as the cats are trained properly, they will supersede all other means of lighting houses. I've got a week before Mrs. Carter comes home, and by that time I'll have those cats in a first-class state of discipline.'

"With that he gets a broom, and starts the cats out from under the sofa, and turns off their electricity, so as not to waste it: and then I said 'Good-night,' and left him to carry his cats down cellar, one by one, and put them to bed for the night.

"About two days later there was to be a great Democratic torchlight procession in the evening, it being pretty near election time. Now Carter was a Democrat, and when he heard that the procession was going to pass his house, he said he would illuminate. I told him that if he wanted to illuminate he had better stick to candles; but he said 'No; he would illuminate with cats, and with nothing else.'



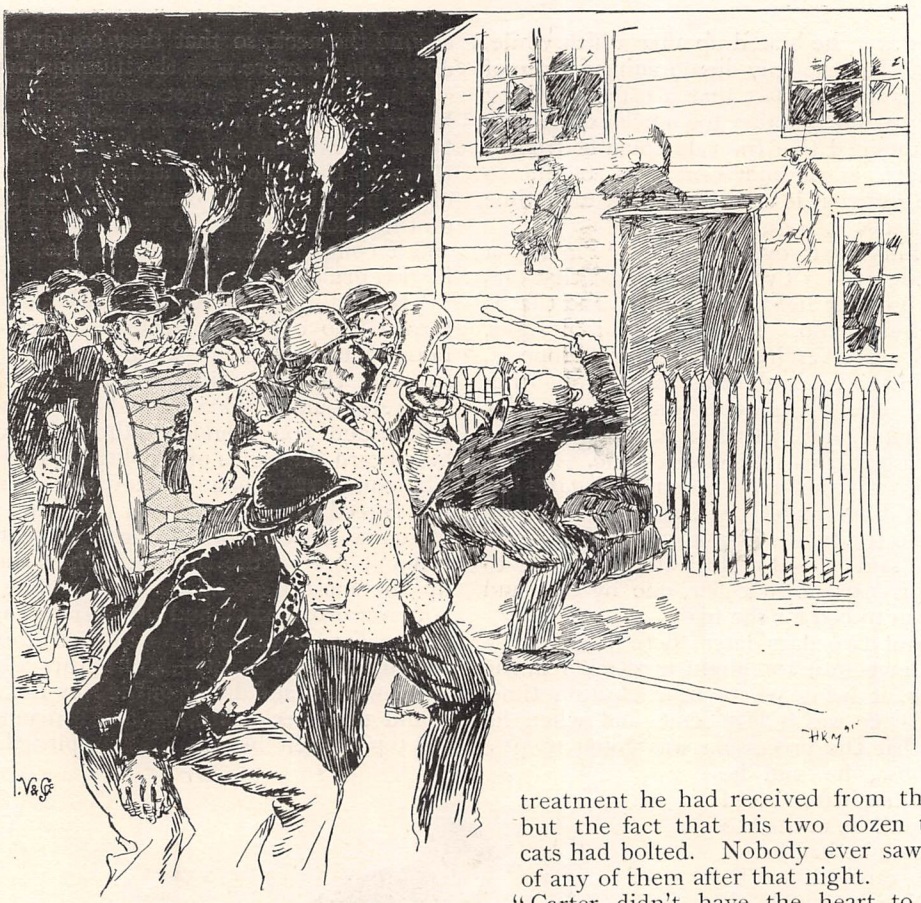
"THEN THE OTHER CATS JOINED IN THE CIRCUS."

"So he set to work and fitted shelves in the inside of his two parlour windows and the two windows of the front room upstairs; and when night came he had six cats seated on the shelf in each window and tied by a string around the neck, so that they couldn't jump down and interfere with the illumination.

"Just before the procession reached the house he turned on his cats, and they made a first-class illumination, which laid over anything in the line of illumination that any of the neighbours had done. The cats seemed on the whole satisfied to sit in the windows, and I complimented Carter on the progress he had made in training them.

"By-and-by the procession came along and turned into our street, with about a dozen brass bands playing—all playing different tunes at the same time. It was more than the cats could stand; and I don't blame the beasts, and you wouldn't either, if you had ever heard the bands of a political procession. The cats sort of unanimously, as you might say, agreed to withdraw from the scene; but, of course, the strings held them so that they couldn't get off the shelves. Then they set up the most tremendous caterwauling that you ever dreamed of, and began jumping like mad. Two or three of them—I can't exactly remember how many—broke through the window-glass and hung outside by the string round their necks, kicking and screaming at the top of their lungs. That inspirited those that were inside to go in for a free fight, and every cat clutched the next cat, and the fur began to fly.

"Now most of the members of that procession were Irishmen, and when they saw the state of things in Carter's windows, they seemed to be considerably amused, until one man sang



"THE PROCESSION HALTED WHILE CARTER'S HOUSE WAS BEING CLEANED OUT."

out that Carter was insulting Ireland by getting up a show of Kilkenny cats. That was enough. The crowd took up with the idea at once, and the procession halted while Carter's house was being cleaned out. There wasn't a pane of glass left in the windows, and every stick of furniture in the house was smashed and thrown out of doors. Carter tried to remonstrate; but after he had been rolled in the mud, and his ribs pretty near kicked in, he thought it best to maintain a dignified silence.

"When the procession moved on again, you would have thought that there had been a fire in Carter's house, followed by a cyclone and an earthquake. Of course, I wasn't so foolish as to mix myself up in the matter, for one man can't do much in arguing with a thousand excited Irishmen. So I waited till things were quiet, and then I went out and brought him into my own house, and lent him some clothes and brown paper.

"If you'll believe it, what troubled the man most was not the wrecking of his house, or the treatment he had received from the mob, but the fact that his two dozen trained cats had bolted. Nobody ever saw a tail of any of them after that night.

"Carter didn't have the heart to try to train a new lot, especially as Mrs. Carter was about due at the remains of the family mansion. He never made another attempt to put his invention of incandescent cats to practical use; but he always maintained that cats would some day supersede dynamos for the production of electricity, and you couldn't argue him out of that belief. I don't know what took place when Mrs. Carter came home; but according to my idea, Carter didn't have a very cheerful time—anyway, nobody saw him for about a week, and then he came out on the street wearing a wig.

"The last I heard of Carter he was turning his attention to illuminating paints, and I shouldn't be a bit surprised if his next invention should be a plan for lighting houses by means of dogs painted with illuminating paint. That's an idea that might be made to work; for a dog can be made to take an interest in science, while a cat never takes any interest in anything, unless it is either wicked or good to eat. They tell me that Frenchmen are pretty much the same way; but as this ship isn't going to France, I shan't be able to make any investigations there."

OUR TONGUES AS HEALTH-REGISTERS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

IT has been the custom from time immemorial for the doctor to feel the pulse and look at the tongue of his patient. The condition of the tongue has always been thought to give valuable indications of the state of bodily health ; and a foul or dirty tongue is popularly regarded to denote some disturbance of the digestive organs, particularly of the liver. I propose in this paper to inquire how and why the appearance of the tongue is affected by different conditions.

First of all, however, a few words about the tongue itself. It is a muscular organ, freely movable in the mouth. It is covered with mucous membrane and epithelium, like the rest of the mouth. The mucous membrane projects on its upper surface in numerous fine processes (technically called *papillæ*), and its roughness or smoothness depends upon the number and size of these projections. It is plentifully supplied with nerves. It serves for the prehension of food, assists in the act of swallowing, and is necessary for distinct speech.

The typically healthy tongue is clean, firm, and of a red colour ; but even in the most robust health, it is not wholly free from a coating of fur. The origin of this fur is important. It is generally described as consisting of epithelial scales, and the remains of food and other *débris* in which there are to be found numerous micro-organisms belonging to the great class of fungi known as Schizomycetes. In reality, the fur chiefly consists of masses of these micro-organisms. They enter the mouth by the air or by means of the food. Caught by the rough projecting papillæ, they are placed under circumstances favourable for rapid growth and development, having warmth and plenty of moisture.

In adults, fur forms rapidly during the night (especially if they sleep with the mouth half open), and in the morning almost everybody has a thin film of fur on the tongue. During the day the greater part of this layer is cleaned off, in consequence of the friction of the tongue against solid food or the roof of the mouth and teeth, or by actual cleansing of the mouth. The back part of the tongue cannot be as effectually cleaned as the front and sides, and so fur is most frequently seen over that area. It will be obvious that free movement is essential for thorough cleansing. In colour, fur varies from white through varying shades of yellow and brown, even to black. The colour depends partly upon accidental causes, partly upon the colour-producing properties of the organisms. If the tongue be very smooth, organisms will not collect upon it ; if it be not freely movable, the fur will tend to become very thick.

The relation between the growth of micro-organisms and the development of fur is easy to illustrate. Children—especially those reared on artificial food—are peculiarly liable to a disease known as "thrush." White patches are seen on the tongue and elsewhere in the mouth ; and if a small quantity be removed and examined with a microscope, it is seen to consist of a delicate fungus.

The tongue is rarely injured in health. Its nervous mechanism is so delicately adjusted, although so intricate, that it is very seldom bitten, in spite of the constant movement of the jaws and its own restlessness. If it be bitten severely, there is usually some nervous disease, or else the person has fallen with the tongue protruded.

Trivial burns are of frequent occurrence both in children and adults, from taking food which is too hot into the mouth. In the course of a few hours the redness and tenderness disappear, and seldom is any treatment required. Scalds occur in children who attempt to drink out of the spout of a teapot or of a kettle. These are more serious. The tongue swells, is painful and tender ; and even blebs may be formed. The greatest danger results, however, from the consequent interference with the breathing.

If the movements of the tongue are interfered with, there is generally grave disease. It becomes fixed in cancer. In paralysis there may be either inability to protrude it, or it may deviate to one side. Speech in such cases is usually seriously affected. Sometimes the movements are not under control ; and we have the tremulous tongue of delirium (especially from excessive indulgence in alcohol) or the jerky irregular movements so characteristic of St. Vitus's Dance.

The tongue may become acutely inflamed —swollen and very tender ; even ulceration may occur. Careful dieting and a suitable mouth-wash, combined with an aperient,

generally subdue the inflammation in a few days.

In many illnesses care of the tongue is all important. It first becomes dry and red, then heavily coated. The less solid food taken the greater the care that is necessary. The mouth should be rinsed out several times a day with lukewarm water containing a little tincture of myrrh, which stimulates secretion. If necessary, the hinder part of the tongue should be cleaned with a wad of cotton-wool fastened to a stem. The air in the room must be kept moist. Something to drink must be given frequently—weak lemonade is very grateful to the patient. The lips should also be rubbed several times a day with a little glycerine and spermaceti.

Lastly, we have to consider how the tongue is affected, sympathetically, as it were, in disease. Its appearance is supposed to afford valuable indications in febrile conditions and in affections of the digestive organs. What has already been said concerning the development of fur must be borne in mind—that the state of the tongue depends mainly upon its mobility; and this, in turn, depends greatly upon the strength of the patient, who is also restricted to liquid food. His mouth is continually half open. In acute illnesses, differences in the appearance of the tongue depend upon differences in these conditions and in the length of the illness. In scarlet fever, however, the tongue has a more or less typical appearance. The papillæ are large and prominent, and project through the thick white fur, giving rise to the "strawberry tongue." In affections of the digestive organs the furring is by no means constant. Usually, however, a more or less furred tongue which is pale, large, and flabby, and marked by the teeth, is associated with some form of dyspepsia. A furred tongue and dry mouth often follow a night's dissipation. In all probability the mouth has been kept open during the night, and the tongue shares in the general feeling of *malaise* experienced in the morning. Its movements are not so active as usual, and the fur developed through the night is not removed.

We are now able to understand—in part, at least—what the doctor sees when he looks at the tongue. He notices its movements: whether it is flabby and indented by the teeth, whether the papillæ are raised and swollen; and although, as I have shown, many of the differences in its appearance may be traced to one cause, nevertheless, the tongue is able to give valuable information to the trained observer. The success of a physician depends largely upon his skill in noticing minute details.

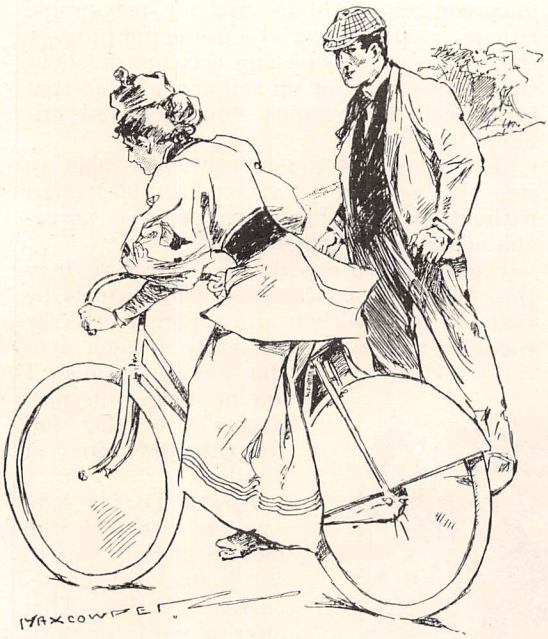
THE EXPERIENCES OF A LADY BICYCLIST.

IT is still more or less of an open question in England whether ladies can with propriety ride the bicycle, although it has been emphatically decided both in America and in France that they can. But we are not much given to copying other nations in matters of sport, and are therefore quietly pursuing our own course in the matter; and during the last few years the lady's machine has gradually been improved, and the number of lady cyclists has increased steadily, and even rapidly. Now a lady bicyclist hardly attracts attention, either on country roads or in town streets, unless there be something unusual in her costume or appearance.

Any lady, therefore, who is willing to run the slight risk of being considered "not quite nice" by some few of her friends may now indulge in this very enjoyable, if not conspicuously graceful, form of exercise.

This was the conclusion which I reached last July, and having thereupon made up my mind that I would become a cyclist, I found myself greatly embarrassed by my ignorance as to how to set about it. Perhaps the story of my experiences may afford others the information I lacked, and smooth away some of the difficulties that beset my path.

In the first place, I did not know how or where to learn. Being a Londoner, I could not hire a machine and get a friend to teach me on the public road; so I had recourse to advertisements, and after writing to a few cycle makers for price lists and catalogues, I ascertained that most firms will teach you



"I LEARNT TO RIDE IN EIGHT LESSONS."

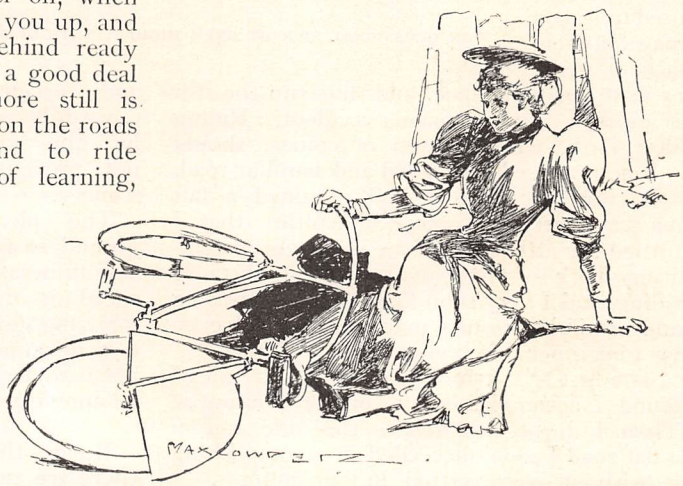
"perfect riding" for the modest sum of half a guinea, which sum they remit if you afterwards buy a machine of them. I selected, almost at haphazard, a firm easily accessible from my home, and there I learnt to ride in eight lessons of about half an hour each.

It would be superfluous to describe the method of learning, as we have all seen the beginner being taught, with his instructor running behind holding him up and offering advice. But I may mention that a competent instructor will never let his pupil fall, so that not very much nerve is required during the earlier stages of learning. Later on, when first your teacher ceases to hold you up, and again when he ceases to run behind ready to catch you if you waver, then a good deal of nerve is required; and more still is wanted when you begin to ride on the roads alone, to encounter traffic, and to ride downhill. These later stages of learning, which extend over a week or two of daily riding, are fraught with some danger and anxiety to the beginner; but when once the various difficulties to be encountered have been thoroughly mastered, both danger and anxiety sink to quite insignificant proportions. And it must be remembered that every difficulty surmounted, and every danger successfully passed, is the cause of considerable exhilaration of spirits; and as far as my own experience goes, I may say that I derived great pleasure from those crucial moments when I nearly came to grief, but did not quite.

The principal danger run is of falling; and in falling, both the rider and the machine may be injured; but inasmuch as the novice does not ride fast, the injury will probably be insignificant. I fell many times during the second and third weeks of my novitiate, but I never did anything worse than bruise myself severely or knock off a little skin. And I did not injure or bend my machine much: either I was able to put it right myself, or to get it done at a shop for a shilling or two.

To the beginner the easiest thing to learn is dismounting; next in difficulty comes riding, and the hardest of all is mounting: for, unlike a man, a lady has to start, balance, and mount her machine at the same moment, instead of starting and balancing it first, and mounting it afterwards. A lady need not, therefore, feel discouraged if she continue to experience difficulty in mounting, especially in mounting uphill, long after she can ride steadily.

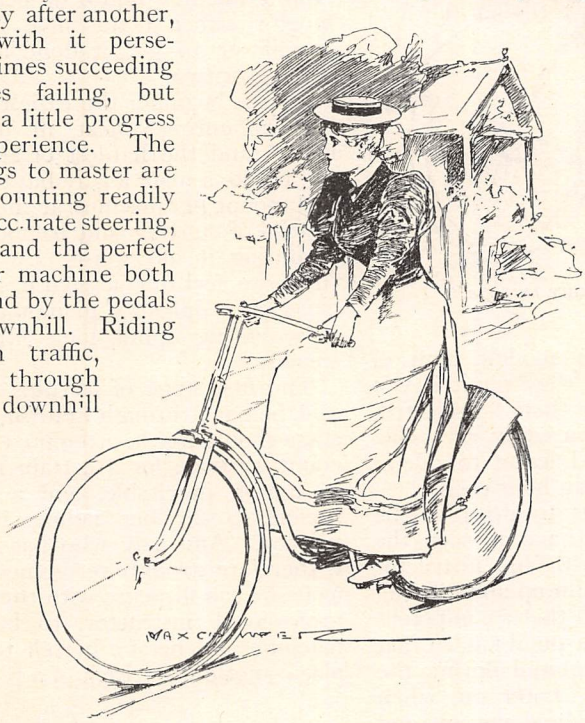
The first stage of learning can, as I have said, be gone through in town, but the second stage should not be attempted except on quiet country roads; for a certain number of falls is almost inevitable, and a lady naturally prefers to do her falling in comparative privacy. Any lady who has learnt in town is therefore strongly recommended, when she feels she can dispense with the services of her professional instructor, to buy, or hire, a machine and betake herself to some country place—not out of reach of a repairer of cycles



"A LADY NATURALLY PREFERS TO DO HER FALLING IN COMPARATIVE PRIVACY."

—and there to complete her education. If she can join some cycling friends in the country, as it was my good fortune to be able to do, that is the pleasantest and the quickest way, and is therefore strongly to be recommended when practicable.

It is important to take the second stage of learning seriously, and to work hard at it, and not to rest content with being just able to ride. I found it a good plan to practise the bicycle every day steadily for half an hour or more for the first week or ten days of my stay in the country beside, and in addition to, all the riding I did with my friends. I used to take up one difficulty after another, and grapple with it perseveringly, sometimes succeeding and sometimes failing, but always making a little progress and gaining experience. The important things to master are mounting, dismounting readily on either side, accurate steering, ready turning, and the perfect control of your machine both by the brake and by the pedals when riding downhill. Riding slowly through traffic, and, if possible, through traffic on a downhill road, is a particularly useful thing to practise: for in general riding you may be called upon to do it at any moment, and if you are not used to it, you may fail from lack of nerve or from incompetence, and thus run the risk of meeting with a serious accident. Riding after dark, with a lamp of course, should also be practised on a good and familiar road.



"AN OCCASIONAL SPIN AT ONE'S HIGHEST RATE OF SPEED."

It was not until I had obtained a fair mastery over the above difficulties that I turned my attention to the even more fascinating work of fast riding and long-distance riding, and I very soon found what surprising and gratifying results may be obtained even by a beginner like myself.

The first trial trip I made of seven miles I found I accomplished in forty-five minutes. Then I devoted myself to the mile, and on a flat road I soon succeeded in accomplishing it, without over-exertion, in four minutes.

Soon after I was able to ride for three or four consecutive hours without perceptible fatigue—that is to say, the whole morning, or the whole afternoon—and accomplish about twenty-five miles of up and down hill in that time, including various stoppages and dismountings.

By the end of the month I was able to ride all day, and to accomplish fifty miles without experiencing more than an agreeable sensation of fatigue.

From my own experience I therefore drew the following conclusions, which may be taken to come fairly near a general truth; for though I am perhaps physically stronger than the average woman, I am no longer in possession of the full strength and ardour of youth—

First.—That a lady can learn to *ride* the bicycle in from four to six hours, not consecutive. *Second.*—That after a week or fortnight's more practice she can become a safe and fair all-round rider. *Third.*—That after four or five weeks of cycling she can ride all morning or all afternoon without fatigue, and all day without over-fatigue, and can accomplish distances varying from twenty-five to fifty miles.

It will thus be seen that the facilities enjoyed by the cyclist for seeing the country and making long excursions are very considerable; and, except on really bad or steep down-hill roads the attention demanded by the ground under your feet does not prevent a proper appreciation of the scenery.

The pleasure of merely covering the ground so fast and so easily is considerable, and an occasional spin at one's highest rate of speed is most exhilarating. The joy of whizzing down a long gentle slope with one's feet up almost baffles description, and really needs to be experienced before it can be at all appreciated.

Besides the absolute riding of the machine, there are two other branches of the subject of cycling which demand attention, viz., dress

and carriage, and the mechanism of the bicycle and how to keep it in order.

For the first stage of learning, the customary coat and shirt, with a skirt some four inches off the ground, answers admirably. You will not then tread on your skirt in mounting, nor entangle it in your pedals in dismounting.

But when you begin to ride fast, two disadvantages will quickly become apparent in your attire—first, that your skirt will catch the wind and blow out behind ; and, second, that the rapid action of your knees will cause the skirt to work up in front. All superfluous width in the skirt should therefore be dispensed with, which can pretty easily be done by removing two gored pieces from the two side seams, and leaving only sufficient width to allow of a comfortable stride in walking. To obviate the working-up of the skirt in front, two ten-inch lengths of wide elastic should be sewn near the bottom of the inside of the hem, and parallel with it, to right and left of the front breadth, and if these straps are slipped over the ankles before the machine is mounted, they will keep the skirt down, and will not show. Petticoats cannot be worn, but an efficient substitute will be found in knickerbockers of some cool quality of tweed or homespun.

Shoes, not boots, should be worn, and the stockings should be the same colour as the skirt. The whole dress should be as quiet and inconspicuous as possible, and thoroughly workmanlike.

Many ladies dispense with the skirt altogether for country riding, but there are, of course, some obvious objections to following this fashion, although it cannot be denied that in case of an accident, if a lady has suddenly to leap off her machine, she would stand a better chance of leaping clear and not catching if she wore no skirt. Still she is not more likely to catch than is a lady who is thrown from her horse ; and we have not yet discontinued to wear skirts to our riding habits.

Ladies should not expect to look their best on the bicycle as they may on horseback, but they should bear it in mind, in the one case as in the other, how important it is to sit up straight. Dress and carriage are important items in the appearance of a cyclist, and they should not be overlooked either by men or women.

Perhaps the most difficult branch of cycling, and a very important one, is a tolerably clear comprehension of the construction and mechanism of the bicycle. You can easily learn how to oil it, and how to inflate the pneumatic tyres ; and the cleaning of it after a day's work, even on muddy roads, is not a serious or difficult matter, and may occupy you from five minutes to an hour.

But to understand the working of all the parts, how to readjust them, and how and what to do when something goes wrong, is not easy. Consequently it should be made a matter of serious study ; for every cyclist should be able to detect it when anything works loose, and also be capable of screwing it up again with the tools customarily carried.

The novice is, therefore, strongly advised to begin studying construction when she begins to learn riding. I used to ask my teacher to explain the working of the various parts whilst we were getting our breath between times, and though I did not understand half what he said, I learnt something.

Then when I was in the country with my friends, if anything went wrong which I could not readily rectify, and one of them offered to put it right, I watched the process carefully, and had it explained. And if my machine had to be repaired at a shop I always took it myself, and went behind the scenes with it, and stood by and helped whilst they took off a wheel or repaired a tyre.

In conclusion, so far as my own limited experience goes, I can cordially recommend bicycling as a thoroughly healthful form of exercise. Beginners should, of course, be careful not to over-exert themselves at first, especially in riding uphill, and to desist when

"FOR COUNTRY RIDING."

any part of the body feels tired. But if due caution be observed in this respect, the exercise will be found both healthful and invigorating as well as enjoyable.

C. Everett Green.

A CASE OF BARRATRY.

BY C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE, AUTHOR OF "THE NEW EDEN," "THE RECIPE FOR DIAMONDS," ETC.

I SAY I knew from the beginning that there was something to be done off the square.

To be entirely blunt, they told me at the office that if my kit got lost, and it was done to everyone's satisfaction, there'd be a hundred pounds waiting to replace it when I got back to Tyneside. Owners don't give a second mate a straight tip like that without they mean business. And besides, if there was any remaining doubt about the matter, the skipper's name clinched it to a certainty, so far as I was concerned. "You will be under Captain Ivory," they told me.

Of course, on the face of him, Ivory was all right, or they daren't have put him on the *John Wesley's* bridge for such a job. He certainly had come before the Board of Trade people four times within the last four years for losing ships, but he had carried away his ticket from each inquiry without a mark on it. The man was clever as a king with his tongue when it came to clearing himself; but he couldn't stop those that sailed with him from talking behind his back; and amongst us poor beggars who were in the lower swim of sea-life, he'd a reputation about as clean as tar. It stood to reason that there was something completely fishy about the business, or what man who had lost four vessels running would be given charge of a fifth?

Fishy? Didn't I cast away one little old tramp steamer ten years ago, through no fault but her own old rottenness, and have I ever had another command?

A man hates himself when he signs on for a racket of this kind, even when he only guesses what is going to happen. And I did it with my eyes wide staring open. But I couldn't help myself. I was feeling that way I'd have taken out a steamboat and scuttled her in mid-ocean—yes, and gone down with her like a rat—so long as I knew there was a bit of money left to carry on the fight with ashore.

We'd been getting lower and lower in the world, and now two of the kids were ill, and the doctor, like a cur, said he wouldn't come to see them again unless I paid off some of his bill. No, he wasn't a cur—I take that back; he had to live by his trade like the rest of us. But anyway, that's what he said, and he might as well have asked me to give him baked angel for his dinner. Pawn? The place was that bare it smelt only of soap and whitewash. Pawn? I tell you for a fact my poor missis couldn't go out of doors. She wasn't decent. No, sir, before I had the second mate's shop offered on the *John Wesley* I was in that state when a man cleans off his household with an axe, and then hangs himself and provides a column for the evening newspapers. I knew I was a failure in life, and I didn't see any way to pull up, and that's the sickest way a grown man can feel.

I took the berth, of course; indeed, I'd gone to the office that day to see if they'd ship me on any of their vessels as low down as deck-hand; and they made me say I was thankful. But a five-pound note was all I could screw out of the owners by way of an advance, and I could not even take that down to Shields myself. It had to be sent to the missis by one of their clerks. The *John Wesley* was in a London docks, and they wanted me to leave Newcastle within half an hour, and join her as quick as the train would take me up.

She wasn't the sort of craft one could very well turn into a gentleman's yacht, this same *John Wesley*. She was that old and ramshackle, the British Board of Trade wouldn't look at her at any price, and she had to be run under a Norwegian charter. Her engines were curiosities that a museum ought to have had, and there wasn't one of her boilers they dare put forty pounds of steam into. She'd spent most of her trading life off and up the oil rivers on the West Coast, and the cockroaches and rats filled her like ants do a hill. But barring for these last, I'll not say she was an uncomfortable ship to live on. There was a room each for the skipper and the two mates, with bed-linen found, and a steward on purpose to do nothing else but look after us and the engineers' mess-room. The food too was first-chop, with pickles set on at every meal, and white knob-sugar for the tea. It was only the dirty job that loomed ahead which put me so cruelly out of delight with her.

The captain slept on board, but was always away during the day-time. We were

shipping disused rails for the Tyne, and because the mate hadn't yet joined, I was set on to overlook the stevedores. That meant doing nothing; and so the days hung on my hands, and I had plenty of time to think. That thinking was the nasty work.

It seemed to me that I knew too little, or too much. They'd given me a broad hint that the *John Wesley* was to be lost, but as to how, there was never a word. Ivory might let her founder at sea, or he might pile her up on some convenient reef; but those sort of picnics aren't to be done anyhow if one wants to keep to windward of the gaol-doors, let alone saving one's ticket. I'd been low enough down already, God knows, but it seemed I should be lower directly, unless I took a big lot of care. My face kept red and wet with shame as I thought about it.

At last I made up my mind to ask blunt out to be told the whole lay of the land. We'd got the rails in, with tarpaulins over the hatches, and next morning were to move across to the coal wharf to get bunkered. As an excuse I went into the chart-house to report this.

The captain was lying half on his sofa-bed with his shoes off, and a cold black cigar wrapped in the corner of his mouth. He was a little blue-faced man, with a great brown splash of a birth-mark showing through his right whisker, and not half enough teeth to go round. He was ugly enough to put in a show, and he'd bright, beady eyes like a pigeon, which were always staring at you and never winked.

"Mr. Shaw," he said, when I had done my say, "I am a man of ordinary intelligence, and I gathered all this for myself in four glances as I crossed the gang-plank. Therefore, I conclude you wish to add something more. Unburden yourself, Mr. Shaw."

He'd a kind of talk I hated—letting you know he was a gentleman, and as good as calling you dirt; and with that and the hideousness of the man, my gorge rose when I was near him. So I didn't spin out words. I asked him what the *John Wesley* was going to be done with.

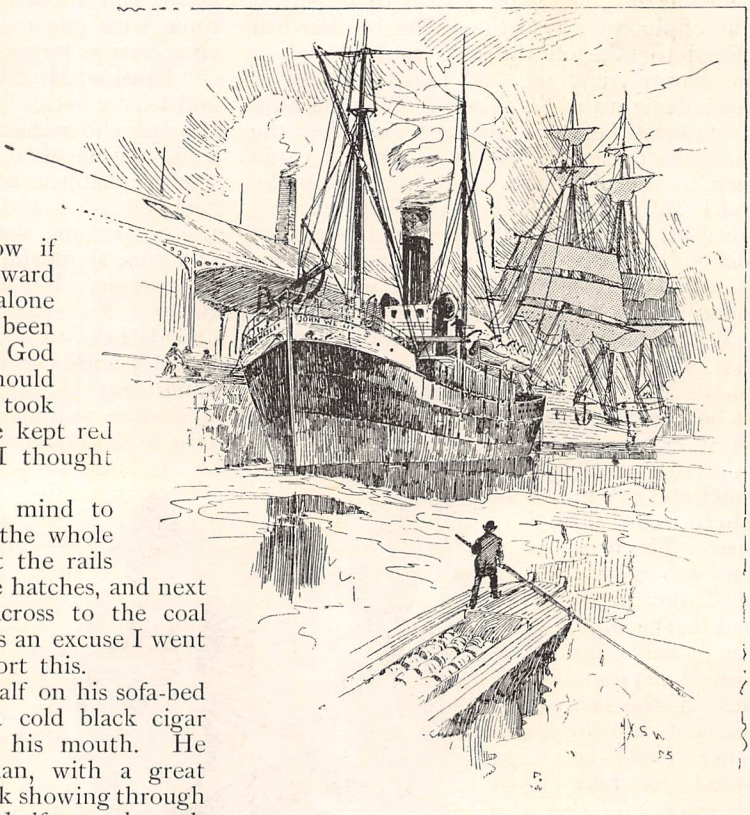
"Taken to a Tyne port, according to her papers.

"The owners gave me to understand otherwise."

"Ah!" he said; "did they?"

"Yes, sir; and I should like to know more about what's going to happen."

"Should you, Mr. Shaw? Then my humble advice to you is, inquire of the owners. I know of no one else who will give you any information on the point. Is that all? Then



THE *JOHN WESLEY.*

good-evening, Mr. Shaw. Don't let me detain you longer."

Another man would have smiled, or sneered, or frowned, or at least done something when he gave one such a closer as this. But he didn't, and it made me feel bad. He simply stared on with his face as fixed and still as if it had been cut out of a lump of blue clay; and, before I knew it, I found myself outside the door, feeling chilled and clammy.

A sullen resentment grew in me against the man, and my stomach rose at the bare thought of him. What right had he to treat me like this when we were hired together for such a job? Did he suppose I should go ahead and risk my life, my name, and everything besides, completely blindfold? The thing was monstrous. Let him look to it that I did not upset his plans. Let him take

care how far he pushed a man who was low enough down to be reckless.

I got up in the morning red-eyed, and with my mouth sour from want of sleep. The steward gave me a letter with the South Shields postmark. It was from the missis, and at another time its contents would have made me furious. Now I read them with a kind of gloomy satisfaction. Her brother had offered to take off the kids to his farm in the country, and she had found a berth as stewardess on the *St. Dismas*. She had been a stewardess before we married, and when the hard days came, she had often wanted to go back to the old trade. But I had my pride, and I said we'd starve sooner. That morning, however, things were changed, and it seemed then for the best. Whatever happened to me —and I expected the worst—she would have something to go on with.

We got into the river when the ebb made that night, and picked up an outside pilot for the North Channel off Gravesend perhaps an hour before the dawn. Him we dropped off Shoeburyness, and then Captain Ivory and I started to stand watch and watch. There was no mate. The man who was to have filled the berth had (so the skipper curtly informed me) gone sick at the last moment, and no other could be found to take his place.

Of course, I did not believe this explanation. But it was all on a piece with what was to be expected. If the *John Wesley* was to be cast away, the less officers there were knocking about, the freer would be the chief scoundrel's hand. So he had taken care to cumber himself with none beside his second mate.

Consequently we had our meals at different times, and only spoke when we met going on or coming off the upper bridge, and then upon the baldest professional matters. It was not till we were sending our wake into the seas that break off the Spurn Head reef that I had further speech with the man.

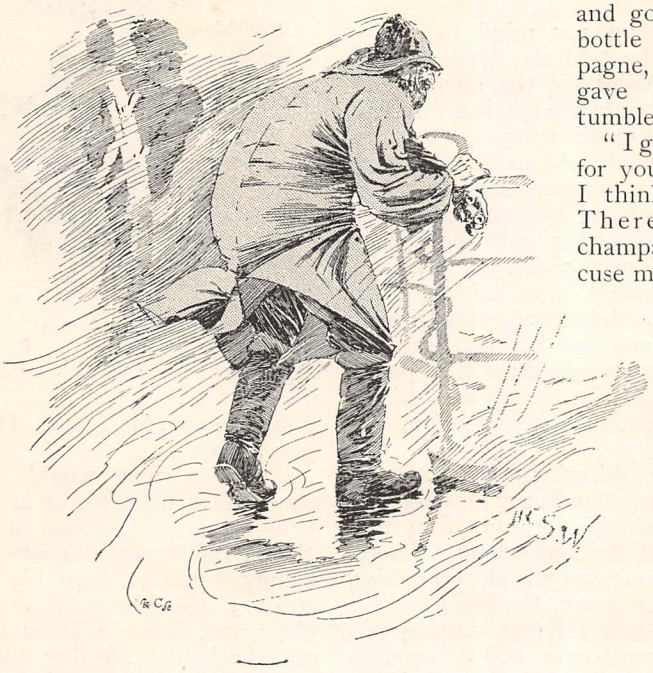
He sent for me down into the chart-house, where he was lying, as usual, half on and half off his sofa-bed. He bade me, with glum civility, sit on the locker opposite, and the lamp swung between us from the grimy beam above, and smoked its chimney and filled the room with oily reek. He gnawed at a cold cigar-butt as he spoke.

"Caution, Mr. Shaw, is an excellent thing, and I have noticed that the incautious man is the one who soonest gets himself into trouble. I did not speak to you before upon what is going to happen, because no good could have come out of it, and, if you had not cared for the programme, you might have backed out, and gone about and talked, and possibly caused me trouble. It was not as if I had to be your Satan. You had been tempted to the fall already before I saw you, and you joined this steamer with a shrewd knowledge that something was to occur out of the common. Therefore you should have been quite content to sail under sealed orders."

He stopped in his talk and got up and drew a bottle of wine—champagne, no less — and gave me a creaming tumblerful.

"I got this on purpose for you, Mr. Shaw, and I think you'll like it. There's no sweeter champagne made. Excuse me if I do not join you, but my heart is weak, and that wine would bring on illness if I drank any.

"Now, as you have gathered, it suits the owners' book that this steamboat should be lost; but at the same time they wish to make her an instrument for drawing insurance money over another vessel. As to the ethical merits of this piece of villainy, you and I have no concern. That lies between the owners and their gods: you and I are merely hired instruments. We are paid, and paid handsomely, to bring the *John Wesley* off Flamboro' Head by a certain hour, and there



"PERCHED UP THERE IN MY WET OILSKINS."

run her foul of the other steamer. It lies also with us to bring the matter about so as to clear ourselves as much as may be from the consequent blame. But that, I think, is a trifle which is arranged for cannily."

His bird's eye glittered and hung on me. I listened with a wet face.

"I do not think that anyone will necessarily be drowned over this encounter—though, of course, there is a risk. Casualties of that sort bring a collision into unpleasant prominence, and so they have as far as possible been guarded against. It may not have escaped your notice that the two quarterboats on this miserable old tramp are new and entirely serviceable, and the *St. Dismas* is equally well prepared. In addition to her ordinary boats, she has had life-belts served out to——"

"The *St. Dismas!*" I screamed. "No, not that ship! You can't mean to run her down. I should be worse than a murderer if I stood by and let you. Why, sir—" and I broke off into a shrill cackle of laughter, though to this minute I cannot give a reason for doing such a thing—"sir, my wife's on board of her."

He looked at me without changing a muscle, though I did notice that the mark which showed through his thin whisker grew darker and angrier till it became almost black.

"Your wife, Mr. Shaw?"

"Yes, sir. I had a line the day we sailed. She has a berth on the *St. Dismas* as stewardess."

"I give you my honour," he replied, "that I did not know this boat carried passengers. What bungling fools they must have been to ship them! But it is too late to alter the scheme now. I am pledged to it, Mr. Mate, and I must carry it through. You must see to your own wife after the collision, and get her safe on shore; and here"—he pulled a roll of notes from his pocket-book and held out five of them towards me—"here is fifty pounds to replenish *her* kit with—which, mark you, is a present out of my own salary."

I could have strangled the man thirstily.

"Keep your money," I said. "I'm a poor wretch without a pound in the world, but I wouldn't help that woman into this sort of danger for five thousand."

Then he did a clever thing. If he had blustered, or even proposed the matter again, I should have beat him senseless with my hands, and gone and exposed the whole villainy to all the crew. But he did neither of these. He nodded his head curtly, and said, "So be it. If you hold out like this, Mr. Shaw, it seems that I am powerless. If the steamers do not come into collision we shall each be poorer men, though cleaner handed. And you will probably have far to seek for your next berth. Perhaps you would like to take the bridge again now?"

"Yes," I said, "and I'll keep it, too, till the *St. Dismas* is twenty miles astern of us to the s'uth'ard."

Oh, the blind confident fool that I was, perched up there in my wet oilskins, and thinking that I had got the better of that man. The night sung by in wet windy darkness, and we picked up the lights of twenty steamers coming south. I stood on the grating at the quartermaster's side, and watched the spokes of the steam wheel run through his hands as he gave each in turn the widest possible berth. I could have hugged myself for this knowing caution. Day filtered up from the cold grey desert of the North Sea, and we picked up the yellow glow of the Flamboro' light just as it was doused. Except for a couple of copper-sailed Grimsby smacks heading south, there wasn't a vessel in sight.

We brought the high cliffs of the Head abeam, and still the sea was empty except for fishing craft, and the screaming gulls, and a black box of a coal-boat which only showed when she pitched, three miles further out; and it came to me that the *St. Dismas* must have been one of those unknown lights which passed us in the dark. The *John Wesley* wasn't much to look at. She was as foul an old tramp as ever passed a dock gate; and with the rails in her, she lunged into the seas, and wallowed and squattered like a thing dead. She carried, too, a clattering noise in her holds which made the crew white frightened men, because they feared the strain of the seas would break her into plates before she made the river. But I couldn't have been prouder if they'd given me command of the *Paris* or the *Lucania*. I tell you I could have sung for sheer joy.

We opened out Filey Bay, and passed the Brig near enough to hear the bell buoy clang on its outer end, and then the excitement died out of me and tiredness took its place. The watch was relieved. I set a course—the ordinary course for the point outside Whitby—and went to the bridge-end and snugged in behind the weather dodger.

I hung there standing, but I must have dozed.

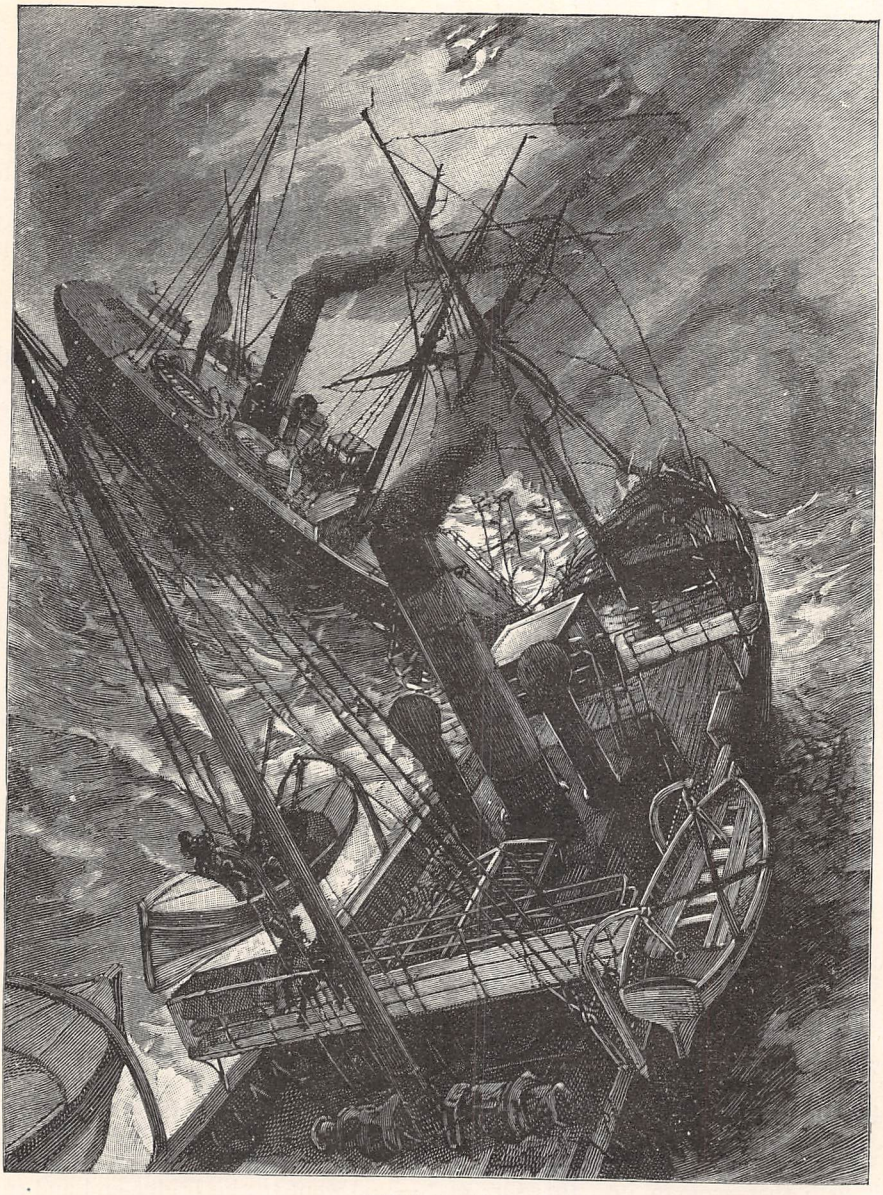
Of a sudden the voice of the quartermaster steering woke me up. The words came quick and frightened.

"Sir," he called out, "there's a big steamboat coming right down on us."

I glanced up, broad awake on the instant,

Scarboro' Castle stood up bold and black against the wet horizon. Between us and it was a great screw-boat of two thousand tons, yawing wildly in the heavy sea, and coming, so it appeared, clean down on top of us.

As he spoke the *John Wesley* took a sheer, and for a moment seemed to come up. Then she fell off again, her head nodding round to meet the other steamer. I glanced up and saw an officer on the other bridge hastily ring



"THEN *CRASH!*"

"Get away to port!" I cried. "Port, you wooden fool!"

The fellow sawed at the wheel, his face a pucker of fright and perplexity.

"Helm should be hard-a-port as it is," he grumbled; "but she don't appear to me to answer."

off his engines. I did the same and telegraphed "Full Speed Astern." But the way on the two steamers brought them together by leaps and bounds.

"The wheel engine's broke down, that's what's the matter," the quartermaster rapped out. "My God, listen! They're working

now, and giving her more helm. We'll be taken broadside on in another instant."

I glanced up and the name on the other steamer's bow caught my eye in dull brass lettering. It was the *St. Dismas*.

Then the whole horrid truth flashed upon me, and I swung myself at a bound down the ladder. The wheel engines were in a little house abaft the chart-room, and I gained the place in two flying strides. Captain Ivory's "cannie arrangement" was as clear to me then as a pane of glass. He had uncoupled the governing-rod which led to the wheel on the bridge above, and had worked the steering engines from below with his own hands. But before I came up he had done his work, and time enough too. The last excitement had been too much for him. He stood there with both hands gripped on his left breast, the blue of his face purple-black, and the eyes thrust out like eggs; and as I moved towards him, he pitched forward limply to the heave of the ship, and lay across the drum of the engines as dead a thing as the rails in the hold beneath him.

Then *crash!*

The straight black stem of the *St. Dismas*, lifting on a swell, fell down on us just forward of the engine-room, grinding and sawing through our rotten plating as though it had been so much paper. The poor old tramp heaved to the shock till the seas broke green over her fiddle on the starboard side; and then she surged up again, and, on the recoil, the rails did their work. By the time she had gathered stern-way and backed off, the *St. Dismas* had lost twelve feet from her length on the water-line.

I might have been dazed for the moment, as any man would have been, but there was something in me that stung and made me pull myself together. I did not work as one man: I had the strength of ten giants. And somehow the power of command seemed to come to me like it does to a navy captain. The men were coming up out of the stokehold, wet, and screaming like women, and mad with fright. I tell you, sir, I forgot all about the missis then. My duty was to these fellows first, and I believe I did it. The old tramp was settling down under our feet. The seas were making a green breach over her forward and aft, and it was terrible work to get the boats in the water. But we did it, and let the tackles overhaul as they pleased, and got unhooked and the painters slipped just as she foundered. It was a miracle we weren't sucked down by the backwash, but we drove clear somehow, and the only one of her crew she took down was Captain Ivory, and him only as a dead body.

The *St. Dismas* waited to see us clear, and then, when I waved my hand to say all right, she put full steam for the beach. She was gone up to the collision bulkhead, and that was giving; and she was so down by the head that her screw raced nearly all of its time, and they could get but little way on her. It was a case of nip and tuck with her, poor thing; but they managed it, with nothing to spare, and put her on the ground just below the Spa wall there at high water, with nothing of her showing out of the sea forrard of the bridge. But then they were safe. The whole of her people walked ashore, dry-shod, in less than an hour's time.

It is curious how things go. I had lost one ship ten years back and never got another skipper's berth since, and here I was practically responsible for losing two more, and, on the strength of that, get a snug command. You see, Scarboro' was full of people pleasuring just then, and it gave them something to talk about—this "accident through the breaking down of steering-gear," as it was called. There was one gentleman there who got so interested in it, and was so pleased with my pluck (as he was pleased to term it) in saving all my hands, that after a bit of consideration, he offered me the berth I've had ever since.

"'Tisn't much," said he: "only a 500-ton yacht. But I keep her in commission all the year round." Would I take it? I should rather think I did.

An odd thing was he knew Ivory too, and when we were talking about him a month or so afterwards, he told me something that I had guessed already. The man was a gentleman, well-born, with nothing but his looks against him. But these sickened other people, and he hated them himself, and consequently he went to sea to get out of sight from all he knew.

"He turned into a wild, desperate man, from what I've heard," said my new owner, "and he'd a terrible hatred for the rest of mankind. Perhaps it was natural, poor fellow; and perhaps it's as well he has gone. He had it in him to have turned into something desperately wicked if he had stayed on longer."

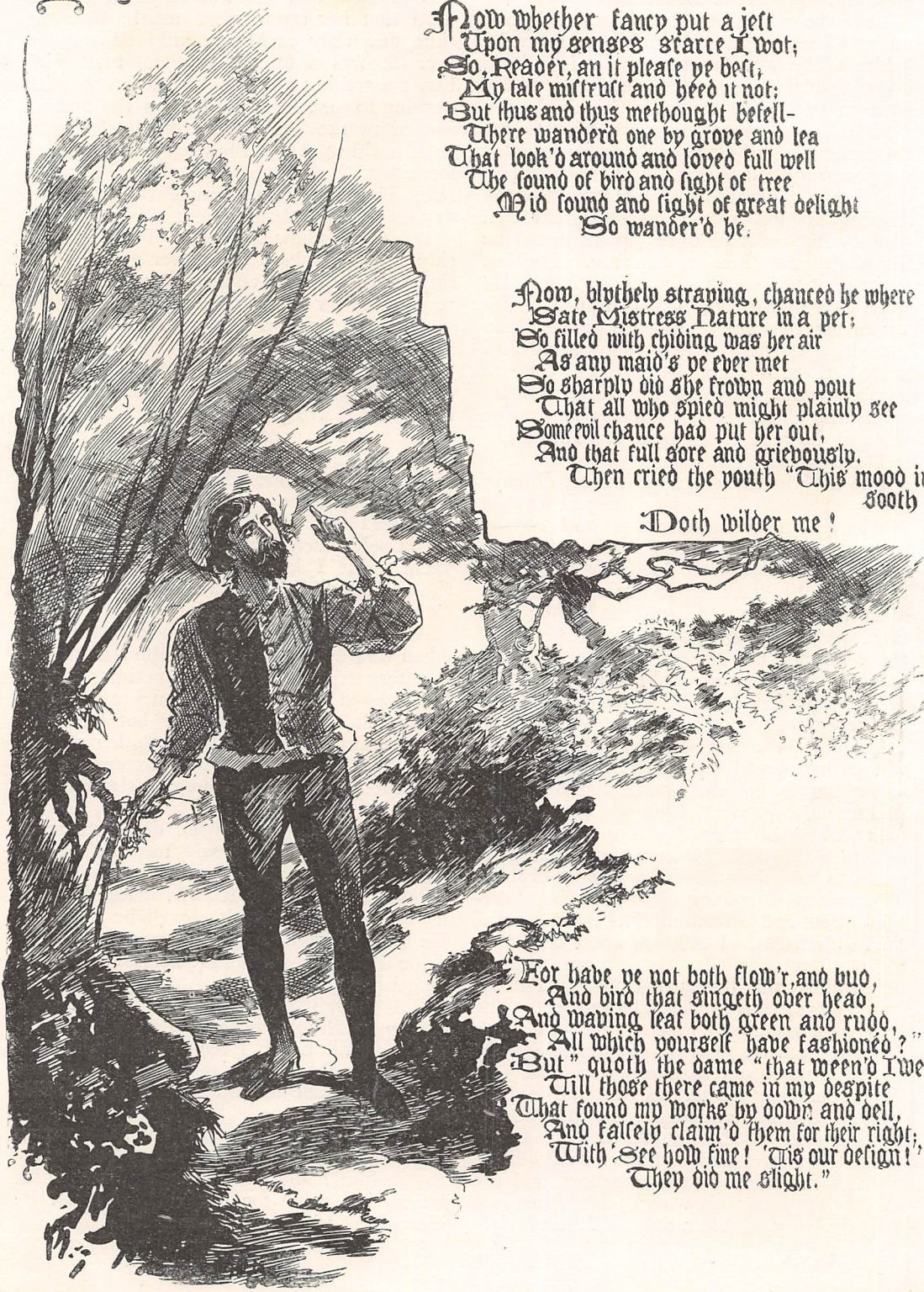
I've thought often that this was the case, and that's why I've never said anything about the man till now. Even the missis doesn't know, though one way and another I suppose he is responsible for finding her and the kids a comfortable home.

But the person I do really hate, is a certain shipowner in Newcastle. I'd go cheerfully to see him hanged any morning. He must be a rich man, too, by this, after all he cleared out of those two steamboats.

NATURE'S LAMENT.

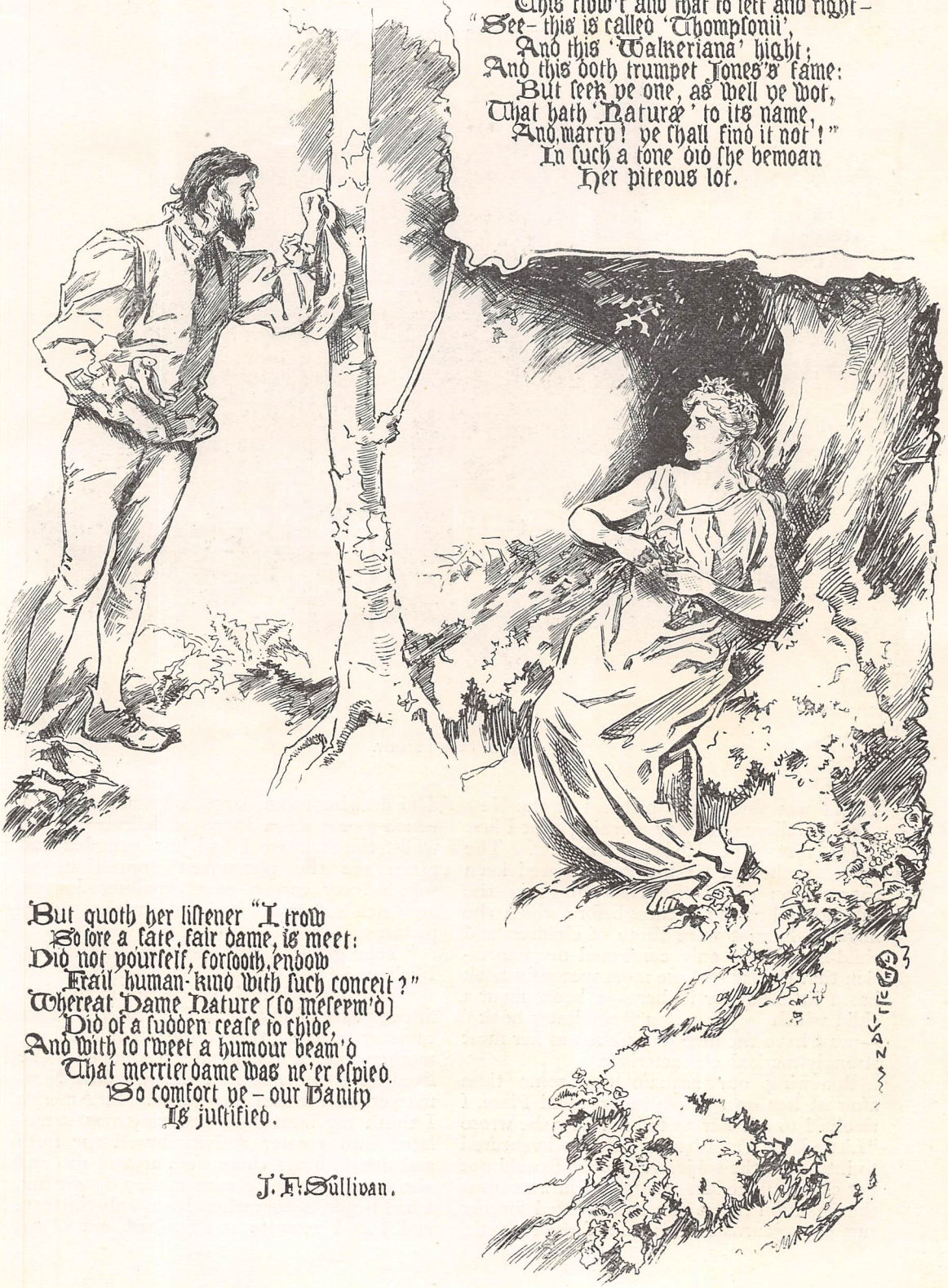
Now whether fancy put a jest
Upon my senses scarce I wot;
So, Reader, an it please ye best,
My tale mistrust and heed it not:
But thus and thus methought befell—
There wandered one by grove and lea
That look'd around and loved full well
The sound of bird and sight of tree
Mid sound and sight of great delight
So wander'd he.

Now, blythely straying, chanced he where
Sate Mistress Nature in a pet;
So filled with chiding was her air
As any maid's ye ever met
So sharply did she frown and pout
That all who spied might plainly see
Some evil chance had put her out,
And that full sore and grievously.
Then cried the youth "This mood in sooth
Doth wilder me!



"For have ye not both flow'r, and bud,
And bird that singeth over head,
And waving leaf both green and rudd,
All which yourself have fashioned?"
But" quoth the dame "that ween'd I wel
Till those there came in my despite
That found my works by down and dell,
And falsely claim'd them for their right;
With 'See how fine! 'Tis our design!'
They did me slight."

Then pluck'd she up with doleful sigh
This flow'r and that to left and right –
"See – this is called 'Thompsonii',
And this 'Walkeriana' hight;
And this doth trumpet Jones's fame:
But seek ye one, as well ye wot,
That hath 'Naturæ' to its name,
And, marry! ye shall find it not'!"
In such a tone did she bemoan
Her piteous lot.



But quoth her listener "I trow
So fore a fate, fair dame, is meet:
Did not yourself, forsooth, endow
Frail human-kind with such conceit?"
Whereat Dame Nature (to mesem'd)
Did of a sudden cease to chide,
And with so sweet a humour beam'd
That merrier dame was ne'er espied.
So comfort ye – our Vanity
Is justified.

J. F. Sullivan.

HOW "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY" WAS WRITTEN.

A CHAT WITH MRS. HODGSON BURNETT.

THE AUTHOR'S STUDY.

IT was among the pictures at the New Gallery one May morning that I first met Mrs. Hodgson Burnett. The authoress, I remember, showed keen appreciation of all the best things in the exhibition, but the pictures before which she lingered longest were those of children and child-life. This only confirmed my impression that the lady whose most successful book has a little boy for its hero—a book about a child which is yet not a "children's book"—must have the love of children as her most strongly-marked characteristic.

Renewing our acquaintance some time after at her own house in Portland Place, I resolved to ask her to tell me how she wrote "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Before I ventured to introduce the subject, however, I could not but congratulate Mrs. Hodgson Burnett upon the beautiful house she had secured for her summer sojourns on this side of the Atlantic. The drawing-room, large, lofty, and light, in which we sat was a dream of delicate colour; whilst the staircase I had just ascended had given me the pleasantest impressions of soft, velvety carpet, sweet-smelling flowers, and rich-leafed plants, and bright, sunny pictures.

"Your girlhood was spent in Manchester, I believe?"

"Yes; my family lived there for the first fifteen years of my life. Then in 1865 there came trouble in the cotton trade, and my mother decided to emigrate to America. We lived for some time in a village called Newmarket, in Eastern Tennessee. In America I think my faculty of observing was stimulated into greater activity by all the fresh and novel things there were around me, and also by my desire to earn money by writing. I had begun a story when I was only thirteen, and this I rewrote and finished and it was

eventually published under the title of 'Miss Carruthers' Engagement' in a Philadelphia magazine."

The authoress tells a pathetic little story in illustration of the early difficulties she had to overcome. When her first story was ready for the post, she had not the money for the necessary stamps, and she could not bring herself to ask her brothers for their assistance, because they had always ridiculed their sister's literary ambition. So the little girl went to a negro child of her acquaintance who earned money by selling wild grapes in the neighbouring town of Knoxville. It was arranged between them that the little authoress should gather the grapes in the woods whilst her partner sold them, and in this way she earned her postage-stamps.

It was in *Scribner's Magazine* that the famous story of Lancashire life, "That Lass o' Lowries," first appeared. With her other four books, "A Fair Barbarian," "Through One Administration," "Haworths," and "Louisiana," Mrs. Hodgson Burnett was already enjoying a high reputation with the American public when the singularly happy idea of writing a story about her little boy occurred to her.

"I can hardly say in what way it first came to me," said the authoress when I asked her as to the "how" and the "wherefore." "I had always been passionately fond of children, but I had never thought of putting my child-friends into stories. I am inclined to think that the idea must have taken root in what my friends and acquaintances were always saying about Vivian—his quaint conversation and his charming manner. 'Do you know, I never saw a child like him,' said once to me a distinguished man who had passed an hour in talking with him. And I remember a coloured servant exclaiming after Vivian had made some pretty little speech to her, 'Dat chile, he suttanly ain't like no other chile. 'Tain't jest dat he's smart—though cose he's smart: smart as they make 'em. It's sump'n else. An' he's the fren'liest little human I ever seed—he suttanly is!'

"That set me thinking about the effect Vivian's candour and unsophisticated speech might have upon different types of people. I was lying on my couch, convalescent, and had plenty of time for thought. The child was a sturdy little republican; he had recently read about the great War of Independence, and was full of ardent admiration for its heroes. So I thought one day how it would be if he were suddenly planted in the midst of an aristocratic English family—the suddenly-discovered grandson, say, of an English nobleman, with all the conservative prejudices of his race. The situation was full of humorous possibilities, and after a time it forced itself upon me as the subject of a book. How could it be done? How could a young American boy be brought into daily contact with a proud English nobleman? I thought the story out one afternoon practically as it was written—son of a younger son, who had left England under the ban of his father's wrath because of his marriage with a comparatively poor American girl; elder brothers die, and the boy unexpectedly succeeds to the title and becomes the pet of his grandfather."

"And the name, 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' did that occur to you at the same time?"

"Not at once. Names, to my mind, seem to signify character. I tried a dozen names before I decided on Fauntleroy as one exactly suiting the child I intended to write about. You see, the book was being lived, so to speak, from day to day before my eyes. Every day Vivian did something or said something which was a suggestion for the book. I used to read the manuscript as I finished a chapter to Vivian and his brother, and it was delightful to see how, sitting together in a large armchair, they would take in every word of the narrative. All the time Vivian was quite

MRS. HODGSON BURNETT.
(*From a photograph by Van der Weyde, Regent Street, W.*)

innocent of any idea that I was writing a book about him. 'I like that boy,' he once exclaimed; 'if you notice, he never forgets about dearest.'"

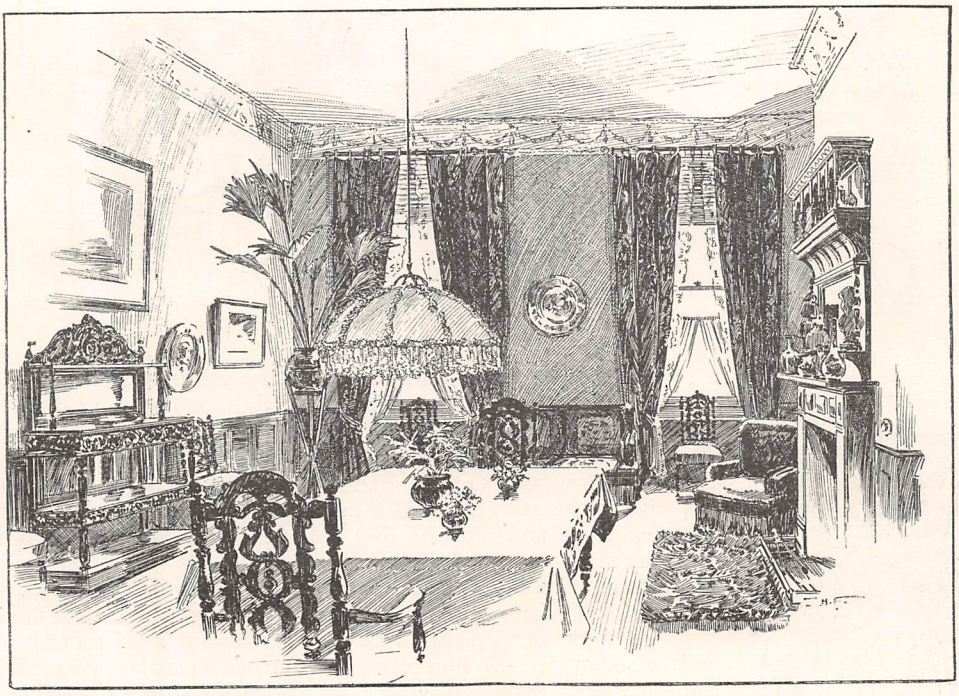
Mrs. Burnett then tells me about the hero of the story as he is now—a youth of 17, studying at one of the American colleges. As many readers will know, Dr. and Mrs. Burnett have had the misfortune to lose their elder son, and the authoress' maternal affection is now lavished upon the younger. "He has never caused me a moment's uneasiness," she says with gladsome face. "I have always trusted to his sense of what is right, and that, I am convinced, is the best way with children. Even now I should as soon think, for example, of asking Dr. Burnett to attend to his patients as of telling Vivian to go to his books. He is fond of social pleasure, and dances or tennis parties sometimes form a sore temptation; but he has been led to thoroughly realise the necessity of hard work if he is to succeed in his career, and it is very seldom indeed that the temptation proves too strong."

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett remembers her own childhood with extraordinary distinctness. She remembers how she used to weave stories together almost as soon as she could think, and how she began to put them on paper from the age of seven. Some of these infantile stories were actually the prototypes, it seems, of those she has since published in magazines and books.

"But how well you must have remembered Lancashire life to have been able to write in America such a book as 'That Lass o' Lowries.' And the dialect—how did you manage, while still so young, to learn the Lancashire dialect?"

"Oh, I was always rather good at picking up the talk going on around me. I used to sit at the window of my school in Manchester listening to the conversation of the people

MRS. BURNETT'S DRAWING-ROOM.



THE DINING-ROOM.

in the street below. I was equally successful in America in acquiring the negro dialect. By the way, the first story I sent to *Scribner's Magazine* was returned because, as the editor afterwards confessed, it was supposed that it had been 'cribbed' from some English periodical. It was not regarded as possible that a writer in the wilds of Tennessee should be so well acquainted with English life."

FREDERICK DOLMAN.

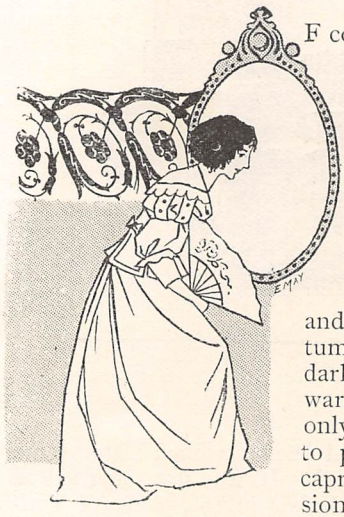
TO SLEEP.

DRAW close the curtains of the brain,
O Sleep!
And let my slumbers
Be profound and deep.
Let no dreams come
To stay the death of grief—
To mar, with conscious touch
The soul's relief.
To dream is but to wake again to care,
And thou shouldst bring oblivion to despair.

But if, O Sleep! thou needs must play
The host,
And to the revels
Bid full many a ghost—
Let them be such
As are of tender grace:
Kind deed, soft word, true love
And smiling face.
Send me, I pray thee, that my pain may cease,
If not oblivion, dreams that bring me peace.

MATTHIAS BARR.

MAY.

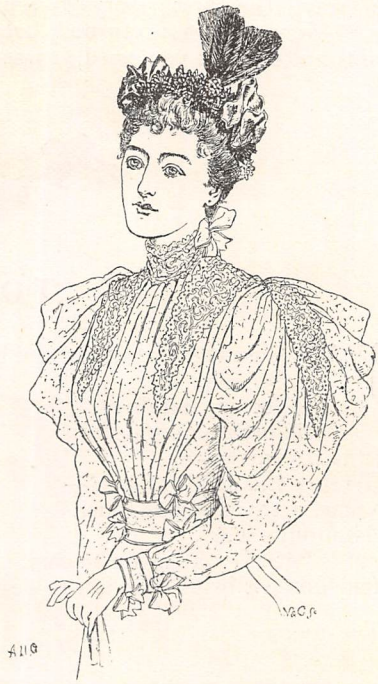


OF course it is quite possible that with the first soft breezes of May—fragrant with the breath of flowers, and warm with sunny rays—we shall consign our furs and woollen costumes to perfumed darkness in the wardrobe, retaining only, as a shield to present to the caprices of an occasional east wind, the useful and becoming shoulder-cape of lisreine, face cloth or velvet, with its cheerful lining of some bright-hued silk.

Do let us decide to be cheerful in our apparel, if only for the sake of others. For instance, there is a friend of ours from whom, in spite of the sombre colouring with which Nature has endowed her, we part with a feeling of reluctance, missing the gladdening influence that we derived from the cheerful colours wherewith she was dressed, whether of deep bright green, rich full blue, oriental in its wonderful richness of tone, or that red of dark garnet shade, with the becoming addition of lace collarette that, worn around the throat, harmonised the flesh tints with the full colouring of the costume.

It is interesting to notice how the new colours group into two distinct classes: those of old-world tint, and the frank, brilliant shades of modern Parisian taste. The former carry us back in fancy to the silks and brocades of the eighteenth century, when the striped and figured fabrics were made into sacque pleats and elbow sleeves, and pompadour muslins were looped into paniers; the pinks, the mauves, blues, amethyst, and dead gold, all suggest the wreaths and ribbons of that period. To these colours are dyed the cloth cashmeres with dull smooth surface woven with a fine diagonal rib. On the other hand, the smooth face cloth with satin-like appearance exhibits tones of grass-green, rose colour, a clear bright brown, and a brilliant blue.

Venetian cloth is charming in cool greys, especially a fresh blue-grey, green, stone and slate, with the ever-useful mushroom brown. The neat little checks worn last year will by no means be discarded; many useful and pretty costumes will be arranged in checks of black and rose pink, mauve and white, or black and white.



SUMMER BLOUSE.

Crépon is deservedly placed in the front rank of the season's materials. In wool crinkled into an elm-bark design, rich brown in colour, or black and creamy white, it certainly makes a gown to be desired, which, to meet the requirements of the present mode that has passed its veto on dank, clinging draperies, is lined throughout with a light gros-grain silk or thin stiff muslin.

The finer crimped crépons, dyed to a long list of colours, will be extensively used for the

Summer Blouses,

and many irresistible designs have been arranged, for the most part, with laces, ribbons, and paste buttons, introduced as ornament. Very elaborate are those intended for evening, or fête, or dressy occasions, whilst others in silk are sufficiently simple to be worn out of doors, accompanying a cloth skirt and elbow cape; one of these in a stylish design is portrayed on this page. It is made in a striped blue glacé silk, lightly shot with gold; the box pleat in front is studded with small paste buttons, the fulness slightly pouched over the waistband; a draped collar and the large pleated sleeves finished at the wrist with a cuff fastened with corresponding buttons.

SUMMER HAT, FROM MADAME LOUISE, REGENT STREET, W.
(*From a photograph by Walery, Ltd., Regent Street, W.*)

New and fashionable are the crimped silk crépons with pink, green, and mauve flowers printed in chiné effect—a mode of treatment that represents the flowers without distinct outline; to explain this simply, as though the flowers were hand-painted and the colours had run or smeared on to the silk. This crépon makes up into lovely blouses, as also does another novelty, the goffered "satin oriental," printed, as the name indicates, in oriental designs and colourings on a crinkled silk background.

The design which is sketched on page 472 is a model for a blouse in fancy taffeta shot opal tints, and patterned with a waving line of pin dots; at the neck it is fully pleated, and drawn down over a tight-fitting lining into a wide waistbelt bordered with ribbons and fastened with loops and ends. Sleeves are ample, with fulness pleated into the armhole, drooping to the elbow, and in this instance are slightly gathered into the wristband. Lace points descend from the neck to the bust, and also at the back, the puff of the sleeve being centred with a similar point; the collar is also of lace.

Cornflower blue shot with pale green, or rose colour shot with black, are fashionable, the latter making up well with black net vandykes, jetted with single beads and bordered with narrow lace edging, and furnishes an easy and effective design for home dressmaking.

Millinery.

Portrayed on this page is a model from Madame Louise, the noted leader of fashion in millinery; therefore it goes without saying that in colour and design this hat is quite up to date. The rough fancy straw and the shape of the hat, with its prettily crinkled outline, is well shown; but the beautiful colouring has to be imagined. It is an exquisite blending of petunia, green, and mauve; the broad ribbon whereof the bows are made, that are set widely to either side of the front, is shot in the two colours petunia and mauve, the roses are petunia coloured with their green foliage, and the straw is two shades of green shot.

It is evident that all the summer hats will be worn on the top of the head, well to the front; it is in the attention to these little details that the initiated ascribe their appearance of good style. There is nothing exaggerated in this design, but it is altogether elegant and in good taste.

Rosettes on millinery differ from those of last year: the ribbon is wider, and loops and

ends are freer, larger, and handsomer; they are very effective placed at either side of the hat or toque, the width across the head being exceptionally becoming, as shown in the sketch (page 472) of a toque composed of fancy ribbon-straw in green with aigrette of black quills clasped by a paste ornament, bunches of realistic violets at the back, and rosettes of green and blue shot ribbon, suggestive of sapphires and emeralds.

Very pleasing was a black hat, the broad flat brim of ornamental straw, and box crown of black lace; red-purple pansies clustered at either side of the front, with mauve and green shot ribbon formed in the new-shaped loops set out to right and left.

Suitable to a stylish matron was a hat of black fancy straw, the rather wide brim shading the forehead, curving upwards to the back, where it is caught up abruptly with a clasp of emerald-green velvet centring a butterfly-shaped fan of creamy lace and upright osprey; set squarely in front are two exquisite pink roses with foliage and an ornament of steel.

The toque sketched with the full length figure has a crown of long points of jet set star shape, a coronet of shaded pink roses and high-standing loops of rose and green shot ribbon with a border of tiny pin dots in black. The addition of a loop or short string at each side drooping on to the hair and fastened with a handsome boss of jet is one of the leading novelties, and will be adopted by those who do not care to wear stringless bonnets.

COSTUME OF SILK AND LACE.

Silks and Laces.

Glacé silks are especially appropriate for summer dresses, and no one could fail to look charming in them, so beautiful are they in colouring and so varied, from the tiny grey and white stripe—with its silvery effect, and biscuit colour with chiné effect in black, an occasional rosebud scattered over the surface—to the brilliant rose-coloured silk closely dotted with black and striped with chiné roses, or amber-hued silk patterned over with a design as of rose point lace.

A lovely silk was striped with pale straw colour, pink and green, a thread line of black satin running at intervals of one inch, interspersed with chiné rosebuds and leaves. Silk broché rep is woven in full rich tones of gold, brown and blue, magenta and black, figured with leaflets in black and infinitesimal spots of gold.

One of the most popular silks will be white and black stripe, the stripe varying in width, but mostly a very narrow line of black on white; it is for silk of this description—although I can see it looking equally becoming in all black—our sketch this month is arranged, the lace being in the new creamy tint, and the ribbon striped with a closer stripe than the silk. A pretty novel ruche, cut on the bias and fringed at either edge, heads the deep frill around the skirt, which is stiffened to set well out at the hem; the simple but effective drapery is arranged to a basque at the waist, and depends in two points at either side of the front; at the back it is finished off underneath the three flutes of the skirt at the waist, the ribbons being sewn on and worn over the bodice. The cape frill of lace is a decided novelty and very stylish, fastening in front beneath the centre pleat and caught down on each sleeve with a bow; the disappearance of the rosette from all the new costumes and the establishment of the new-shaped bow is very apparent to those whose interest awakens them to the observation of the small details that go to make up a novelty.

The next fabric that engages our attention is one that is dear to the hearts of most women—lace, the modern manufacture vying with real old lace until one *handles* it. This

COSTUME FOR CHILD OF SIX YEARS.

is the test at which imitation fails. However, for the majority, appearance and effect suffice, and in both these qualities these laces excel. Brussels, Chantilly, and this class of lace—on which to-day Fashion has set her approval—are perfectly copied. A very fine net is the background of all the designs, and one that will recall the linen embroideries of fifty years since, with its embroidered holes in medallion and leaves, is one of the first novelties. Some few are tinted to yellow, others are white, but chiefly the old-lace colouring and creamy white are seen on millinery, silk costumes, and blouses; whilst for encircling the throat box-pleated ruches of lace and fine net are worn at all the fashionable functions.

Child's Outdoor Costume.

Complete as sketched, this design is very successful as an outdoor garment for a little child of six or seven years, and divested of the little over-vest looks charming in the home.

The material selected is one of Peter Robinson's Goodwood coatings in blue-grey, the skirt quite plain and very full at the back, lined throughout with thin sateen; the blouse bodice of shot blue and gold silk is made with a box pleat and fulness bagging over the waist belt. A pretty arrangement of gatherings at the top of the full sleeve, and a cuff band finishes it at the wrist; the deep turnover collar is edged with a very narrow frill, and follows the line of the revers on the over-vest made in cloth embroidered with gold silk; this is kept in position by a button and button-hole beneath the revers on the shoulder, buttoning to the bodice beneath.

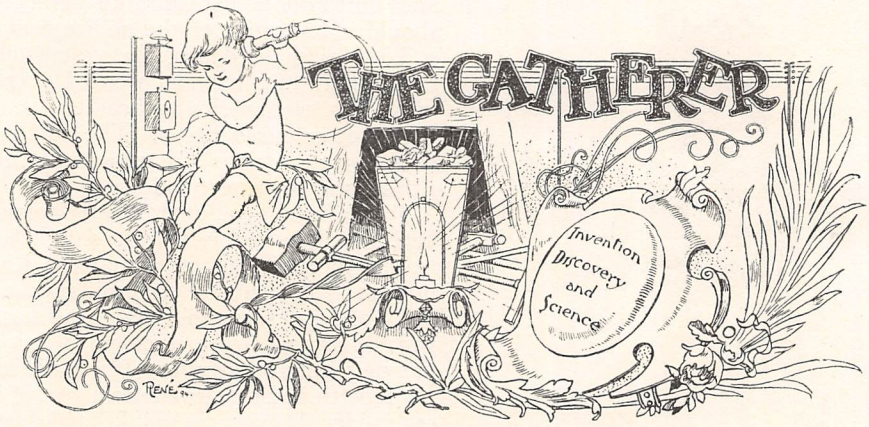
The design bordering the vest would look exceedingly nice cut and worked over in the same way as Madeira embroidery, and lined with rose-coloured sateen. The gold-coloured basket straw hat has trimming of white glacé ribbon and cowslips to adorn it.

White and coloured linens, piqué and batiste, will be extensively used for children's frocks throughout the summer, with trimmings of ribbon and embroideries cut out and placed over coloured washing-linen; thus is arranged the frock that the accompanying design illustrates. It is made in white piqué with bodice, sleeves, and vest of batiste, embroidered over rose-pink, and rose-pink ribbons form the braces which are back and front alike. The bodice fastens at the back, and is sewn to the belt of the skirt; this last is trimmed with embroidery laid on and afterwards cut away beneath, showing the rose-pink. Ecru-coloured linen, embroidered and green ribbons, are a pretty variety in colouring.

A. Ll. Griffiths.

Cut paper patterns for making costumes from the original designs illustrated in this article may be had, cut to the sender's measurements, for one shilling and sixpence each, or one shilling each for the children's costumes. Application should be made to the Author of "Chit-Chat on Dress," care of the Editor of Cassell's Magazine, *La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.*

GIRL'S COSTUME IN WASHING COTTON AND EMBROIDERY.



Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in THE GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

Wafer Flowers.

FIG. 1.

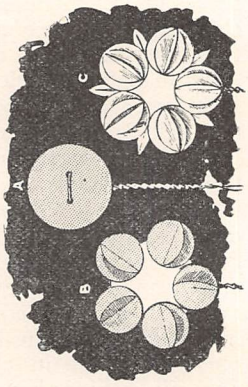
The art of making artificial flowers out of sealing wafers is spreading in French homes, especially amongst the young people. Fig. 1 will give some idea of these productions, and Fig. 2 of how they are made. A penknife, a pair of scissors, a pair of pincers, and fine iron wire, such as florists use, and a box of coloured wafers and a fine sponge, are the means required. A disc of card is cut from a carte de visite, by laying a coin on it and cutting round the edge of the coin. Two holes are bored in the disc, and the wire, after being threaded through them, is twisted into an artificial stem, as shown at A in Fig. 2. A yellow wafer is now fixed on the centre of the disc, and five red ones round about it. On these last five white half wafers are placed vertically, as shown at B; and other half wafers of rose colour are fixed between the red and white, at an angle of 45°, as shown at C. Ferns, grasses, and other ornaments can be interspersed with the flowers to make a presentable bouquet.

A Transparent Cement.

A clear cement for glass, which will neither crack nor permit the formation of arborescent marks, is made by procuring the oldest Canada balsam, and warming it to drive away the essential oil, then dropping into it a very little, not too much, castor oil.

Artists in the Far North.

Lieutenant von Payer, who with the late Lieutenant Weyprecht conducted the well-known Austro-Hungarian expedition towards the North Pole, has conceived another scheme of Arctic exploration, which is to be carried out next year. On this occasion his object is not so much to discover new territory and make scientific observations, though these objects will not be overlooked, as to obtain a series of pictures of Arctic scenery made on the spot. He believes that only in this way can justice be done to the weird and fascinating beauty of the polar landscapes, with their delicate effects of atmosphere, light and snow. Pictures made by artists at home, even by those who have visited the frozen north, are, according to him, very imperfect, and convey a false impression of the reality. Count Wilczska has provided the necessary funds for the expedition, which will consist of a small steamer of 400 tons, and proceed towards the Pole by way of East Greenland. The party will winter in a suitable fjord there, and advance northwards in the following year. Lieutenant von Payer has become an artist in order to carry out his idea; but he will be accompanied by a band of artists who will make studies on the spot, and work them into pictures whilst the impressions are fresh on their minds. For this purpose portable studios will be taken, so that the artists can ply their brushes under shelter and in comparative comfort. The colours will be mixed with an oil which does not freeze at very low temperatures, and Lieutenant von Payer expects to bring back a

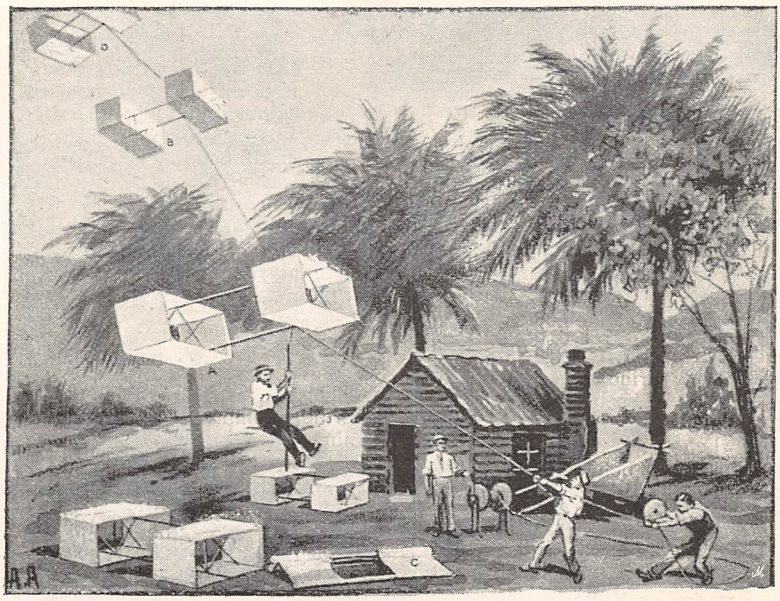


WAFER FLOWERS.—FIG. 2.

gallery of Arctic landscapes, and scenes of Eskimo life throughout the year, which will be an acquisition to the civilised world.

Flying by Kite.

Mr. Hargrave, of Clifton, New South Wales, the inventor of a flying machine, has been trying experiments with kites as a means of lifting bodies and of travelling through the air. In the illustration, for which we are indebted to *Engineering*, A, B, D are three cellular kites made of calico and American redwood, and so built as to collapse easily for transport as shown at C. Four of these kites—A, B, D, and E (which is not shown in the picture)—were flown by Mr. Hargrave on an ordinary clothes line at a distance of 40 to 50 feet apart, and weighed 35 lbs. in all. With a wind blowing at a velocity of about 19 miles an hour, they sustained a weight of 180 lbs. The figure shows Mr. Hargrave, who weighs 166 lbs., entrusting himself to the kites by sitting on a projecting seat attached to the kite E. When all four kites were pulling on the line he was lifted into the air, the pull of the kites being 240 lbs., and the velocity of the wind 21 miles an hour. Mr. Hargrave points out that a group of such kites, propelled by a motor, would make a flying machine, and, in any case, they might be useful in lifting a flying machine into the air without the help of a railway, as in Mr. Maxim's experiments. There is no doubt that a use will be found for such kites, especially as it is easy for the passenger to descend to the ground by pulling in the line.



FLYING BY KITE.

The Whistling Spider.

Particulars of the whistling, or rather booming, spider which was discovered by Mr. Baldwin Spencer, of the Horn Scientific Expedition, in Central Australia, have now come to hand. The animal proves to be the Phrictis-Crassipes of the tribe Perritelariæ, to which belongs the Mygale Stridulans of Mr. Wood Mason, which also has a stridulating organ. It reaches a length of two and a half inches, and has a span of five inches across the legs. Its home is a burrow in the ground about one inch in diameter and terminating in a cell at a depth of nearly two feet. Judging from the shards found in its chamber, it appears to live mainly on beetles. The whistling or booming sound is evoked by a curious little apparatus in the shape of a comb of hard matter on a joint of the palp, which when moved up and down grates against rows of spines on the chelicera. The note thus produced can be heard a distance of six or eight feet.

Life and Sunshine.

Dr. C. Hart Merriam, an American naturalist, has made a study of the distribution of animal and vegetable life, and finds that it is chiefly governed by temperature. The northward distribution of species is apparently restricted by the total quantity of sunshine, or rather heat, which they receive during the period of their growth and reproduction. The southward distribution, on the other hand, is not governed by this condition, but by the mean temperature during the hottest part of the year, in other words, by the maximum of heat, to which they are exposed for a time. In some districts of the Pacific Slope of North America, an anomalous intermingling of northern and southern types of plants and animals has been observed, and according to Dr. Merriam this is explicable by the foregoing consideration, inasmuch as there is a high total of sunshine in these parts combined with a

A NEW GRAPNEL.

comparatively low summer temperature. Obviously, persons who cannot endure extremes of heat and cold, but require a great deal of sunshine throughout the year, might find a suitable climate on the Pacific coast.

A New Grapnel.

The grapnel which we illustrate is intended for hooking hawsers or submarine cables at the bottom of the sea. As will be seen, the teeth project beyond a conical shield not unlike the extinguisher of a candle but when they catch in a rock or the sea mud they bend back behind the shield until the obstruction is cleared. On the other hand, if the rope or cable is caught in the hook A it is held fast, and the grapnel is then raised to the surface of the water.

Preserving Butter.

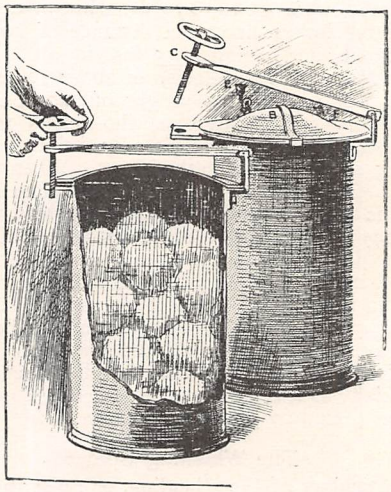
Butter when exposed to the air for a time becomes rancid—that is to say, acid, with a disagreeable odour, due to saponification of the glycerides and volatile acids. The rancidity is caused by the chemical action of oxygen in presence of light on the fatty matter, and by the action of micro-organisms—that is to say, microbes and cryptograms, which saponify and ferment the butter. In France it is usual to preserve butter by salting it with 4 to 8 per cent. of its weight of fine white powdered salt. In England and Scotland a powder consisting of two parts of salt, one part of saltpetre, and one part of sugar, is employed instead of pure salt. Butter is also preserved by means of chemicals, such as tartaric acid, bicarbonate of ammonia, boric and salicylic acids, but they tend to spoil the delicate flavour of the butter. The action of the air on butter is also prevented by exhausting it and sealing the can airtight, or replacing the air by carbonic acid under pressure, or enclosing the butter in a metal skin by electrolysis after the manner of electroplating. A novel method, which promises to supplant these, to a large extent at least, has just been introduced by M. A. M. Villon, a Frenchman, who preserves milk by means of compressed oxygen. Oxygen is unsuitable for preserving butter, but chrysoleine—a colourless liquid, slightly soluble in water—is found to serve the purpose. The butter is treated with a solution of five parts of chrysoleine in 100 parts of water, and formed into lumps, which are placed in the can shown in the figure. The lid of the can, B, is then closed and fastened by the lever, C. It is airtight, but by means of two stop-cocks, E, F, chrysoleine solution is let into the can while the air escapes. When the can is filled up with the solution the butter will keep for months, even in warm weather, and it only requires to be washed in fresh water to be fit for the table.

Trees and Weather.

M. Mer, a French forester, has observed that weather affects the growth of trees as it does that of vegetables. During the dry summer of 1893, for example, the firs of the Vosges Mountains in France grew less than usual, both in height and girth. A similar effect was produced by the cold wet summer of 1888. The dry spring of 1892 checked the growth in height, and the dry autumn of 1887 the growth in girth. In short, there are good, bad, and middling years of growth according to the nature of the weather.

"A King's Diary."

This is the first of a new series of handy and portable volumes to be known as "Cassell's Pocket Library." Its author is Mr. Percy White, who presents, in this little booklet, a story at once striking and quite out of the ordinary run. Its personal tone gives the story a certain individuality, and its pathetic ending—which in weak hands might have been morbid rather than artistic—gives it an added interest. The shape of the volume and its strong binding makes it very suitable for carrying in the pocket.



PRESERVING BUTTER.

An Explosive Fruit.

Our illustration shows a dried fruit from Batavia, Java, which has the curious property of exploding when it is placed in water. The fruit is nearly an inch long, and shaped like a cigar. After floating on the water for a few moments, it suddenly bursts and scatters the seeds which it contains in all directions. It grows on a plant, the *Justicia*, belonging to the Acanthaceæ family, and when it ripens it opens with a noise and sheds some of its grains; but the effect is greatly enhanced by water, which further moistens a kind of gum on the outside of the seeds and makes them adhere to what they strike. There are other fruits and nuts which have this peculiar method of scattering the seeds inside them, notably the Balsamines, several kinds of bean and Cucurbitaceæ, and also the *Hura Crepitans* of the Euphorbiaceæ family.

AN EXPLOSIVE FRUIT.

Up To Date.

With the eighth volume, which has just been published, the Jubilee edition of "Cassell's Illustrated History of England" is completed. From time to time we have noticed in these pages the separate volumes of the work as they were issued. Everything that we have said regarding these portions of the work applies with added force now that it is a finished whole. How important and useful a feature the illustrations to this edition are may be realised from the fact that they number nearly fifteen hundred, and include portraits and sketches made by some of the foremost of present day illustrators. The thoroughness with which the literary portion of the work has been brought up to date may be seen in the final pages, which include a summary of the speeches at the opening of the present Session of Parliament, and record the result of an election which took place in February last. These eight volumes cannot fail to be of the greatest assistance to all who are engaged in educational work, and are equally well-fitted to serve as books of reference for the general reader.

A Neglected Period.

It would be hard to give any sufficient reason for the fact—but fact it is—that in the great majority of teaching institutions English history is practically brought to a close at the Revolution or the accession of Queen Anne. Of course, some attention is given to the eighteenth century; but, considering the indelible mark which this period has left upon our policy even to the present day, it cannot be looked upon as having received anything like adequate treatment save at the hands of specialists whose work has always been addressed to a limited circle of readers. In "Britain and Her Rivals, 1713-1789" (A. D. Innes and Co.) Mr. Arthur D. Innes endeavours to remedy this defect, and to provide, within the moderate compass of a single volume, a history of the period, which shall be within the grasp of the average reader and student. One great lesson which he draws from the period under review is that of the importance of the preservation of our sea power, of which we have heard so much in other quarters of late, and its value and effect upon the policy of this country during the last century, which can hardly be over-estimated. The growth of our Indian and Colonial empires, and the causes which led to the loss of the United States, as well as the firm establishment of the Cabinet system in our government, are all admirably sketched in a work which, though unambitious, cannot fail to be of real service, and which appeals alike to teacher and taught, to the politician and the University Extension student.

GARDENING IN MAY.

WE are now on the threshold of summer. The earlier roses commence to show blossom towards the end of the month, though they are later this year through the severe and prolonged frost in February, and in a few weeks the garden will be filled with the colour and perfume of true summer flowers. May is a month of preparation for the summer. Towards the end of the month get all half-hardy things, as "geraniums," lobelias, and such like, into the open, as it is well to accustom them to open-air life before they are planted permanently. Make good use of tuberous begonias and the newer cactus dahlias, so beautiful is the form and subtle colouring of the bold flowers thrown up above the ample foliage as if to show how proud and exquisite is their aspect. Thin out annuals, and mow the lawn every week. Much, of course, will depend upon the weather: as, if very hot, less mowing is required than if it be moist. Hyacinths, tulips, daffodils, and other spring flowering bulbs should be lifted after blossoming, but not until the leafage has decayed. Then store them, when dry, in boxes, which should be kept in a cool place. In the following early October they may be planted out again, selecting September, however, for the daffodils.

Keep the soil gently stirred about carnations and picotees, supporting the flower stems with a neat stick towards the end of the month.

As regards the vegetable garden, there is less to be done than amongst the flowers. Prick out celery, sow French beans, peas, onions, turnips, lettuce, and endive, whilst everyone should try and

get plenty of mustard and cress. This requires a moist corner, just covering the seed with very fine soil.

At this time one great mistake is invariably made by amateurs. They will insist upon keeping such things as China asters in a too close atmosphere. The greenhouse is not sufficiently ventilated. It gets hot, the plants grow lanky, and naturally flowers are few. To keep down the temperature the glass must be covered with some preparation as summer cloud, better still, a light tiffany blind. Then one can regulate the shading, as even in midsummer the sun is not always shining. Plants in rooms will require plenty of water now, but the water should never remain in the receptacles in which they are placed.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

AWARDS.

SHORT STORY COMPETITION.

THE number of MSS. entered for this Competition was very large, and the competitors are to be congratulated on the average excellence of their work.

The *First Prize* of *Five Guineas* is awarded to

Mrs. JACOB,
The Collegiate School, Ripon;

The *Second Prize* of *Three Guineas* to

WILLIAM H. SHARP,
Hydecroft, Holtham Road, N.W.;

And the *Third Prize* of *Two Guineas* to

B. M. KEENE,
Llanvihangel Court,
Rogiet, Chepstow.

The following are *Commended*:—

Catherine D. Bogle, St. Leonards-on-Sea;
C. F. Fraser, Halifax, N.S.;
Miriam H. Smyth, Dublin;
Eliza Turpin, Nottingham.

Unsuccessful competitors who wish their MSS. returned should apply for them at once, in accordance with the General Regulations; and a stamped addressed envelope or wrapper should accompany each application.

PUZZLE COMPETITION.

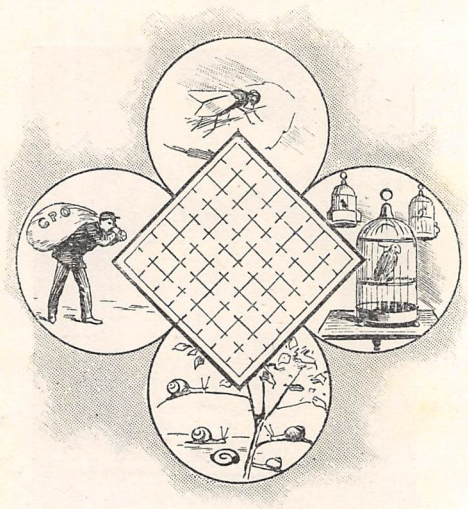
Owing to the Regulations not being fully complied with, many competitors in this Competition were disqualified. It will be remembered that the prizes were offered for the best word-puzzles of any description formed out of the words, "CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE."

The *First Prize* of *Two Guineas* is awarded to

MARGARET A. SHOUT,
Castle Farm, Cowton,
Northallerton,

whose Picture-Puzzle we have reproduced.

"The letters forming the names of the objects represented below, when rightly arranged, will give the name of a well-known monthly magazine":—



Answer—Fly, mail, maze, cages, snails.

The *Second Prize* of *One Guinea* is awarded to

ALICE ROUTH,
The Rand, Bedale,

for the following Hidden Anagram:—

"In a *first* (mail) train, where *second* (gay) folk were sitting,
One took a seat, with thumping *third* (can) of dripping,
Of bulky *fourth* (size); to which a *fifth* (fall) occurred
And made a *sixth* (mess) surprising and absurd.
Now take all six, and fit them neatly in,
To make up '*Cassell's Family Magazine*.'"

The *Third Prize* of *Half-a-Guinea* is awarded to

J. G. PASCOE,
The Vicarage, St. Issey, Cornwall,

for "Sages claim man's lazy life."

Special Commendation is accorded to

Jenny Osborn, Leytonstone, for "A fancy 'Mag.,' all sizes smile."

Sybil T. Coote, West Cromwell Road, S.W., for "If all gaze can my sale miss?"

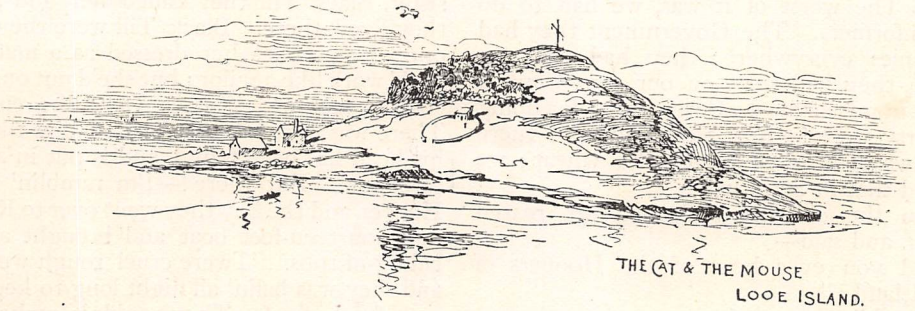
Frances E. Yell, Bexley Heath, for "A manly zeal is magic's self."

AMONG THE ROSES.
(*Drawn by* S. NICOLET.)

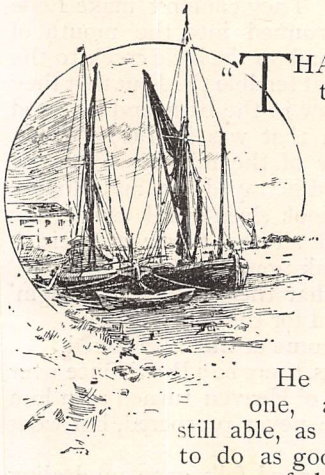
THE LAST OF THE SMUGGLERS.

AN INTERVIEW.

BY S. BARING-GOULD, M.A., AUTHOR OF "JOHN HERRING," "MEHALAH," ETC.



THE CAT & THE MOUSE
LOOE ISLAND.



"THAT there darned telegraph was the end o' we. It killed honest trade."

With these words an old smuggler concluded his tale of the good old times of "free trade."

He is aged ninety-one, a Cornishman; still able, as he assured me, to do as good a day's work as can any young man of the present generation. I had come on him after he had spent a day in the harvest field, and there most certainly in binding sheaves and in tossing into the waggon he kept pace with men fifty years his junior.

He was never married. "My sister," said he, "her kep' house for me sixty year; and when her died, I were too old to marry—leastways, I reckon the maidens 'ud say so."

"Have you asked any?"

He shook his head. "I didn't want to be made a fule of—by one takin' me."

Wisdom Penaluna—I do not give his real name, as I am not sure he would like it—spent a twelvemonth in prison the year that King William was crowned. "All along o' free trade," as he explained. In fact, he had been caught smuggling. That was in 1830, consequently when he was a lusty young fellow of twenty-six.

"Them was brave times," said Penaluna.

"What? when in prison?"

"No—out of it," he answered sharply. "Tea sold in England at eight shillings a pound, and we could buy in Guernsey or Jersey at sevenpence. That was tidy profits. The year of the breaking out of the Revolution in France (1830) I was over at Cherbourg, and I and my mate we bought a score of tubs of Hollands—that is to say, twenty-one to the score—for seven pounds. We brought them back safe to England and sold them there for three guineas a tub. Made by that transaction £26. That's what I call fair trading. We got 'baccy at Jersey for sevenpence a pound, same as tea, and sold it at half-a-crown. That waren't quite the profits as there was on tea, but it was easier to dispose of. And one-and-eleven on a pound ain't to be sneezed at."

The old man smiled; his face glowed with conscious pride. Not a shadow of a suspicion that there was anything of blame, morally, attaching to his conduct passed over his conscience. I am quite sure he reckoned up his successful runs with contraband goods as some men would count up their good deeds.

"At times," continued he, "there was rough dealings. I mind in February, 1816, there was a bit of a scratch. The chaps had brought over a famous lot o' spirits and got all safe ashore. The Customs men heard of it somehow, and two riding officers came out and called to their aid two light horsemen, and tried to stop the goods as they were being carried from shore to the distributing place. But the farmers all round came to the aid of the smugglers, and there was some fighting. One officer was thrown from his horse and had an arm broken; some of our men were severely wounded. Search was made for them after the affair, but they were not to be found; they'd been

hid away, and were kept hid till their wounds were healed. I reckon there was a hundred and fifty men out that day—our fellows and the farmers and their men."

"I suppose you were not always successful?"

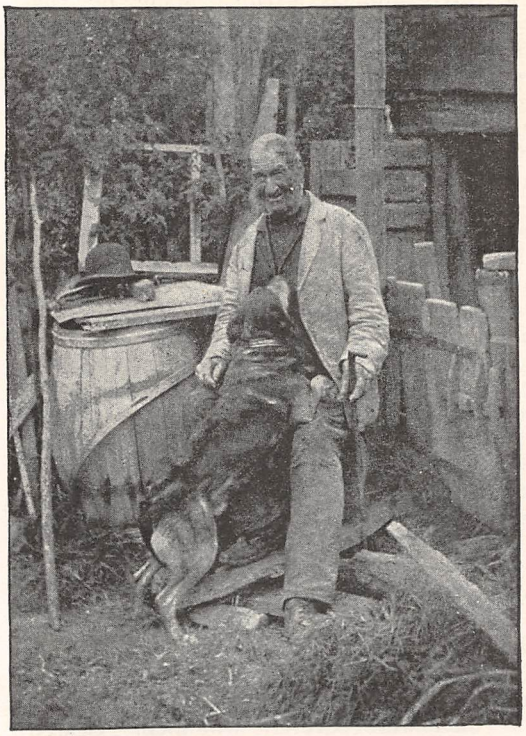
"No; I were cotched that year George IV. died. The worst of it was, we had to do with informers. The Government they had paid spies everywhere: they had spies in France, they had spies on our own Cornish coast—more shame to Cornishmen for doing the dirty work! But, bless you, sir! there will always be tares among the wheat; we are told that in Scriptur'."

Then the old fellow flushed up, reared himself, and said—

"Did you ever hear of the Hoopers of Looe Island?"

"Never."

"Well, the first o' the Hoopers was a banished man to the Mewstone off Plymouth. Why he wor sent there I cannot tell; but if he were to be ketched ashore on the mainland, he'd ha' been hung. So he lived till he died on the Mewstone, and there the Hooper I knowed and will tell 'ee about he were reared. The Hooper I knowed he left the Mewstone, and takin' kindly-like to an island, he took to living on Looe Island—that's about eight acres, and off the coast of Looe; it belongs to Sir William Trelawny—always did belong to the Trelawnys, ever sin' it wor created. He gave ten shillin' an acre for the island; in all four pound. I hear tell it lets now for forty or fifty. Hooper, he and his sister, Black Till they called her, and a boy, they lived there. Black Till were the clever one. Sometimes her dressed as a man, and her'd work like a sailor; but she'd put on petticoats sometimes—Easter Day, like enough. There was once a black man on that island—his head has been found, and is put in a glass case now. But there!—I'm ramblin' away. Hooper and the boy they went over to Roscoff in a fourteen-feet boat and brought away a lading of tubs. 'Twere cruel rough weather, and they was balin' all night long to keep the open boat afloat. They couldn't make Looe Island, so they runned into the mouth of Fowey Harbour, and up the little creek to the mill. They was that terrible tired out that they crep' into the straw in the barn and fell dead asleep. I reckon that was in 1827. What do 'ee think now of the miller? He went off same night and betrayed 'em, and Hooper and the boy was took sleep-drunk as they lay in the straw, and all the tubs were seized. What do 'ee think now should be done wi' such a villain as that there miller? Hangin' would be too good for the likes of he!"



WISDOM PENALUNA.
(*From a photograph.*)

"What did become of him?" I asked.

"Well, you sees, there be a Providence over all; and the face o' Heaven turned agin him after that, and he never prospered, but went down, down."

"I suppose the good folk gave up dealing with him?"

"Aye; 'twas so, I reckon. A chap as acted as did he, all the honest men were agin him, and he wor lucky that he didn't get trun'led over the cliffs."

A pause, and then—

"I reckon he knowed it mightn't be oversafe for he to go along the edge o' the cliffs after that."

As mention has been made of Roscoff—a little place in Brittany that flourished on the illicit trade with Cornwall, and has languished since that trade has ceased—it may be mentioned that there was a notorious man of the name of Coppinger, who had a small estate near St. Austell, and another at Roscoff. He had a lugger of his own, and during the European war was employed by the British Government to convey communications between England and their agents in France. The man was well known to be engaged in the contraband trade, and it was for that reason that he was received without suspicion

in a French port. Of course, during the war the French were only too willing to damage the British revenue by the encouragement of smuggling. But the English Government, knowing the man to be a smuggler, connived at his proceedings for the sake of having a means of carrying on secret communication with their agents in the enemy's country.

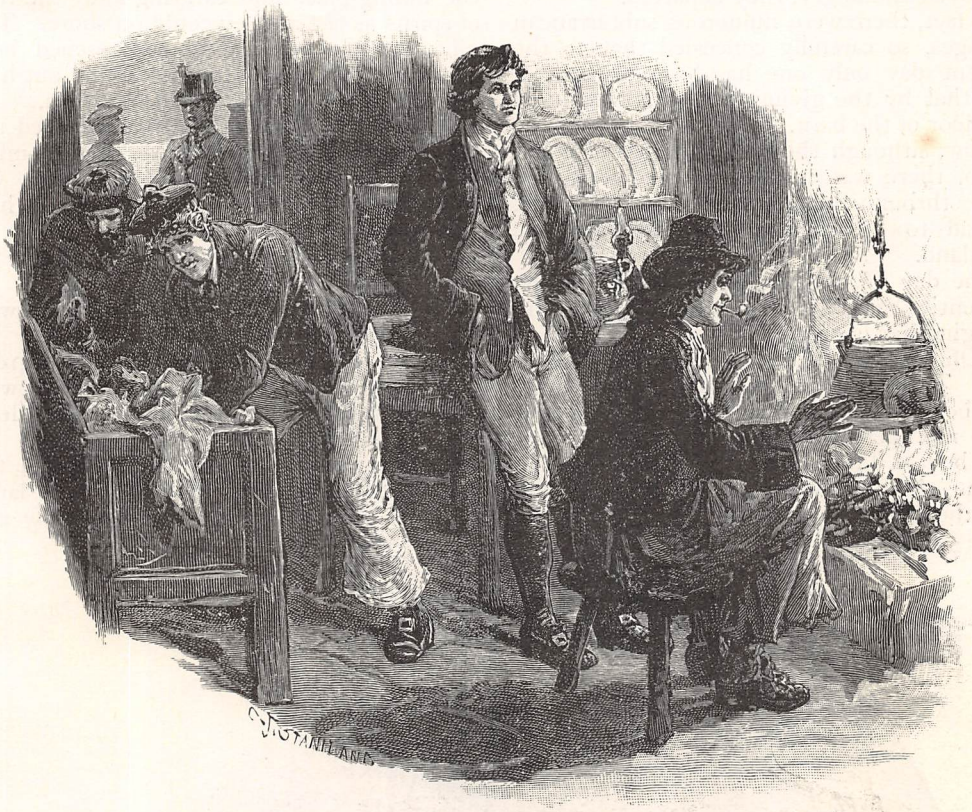
Coppinger must have done well, for he married a daughter to a Trefusis, son of Lord Clinton, and a son married the daughter of Sir John Murray, Baronet, of Stanhope. On the occasion of the marriage of his daughter, he gave her as a portion the sum of £40,000.

To return to the Hoopers.

As already said, they had a house on Looe Island. This became an emporium for smuggled goods. The brother and sister were so clever and so daring that the revenue officers were continually baulked by them. At last the Government resolved on planting a station upon the island itself, close to the farmhouse of the Hoopers, where it was to be as a cat watching a mouse. It was a cottage surrounded by a ring wall.

The farmhouse was old, ramshackle, and was surrounded with barns and outhouses. The house itself has been since pulled down and a new one built on its site. One of the great barns remains.

As the island grew nothing save rabbits, it was obvious that these outbuildings could only be used for merchandise, not for agricultural produce. The boy was now employed to watch the one preventive man who was planted to watch the farm.



"BLACK TILL SAT OVER THE FIRE SMOKING."

All the business done was done when the officer was asleep. The lively traffic of the Hoopers was hampered, not stopped.

On one occasion a smuggling vessel ran boldly to the island and discharged her cargo. The one preventive officer could not approach. A ring of men kept him at a distance. However, the proceeding had been observed from the shore, and a preventive boat was manned and run out, but did not reach the island till the vessel had spread sails and departed.

The premises of the Hoopers were searched —nothing was to be found. Black Till sat over the fire smoking; Hooper himself stood

listless, with his hands in his pockets. The officers ransacked the barn, the outhouses, every portion of the dwelling—and found nothing. They could not swear that the ship had discharged run-goods, and nothing savouring of contraband was to be detected. Annoyed and angry, they departed.

In fact, there were numerous subterranean passages, so carefully concealed that to the present day only one has been discovered, and that by the giving way of a portion of the floor of the barn.

Now, although the smack had landed her cargo, there was another proceeding to be gone through before the cargo was safe. It had to be conveyed on shore on the mainland.

One day Black Till ran in despair to the preventive man, with tears in her eyes and wringing her hands.

"Oh, lor!" cried she, "what iver shall us do? There is our boat hev broke away, and be now carried out to say. Do 'ee now help me, there's a dear man. If that 'ere boat be lost, I'll go and drownd myself."

The obliging officer ran to the cliff and saw the black speck of the boat tossing on the waves, and being swept out to sea by the tide. He at once jumped into his own boat and rowed hard in pursuit of her, and after some time succeeded in recovering her.

Whilst this was going on on one side of the island, a party of smugglers was clearing the hiding-place and carrying away the tubs of spirits as fast as they could on shore. The officer returned, bringing the rescued boat with him. Whether he ever found out how he had been befooled I could not learn.

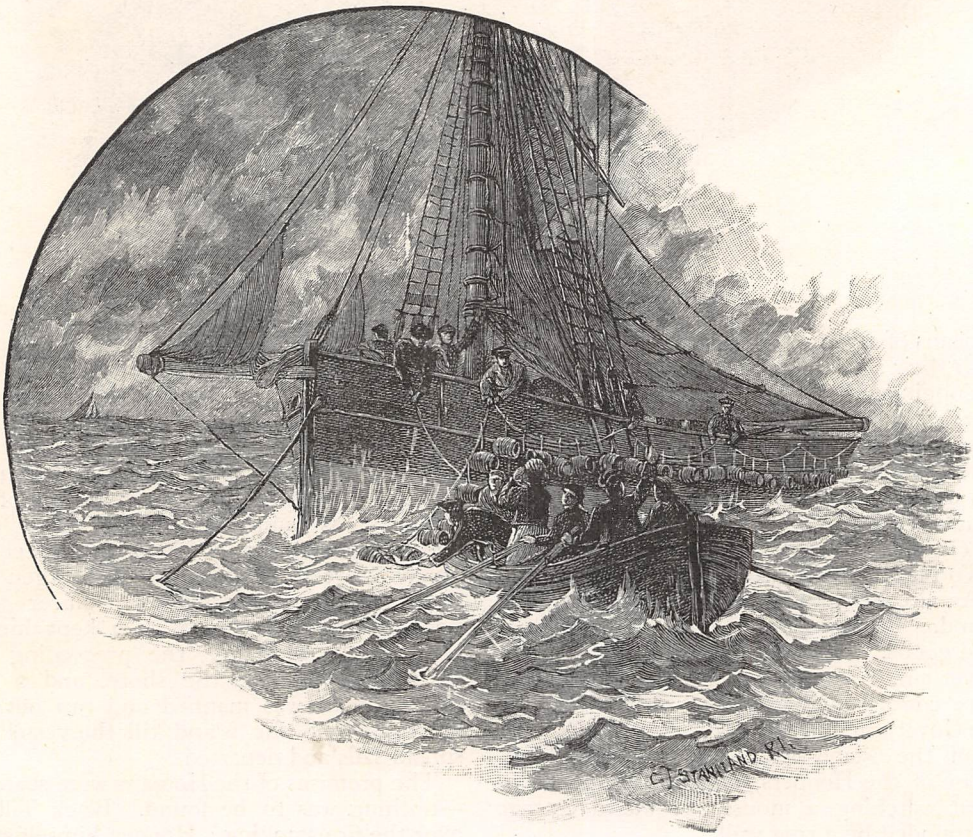
At one time the officer who patrolled the shore at Looe was in the pay of the smugglers. He rode a white or grey cob. On reaching Looe, a man would come up to him and say—

"That's a nice cob you have; is he for sale?"

"That depends," the officer would answer. "I ain't inclined to sell him dirt cheap."

After a little haggling a price was agreed on. Then the officer would say: "Now, I can't walk home, you see, so you must lend me the cob for my return."

And the officer persistently watched the vegetation on the banks and the inland landscape as he rode home, and never by any

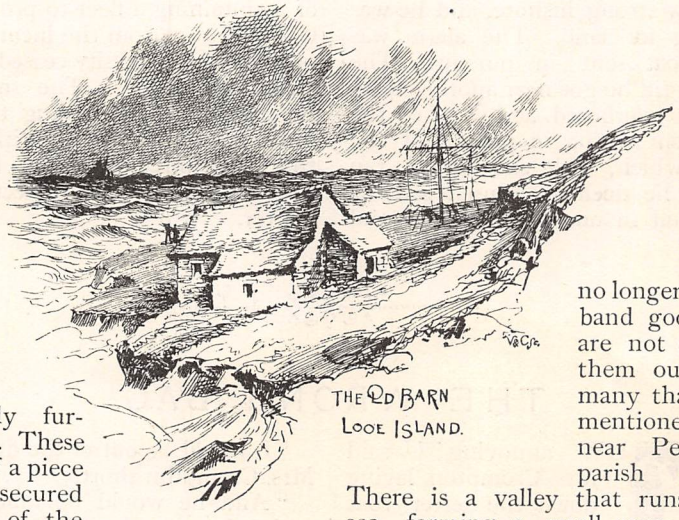


TOWING A SUNK "CROP."

chance cast a look to sea. That cob was believed to have been sold over some half-a-hundred times.

The story was told me that when old Hooper lay a-dying he was offered as much as sixty pounds if he would reveal the secret of the hiding-places. He steadfastly refused. "I'll die as I've lived—an honest man," he said.

The farmers were in league with the "free traders." As soon as it was made known to them that a vessel was about to discharge in the nearest cove, they would assemble their men. The farmers kept donkeys, which were ostensibly employed to carry loads of sand from the beach for the manuring of the fields. On the occasion of the landing of a cargo these donkeys were put into requisition. But the men were all accustomed to carry kegs. Indeed, at Cherbourg, Roscoff, and elsewhere the "tubs" of brandy were provided suitably furnished with slings. These slings consisted of a piece of small rope secured round each end of the tub, so as to leave the two "tails" of rope of equal length. A cargo was not always carried on board a vessel, but was frequently sunk and towed, and when so, a chain of tubs was formed by tying one of the sling-ropes to the sinking rope. When the "crop" was brought ashore the rope end was untied or cut, and then tub carriers took one tail over each shoulder, and tied the other tails together. Thus each man carried two tubs.



When a smuggling vessel towed a number of tubs a heavy stone was slung between each, so as to keep them under water and invisible. Moreover, on reaching the coast, if it were not possible to at once remove the "crop," it was customary to sink it. This was done by fastening each rope end to a small anchor, which prevented the crop from drifting away. Then the smugglers could take their own time to remove the sunken spirits. The revenue officers were, however, well aware of this, and if they had observed a suspicious-looking vessel moving about the coast, and then run in, they would feel or "creep" for the cargo with crooks, and raise the sunken kegs if able to light on them.

Signals at night were given with flint and steel. A code of flashes was agreed upon. Also windows that commanded the sea were eminently useful as a means of communication. The smugglers had their agents on shore shadowing the preventive men, and they had a lingo of their own, by means of which they were able to give information, even before their enemies, without being understood. Whistling certain tunes was also a means of conveying instructions or giving warning. "Jenny to the Fair" meant that the coast was clear; "Baalam" was a caution that a watch was kept. Along the coast at various points were—and are still—places of concealment. They are now no longer used for contraband goods, and people are not shy of pointing them out. Among the many that exist may be mentioned the "Vouga," near Penrose, in the parish of St. Eval. There is a valley that runs down to the sea, forming a small cove, with a beach. Opening out of this valley is a lateral coombe—all moor—covered with heather, gorse, and brambles. In the side of this coombe, hidden behind briers, is the mouth of a cave that has been cut out of the rock. It forms a passage or gallery, and has marks in the side where a door and beams were placed to secure the entrance. A lateral gallery is said to have run a mile under ground, and to open into the back yard of a cottage on the cliffs. Much of this has fallen in, but both entrances remain, and the places where the roof has given way can also be traced. There are still alive people who can recall when this was used.

"Ah, sir," said my man to me, "in them glorious days us didn't count gold, us measured it out."

I have seen a china imperial quart mug in which the gold was thus measured. At Maker there lived a handsome woman—she is now dead—who used to go up and down the street, carrying a baby in long clothes. Somehow the baby never got out of long

clothes. One day a preventive man in passing greeted her—

"Well, Mrs. Lee, a quiet baby yours—never cries!"

"No. I reckon her don't cry terrible, but her's got a lot o' spirit for all that in her."

And so the "baby" had. It was a keg of contraband brandy.

It was a favourite practice to press well-known smugglers for the navy. One such was thus taken and run on board a man-of-war lying in Cawsand Bay. He waited his time. One evening, when he thought the opportunity was come, he jumped overboard and swam to a fishing-smack anchored hard by, cut her adrift, and hoisted sail.

The wind blew strong inshore, and he was speedily making for land. The alarm was given and a boat sent in pursuit. The smuggler waited till he got near another boat, then again went overboard, and watched the man-of-war's men rowing in pursuit of the empty smack, which, with sail spread, ran ashore. When he deemed himself safe he made for the land in another direction, and was never retaken. The man died a few years ago.

The condition of mind in which the State is regarded as the natural enemy, to be resisted, overreached, defrauded, is not one which we can at present readily comprehend. And yet it is quite possible that such a condition of mind may again occur should the State unduly tax and oppress any class by laying excessive burdens upon it; or, again, should it become so Socialistic in its all-embracing activity as to threaten individualism with extinction.

It was a favourite belief among the smugglers that the Customs duties were laid on goods by the Government for the purpose of maintaining a fleet to protect the shores of Great Britain from the incursions of Algerine pirates. The necessity ceased, yet the Customs were maintained. The smugglers justified themselves by pretending that the Government had not kept faith with the nation, and that in consequence no moral obligation weighed on them to respect the law in this matter.

THE WRONG BAG.

"HOW annoying!" said Mrs. Crompton, laying down the letter that the one o'clock post had just brought. "Mr. Dupont cannot come."

"Mr. Dupont can't come?" echoed her daughter Sybil, in dismay. "Why, he was the star. What shall we do?"

"And the day is so near," went on Mrs. Crompton; "and as we've undertaken the concert, it *must* be a success. I don't know what we shall do. Of course, it isn't his fault. He's down with that dreadful influenza."

"Why don't you ask Will Harding to sing?" inquired Reggie Crompton, in the would-be indifferent voice that people assume when introducing a forbidden topic.

His mother frowned.

"I couldn't think of such a thing," she said. "He wouldn't do at all."

"He sings a great deal better than Mr. Dupont," said Sybil, her quiet tone contrasting strangely with the heightened colour of her cheeks.

"It would be out of the question," returned Mrs. Crompton shortly.

"And he would be much more popular with the people of Southborough," said Reggie, getting up and going out of the room.

Mrs. Crompton fidgeted about for a few minutes, and then she too went out, leaving Sybil alone with her father, who had been reading during this conversation, and had apparently taken no notice of it. However, he now looked up.

"I wish you to remember, Sybil," he said slowly, "what I told you a few weeks ago. I do not wish Mr. Harding's name to be mentioned in my presence."

"But I didn't mention it," answered Sybil, with a little touch of defiance. "I only agreed with Reggie in thinking that he could fill the vacant place."

"But you know what I mean. And after the impertinent way Mr. Harding behaved a month ago, I do not wish to have anything more to do with him."

"I don't think he was impertinent."

"There I must differ from you. And when you are a little older, I think you will see that a penniless young doctor, with only a

part of a country practice, is not a suitable husband for my daughter. Now, I wish to hear no more of it."

And with this he returned to his paper. Sybil looked irresolute, but before she could speak, the door opened, and Mrs. Crompton came in again, followed by a tall, pleasant-looking young man, who, judging by his dress and the hunting-crop he carried in his hand, had just ridden over.

She was still full of her recent grievance.

"Isn't it annoying?" she began, after her companion had been warmly greeted by Mr. Crompton, and had eagerly shaken hands with Sybil. "Mr. Dupont can't come, and I don't know who we can get instead."

Allan Mackenzie tried to look properly sympathetic.

"Why don't you persuade Miss Crompton to alter her mind, and sing?" he said, with the air of one who was making a brilliant suggestion.

Sybil could not help laughing.

"I am going to sing one song, after all," she answered. "But I'm afraid that if I did more than that, it might risk the possible success of the concert."

"Oh, come now!" expostulated Allan; "you sing better than any of them. I'm sure I could listen to you all the evening."

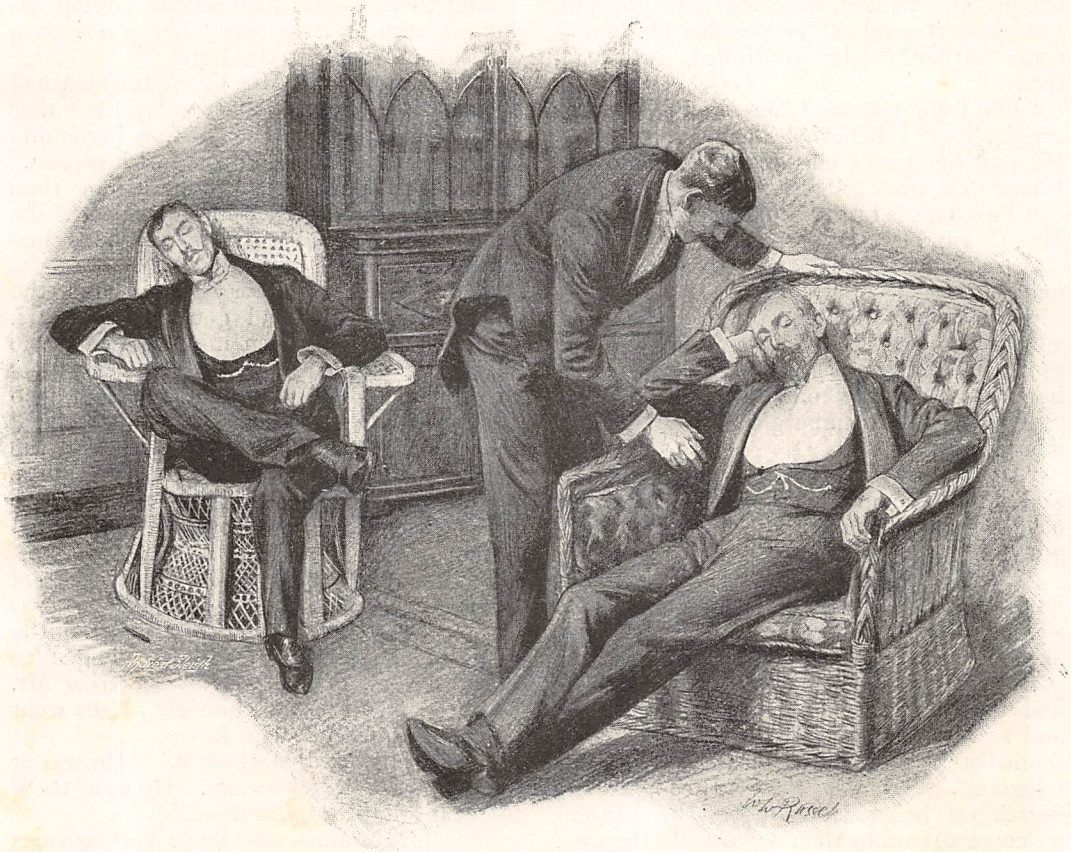
"And besides, we want a man," said Mrs. Crompton.

"Won't you sing, Mr. Mackenzie?" asked Sybil mischievously. "I won't promise for myself, but I'm sure all your tenants would come and applaud you."

"I wish I could. I should be only too happy to sing if you asked me to. What a pity it is, Mrs. Crompton, that your concert takes place so soon. Now, if it had been next week, I could have got you out of the difficulty. I've got a man coming to stay with me who sings splendidly."

"Indeed! Who is he?"

"Oh, he's an awfully jolly fellow. I met him abroad, and we travelled back together. I heard him sing at a concert for some charity at the hotel out there, and he was encored in all his songs. He got me out of a difficulty, too. I was robbed of all my money, and he



"HAVING CAREFULLY ABSTRACTED SOMETHING FROM MR. CROMPTON'S POCKET" (*p.* 491).

lent me enough to get back with. So, as I wanted to repay him somehow, I asked him to come down and stay with me for a few days. He is a cousin of the Earl of—one of those Scotch counties: I forget which—but he's quarrelled with all his relations, and I think he's rather poor."

"Dear me!—how romantic!" said Mrs. Crompton. "I wish we could have got him. I suppose it wouldn't be possible for him to come earlier?" she continued, interrogatively.

"Oh, I don't know," answered Mackenzie carelessly. "I believe he could have come. He said he wasn't engaged much now, and I fixed next week for his visit."

"Two days is rather short notice," went on Mrs. Crompton, and then she paused.

A sudden inspiration came to the young man.

"Oh, if it would assist you at all," he answered quickly, "I'll write to him. No, I must wire; I believe he's in Scotland. Yes, here it is"—taking out his pocket-book—"Royal Hotel, Edinburgh. I don't know where he lives."

"Do you really think you could do it?" said Mrs. Crompton eagerly. "It would be such an assistance, and I should be so grateful."

"I shall be delighted to do anything to help you," he answered, looking across the room at Sybil. "You see, Miss Crompton, even if I can't sing, I may be of some use."

But at this point the luncheon bell sounded, and spared her the trouble of making a reply, and as Mr. Mackenzie was obliged to leave immediately after that meal to send his telegram, Sybil was able to congratulate herself on being less annoyed by his unwelcome attentions than was usually the case. And the next day she was equally lucky, as she happened to be out when he called; but as he came to announce the success of his endeavours to assist, Mrs. Crompton was perfectly satisfied.

"Meadows will come," said Allan Mackenzie triumphantly; "but he will only get to Southborough an hour before the concert begins, so he'll have to go to the hotel and dress, and then we'll both come on here afterwards: that is, if you really wish us to stop the night here."

"Of course you must," answered Mrs. Crompton. "You promised to come to supper, and it would be too bad for you to have to drive nine miles after it."

So when Mackenzie met Mr. Meadows at the Southborough station the next evening, he told him of the arrangement.

"Oh, it's all one to me," said his visitor, laughing. "But I hope it won't inconvenience them, my having brought my man with me. I have hurt my arm, and I can't dress myself properly."

"Nothing serious, I hope?"

"No; it'll be all right in a day or two. By the way, I must send Symmons to a chemist's to get a lotion for it."

And then, a staid man-servant having advanced with a large bag, they got into a carriage and drove to the hotel.

In the meanwhile, Mrs. Crompton had had a busy time for the last two days, but that she did not mind in the least, as her efforts seemed destined to be crowned with success.

"Though I think it will be a long time before I attempt another charity concert," she confided to the Countess de la Marche as they drove down to the hall.

The title was only a foreign one, but as the Countess was rich and good-looking, Mrs. Crompton had not been mistaken when she anticipated that she would be a great attraction to the inhabitants of Southborough, who were not often privileged to hear a real countess sing—and from first to last the concert was a success. The hall was as full as it could possibly be, and the performers were better than Mrs. Crompton had even dared to hope.

"But certainly your friend is the success of the evening," she said to Allan Mackenzie, as Mr. Meadows, after twice returning to the platform and bowing, had been obliged to repeat a verse of his song. "Isn't that Mr. Harding down there to the right?" she went on abruptly, with a slight frown.

"Yes," answered Mackenzie. "He was at the hotel a little while ago. He went there to get his dinner and to dress."

The programme was long, and encores were so numerous that it was considerably past eleven when the performers were able to escape from their friends' congratulations and compliments, and seat themselves in the large private omnibus which was to take them back to Mr. Crompton's house.

"Oh, is my bag in?" asked Mr. Meadows, putting his head out of the window just before they started.

"Yes, sir," said Symmons, coming round to the door.

"And the lotion from the chemist's? Did you get it?"

"Yes, sir. Here it is."

Mr. Meadows seized it and examined the label; then he put the bottle in his pocket, and they started.

"Where did you learn to sing with such feeling, Miss Crompton?" asked the Countess, as they were waiting in the drawing-room for

a few minutes before supper. "Your 'Robin Adair' quite touched me."

Sybil blushed slightly.

"Oh, I always try to feel what I sing," she answered simply.

"But whatever made you choose that song?" said Mrs. Crompton, rather sharply.

"It's a favourite of mine," replied Sybil.

"So it is with me," said Mr. Meadows, as he entered the room at this moment.

He had been upstairs to have his arm bound up, and in answer to everyone's inquiries, he protested that there was very little the matter with it.

"Then will you offer it to the Countess, and we will go in to supper," said Mrs. Crompton. "We must send the two stars in together."

"I shall be delighted," he answered gaily; "though such a conjunction cannot but eclipse me. You had double my share of applause," he continued, as they went through the hall into the dining-room, "and two bouquets."

"Oh, that was only the effect of my diamonds," said the Countess. "I always put them on for anything in aid of a charity."

"They are magnificent!" he replied, with a glance of admiration. "But do you think it is safe to wear them? I should be so anxious about them, that it would spoil all my pleasure. There was a paragraph in one of this evening's papers about someone having lost her jewels. Lady Osmond, I think it was."

"Lady Osmond! Why, she's my cousin. Who stole them?"

"That's what no one knows."

"How dreadful! Did you hear that, Mrs. Crompton? My cousin, Lady Osmond, has lost her jewels!"

"That's what ladies are always doing," said Mr. Crompton. "Now, my wife's jewels are generally at the bank; but when they are here for a night, I keep them in my room, in a safe with all the latest improvements, and I always have the key on my watch-chain."

"Well, don't let's talk about it now," said his wife. "It always makes me nervous. And it's so late, and I know you must be faint for want of your supper. Now what will you take, my dear Countess?"

And soon everyone was busily engaged. Mr. Meadows alone seemed to find it difficult to get on, owing to his damaged arm; so, after a few minutes, he sent for Symmons, who, after he had cut up and prepared his master's food, remained in the room, helping the other servants. At last Mrs. Crompton gave the signal to the ladies to leave the room.

"Mind you see that everything is locked up," she said, as she passed the butler. "And see that Mr. Meadows' servant is properly looked after."

And then she went into the drawing-room and sat down in an easy chair.

"Dear me, I'm so sleepy! I think I shall go upstairs directly," said Sybil; and having said good-night, she retired, and was soon afterwards followed by some of the other ladies, Mrs. Crompton and the Countess alone remaining in the drawing-room.

The latter took up a book of views and began looking at it; and Mrs. Crompton, having no one to talk to, lay back in her chair and reviewed the events of the evening with the utmost complacency. It had really been a most successful affair, she thought to herself; but how tired it had made her. How glad she would be to get to bed! Then she closed her eyes. Of course, she would not go to sleep; but—the chair was very comfortable—and—what a successful—evening—it—had—been——

In the meanwhile, the gentlemen had retired to the smoking-room.

"I say," said Reggie to Mackenzie: "look at Meadows. He's fast asleep. It's that prosy long tale you were telling that's done it. It's made me sleepy, too; so I'm going to bed."

And with this he left the room.

"You were telling me about that new man who has taken that farm of yours, weren't you?" said Mr. Crompton; and Mackenzie, nothing loth, resumed his tale.

But before many minutes had elapsed, he saw that he was telling it to an unappreciative listener, for Mr. Crompton had gradually closed his eyes, and was now asleep—and snoring.

"How amusing!" said Mackenzie to himself. "I think I'll have another cigar before I wake him. It's funny that they should both be so sleepy. But, to tell the truth, I feel rather the same way myself."

And then he lighted the cigar. But it was never entirely smoked, for before many minutes had gone by, it had dropped from his hand, and he too lay back in his chair—asleep.

For some minutes there was silence in the room. Then Mr. Meadows slowly opened his eyes, and looked about him. He did not, however, appear in the least sleepy. He cautiously bent over Mr. Crompton and Allan Mackenzie, and even shook them slightly. But they gave no signs of waking, so, having carefully abstracted something from Mr. Crompton's pocket, he softly left the room.

It was past eight o'clock when Mr. Crompton

woke next morning, and when he did so he stared in astonishment around him. Allan Mackenzie lay asleep in another chair; but there was no one else in the room. He got up and walked to the door, which at the same moment was opened, and the butler came into the room.

"I'm very sorry, sir," he said, "but we've all overslept ourselves this morning. I didn't know you were up so early."

And then he looked in surprise at Mackenzie, who was still asleep on the other side of the room. Mr. Crompton was just about to speak, when he was stopped by the sound of someone hurrying along the corridor. It was Mrs. Crompton.

"What does this all mean?" she exclaimed. "The Countess and I fell asleep in the drawing-room after supper, and we've been there all night. Why didn't you wake us up?"

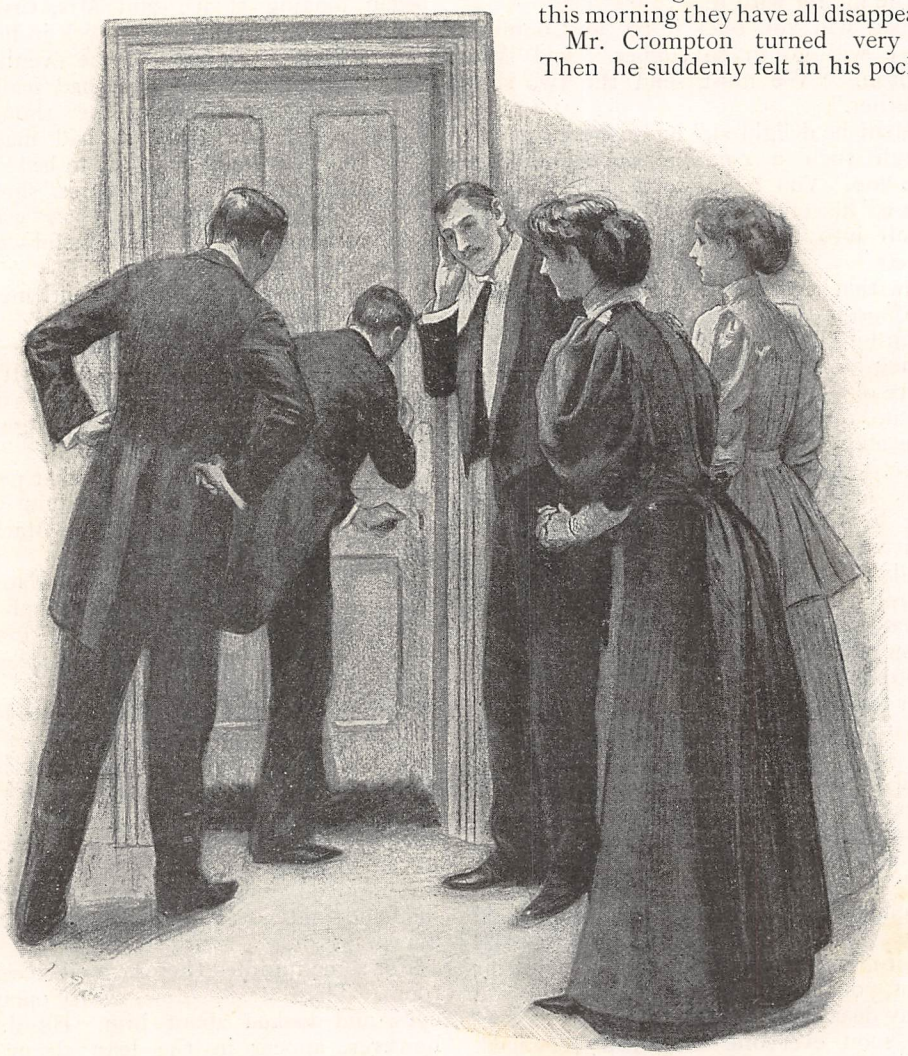
Mr. Crompton was again about to speak; but at that moment someone else came running towards them.

"Mrs. Crompton, what do you think?" cried the Countess, as she rushed into the room, and sank down into a chair. "My diamonds have all gone!"

"Gone!" said Mrs. Crompton. "What do you mean?"

"Why, I went to sleep in the drawing-room last night with them all on, and this morning they have all disappeared."

Mr. Crompton turned very pale. Then he suddenly felt in his pocket.



"'THE KEY IS ON THE INSIDE'" (*p.* 493).

"My watch is gone!" he exclaimed—"my watch and chain, and with them the key of the safe."

And without stopping another moment, he

left the room and hurried upstairs, followed by Mrs. Crompton and the Countess. When he reached his room, one glance was sufficient to show him that the safe was open—and empty.

He sat down beside it in speechless despair. At that moment there was a light step on the corridor, and Sybil looked in at the doorway.

"How early you are in getting up this morning!" she said; and then, as her glance fell on their evening dress, she began to feel both astonished and alarmed. "Why, what is the matter?" she cried, coming into the room.

"We have been robbed," answered Mrs. Crompton, who was beginning to recover herself. "The safe has been opened, and the Countess's diamonds have gone, too."

"But who can have done it? And how was it we didn't hear anything?"

"We were drugged, I believe," answered the Countess. "There must have been some reason for us all being so sleepy."

"Where's Reggie?" asked Mrs. Crompton anxiously. "I hope everyone is all right. And Lena Leslie, and Miss Griffen?"

"I'll go and see," said Sybil, running out of the room.

And in a few moments she returned with her brother and the two visitors, and Allan Mackenzie coming upstairs directly afterwards, Mr. Crompton called him into the room.

"Now we are all here," said Mrs. Crompton, after the new-comers had been enlightened as to the state of affairs in a few words, "except Mr. Meadows."

"Yes; where is he?" said Mackenzie uneasily.

"That's the question," replied Mr. Crompton. "I think I had better go and see."

And he walked out of the room and down the corridor, followed by all the others. The door of Mr. Meadows' room was closed, and after a moment's pause, during which all waited in breathless silence, he turned the handle.

The door was locked.

"And the key is on the inside," he said, stooping down. And then he gave a loud knock.

"Who's there?" shouted a voice from within; and everyone started in amazement, for they had all made up their minds that the search would be in vain. And then the key was turned, the door opened, and Will Harding stood before them. This was more of a surprise than anyone expected.

"Why, how did you get here?" stammered Mr. Crompton, forgetting to speak sternly in his amazement.

"Through the open front door," answered the young man calmly.

"But how did it come to be open?"

"That I will tell you, if you will let me."

"But do you know that there has been a robbery?"

"Yes; and I will tell you all about it. It's rather a long tale."

"Then let us go into my boudoir," put in Mrs. Crompton. "I should prefer that to standing here."

"Certainly," said Harding. "I will follow you in a moment."

And having given a reassuring glance to Sybil, who was looking both perplexed and frightened, he went back into the bedroom.

A few moments later he came into the boudoir, where they were all assembled, with a large travelling-bag in his hand.

"This is the cause of my being here," he said; "and, if you will let me, I will tell you the story straight through as quickly as possible."

"Yes, do," said Mrs. Crompton, trying to keep back her impatience; "and I hope it will give us a clue by which to recover our jewels."

"I think it will. Well, to begin with, I dare say you may know that I was at the concert last night. I intended to stay the night at the Crown Hotel, and I brought my things in a bag with me. After the concert I had some supper, and then I went to my room, but when I unlocked the bag which I found there, I discovered that it was not my own. Before I noticed this, I had shot everything out on the bed. I replaced them all, and the last thing I put back was a leather box.

"This had come unfastened as it fell out of the bag, and I was astonished to find that it was full of diamond jewellery. I locked up the bag, which, even on close inspection, seemed to be exactly like mine, and evidently had a precisely similar lock, and took it downstairs.

"I questioned the porter, and at length found that a gentleman had come to change his clothes at the hotel, and that the waiter must have made a mistake, and have given him my bag instead of his own. When I discovered that this gentleman had gone home with you, I determined to walk over and change bags.

"When I arrived here, to my surprise the front door was ajar, and on looking in I saw my bag lying wide open in the middle of the hall. This struck me as curious, so I walked silently in; but I was much more surprised

when, on looking in my bag, I found that it contained nothing but jewellery and watches. Just then I heard a step ; so, as I now guessed the truth, I slipped behind a large screen, and waited. A man entered, and I immediately recognised him as the singer who had been such a success at your concert.

"His hands were full of diamonds, which he put into the bag. Then he closed and fastened it. Then another man came in, and they prepared to go. But they had forgotten their hats.

"'Mine is upstairs,' said the first man.

"'And mine's downstairs,' said the other ; and they both left the hall at the same time. I saw my opportunity.

"First I opened the bag I had with me, and took out the jewels ; then I locked it, and stepping softly out, I changed it for the other. Directly afterwards they returned, and taking up the bag, they went out of the door."

"Then our jewels are——" began Mrs. Crompton.

"In this bag."

And he opened it and placed them on the table. Everyone crowded round and eagerly claimed their possessions, and they found that there was nothing missing.

"And these are the jewels that I found in the bag," went on Harding, producing the leather case, which he opened, showing a magnificent set of diamonds.

The Countess looked at them.

"Why, they are my cousin's diamonds—Lady Osmond's!" she cried. "And to think that he actually told me of their loss himself!"

"But how is it that we all went to sleep?" asked Mr. Crompton.

"Oh, that's easy enough," answered Harding. "After they were gone I locked the front door, and on looking about, I found you and Mackenzie in the smoking-room, and Mrs. Crompton and the Countess in the drawing-room, all so fast asleep that I couldn't wake you."

"Quite like the Prince in the fairy tale," interrupted Reggie. "Sybil ought to have been somewhere about, to take the part of the Sleeping Beauty."

His sister blushed deeply, and the young doctor, too, changed colour, as, without apparently noticing this interruption, he continued—

"Then, as I guessed you had been drugged, I went into the dining-room, and on looking into the glasses, I found that I was right. He must have found some means of drugging the wine."

"He could easily do that, as his servant was helping to wait," said Mrs. Crompton.

"And downstairs in the servants' hall I found the same thing. It was a very cleverly planned affair."

"But it was still more cleverly frustrated," said Mr. Crompton. "I am sure we shall never be able to sufficiently thank you."

"Oh, it was all mere chance," returned Harding modestly.

And then, as if to change the subject, he added—

"And you not only have not lost anything, but you've gained something. Your visitor left his watch. Here it is."

Allan Mackenzie uttered a cry of surprise as Harding laid it on the table.

"Why, it's the one I lost abroad!" he exclaimed.

"Your friend evidently thought it best to make you repay him before he behaved so generously to you," said Mr. Crompton dryly. "But now I think we had better get ready for breakfast. You will stay with us, won't you?" he continued, turning to Will Harding, who reddened with pleasure as he accepted.

Then, after more thanks and many congratulations on his skill, the others withdrew from the room, leaving Mr. Crompton and the young doctor together. The former was silent for a few minutes ; then at last he spoke.

"I can't express to you how deeply we all feel indebted to you," he began ; "and I feel that there is only one way in which I can repay you. Can you guess what that is?"

The young man turned very pale. Then he hesitated.

"I was an obstinate old idiot when you spoke to me a month ago," went on Mr. Crompton ; "and I withdraw everything I said then, and I apologise for it."

Then he got up and went to the window.

"Sybil is out in the garden," he said, turning round, with a smile. "She's alone. Will you go out and speak to her while I dress?"

And Will needed no second bidding.

HER LAST MOMENT

A BALLAD

As you note the ground is crumbling
'Neath the footstep of the girl,
Gazing down into the tumbling
Waters in their eddying whirl.

Of no danger apprehensive,
Poising there in lightsome grace,
Radiant happiness, tho' pensive,
Shines from out that perfect face.
"Her last Moment," such the title
Of that vivid artist-dream,
Telling in a curt recital,
Of a tragedy supreme.

HANGS the picture, bold and striking,
On the Academic wall,
Claiming notice, if not liking,
With a strong, resistless call.
Some approve, while some denounce it,
But the praise outweighs by far,
And the critics all pronounce it
Greatest work of Alan Barr.

Pictured on a summer morning,
There you see the Falls of Lynn,
Almost *hear* the sound of warning
In the foaming torrent's din,

"Hush! a truce to praise or stricture."
"See! the artist and his wife!"
"Is the lady in the picture,
Then, her portrait, drawn from life?"
"Nay! less lovely," is the murmur,
As, beside his stately bride,
And with lips compressed the firmer,
Alan breasts the human tide.

At the throng the lady glances,
To her husband saying loud—
"Strange this oddest of your fancies
Has such power to charm the crowd!
Yet I hardly deem it equal
In true feeling to your last——"
Alan Barr heard not the sequel,
For his thoughts were in the past.

Oh! the glory of that summer
Only poet's tongue could tell!
And the city-bred new-comer
Yielded to its magic spell.
Busy Nature's marvels daily
Ceaseless wonder wrought in her,
While her artist kinsman gaily
Acted as interpreter.

So began the old, old story,
As thro' shady lanes they strolled,
Quick responsive to each feeling,
Sharing Nature's varying mood,
Frank, transparent, yet revealing
Depths not straightway understood.

So, within the careless present,
Alan revelled, wilful-blind,
Diving, as a pastime pleasant,
For the treasures of her mind.
Rose, meanwhile, in him but seeing
Noble nature, good and wise;
Talented and kingly being,
Loomed the painter in her eyes.

Yet, when jest with earnest blending,
Alan scoffed at higher themes,
Saying: "What more blest than spending,
Golden days in golden dreams?"
Flamed her eyes in steel-blue splendour,
Tho' she coloured 'neath his gaze.
"Nay," she said in accents tender,
"Golden *deeds* make golden days!

"Life means not a mere existence
Passed in ease and dreamy sloth."
Urging still with soft persistence,
Tasks upon the idler, loth

Or drank in the sunset glory,
Hues of blue, and rose, and gold.
"It was but his bounden duty;
Courtesy to his mother's guest,"
Alan argued, when her beauty
Caused a thrill within his breast.

Childlike beauty, childlike sweetness,
Marked the face of Rose Adair,
Yet in full and rich completeness,
Woman's soul was pictured there.

To resign his much-loved leisure.
Yet he roused at her behest,
Seeking so to give her pleasure,
Sketched the spot she loved the best.

Conscience-pangs thus idly stifling,
Acting an unworthy part,
Pledged unto another, trifling
With a pure and trusting heart.

With a wordless wooing winning
  Love he was not free to claim,
'Gainst all truth and honour sinning,
  Sin the world is slow to blame.

Rose, half thoughtful, happy wholly,
  Gazed into the Falls of Lynn,
As he sat and painted slowly,
  While the conflict raged within ;
Conscience proved at length the stronger—
  "Yes, to-morrow we must part ;
She shall be deceived no longer,
  Oh ! but it will break her heart ! "

Then, with softened glance and tender,
  Turn'd he to sweet Rose Adair,
Just to see the figure slender
  Flutter from his sight—oh, where ?

Far below, the swirling water
  Seizing on its dainty prey,
Tossed and buffeted and caught her,
  In a fierce tumultuous play.

Tho' so cruelly is battered
  Life from out that shapely form,
Yet the gentle heart, unshattered,
  Havened is from earthly storm.
Now no polished phrases cruel
  Tell her of a hopeless loss,
Tell her she has changed her jewel
  For a thing of worthless dross.

Not for her to pine and languish
  Till long years the pain might lull ;
Even spared the parting anguish—
  Oh ! but God was merciful !
Almost reeled the painter's reason,
  'Neath the sudden blow, whose force

Ended that idyllic season
  With a weight of dull remorse.

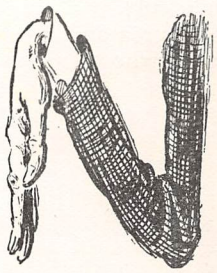
Yet with manhood's strength reviving
  Her last counsel he obeys,
Solace seeks in fruitful striving :
  "Golden deeds make golden days."
Still his troth-plight is unbroken,
  And he weds where faith is due—
Henceforth (tho' to woman spoken !)
  Alan's every word is *true*.

Always with him, fading never,
  Is the haunting fate of Rose,
Till the scene, with slight endeavour,
  Vivid on the canvas grows.
Now, in beauty and completeness,
  Hangs the graceful picture there,
Alan owns, with bitter sweetness,
  Fame—the gift of Rose Adair.

MARGARET CRAVEN.

THE ART OF HAND-SHAKING.

"And here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o thine!"—AULD LANG SYNE.



NOTHING is more common than the practice of hand-shaking, and yet very few persons ever consider how much art there is, or there should be, in the custom.

So prevalent, indeed, is this mode of acknowledgment or greeting between friend and friend, that probably not one person in ten thousand pauses for a moment to think of its significance. Nevertheless, there are not a few interesting characteristics in hand-shaking which it is the purpose of this paper to enumerate and describe.

The following are some of the more important of these:—

First: the firm, full-handed grasp, indicative of sincerity, heartiness, and true friendship. One can generally tell by the hand-shake the *quality* of the friendship. Burns has well apprehended this in the lines quoted at the beginning of the paper. A "trusty friend" is the friend most desired of all, and it is not possible to imagine the grip of the hand of such a friend to be aught but sympathetic, hearty, and sincere.

There is an eloquence in this full-handed grasp far more thrilling than language; it is, so to speak, a kind of unspoken speech of the heart compressed into a graceful voluntary act, designed by Nature to be easy and simple, approved by the custom of many centuries, and adopted by all sterling men and women in greeting those whom they regard and esteem as friends.

THE "LACKADAISICAL."

"THERE IS AN ELOQUENCE IN THIS FULL-HANDED GRASP."

Second: the demonstrative hand-shake, which must not by any means be regarded as next in interest and worthiness to that just described. One has always to beware of this kind of hand-shake, which may either grip like a vice, as expressive of great cordiality on the part of the "gripper," of which there may be some doubt, or it may so hold-fast and swing-about that one feels, for the moment, as if one's arm were converted into a pump-handle for the benefit of the effusive friend—anxious, perhaps, to *draw* something. It is significant of much of the pretentiousness of present-day social life that this form of hand-shaking is perhaps that most in vogue.

Thirdly: the lackadaisical hand-shake, suggestive not only of feebleness of physique,

but also of friendship. This form of hand-shaking is altogether devoid of art. It has not even the robustness of number two

"THE OBJECT OF HIS VISIT."

to recommend it. Its chief characteristic is want of character. And yet, how common is this form! Who hasn't experienced it somewhere within the circle of acquaintanceship?

Fourthly: the lingering, trifling hand-shake. Beware of such a hand-shake. There is cunning and craft in it, and it generally belongs to an enemy. The effusive, demonstrative hand-shake may be sinister, but this is positively wicked. Avoid it as you would avoid the "fawning publican" smile of a Shylock! Happily, this form is very rare, but it may be met with. The writer remembers (with a shudder!) once "shaking hands" with an individual who brought apparently good introductory credentials with him. The hand-shake of the stranger was of this class—a soft velvety touch that somehow held the hand by a kind of fascination: a lingering, loth-to-let-you-off sort of shake that was as novel as it *wasn't* nice. After some talk—likewise of a loitering description—the stranger, rising to go, and again extending the obnoxious palm, ventured, while fascinating with his hand-shake, to elicit the loan of money which had been the object of his visit, and which object he tried literally to accomplish by the art of a species of palmistry.

Fifthly: the finger-shake. Who is not familiar with this form of insult? One, two, three, four fingers may be offered, but still they are only *fingers!* Many people (ladies are largely exempt) have adopted this pernicious, impertinent form of hand-shaking, and that often without knowing it. There is only one effective way of curing the habit: decline the fingers, and without thanks.

A close study of the characters of those who try the finger dodge would, in most cases, discover them to be persons not remarkable for benevolence, not distinguished for courtesy or good-breeding, but well-known to be avaricious and close-fisted.

Lastly: the hand that never shakes a hand at all. Surely an inhuman hand this! It is only natural to suppose so; but, as a matter of fact, there are many otherwise excellent persons who never shake hands with any whom they may meet. Various indiosyncrasies have influenced them to withhold their hands: *i.e.*, vanity and self-conceit, moroseness and misanthropy; but such persons are for the most part what Professor Lombroso designates *mattoids*, or semi-lunatics, whose "idea" with respect to the matter of hand-shaking sometimes takes the most grotesque forms. One man, for instance, believed that all disease was contracted by hand-shaking, and that one of the great causes of epidemics could be traced to that general practice—a belief that is not altogether to be despised. In conclusion, it is amusing to imagine—if that were possible—how we would greet one another supposing that for one day only our hands were, by some extraordinary power, tied behind our backs. What an awkward predicament many persons would find themselves in! Only the man who owns the hand that never shakes a hand at all would enjoy it.

A. C.

"THE FINGER-SHAKE."

By L. T. MEADE Author of "The Medicine Lady" etc. etc.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE SLEEP-WALKER.

MARGOT could not sleep that night. She found it impossible to account for her wakefulness. She owned herself tired, her limbs ached slightly, and she was glad to stretch them on her comfortable bed; nevertheless, when she closed her weary eyes, sleep fled from her. A queer sense of loneliness and oppression crept over her. The return of the two girls to the Red Lodge had been so unexpected that the usual staff of servants was not in the house—the best sitting-rooms were dismantled, the whole place showed a neglected and unused air.

Margot, lying now on her little bed, began for the first time to believe in ghosts and ghostly noises. There was seldom a more healthy-minded girl than Margot Fletcher: her training had been all that was sensible and strengthening; she herself was not too largely endowed with the dangerous gift of imagination. Nevertheless, to-night she started several times from her pillow, and peered with strained eyes into the darkness. She could not account for her own disquietude; but as one hour after another struck solemnly from the old-fashioned clock which stood in the corridor outside, her exaggerated fears became so unbearable that she rose softly and opened the door between Patty's room and her own. Patty was evidently sound asleep—Margot could hear her gentle and regular breathing as she listened for a moment by the open door; the sound comforted her inexpressibly, and she crept noiselessly back to bed again.

"Patty ought really to be the one to lie awake," she thought to herself; "she has much, much to excite her, and I have practically nothing. I see the even tenor of my life stretched out in front of me; nothing, surely, can be more peaceful and more beautiful. I need never marry. I don't believe in marriage for every girl. As far as I am concerned, I am quite certain that I shall be far happier unmarried. That nonsense about Sir Wilfred must be put a stop to once for all. He is nice and he is not nice; he did a shabby, an outrageous thing, and yet he is a gentleman—every inch of him. If he loved me, indeed; if with all his heart and soul he really, really loved me, then who can tell? I might—oh, no, I wouldn't, though. I shall always stay with mother; Sir Wilfred must seek another wife. The scheme has failed absolutely as far as we are both concerned. All my life long I shall be Miss Fletcher, of the Red Lodge; the Lady Bountiful of the beautiful old place. Who could desire a fairer lot? I love this house. I am glad that Patty relinquished her fortune, and that we inherit the wealth and the lands. Each day I rejoice more and more to know that this lovely home belongs to mother, and that some day it will be mine. Hark! what noise is that? Patty must be awake. Is anything wrong?"

Margot sat quickly up in bed as these last thoughts flashed through her brain. She heard a match struck in the other room—the light from a candle stole in through the open door.

"Patty!" she called. "Patty!"

There was no answer. Trembling and nervous once more, Margot stole out of bed, and, in her bare feet, crept to the door of Patty's room. Patty was up: she was standing perfectly still in her frilled nightdress in the middle of the room; she held a candle high in one hand: the light of the candle fell on her face, which was absolutely white and colourless; her masses of rich golden hair hung in heavy coils down her back.

"Patty!" said Margot in a trembling voice, "what are you doing?"

Patty started slightly when Margot spoke, but she did not reply. She turned her head vaguely and uneasily; and Margot, advancing a step or two nearer, saw by the expression in her eyes that she was still sound asleep.

"'I HAVE SOLD MYSELF!'" (*p.* 502).

Margot had, of course, heard that it was dangerous to wake a sleep-walker; she determined, however, not to leave Patty until she was safe in bed again. Her own nervous sensations were much increased by the fixed and strange expression on Patty's face; but this was not a moment to think of herself. Running back to her room, she wrapped a shawl round her shoulders, and then returned to Patty's bedroom. She was careful, however, to make no noise, and the sleep-walker noticed nothing. She was standing in the same fixed and motionless position, the candle held high above her head, and her eyes fixed on a large old bureau which exactly faced her. A moment later, a change came over her. She walked quickly to the bureau, placed her candle on the top, and going to a wardrobe in another part of the room, took from the pocket of one of her dresses a small key. As she did this, she sighed several times, and seemed to Margot to act like a person who was in great trouble. With the

key she opened an old-fashioned jewel-case which stood on the top of the bureau, and pressing the spring of a hidden compartment at the back, took from under some layers of cotton-wool another key of a perfectly commonplace size and shape.

"Why, that must be the key of the bureau," thought Margot, who was watching Patty's movements with breathless interest. "What can have been her motive for hiding it in such a very effective way?"

Having secured the key, Patty held it for a moment in the palm of her hand; and now some words escaped her lips.

"Of course, I must do what I have come to do," she said. "I won't fail you, John; I promise not to fail you. I am not a bit afraid to go forward."

She pressed her hand to her forehead, then kneeling down opened the lower drawer of the bureau. From the depths of this drawer she took a long piece of carefully-folded paper, gazed at it for a moment, then seizing the candle turned abruptly and left the room.

Quick as thought Margot followed her. Patty's movements had been slow, reflective, and almost languid while she stood in the bedroom; but now, wings seemed to have been put to her feet.

"ITS CONTENTS PUZZLED HER AT FIRST."

"Where is she going?" thought Margot. "Oh, I'll follow her; I'll see this extraordinary thing out to the end. What a laugh we shall have over it in the morning!"

Patty's footsteps fled on; Margot ran lightly after her. They left the new part of the house, and entered a narrow passage which led straight to Mrs. Fletcher's room. Patty flung open the door, not waiting to shut it after her, and Margot entered behind her. Straight across the room she went, straight to the old-fashioned cupboard in the wall. Margot had never heard of the secret passage, but it was revealed now to her amazed eyes. When Patty ran up the spiral stairs, Margot quickly pursued her. Almost side by side the two girls entered the octagon room, and Margot saw Patty lay the long piece of folded blue paper in the lower drawer of the beautiful tortoise-shell cabinet. Having placed it there, she immediately shut the drawer and turned to leave the secret chamber. As quickly as she had come she returned to her own bedroom, Margot still following in her wake. When she reached her room, she put down her candle, uttered a deep sigh, and flung both arms suddenly up above her head.

"The will is false, and I have sold myself to the devil," she said aloud with great passion.

She got into bed, blew out her candle, and wrapped the bedclothes round her.

Margot was now able to return to her own room.

It is needless to say that after such a queer and exciting adventure, she felt less able to sleep than ever. She was not seriously impressed, nor alarmed in any way. Patty's queer words she regarded as nothing more than the effects of a very terrible nightmare.

"It was horrible of her to say what she did," thought Margot. "Poor dear, dear Patty! she must have suffered terribly, or she would not even *think* such thoughts. How can she talk of having sold herself to the devil, and of a will, a false will? How she'll laugh over the whole thing in the morning! But I do wonder what that paper contained which she had locked away so securely, and which she has placed now in such a queer, unaccountable hiding-place. I must own I feel curious. Who would suppose that the

secret chamber of this old house was to be revealed to me by means of a somnambulist? I never knew before that Patty walked in her sleep. Ha, ha, my dear! you do not guess that Margot has discovered your precious hiding-place. I know I shan't sleep at all to-night now, and I am too excited to feel nervous any more. I have a great mind to take a little pilgrimage on my own account, and to see what that precious paper is all about."

This thought no sooner came to Margot than she determined to act upon it. She stole again out of bed, and left her room. The colour of excitement was burning brightly in her cheeks; her soft brown eyes shone like stars; her red lips were slightly parted; her breath came fast.

She kept repeating under her breath, "What a ridiculous thing this is! Here am I going in the dead of night to a secret chamber to carry off a stupid piece of paper which Patty has hidden there. Why am I so absurdly excited? Oh, yes, I know. When I tell the whole story to Patty at breakfast to-morrow she will probably be incredulous, and refuse to believe me; but when I show her the paper she will be convinced against her will. Yes, of course."

Candle in hand, Margot perambulated the silent house. She walked down the old corridor and opened the door of Miss Rhodes's bedroom. Her excitement heightened as she approached her goal; she became terribly anxious. She felt as if something, or someone apart from herself, was impelling her to go forward. She reached the cupboard, and after some little difficulty succeeded in setting the revolving shelf in motion, and so opening the long narrow door which led to the spiral stairs. Faster and faster beat her heart. She mounted the stairs. Candle in hand, as Patty had done before her, she opened the door of the octagon room, and, setting the candle down on the heavy oak table which stood in the centre, went on her knees to open the lower drawer of the tortoiseshell cabinet. As she did so she fancied she heard a sigh behind her. She would not listen to the fears which crowded into her brain at this moment. Of course, there was no one in the room—the faint, intangible noise she heard was made by the wind; but then she suddenly remembered that there was no wind. Well, she would hurry; she would not be frightened. She opened the drawer and took the paper in her hand. The next instant she had dropped down to a sitting position on the floor. All fears of the supernatural were absolutely forgotten—the excitement which had driven her to satisfy her curiosity at such an hour and in such a way was over. A dull weight—heavy and dreadful—pressed upon her heart; but her brain felt cool, alert, and clear. She read the words on the back of the blue paper. They were distinct enough; there was no mistaking their meaning.

"THE WILL OF REGINA RHODES."

Margot read this short sentence two or three times; then she rapidly tore open the paper, and began to devour the contents. They puzzled her at first; then their meaning became clear.

"*I, Regina Rhodes, of The Red Lodge, in the county of Devonshire, do hereby declare this to be my last Will, made on the ninth day of September, eighteen hundred and——I hereby devise and bequeath to my dear adopted daughter, Patience Neville——*"

Margot read on and on. Nothing could be simpler and more absolutely easy of comprehension. Patty was the owner of the Red Lodge. To Patty was left all the lands, all the money, all the vested interests in stocks and shares, in consols and funds. In short, to Patty was given that golden fortune which Margot had played with for a few short months as a delightful toy.

Sitting on the floor in the octagon chamber, the young girl read the cruel will once, twice, thrice. Its meaning was too abundantly clear for her brain to be puzzled even for a moment. After a time she rose, steadied herself—for her limbs were slightly cramped, and she felt a sense of chill—and holding the will firmly clasped with one hand, she took up the candle in the other, and went downstairs. In a few moments she had reached her own room. Her excitement was at an end, her nerves were steady. She did not get back into bed, but laying the will on the table before her, she sat down on the nearest chair and stared at it, with a dull expression coming into her eyes.

"It's all ugly," she said at last with a shivering sigh, "ugly and cruel—very cruel. I understand now why I felt such strange excitement, and why I was impelled to go into that dreadful room. I understand now. No, I am not going back to bed. I shall return to town by the earliest train in the morning. Mother must know of the existence of the will without a moment's delay."

Chapter XXVI.—Ugly Poverty.

The morning was a lovely one, and seemed to be a foretaste of early summer. Mrs. Fletcher awoke with a decided sense of relief from a long and refreshing slumber. The secret she had locked in her breast for so many months scarcely troubled her at all to-day.

Patty was engaged to Ward. She would soon be his happy wife. He was a queer, very queer man, but he was capable of inspiring a great passion; and whether she were rich or poor Patty's cup of happiness could scarcely be more full. The mysterious will was lost. There was no necessity to make a hue and cry about it now. Patty was perfectly happy. Sir Wilfred had told Mrs. Fletcher that he meant to do handsomely by the young couple. They would want for nothing. Ward was clever, and would rise in the world. Mrs. Fletcher might wait a little longer before she spoke the words which were to ruin Margot and herself. By-and-by, indeed, when Margot was a happy wife, when Margot was rich and prosperous and beloved, Mrs. Fletcher might do the deed which would set her conscience at rest; but not at present—oh no, not at present.

She thought these thoughts as she lay luxuriously resting in her comfortable bed; then remembering that she had much to do to prepare for the wedding which was to take place next week she rose hurriedly, dressed herself, and went downstairs. She ate the nice breakfast prepared for her with appetite, and soon afterwards went out to do some shopping. She returned about noon to learn that Sir Wilfred Dering was waiting in one of the drawing-rooms to see her. She went to him at once.

"I am so sorry that I was out when you came," she said, extending a cordial hand to the young man. "Sit down, pray sit down. How delightful all this is about Patty and Mr. Ward!"

"It is very good news," answered Dering. "I came to talk things over with you. Can you give me half an hour?"

"With pleasure. I am delighted that you feel disposed to put confidence in me."

"I want to ask your counsel," answered the young man. "The fact is this, Ward becomes a harder nut to crack every day. I have no doubt that in your intercourse with him you have found him fascinating, but also——"

"Also intangible," answered Mrs. Fletcher with a laugh. "A most extraordinary and powerful personality. I will confess something to you, Sir Wilfred. He dominates me completely when I am with him; but, when he is not present, I dislike and distrust him."

"You do wrong to distrust him," said Sir Wilfred. "I have known him for years, and he is without exception the most honourable-minded fellow I have ever met; still, I will confess that I can understand his being a source of irritation to many minds. Fond as I am of him, he is irritating me to an abnormal extent at the present moment."

"How?" asked Mrs. Fletcher.

"You know how queerly he has behaved with regard to his engagement to Miss Neville?"

"Yes."

"When I have spoken to him on the subject," continued Dering, "he has shown a worldly spirit, which, under the circumstances, was unnecessary, and was therefore displeasing. He refused, under any conditions, to marry until he had an income which he deemed sufficient. You know that I am placed in the uninteresting position of having so much money that it is practically valueless. He would not hear of my promoting his marriage by my adding to the salary which he receives from me. Yesterday he told me that his wedding day was fixed—in short, that he and Miss Neville are to be married by special licence immediately. I offered heartfelt congratulations, and proposed an arrangement which could not possibly hurt his feelings, and would put him in funds to a considerable extent. He told me, with some curtness, however, that he wished to resign his post as my secretary—in short, that he had other views for himself. I begged of him to explain himself, but his curious answer was that time would bring an explanation, and that he had nothing further to say on the subject at present. I confess that I am much troubled. It is a grief to me to lose Ward's society. I think, in short, that he is treating me with great injustice."

"So do I," answered Mrs. Fletcher. "You have always been the best of good friends to him, but I have come to believe that there is no such thing as gratitude left in the world. What can he mean? What can his future prospects be?"

"I know no more than I have told you. I suppose, however, that Miss Neville knows something, and I thought she might have given you a hint."

Mrs. Fletcher could not restrain a smile.

"Patty's spirit has soared far above the region of mere money," she answered. "I doubt if she knows to what you allude. She certainly has given me no hint. At the present moment she is at the Red Lodge, where she induced Margot to accompany her yesterday."

"Surely not?" answered Sir Wilfred with a perceptible start. "I hear Miss Margot's voice on the stairs at this moment."

"What can be the matter?" said Mrs. Fletcher. "Yes, without any doubt that is Margot's voice. What has she returned for? Forgive me, Sir Wilfred, if I go to inquire."

Mrs. Fletcher rose hastily and went towards the door. Before she reached it, however, it was flung open, and Margot came hastily in. She was too excited to notice Sir Wilfred. She came straight up to her mother.

"I have come back to tell you, mother," she said, "I have hurried back. I left before Patty was up this morning. It was a mistake after all. We have nothing to do with the Red Lodge, nor with money, nor with—with——" Here her voice broke. She burst into tears. "Oh mother, mother," she cried, throwing her arms round Mrs. Fletcher's neck, "and I do so hate being poor! It's so ugly, mother. Mother, it's so ugly to be poor."

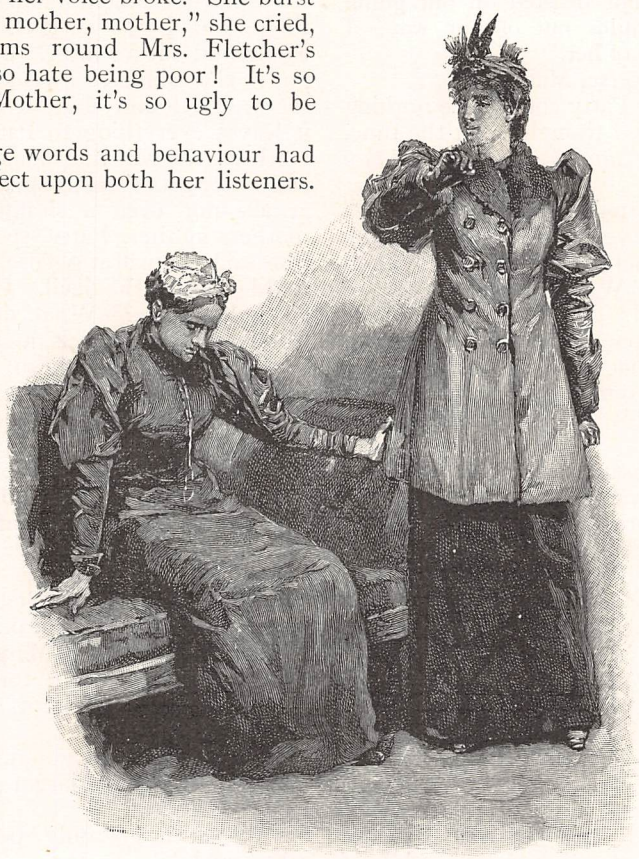
Margot's strange words and behaviour had an electrifying effect upon both her listeners. Sir Wilfred came forward impulsively. He picked up the paper which Margot in her agitation had dropped on the floor. Inadvertently his eyes read the superscription on the back:

"*The Will of Regina Rhodes.*"

What did it all mean? He knew, of course, by what strange means the Fletchers had come into possession of the Red Lodge. Mrs. Fletcher was the heir-at-law. There was no will—therefore she inherited. Now a will had been found. Yes, he held it in his hand. Miss Rhodes had not died intestate. She had made a will—her last will and testament. To whom had she left the property? A queer feeling of distrust and depression came over Sir Wilfred. It mattered nothing whatever to him whether Margot were rich or poor. Already he was beginning to love her for herself, but he had a queer intangible sensation which made him associate this will with his secretary. He did not know why, he did not know how. Instinctively, he laid the document on the table and went towards the door. He would come back again later, but just now the mother and daughter were best alone. He shut the drawing-room door softly behind him.

The moment he did so Margot unclasped her arms from her mother's neck. She raised her head from its position on her mother's shoulder, and looked around her.

"Who has gone out of the room, mother?" she inquired, looking round in surprise.



"'WE CAN NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN—NEVER'" (*p.* 507).

"Sir Wilfred Dering. He was with me when you came in, my darling."

Margot passed her hand across her wet eyelashes.

"And he heard what I said?" she exclaimed. "Not that it matters. We are unlikely to see him or any of his set in the future. Now, mother, sit down. Let me tell you everything before I get too dazed and stupid."

"You shall, my dearest."

"Take this paper in your hand, mother. Look at it—look at the title on the back of it."

"Oh, I don't need to, Margot," replied Mrs. Fletcher in a faint voice. "I—I know. It is no news my—my darling."

"What in the world can you mean, mother?" Margot opened her dark eyes to their fullest extent. "Oh, I have frightened you, and thrown you off your balance with my wild words," she continued in a tender tone. "I have frightened you much. I know I have. Well, poor mother, poor darling mother, I must frighten you more. Listen to me; take my hand. Mother, I have a queer story to tell you. You know I went back yesterday with Patty. She seemed quite strange. I didn't like her as much as I used

to. No, I confess it frankly. I preferred her when she was plunged in misery. She seemed a little bit *selfish* yesterday."

"Surely that was natural," said Mrs. Fletcher.

"Perhaps so, but it didn't inspire my love. On the way home she took fright at a verse of Scripture which some open-air preacher—some ranter, I suppose—had painted on a sign-post. She grew the colour of death, and would not pass it, but insisted on our going round quite two miles out of our way. I thought it so queer of her."

"What was the verse, Margot?"

"One that surely Patty could have nothing to do with; at least, I thought so at the time. The verse was, '*Be sure thy sin will find thee out.*'"

Mrs. Fletcher started slightly.

"Not a pleasant verse to meet," she said. "In all our lives there come moments when Conscience speaks. We all sin. Yes, yes, we all—*all* have sinned."

"Mother, of course; but how strange of you to speak like that!"

"Go on with your story, Margot; what else happened? How did you come across—*this?*"

"We had a pleasant evening," continued Margot. "Patty was more like her old self. We sat with our arms round each other by the fire in the front drawing-room; we went early to bed. I don't know why I couldn't sleep: I got queer and nervous, the place seemed lonely. I began to fancy that ghosts were about: I felt uncanny; oh, I'm not a bit surprised now—not a bit. After a time I got up, and opened the door between Patty's room and mine. Patty was sleeping like a child; I went to bed again more comforted. Suddenly, I heard a match being struck; I started up, and saw a light in Patty's room. I ran to the door, to find out what was the matter. Patty was standing in the middle of the room in her nightdress—she was holding a candle in her hand; her eyes were wide open, but they looked quite blind. I saw at once that she was walking in her sleep. I knew it was dangerous to waken her, but I determined to watch her. She took a key and opened the lower drawer of an old bureau. Out of the drawer she took *this*. Look at it again, mother! look at it well! She took this. She went immediately out of the room. I followed her: she did not know it. She went to your room, mother: she went straight to that old cupboard in the wall; she opened it, and touched a hidden spring, and one of the shelves became upright and a door opened. It was all like horrible magic; but I was too excited to be frightened. I followed her up some winding stairs into a room; she opened a drawer in a beautiful old cabinet, and put the paper into it. Then she returned to her bedroom. When she did so, she did a wonderful thing: she threw both her arms above her head, and gave utterance to a most awful blood-curdling cry. 'I have sold myself to the devil!' she said. 'The will is false!' Then she got back into bed.

"I did not much mind her words at the time; but I was curious, and I thought I would find out for myself what she had really put in the cabinet. I went back to the secret room, and found this. I read it. Mother! it leaves everything to Patty. It is the will, mother: the will that could never be found; and Patty gets everything, and we get nothing at all—not even a shilling, mother. And mother, mother, Patty spoke awful words! She said the will was false, and that she had sold herself to the devil. Oh, mother! what is to be done? What does it all mean? My head reels—it reels, mother darling!"

"You must lie down and keep quiet, Margot," said Mrs. Fletcher. "It is all up now, my poor, my beloved child. As to Patty Neville's words, they were only the outcome of an over-excited brain. She has behaved splendidly. Margot, my darling, I have something to confess to you. Oh, Margot! you must forgive me. I did it for you—I did it all for you."

"What mother? What can you mean? No, don't touch me—speak."

"Six months ago, Margot, I found that will; I found it in the tortoiseshell cabinet. I read it, and——Margot, don't look at me like that."

"Go on, mother; go on."

"You hurt me, Margot; don't clutch my hand so tightly."

"I'll let it go, only speak; for Heaven's sake, speak!"

"I found the will. Margot, you cut me to the very heart with that look. I—I found it—where—where you found it last night. I concealed the knowledge for—for your sake. I thought that you might—might marry and—be rich. You hated poverty—you dreaded it inexpressibly. I concealed what I knew, for—for your sake, Margot. Then the will disappeared, and I could not imagine what had become of it. I began to think—as time went on—that I had only *fancied* that I had seen it, that it was a bad dream, and that there was no will. I know now that Patty must have hidden it. I know now that she must have kept back the knowledge that she was really the heiress for all these long months. Last night, poor child, the pressure

of great excitement must have slightly affected her brain; and in her sleep she put the will back. It is best so: oh, yes, it is best so; but Margot, my child, my poor child!"

"Don't think of me," said Margot. She rose from the sofa where she had seated herself, and stood up slim and very erect before her mother; the blazing colour in her cheeks, the light in her eyes, the withering contempt on the lips which had always been so sweet until now, struck like a blow at the heart of the unhappy mother.

"I understand at last," said Margot. "I was angry with Patty; I—I suspected her, when I might have looked nearer home. There are worse things than poverty in the world."

"Margot, don't speak like that; forgive me, Margot."

"I cannot. I will live with you, of course; and from this moment onward, I will promise not to reproach you. But we can never be the same again—never."

Chapter XXVII.—Possession.

It was a perfect evening in midsummer. The Red Lodge was looking its best; there was a festive air in the beautifully-kept gardens, they were all swept and trimmed, the grass was newly mown, the walks freshly laid. In the rose garden, in particular, the evening air was quite laden with the sweet perfume from the heavy blossoms. The rose trees bowed with their weight of beauty, the smell of some tall lilies mingled with their scent. Lining the avenue, from the entrance gates up to the open hall door, stood a throng of eager, waiting people; archways covered with flowers, and many devices of welcome, appeared at intervals along the drive. On the steps of the house itself stood the servants in white caps and bridal favours. This was a great night at the Red Lodge, for the bride was coming home. The good people of the village, the servants in the house, were assembled to welcome her, and do her honour. This bride, who was now the mistress of the Red Lodge, was their own Miss Patty, the child whom they had one and all helped to rear. The place belonged to her, and now she and her husband were coming to live among them. She would go in and out of their cottages just as of old—she had always been sweet and winsome in their eyes; and now they would keep her to the end of her life. Her children would play in the gardens, and roam the mountain paths, and be petted, as she had been before them, by the old villagers, and admired by the young ones. Yes, this was a very important day; and of all the watching, anxious, waiting crowd, there was not a single one who did not wish most affectionately a long life of happiness to Patty.

The Fletchers had been all very well—no one could say a word against them. Mrs. Fletcher had been kindness and thoughtfulness itself, and Margot was a pretty maid; but after all they were strangers, very good in their way, but not their own—not at all essential to the happiness of their lives.

As they all stood waiting and watching, the distant sound of wheels was heard. All ears were bent in the direction from whence they came, and murmuring excited voices began to rise on the evening air.

"Her's a bit soon, sure*ly*," said one old crone.

"No, no," ejaculated another; "the train, maybe, was put on special. She's a grand lady, our maid is now; and there's nothing too good for her. They do say as she have a power of money; it's all heaped in bags of gold in the secret chamber. 'Tis her, no doubt; the rich can do anything."

"Not to the ordering of trains," remarked a white-headed old man. "Them's in the hands of Government, and it requires Parliament to interfere with 'em."

"Anyhow, Parliament or not, there's a carriage coming down the avenue," said another. "Make way, Joe, lad, if 'ee don't want the 'orses to eat 'ee up."

The carriage, however, turned out to be a hackney-coach from the neighbouring town, and its sole occupant was a tall young man in a tweed suit. Some of the people scowled at him in their disappointment; but he had a pleasant face, and when he took off his hat and nodded to one or two, these favoured ones felt a distinct thrill of pleasure.

"Why, if that ain't the young gentleman as was here last summer," cried a woman; "him as come with the wrong name; and a shabby trick too."

"There's no good in you talking like that of yer betters, Mary White," said the old man who held strong opinions with regard to the altering of trains. "Yon's a baronite, and may do what he pleases."

The old man took off his hat, and made a low obeisance.

Sir Wilfred smiled at him; a moment later his carriage had been sent round to the stables, and he was standing on the steps, waiting to be the first to welcome Ward and his wife to their home.

A brief period of suspense followed; then the rapid, rhythmic sound of horses' feet on the road outside became distinctly audible. Someone in the distance gave the signal, and cheer after cheer went up on the evening

"'IT IS LIKE——'"

breezes. The carriage rolled down the avenue, the people following and cheering; and a moment later, Ward held out his hand to Patty and helped her to alight.

She got out with the light springing movement, which those who knew her in the old days so well remembered. The next moment she was standing in the midst of the servants and the most favoured of the villagers, shaking hands with some, kissing others; her young figure was upright as a dart, there were roses on her cheeks, damask roses on her lips; her eyes were bright and full of smiles, her whole face was radiant like a flower in its fullest bloom. It would have been impossible to see anywhere a face more perfectly, joyously happy than hers. Whatever the future held in store, there was not the least doubt that for the time Ward's wife was perfectly happy.

Those who saw her to-night—all these affectionate people who had collected to do her honour, and to welcome her home—remembered this scene vividly afterwards. Afterwards, on a very different occasion, they recalled the look on the blooming face.

"God bless 'ee, my dear; God bless 'ee!" said one old woman after another in a sort of chorus.

"How are you, Mrs. Jenkins?" replied Patty. "Oh, Mrs. Crone, I do hope the rheumatism is better; and how are you, Dawson, and have you had news of Biddy lately? Yes, I've come back to live here; isn't it nice? John!"—she turned her head and called to her husband with an imperious but fond gesture—"John, come and be introduced to some of my villagers."

"Pardon me for a moment, Dering," said Ward, who had been talking to his friend. "I must humour my wife; it's one of her prettiest pastimes to be a lady bountiful. Now, my love, what is it?" Ward laid his thin hand on Patty's shoulder; she put one of her own hands into his disengaged one.

"This is Mrs. Jenkins, John; and this is Mrs. Crone; and this is Dawson; and here, all round me, are hundreds of my friends. We are greatly obliged—aren't we, John—for this

loyal and affectionate welcome home, which you, kind friends, have given us. Will you all go round to the big barn now for supper, and by-and-by we will join you."

"God bless 'ee, my dear; God bless 'ee!" repeated the villagers. "And may God prosper 'ee, too, sir, for making our maid so brave and happy."

A few of the inquisitive, keen old eyes looked straight up at Ward; his face was absolutely wooden but for a curious gleam in his eyes, which might either mean pleasure or disapproval. He waved his hand imperatively to enforce his wife's command, and the crowd streamed down one of the side paths in the direction of the barn.

"Isn't it nice of them to come like this?" said Patty, glancing up at her husband.

"Yes, dearest, it's idyllic and correct," he responded. Any sarcasm in his words was atoned for by the look he gave her. Something seemed to leap into his eyes and transform them as he glanced at her. He took her hand, and they ran up the steps.

"Here is Dering, Patty; haven't you a word to say to him?"

"Of course, I have many words," answered Patty. "Forgive me, Sir Wilfred, for not speaking to you sooner: I was quite absorbed with my old friends; I had not an idea that they meant to assemble like this to do me honour. Of course we left *carte blanche* with our steward to do what was necessary with regard to a supper, and all that sort of thing; but the looks on the people's faces, and their genuine delight, quite took me by surprise. It's a good omen, isn't it?"

"A very good omen, indeed," replied Dering; "and the sight of you in the midst of all those old folks was as pretty a vision as anyone could conjure up. Now I hope you'll accept me as your guest for a couple of days. The fact is, I could not rest happily without taking the first opportunity of seeing that good husband of yours. It was scarcely fair of you to keep him absolutely to yourself for over three months."

"Oh, one doesn't get married every day," answered Patty, laughing in a light, cheerful manner. "And, perhaps, I ought to warn you, Sir Wilfred, that I am not at all tired of keeping John to myself."

She gave Ward a shy, proud glance as she said the last words. He was not looking at her; he was examining some pictures which hung in the central hall.

"Surely, this is a Gainsborough, Patty?" he said. "How strange that I should never have noticed it before!"

"That is the likeness of my great, great grandmother," answered Patty. "Yes, you are right; the picture was painted by Gainsborough. Aunt Regina was very proud of it."

"It has a look of you, my love; the droop of the eyes, and a certain curve round the lips; you—not at your gaiest and best—but still you. Come here, Dering, and let me show you what I mean."

Dering walked across the hall, and stood under the portrait. It was a large oil painting—life-size. Gainsborough's favourite characteristics were, of course, present: the picturesque hat, the powdered hair, the low neck and bare arms, and the soft folds of the befrilled dress. The face of the portrait was pink and white—there was a suspicion of powder in the dazzling purity of the complexion; the eyes, however, unlike most of this famous painter's portraits, were full of a vague unrest and perplexity, and the expression of the mouth was intensely and painfully pathetic.

"It is like—" said Dering, almost starting as he glanced from the happy bride to the pained face of the old picture. "I have seen Mrs. Ward like that in the past," he continued abruptly; "and she still has the same eyes and mouth, but her expression now is totally different."

Patty was stooping down to caress a couple of dogs—a dainty Italian greyhound and the minutest of pugs, which she had brought with her from Italy.

She raised her head now, and spoke almost petulantly.

"I consider it the height of bad luck to compare me with that picture," she said. "My great grandmother had a peculiarly unhappy story, and I don't wish to be thought like her. Do let's come and get ready for supper; if no one else is hungry, I am." She pushed the dogs aside, refused to glance at the picture, and ran out of the room.

Sir Wilfred looked quite penitent.

"I am sorry that we noticed the likeness," he said; "it seems to have annoyed Mrs. Ward. It is undoubtedly remarkable. I wonder what the story she alludes to is about?"

"I am gradually training Patty not to be superstitious," said Ward. "Superstition is absolutely out of date; but there are some natures, in particular some women's natures, that will cling to this old rag of a defunct age to the end of time. Patty knows my views with regard to these nervous fancies; but she is tired just now, and over-excited. Let me take you to your room, Dering; supper will be ready in a few moments."

At supper—in the beautiful old dining-room where Dering had last seen Margot's eager, piquante face—Patty made a brilliant

hostess. She had found time to change her dress, and was in the softest white, with no ornament except a bunch of blush roses stuck hastily into her belt. As Sir Wilfred glanced at her and listened to her merry laugh and eager, almost childish expressions of pleasure, he wondered at the contrast between this Patty and the solitary girl whom he had noticed with such pity during his last visit to the Red Lodge. Was this the girl whose eyes, full of a dumb reproach, had haunted him wherever he turned? Was this the grave and stately woman who had stood in speechless agony while Ward sang in the London music room? Now, all the solemnity seemed to have slipped from Patty's character as if it were a cloak. She looked ten years younger than of old. It was a pleasure in this grey old world to see anyone so jubilant.

After supper they all went out to the barn, where Patty delighted old Dawson by asking him to become her partner in the barn dance. Ward already heard himself spoken of as "the squire," and a flush of pleasure burnt on his dark face as the coveted title reached his ears. He was evidently accepted in right good-will by all these simple folk. The fact that he was Patty's husband was quite enough for them; but it was not at all within his ideas to act as second fiddle to anyone. He vowed as he looked round at the good folks that he would be passionately loved for himself—loved or feared, it did not matter which. Anyhow, he would be the paramount influence in all these lives before many weeks had gone over their heads. As a preliminary now he proposed to sing one or two songs. There was a hush as the first notes of his rare and exquisite voice rose on the air. He chose his songs from Tennyson's "Princess," and "Home they brought Her Warrior Dead," followed by "Tears, Idle Tears," quickly brought down the house. The good village folk did not know what queer emotions stirred in their breasts; but old Dawson, who had quarrelled with his wife before he left home, found himself slipping his hand into hers before the last notes of the last song had died away, and Willy Nettleship, who had been inclined to cool off in his courtship of Mary Baine, sidled up to her now and whispered a word or two about next Sunday, and the banns being called.

Patty stood near her husband as he sang. As usual, the overpowering influence with which he had completely subjugated her will to his was making itself felt in her shining eyes and proud, happy face. She guessed that the villagers were getting under the same spell, and she rejoiced.

It was time, presently, to say good-night. The people went home, and Patty, her husband, and Dering returned to the house.

"Let's come into the smoking-room," said Patty. "I like the smell of a good cigar. I'm not a bit sleepy yet."

She ran on in front, opening the door of the room and dropping a light curtsey in utter playfulness as her husband and his friend entered.

"John," she said, suddenly seizing Ward's arm as he passed her, "I wish you would not sing those songs to everyone. They mean too much—they are sacred; I am jealous when I hear such words, such notes thrown away upon the madding crowd."

"I sang the words on purpose," said Ward. "All those good folk were in a rapturously happy state. I knew the moment had come for me to touch their higher feelings. I rather fancied there were a good many sweethearts in the room."

"No doubt of it," interrupted Dering. "I saw quite half a dozen boys and girls clasp each other's hands on the sly when you were pouring out your soul in 'Tears, Idle Tears.'"

"The effect was due to the words," said Ward. "They are of a very stimulating and moving order."

"It isn't like you, John, to fish for praise in that fashion," said Patty. "You know perfectly well that it was the voice—*all the voice*—which awakened the charm; but I am not going to praise you any more to-night. It would not be good for you. Now, will you seat yourself in this armchair and let me light your cigar for you?"

"No, my dearest, I'm not going to smoke. I must write one or two letters to send off by the early morning post. I see that Dering is anxious to indulge in a weed—so will you keep him company, Patty?"

Patty's face grew slightly blank, but before she had time to say a word Ward had vanished.

"Do stay as you are here," said Dering. "I know I'm only second best, but you might make yourself agreeable. Besides, I want to ask you a lot of questions."

"About the Fletchers," said Patty quickly. "I knew it. Oh, yes; of course, I must answer. Please begin—go on, get it over."

She drew forward a small three-legged stool as she spoke, sat on it at some little distance from Dering, and drummed her fingers impatiently on a table which stood near.

Her action expressed such utter dislike to the subject which she had herself introduced, that Dering felt both startled and distressed.

"I did want to speak to you about the Fletchers," he said in a grave tone. "It did

not occur to me that you—that you could find it an unwelcome theme."

"Nor do I," said Patty. Her momentary irritation was quickly subdued. "The Fletchers are, of course, my very dear friends. Only just for to-night I thought, I hoped—just for this one night I did feel—oh, of course you won't understand. It doesn't matter really, not a bit. I'm as hardened as any girl could be. Oh, please forget that I said that. Now ask your questions."

"I came down here on purpose," said Dering. "If confession is good for the soul, I must confess. I have been on thorns ever since your marriage, and now I feel that I must be put out of my suspense one way or another."

"Then you really love Margot?" said Patty in an eager voice, a sudden light filling her eyes. "Is it true? Is it true that you really love her, that the—the milk-and-water stage is over?"

Dering coloured.

"I have loved her ever since I met her in this house a year ago," he answered, "but I don't think my love leaped into anything approaching passion until the day after I heard that the Red Lodge no longer belonged to Mrs. Fletcher; I asked Margot on that day to marry me, and she refused me with scorn."

"It was very wrong and inconsiderate of her," said Patty, with irritation. "I cannot think what has come to the Fletchers. Of course, it was a great blow to them losing the—the place, but John wanted—oh no, perhaps I oughtn't to go into that. It's such an uncomfortable subject. Oh, must we go on with it? If anything, Sir Wilfred, can make me unhappy on this beautiful night it is the thought of the Fletchers."

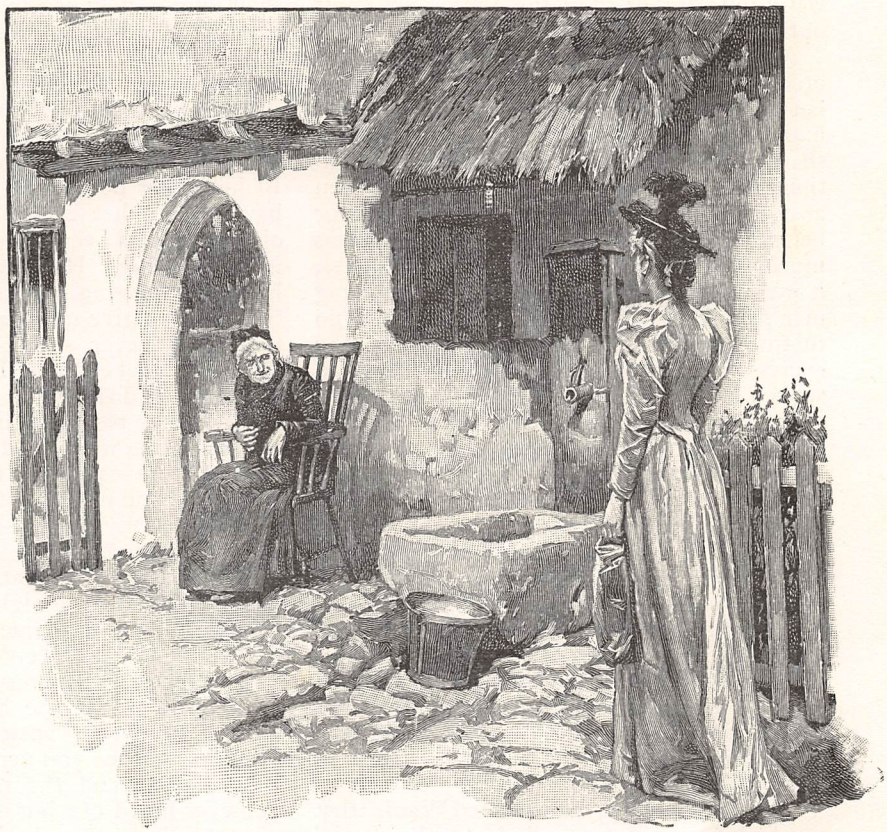
"You have nothing to reproach yourself with," said Dering. "Mrs. Fletcher has told me how really generous you and your husband have been. I think she would have accepted the income which you proposed to settle on her were it not for Miss Fletcher, but her attitude has been incomprehensible. I cannot account for her conduct in any other words. Have you heard of her last determination?"

"No. Mrs. Fletcher wrote to me twice since my marriage, but I have not heard once from Margot—Margot, who used to be my most loving sister. I have exchanged a sister for a husband. It is a good exchange—very, very good."

"You seem to be a happy woman, Mrs. Ward."

"I am the very happiest woman in the world. My happiness is of the intense kind, which cannot be expected to last; but 'Sufficient unto the hour' is my motto."

Dering stared at Patty. Her eyes grew suddenly misty, as if she saw a picture which made her shudder. She passed her hand across them; then rose and walked over to the mantelpiece, against which she leaned.



"'AH, MRS. BLAKE! HERE I AM BACK, YOU SEE'" (*p.* 512).

"What is the last news of Margot?" she inquired, putting an evident restraint upon herself as she asked the question.

"She is going to St. Thomas's immediately to be trained as a hospital nurse."

"What nonsense! How I do hate that nursing craze! Margot hasn't the making of a nurse in her at all. I tell you what it is, Sir Wilfred. I am just certain that she loves you, and she is too proud to admit it."

Dering rose, threw aside the cigar which he had scarcely touched, and came up to Patty.

"If you indeed think that, you will do what I want," he said.

"What do you want?" she demanded.

"Go to Margot and plead my cause for me."

Chapter XXVIII.—The Writing on the Wall.

Early the next morning Patty went down alone to the village. Dering and Ward were occupied with each other—they had much to talk over, and some business matters to transact. Patty put on her hat, called the Italian greyhound and the little pug, and set off to walk across the fields to the village. It was a mile distant from the Manor, and most of the pretty road was sheltered by trees.

As Patty walked along, some fresh salt breezes from the neighbouring ocean were borne to her lips. This was in truth her native air. Her steps rose in glad bounds as she walked over the road. Dering's conversation of the night before had not been altogether to her taste; it was necessary for her present happiness to cast the Fletchers as much as possible out of her life. Nevertheless, it was impossible for her to refuse the young man's request. She had promised him to go to town during the following week for the express purpose of seeing Margot. She had spoken with confidence regarding her power over Margot, and felt pretty sure that she could bring that young lady to her senses.

As she was dressing that morning, she turned to her husband and told him what task she had undertaken.

"It will be such a relief; such an immense relief if Margot does consent to become Sir Wilfred's wife," she said in conclusion.

"I don't see that it matters to us," answered Ward.

Patty coloured, and looked distressed.

"You must know what I mean," she said, after an impatient pause. "Such a marriage would be a sort of—sort of compensation to Margot."

"I thought, Patty," interrupted Ward, "that we had agreed not to allude to the special subject which you are now touching upon. We have agreed, my dearest, have we not, to be absolutely and completely selfish? If we allow our sympathies to roam in the very least, outside our own immediate interests, we are done for."

"I don't like it," said Patty. "And," she added suddenly, "I know you don't mean what you say. How good you were to the villagers last night; you seemed really to sympathise with them. When you sang, you seemed to raise them to a better state of life."

"Nevertheless, I was perfectly consistent," replied Ward. "The villagers belong to us; they live on our property; they are our retainers. I wish, and intend to subjugate each of those lives. When I sang, I took the first steps in that direction. Now come down to breakfast, Patty. You must help me with the villagers; you shall also, if you wish it, further Dering's suit: only pray don't think the latter in any sense a matter of primary importance."

Patty remembered Ward's words now, as she hurried to the village.

"I suppose he is right," she said to herself. "It is all in the bargain—if we cease to be the most intensely selfish pair in the world we shall immediately become the most unhappy: we can't afford that. Yes, it is easy for two—two who love each other as utterly and completely as we do—to be happy, to be selfishly happy. Well, at any rate, I am glad that I am allowed to include the villagers in my selfish pleasures. Ah! and here sits Mrs. Blake in her doorway. Dear Mrs. Blake; I have known her ever since I was five years old. How well I remember Nurse Joan taking me to see her. How pretty she looks with her apple blossom cheeks and her white hair. She used to give me gingerbread long ago—there was never such gingerbread as hers. Ah, Mrs. Blake! here I am back, you see. How do you do?"

Mrs. Blake rose totteringly from her seat in the sun. She was an old woman and close on eighty. She came up to Patty and laid a wrinkled hand on each of the girl's shoulders.

"Bless 'ee, my bride," she exclaimed; "bless 'ee, my dear, beautiful bride. I'm so took with the rheumatiz that I couldn't come to bid 'ee welcome last night; but I love 'ee all the same. Look at me, my darling. Ah, yes! 'ee have found a good husband. Anyone can see that by those rosy cheeks."

"I have found the best husband in the world, Mrs. Blake," answered Patty. "I will bring him to see you very soon. He is quite the cleverest and the most wonderful man you ever heard of; but now come indoors: I want to show you what's inside this parcel; I bought it for you while I was away."

"Eh! but you're a rare and good sort," answered the old woman. "Come in, come in. I'm pleased to accept anything 'ee gives me; but ef it's finery, well, I'm near past that. I'm nothing but a withered leaf, and I'll soon go hence like a puff o' smoke."

"It's very wrong of you to talk in such a dismal way," answered Patty, who had now entered the scrupulously clean little cottage.

She hastily slipped the string off her parcel and shook out a large white fluffy shawl—as fine as down, as warm as a blanket.

"Here," she said, throwing it round the old woman's shoulders, "I thought of you when I saw this. I said, 'This will keep the life in my dear old Mrs. Blake.' But—what have you got that verse up there for, Mrs. Blake? How *can* you?—oh, I think it's *terrible!*"

"Don't 'ee say that, my dear. It was Joshua Day as did it for me. 'Be sure thy sin will find thee out.' He 'as painted the verse in every house in the village: he's wonderful, is Joshua. He have come back converted—converted from the error of his ways; and there was never a more burning and shining light, never. He painted the verse up there in black paint over the mantelpiece not a week since.

"'WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THAT VERSE UP THERE FOR?'"

"'It ain't to frighten 'ee, Mrs. Blake,' says Joshua; 'but it's to warn 'ee like, for old as 'ee are, 'ee have still got a natur' full of sin.'

"He whitewashed the wall first, and then he painted the letters in as black as pitch. There ain't a house in the village as hasn't got it. 'Be sure thy sin will find thee out.' Joshua thinks a sight of it—he says it's a sermon for one and all on us."

"It's terrible! crushing!" said Patty. "Come out into the air. I don't know how you can sleep in the room with such a verse!"

"Oh, my deary, my deary! but it's Bible truth; and though it is a bit frightening, more particular when the light's just going or coming, and you can't see nothing very distinct, and the big black words seem to stand out as ef they'd strike 'ee, still it's a mighty powerful lesson, and we all needs it. Joshua's a grand preacher, Miss Patty, or Mrs. Ward as I ought to call 'ee now, and you ought to hear him, my dear; it's almost fainting some of the folks are after his sermons. He preaches twice o' Sundays in the fields, and we all go. It's amazing, and him nothing but a village lad."

"I don't think that kind of thing is wholesome," said Patty, rising hastily; "but I must go now. I'll come another day and talk about it."

"You have gone white as if you was ill, my beautiful deary."

"No, I'm perfectly well, but I'm rather tired; I won't go on to see the rest of the villagers if they've got *that* in their houses. Joshua Day! I thought Joshua had gone abroad?"

"So he did, more than a year back; but when he was converted, he felt drawn to his native place; so he come back, and burning are his words. He was a bit wild in the old days, and none too good to his mother, pore body; but now she's so took up with he, that you'd think there never was anyone like he in the wide world."

"I remember," said Patty. "I remember all about him now. Well, good-bye, Mrs. Blake; wear your shawl, and don't stay indoors too much with that dreadful verse."

Patty turned on her heel; the village lay behind her. She quickly reached the shelter of the trees along the shady path which led back to the Red Lodge.

"Be sure thy sin will find thee out," she muttered. She stood still; there was no one to see her. She took a handkerchief out of her pocket and wiped the dew from her forehead. She remembered that it was this same verse painted on the sign-post which had given her such a shock on the night when she and Margot had returned to the Red Lodge. She knew that it must also be the work of Joshua Day. Joshua Day! So he was back again. She remembered him perfectly—he was the other witness to the false will.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

BOATING ON THE CAM.

BY A CAMBRIDGE RESIDENT.

BOATING on the Cam.

There is something in these words that stirs the pulse of the old oarsman, resting now upon his oars, and gliding through life at the "easy."

The old days come back to him — the old boating days when he stroked his college boat—and the faces of the friends of his youth; and he hears again, across the years, the measured beat of the racing oars, and the shouts and tumult of the river.

The Londoner is struck at his first sight of a University crew, swinging by in its paddle on the Thames, by the vision of splendid manhood. The magnificent physique of the crew strike him, perhaps, at first, more than their long swinging stroke that seems to lift the boat out of the water.

He may not have thought very much about University training before; but here is a specimen of what discipline, patience, enthusiasm, and, above all, unselfishness and patriotism can do to develop the strength and powers of endurance of those lusty sons of *Alma Mater*.

The crew of the Cambridge eight may be said to represent the flower of the University. It has been selected with much care and judgment from the crews of the boats on the river, and they in turn have been chosen from among the best oars of their respective colleges. There has been a great deal of sifting going on from first to last; and the eight picked men who row at Putney in such splendid style are the representatives of that high standard of oarsmanship that is the traditional boast of Cambridge.

Looking beyond the successes of the Cambridge crews on the river, the self-discipline and training are not without more lasting results in the serious business of after-life.

"No pain, no gain," may be the motto of the Cambridge oar, and he who would succeed on the river must be prepared to suffer many discomforts, to endure hardships cheerfully, and to voluntarily practise self-denial. He must also learn to submit to discipline, and keep a brave, undaunted face in adverse circumstances.

Not a bad lesson for the battle of life.

The Cambridge Freshman begins the serious work of "training," in its widest sense, in his first term, directly he comes up.

His first view of the Cam and its boat-houses lying along the river bank is a sight he will never forget.

Prominent among them is the Goldie boat-house (the boat-house of the University crew), with the light-blue flag proudly waving above it; and the Jesus boat-house inscribed with the proud legend, "1875-1885," telling of the years it maintained its place at the head of the river against all comers.

One after another, along the right bank of the river, are the boat-houses of the various colleges, with the yards full of men in their many-coloured blazers, with tubs and eights lying about in picturesque confusion.

The river is generally crowded with craft in the afternoons during term. There is always some "tubbing" going on; while now and then a practising eight swings by, threading its way through the press of boats, and the grinds, or ferries, which ply across the river.

It is in the October term that the oarsman's course really begins. The Freshmen who have joined their college boat-club, and have put their names down on the "tubbing" list, are standing about the yards in their new boating flannels and blazers, waiting for their turn to be tubbed. The clumps of bright new blazers, a different colour in each of the yards, form a distinctive feature of the scene.

Tubbing on the Cam consists of taking the men, two at a time, in a gig pair, or "tub," and giving them special instruction before going out in the eight.

After a week or two of regular "tubbing," the "Fresher" is generally knocked into shape enough to take his place in one of the college eights.

Now the work of boating really commences, and he explores for the first time the lower reaches of the Cam; and watches, as they "easy" down the long reach, or in the "plough," the University "trials" row by. Doubtless, the sight of the light-blue oars flashing past fires his imagination with visions of the future glories awaiting him.

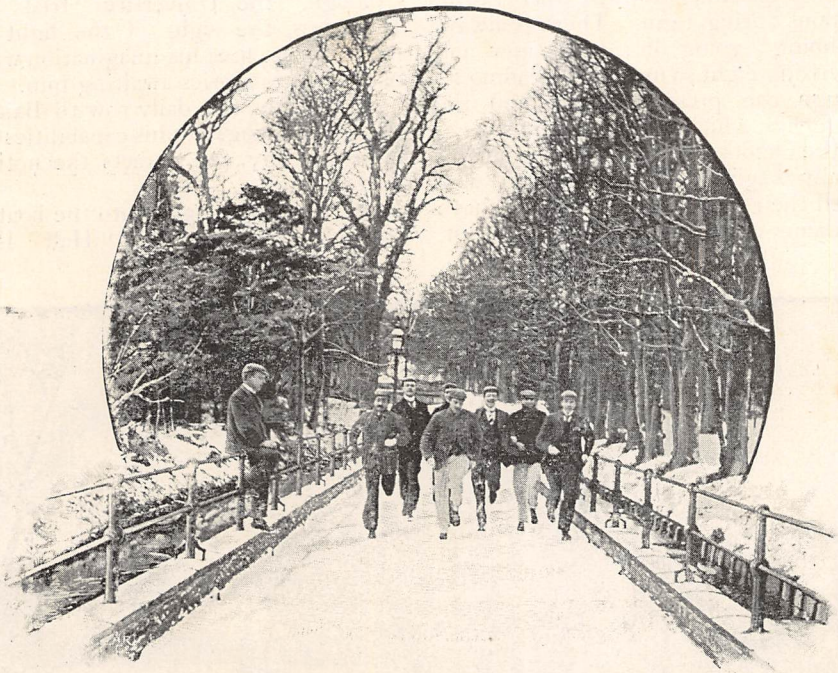
Meanwhile, the daily row to Baitsbite and back soon brings out his capabilities as an oar, if he has any, and attracts the notice of the boat captain.

By this time he gets into the boating "set" of his college, and after "Hall" is fired by the glowing accounts of famous races, and the deeds of the heroes of the river.

A WORD OF ADVICE FROM THE COACH.
(*From a photograph by Stearn & Co., Cambridge.*)

Our novice has caught the "boating fever," and if he has got pluck or ambition, he makes up his mind not to be daunted by difficulties, to submit to discipline, to endure discomfiture, and to voluntarily cut himself off from many pleasant indulgences in order that he may attain the goal of his ambition—a place in his college eight.

By-and-by, the college trials are made up, and he gets his reward. Coming out of lecture some morning, he finds on the college screens a list of the crews that have been selected, and he sees his own name among them, and the place he occupies in the boat.



A TRAINING RUN IN THE BACKS BEFORE BREAKFAST, 7.30 A.M.
(From a photograph by Stearn & Co., Cambridge.)

Each of the trial boats will have an old oar or two to steady the new hands, and a May boatman is coaching.

The May boatmen are old practical hands who have rowed in the May races.

The next three weeks are full of anxiety to the new oar. All is not so easy as it first seemed, and the coach "rags" him, sometimes very severely. But it all comes to an end at last, and the boat turns out to be "pretty fair." The day of the race comes at length, and all the men are gathered round their boats by eleven o'clock.

The boat-captain, a 'Varsity oar, is there on his horse; and with all the coaches are a few college men to run beside them on the tow-path.

The journey down to Baitsbite is done in short, sharp paddles, with a few racing starts.

A short rest is given at the "Bite," as the crew stroll about the bank. Then the order is given to "tumble in!" The blazers and sweaters are given to the "charlies" (the college boatmen), and the men "tumble" into their boats and take up their position ready to start.

On the Cam there is not room for boats to race level; they race one behind another, beginning and finishing at posts placed at equal distances apart.

To the crew eager to be off there is a trying period of waiting while the coxes get their boats into position, and the boat-captain stands up in his stirrups waiting to give the start.

It comes at last.

"Are you ready? are you ready? Row!"

With a quick simultaneous dash, all the oars are in the water at once, and the boat leaps forward.

"Well started, you men!" is the shout from the bank; and the crew settle down for the race.

Up through the Post Reach they race, with the shouts of the coaches on the bank.

"You're gaining! Well rowed—stroke! Keep it long!"

A sharp spurt down the gut, and a long swing round "Grassy," the most difficult corner over the course, where many a cox. has come to grief, and many a good race has been won or lost.

Down the "Plough" reach, round Ditton—the great show paddock where the visitors gather in the May races—and a game struggle down the long reach.

"Now, you men, pitch it up!" shouts the coach. "Quicken up a bit. Stroke!"

The men gamely respond, and the boat makes up some ground lost round the sharp corners.

It is a close race all the way home. The boat-captain is now riding on the tow-path alongside.

"Fifty yards more!" he shouts. "Come along, stroke!" And with a roar of voices from the men on the bank, he brings his boat home, winner by a length.

Our Freshman has won his first triumph on the Cam.

Next term—Lent term, as it is called—sees our Freshman rowing four in the Lent boat; going across Midsummer Common regularly every afternoon on his way to the College boat-house.

He has now begun training in earnest. The crew breakfast together in each other's rooms at an early hour, after a sharp ten minutes' run in the "Backs."

The excitement of the race near at hand gives zest to the talk, and a keen point to all the boating news, which is eagerly discussed. Then the separation for lectures, etc., followed by a paddle to Baitsbite and back in the afternoon; and a glorious sluice down after in the boat-house; and last, but not least, the Classic "Boating Hall."

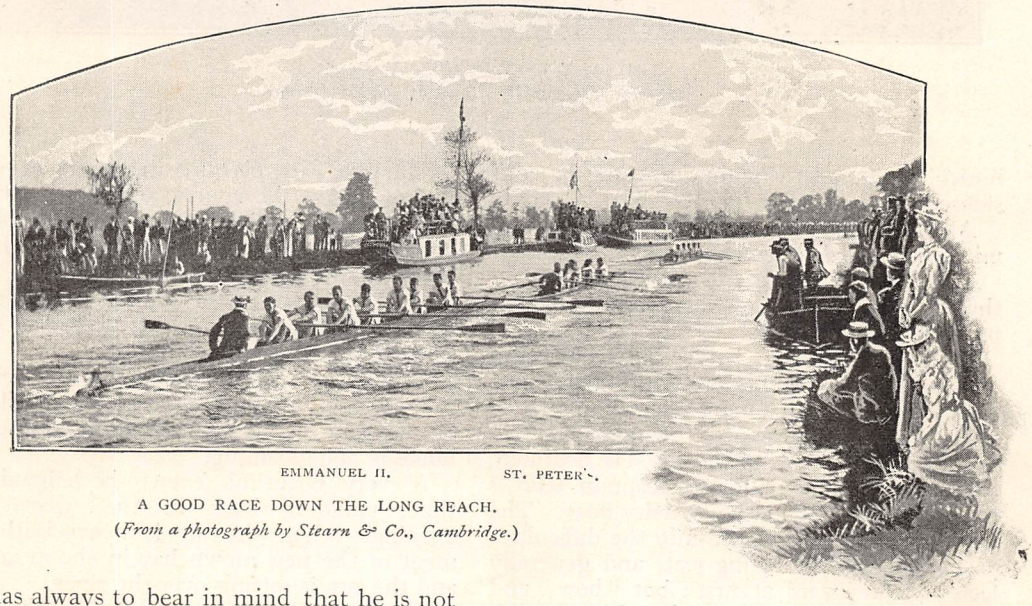
Smoking is strictly prohibited during training, and late hours. No excesses of any kind are allowed. If a man will not train loyally, he must give up his place in the boat.

Eight-oared races on the Cam are bumping races. The Lent races are rowed towards the end of February, on fixed seats. Every college in the University is represented by at least one boat, many of the larger colleges putting on two or three. There are, therefore, generally thirty-one boats racing.

They row in two divisions, the second division rowing first, and the first division, the race of the day, an hour afterwards.

The races occupy four days, and the interest and excitement are kept up without flagging the whole of the time. On the day of the races, the banks on either side the Cam swarm with enthusiastic admirers, arrayed in the blazers of their respective colleges, armed with rattles, and bells, and fog-horns, and every variety of hideous sound-producing instrument, encouraging the boats. At Post Reach, the starting-point, the firing of a miniature cannon (with the deafening roar on the bank) is the signal that the boats have started.

There is a rush of men on the bank; a shouting of coaches; the long, continuous roar of the crowd; the boats, one after another, slipping by; some bumping, some being bumped, and some rowing over, *i.e.* escaping a bump, and keeping their places. The bump supper crowns the last evening



EMMANUEL II. ST. PETER'S. SIDNEY.

A GOOD RACE DOWN THE LONG REACH.
(*From a photograph by Stearn & Co., Cambridge.*)

He has always to bear in mind that he is not rowing for his own pleasure, but to maintain the reputation of his college.

After Hall, the boats' crews separate to one another's rooms until ten o'clock, and then off to bed.

The Lent races come and go like a dream.

of the races; amid its toasts and rejoicings all the rigour of a month's training is forgotten.

If our Freshman has distinguished himself in the "Lents," he will have attracted the

DITTON CORNER IN THE MAY RACES.
(From a photograph by Stearn & Co., Cambridge.)

notice of the boat-captain, and may be considered a safe man for the May boat.

All the glory of Cambridge boating culminates in the May races.

There is not much time allowed between the winning or losing of one contest before preparing for the next.

In a few days a May "slider" goes out, and our Freshman is on his promotion; but now the company is much more select—only three of the Lent boat are now rowing. The rest of the crew is made up of old May boatmen, and a "seat" is kept for the captain, who is rowing at present in the 'Varsity boat. The Freshman is now initiated into the difficulties or pleasures of a sliding-seat, and generally feels very awkward at first; but "bow" and "three," two old hands, give him friendly tips, and with the help of the coach on the bank, he makes long strides in his watermanship.

These are the last few days of the University crew on the home waters before they appear on the Thames and put on their final polish for the race of the year.

The practising eights watch them swing by as they paddle the course, and our Freshman dreams of the time when he may possibly be one of the crew, and the vision of the Light Blue cap flits before his enraptured eyes.

In the May term the crew go into regular training for the famous May races, which, by the bye, are always rowed in June.

Boating men generally prefer the cool of the day to the afternoon, so they usually go out late during the summer term, and return home in the gloaming.

A very beautiful, ever-to-be-remembered time, paddling back in the sweet June evenings, when the air is heavy with the scent of the new-mown hay in the meadows, and the sun is setting over the river.

The training and practising for the May races are pretty much the same as for the Lents.

There is more excitement, perhaps, at the time, when the actual event comes off, as so many visitors are attracted to Cambridge for the "May week," as it is called, and most

of the men have friends "up." On the night of the races Ditton Corner, a meadow from which a fine view of the race can be had, is crowded with a brilliant throng, and every part of the river, except the course, which is kept clear for the rowing, is covered with boats.

It is one of the great never-to-be-forgotten sights of Cambridge—a sight only to be seen in a University town. The eager partisans streaming along the tow-path in their motley blazers; the deafening cheers of the crowds on the bank, and, amidst the confused roar and tumult, the boats slipping by.

A more intoxicating scene of excitement and enthusiasm it is impossible to imagine. It is something to remember.

Whether our Freshman was bumped or made a bump, he came out of the conflict with credit to himself and his college. He has won his standing on the river.

"Two rowed well," said the captain, talking over the race with the secretary of the boat club afterwards. "He'll make a good oar—ought to get his Blue."

The captain took his degree and went "down," having rowed for Cambridge twice; and October saw a new captain, and found our Freshman a second year man, and secretary of the boats.

Every October sees a new beginning of rowing. The same work goes on year after year. Freshmen come up to be tubbed, and gradually form the metal to carry on the boating traditions, and uphold the honour of their college and University. The centre of attraction this term are the University trials.

"The trial eights" form the material from which the University crew is made up to do battle once more for the Light Blues against the Dark.

Our Freshman, who is now secretary and the most promising oar in his college, is tried, and given a place in the University trial.

The race comes off at Ely near the end of term, and our hero distinguishes himself so much as to be tried in the 'Varsity boat. He has climbed the ladder, step by step, by steady perseverance and dogged determination, aided by a powerful frame and plenty of pluck.

The next term sees him rowing "two" regularly, as the 'Varsity "boat" practises on the Cam, and the crew gradually settle down in their places.

We will leave him here. We have traced his course up through all the grades of Cambridge boating, until he has won the proudest position on the river—a place in the University boat.

He has proved himself in many a hard-fought race on the Cam, and we know he will not disgrace us when he rows on the Thames. So we shake his honest hand, and get a grip in return which we still feel after his broad shoulders have disappeared into the train which is to convey him to what we will hope is to be the scene of his future triumph.

VILLAGE POLITICIANS.

BY LILLIAS WASSERMANN, AUTHOR OF "THE DAFFODILS," ETC.

EVERY night, when the labours of the day were over in the village, and folks stood about in each other's gardens, telling harmless, unnecessary lies about the size of the cabbages and beans they had grown, Tommy Benson and Jacob Dodds quarrelled over politics.

Their cottages adjoined; and whilst Tommy's little hammer went tap-tapping, as he cobbled the old shoes of the villagers, the sound was frequently drowned by that of the mightier blows resounding from the anvil of Jacob's smithy.

There were times when the recognition of this irritated the cobbler, because it filled him with a sense of his own comparative smallness and feebleness. But then again, as he was wont to impress upon his wife, Sarah, brute force was vastly inferior to force of intellect, which ruled the world.

From all which it may be inferred that the evening bickerings, while both men enjoyed them more than anything else, did not fail to leave some tinge of bitterness behind.

Sarah, Tommy's wife and Jacob's sister, was a meek woman; but, like most meek people, there was in her disposition a spice of quiet obstinacy. She was fond to foolishness of her husband, although the cobbler did not look the sort of person to inspire a romantic attachment in a tall, good-looking woman such as Sarah; he being small, bandy-legged, with a bald, knobby forehead and a long

upper lip. But there was no denying the fact that he was very aggravating sometimes, especially when he took to sneering at Jacob. Like all north-country folks, Sarah was clannish to a degree, and all Tommy's sneers were powerless to prevent her feeling a certain family pride in her big brother's strength and comeliness.

As for politics, Sarah considered them of no account. It did not seem to make much material difference in the lives of humble country people whether the Conservatives or the Liberals were in power. Why men-folk should wax so hot over the business perplexed her greatly.

Tommy was a Radical of a most advanced type; while Jacob, on the other hand, felt that the constitution of the country demanded the support of all strong and sensible persons on the side of Conservatism. The cobbler's powers of oratory entirely failed to convince him that upon the Home Rule Bill hung England's hopes of future prosperity.

When Mr. Gladstone retired from the Premiership, the blacksmith chuckled, and slapped his big dirty palm upon his knee with delight, until his leather apron rung under the blows, like the drum of some barbaric tribe calling men to battle.

It was not yet time to leave off work, but Jacob's glee would not allow of him waiting for the proper time to express it. He went along the little path to the hedge of sweetbrier dividing the two gardens, waving the weekly newspaper, in order to attract the cobbler's attention.

The latter, scenting the battle in the breeze, laid down the hob-nailed boot he was engaged in repairing, and rubbing his bald forehead until every knob accentuated itself with a radiance of crimson, advanced slowly to his side of the hedge.

"What's the matter noo, Jacob, ma man? By Jox! thou's as pleased wi' thysel' as if thou'd been left a fortun'."

"Pleased? Aa wad think se! But it's mair nor ye'll be when ye've heered the news. Man alive! it's a greet day for the country! A greet day when *he* gans back to private life. We'll mebbies be able te grapple wi' things noo, an' them 'at's mair compytent'll hev' a chance."

Tommy stood with his small misshapen legs very wide apart, and his spectacles pushed up on his brow—a monument of indignant incredulity.

Like a crash of doom came this announcement. He had hitherto entirely disregarded the hints thrown out by the press during the preceding month, and clung to the ambiguous statements of his favourite Radical paper.

He glanced now at the one in his opponent's hand, and sniffed scornfully.

"Houts, man! If it's on'y what that fond *Wexham Harald* says, aa divvent b'leeve a word on't! *Ma* paper's not come in yet."

Jacob gave a great laugh.

"Ye'll ha' te b'leeve it, whether ye like it or not! What d'ye think yer grand aad man's meyed on, te last for ivver? Dostha fancy he'll gan on te th' end like Kitty Daa'son's cuddy cairt 'at fell aal ov a heap i' th' road yen day, the wheels flyin' on eyther side, an' the body on't faallin' te pieces; wi' her bairn, little Billy, sittin' i' the middle, yellin' wi' fright, but haudin' on like mad te the reins? Aa warned her what it wud be lang syne—ay, an' aa warned ye, too, aboot him. Ye wadna' ha' had him faall te bits i' the Hoose some day?"

By this time Tommy's incredulity had given place to wrath. His heart misgave him that the dreadful news was true. The very thought of it drove him frantic.

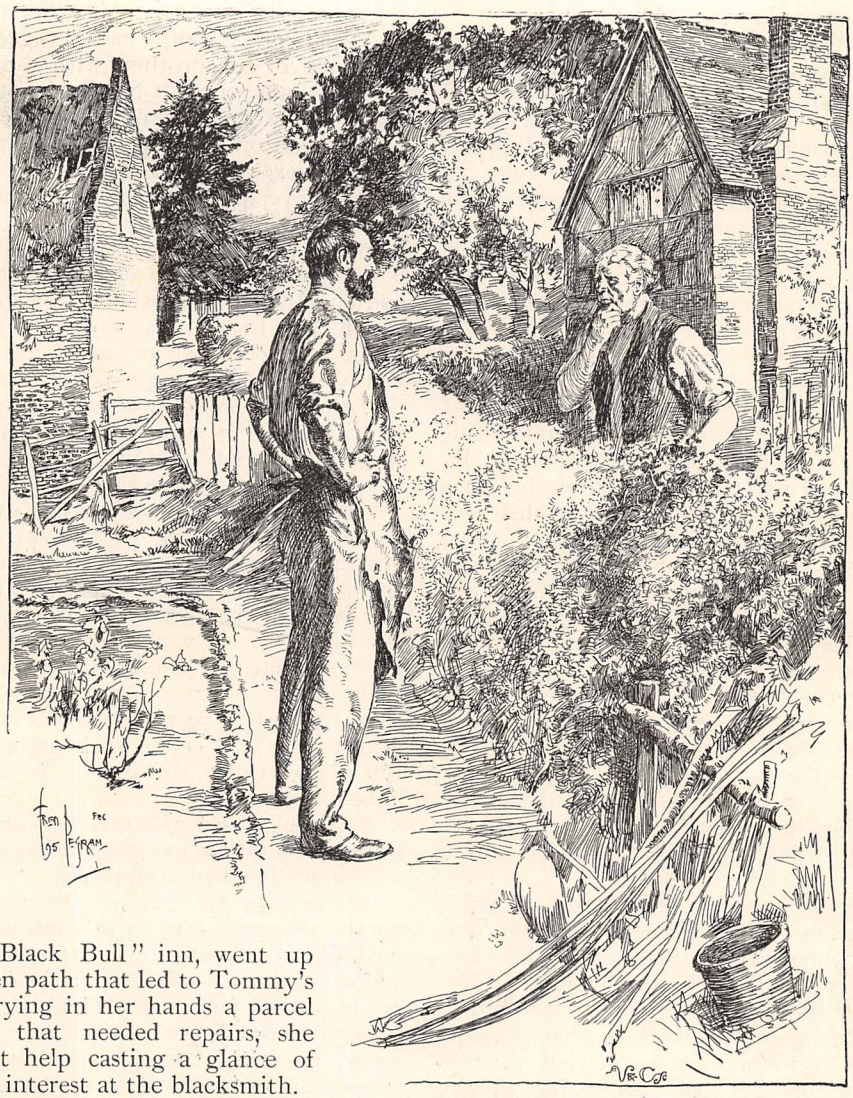
"Wey, wey, if it *is* true, it dissn't signify! Thor's lots te carry on his policy. Ye're not sic a born idiot as te 'magine he'd desart his post if he werna' sartin he leaves them ahint te keep the battle gannin'? We've gotten the brains o' wor side, anyway, an' that's some consylation——"

"Brains, man?" interrupted the blacksmith, stung by the taunt. "By Jox! Aa think the less thou brags on that score the better. Na, na! Thou'd better gie in wi' a good grace. Yer pairty aall hing tegither on yen string, for aall the world like a necklace o' beads; an' noo the string's broken, it's safe te fall te pieces. Thor'll be a general 'lection 'afore long, or aa'll eat ma apron!"

"A deal ye ken aboot it," retorted the cobbler angrily; feeling, however, rather at sea, insomuch as he had not mastered the situation, or thought out its issues; "but nivver mind, aa've ne time te waste in argufyin' just noo, for aa promised Jenny Davison te finish her eldest lad's shoes the neet. But we're none squashed yet! Ay, an' we'll ha' Home Rule afore long, forbye, so tyek that into yer pipe an' smoke it, Jacob, ma man!"

He went in again to his work, while the blacksmith lingered, inhaling the fragrant spring air, laden with the scent of wallflower and sweetbrier. For once he had had the best of it with Tommy, and the knowledge of this was grateful to him.

He was a fine, big, brawny man, with the strongest of muscles and the blackest of eyes; and as Mrs. Hall, a widow, and the landlady



"LIKE A CRASH OF DOOM CAME THIS ANNOUNCEMENT."

of the "Black Bull" inn, went up the garden path that led to Tommy's door, carrying in her hands a parcel of boots that needed repairs, she could not help casting a glance of admiring interest at the blacksmith.

"It's fine growing weather, Mr. Dodds," she said pleasantly, pausing for a moment before knocking at the cobbler's door; "and your gardens lie so nicely to the sun. I should think you could get anything to grow here."

Jacob looked ruefully at his rough, untidy patch of ground, that only served to grow potatoes and cabbages for his pig; then across the hedge at Tommy's, where, in trim, well-ordered beds, all kinds of pretty and sweet-smelling flowers bloomed in profusion.

"Aa nivver wes much of a gairdner, Mrs. Haall," he returned. "Aa misdoot me ma hands is ower big an' clumsy for botherin' wi' flowers an' sic-like frail things."

"Oh, no! I don't believe that," murmured the widow, in a voice that was like a caress. "Strong men are always so tender. But, tell me, how is it you never come down our way nowadays? It's quite an age since I've seen you."

Jacob scratched his curly head, wondering how he should answer her—the truth being that the evening discussions with Tommy had proved so engrossing as to gradually wean him from the seductions of the tap-room at the "Black Bull." But he did not like to say this.

"Aa've been tarr'ble busy latterly, Mrs. Haall," he said at last; "but ye'll be seein' me down some neet, aa'll warrant."

With this vague promise the widow had

perforce to be content, and passed on into the cobbler's about her mending business.

Meanwhile, Tommy had received his own particular newspaper, and was waxing very wroth over its contents. As a staunch opponent of the aristocracy, he was furious at the suggestion made therein regarding the future Premier, while he could not but acknowledge that the probabilities were all in favour of such an appointment.

He threw down the paper, and again took up his hammer and awl, as though to find refuge in work from the almost uncontrollable irritation that possessed him.

So that when Jacob—divested of his leathern apron, washed and re-garbed, looking like a rustic Hercules, in a ready-made suit—ventured in at the open door, and sitting down by the clean fireside, produced his pipe and opened the conversation by some remark concerning the fatness of his own pig, Tommy only replied by such a grunt as the said pig was wont to express its displeasure in when defrauded of its right and proper nourishment, and rendered short of temper thereby.

Jacob smoked in silence for some time after this; but the longing for a fight was burning within him, and at length he could hold his tongue no longer.

"Wey, Tommy, man, aa didna' fancy thou'd be se doon i' the dumps, for aall th' aad man *hes* desarted ye! If thor's sic clivvor cheps left ahind him, aa divvent see how it matters."

"Neebody expecks it ov thee, Jacob," returned the cobbler in a dry sarcastic tone, giving at the same time a venomous knock at the sole of the boot he was holding. "Not but what thou canst see as far through a styen waall as most folks, but when it comes te tyekin' a wider view, ay, a view wherein the futur' welfare an' prosperity o' thy country's consarned, wey, thou's ivvery bit as blind as Davy Miller's aad mear when it waalked into the pond, mistyekin' it for a green field, aall 'acause o' the duck weed, an' gat drooned for its blindness."

"Aa say, Tommy! Thor's things neebody owt te stand, even fra' the chep 'at's marriet tiv his sister," cried the blacksmith, rising in sudden wrath, and standing like a massive pillar supporting the low ceiling, "an' if thou insults me by likenin' me tiv a blind aud mear, why, aa mun re-cum-taliate be tellin' ye thor's other anymals thou might be equally weel compared to."

"If thou means thy own pig, Jacob, wey, it's aall i' the faimily—th' obstinate wooden-heided stupidity, aa mean!"

And the cobbler hammered more vigorously than ever on the sole of his boot. When he looked up he saw that his wife, the meek and patient Sarah, had ranged herself alongside of her brother, with a pink flush on her comely cheek. She said nothing, but there was a note of quiet defiance in this mute secession that aggravated her lawful possessor exceedingly.

"Since yer pig hes been mentioned," went on Tommy in the same dry voice, "aa'm bound to tell ye he's gaen an' rooted up some o' ma prize carnations at the bottom o' the gairden, them 'at aa wanted to fetch on for the flower-show. As ye say tru-ly, thor's things neebody owt te stand, an' yer pig's yen o' them! So aa gie ye fair warnin' the next time he comes i' ma way he'll get a ring in his snowt te turn his attention fra' ma carnations. Set him up! Will nowt but ma guinea prizes sairve him?"

"Tommy Benson, aa'm fair 'shamed on ye," broke out Sarah at last, in a tearful, quavering, indignant voice; "te bear malice again' a poor heathen brute 'at dissn't ken any better! Lettuces an' carnations is aall alike to him. It was yer awn fault for not keepin' a better luik out on yer fond carnations. They cost ye mair nor they're worth, anyway, treatin' Sam Forster te no end o' drinks 'afore he'd consent to pairt wi' cuttin's. But it's nowt new, this isn't! Ye elwis made light o' ma faimily!"

And the injured wife raised a corner of her clean apron to her overflowing eyes.

Tommy laughed sardonically.

"Ye're like the rest o' the women-folk, Sarah," he said; "ye're as contradictious as possible when yen starts a propysition, an' 'afore yen knaws where yen is, ye've torned round to the syme way o' thinkin'. A while syne ye were down on me i' yer mind for sayin' Jacob an' his pig were on the syem temper, an' now ye inform me 'at the pig's a member o' yer faimily."

"Me?" cried Sarah, wiping her eyes and tossing her head; "when did ye hear me mention pigs an' ma faimily i' the syme breeth? But what's the good o' argufyin'? It seems to me thou's determined to insult baith me an' Jacob the neet!"

"Ay, that's gospel truth, Sarah," assented the deeper tones of Jacob; "it was a bad day for ye when ye first set eyes on him! Aa nivver could tell hoo ye com' to wed him, a sonsy lass like ye to tyek up wi' a little bad-tempered cantankerous, bandy-legged taed."

"By Jox! If thou says that again aa'll knock thee down," cried the cobbler, rising in his indignation, "an' as for Sarah, she was keen enough efter me, as aall the village kens.

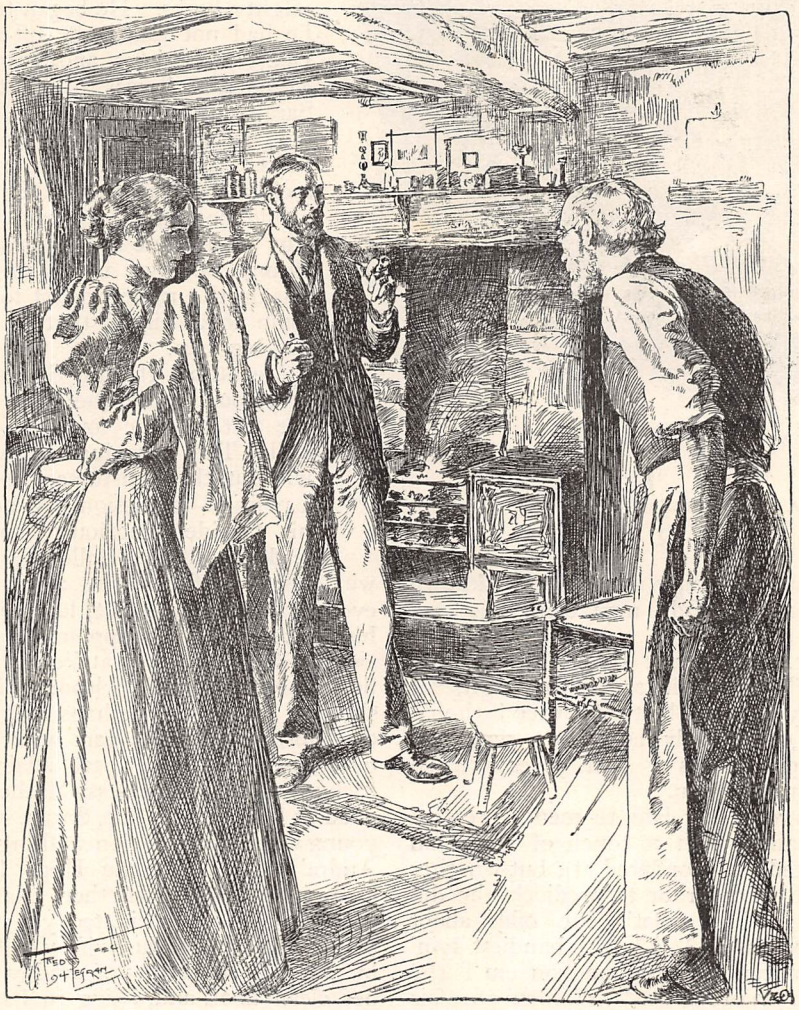
It took little courtin' on ma pairt, aa can tell thee!"

The quarrel waxed hot and furious. Things were said on both sides that were both bitter and disagreeably true. Tommy taunted his wife with her folly, and she retorted with the list of the petty indignities to which her marriage had subjected her. Family quarrels are the most venomous. The end of this was tragic. Sarah declared that she could no longer live under the same roof with a man who had insulted her and her family, and Tommy answered that she might go to the—gentleman who shall be nameless—for anything he cared! Of course Jacob immediately offered her a home, and she, her native obstinacy supporting her cooling temper, made up a bundle of her scanty belongings, and quitted her husband without a word of farewell.

A few days passed over, and things had settled down into the new order.

Tommy went in and out of his cottage, tending for himself, and working in his garden, without ever casting a glance at the other side of the hedge. Jacob mended his pigstye, and restrained the wandering propensities of its inmate; not, it must be confessed, out of regard for Tommy's carnations, but from dread of his vengeance. The blacksmith chuckled, because he considered that he had decidedly the best of it. He reaped the reward of the quarrel in creature comforts. Sarah was a capable housewife, and soon reduced his untidy and not too cleanly house to a condition of spotless neatness long foreign to it.

The first look at the carelessly ordered place had given her a cold shudder. Tommy was as handy as a woman, and neatness was



"'IF THOU SAYS THAT AGAIN AA'LL KNOCK THEE DOWN!'"

"SUCH A FIT OF TREMBLING SEIZED UPON SARAH."

second nature to him, so she had never known the trouble an untidy man can cause in a house.

"Eh me, Jacob, but thou *is* a through other sort," she would say, with a sigh, "it wad sartinly ha' been better for thee if thou'd wedded a decent tidy lass years syne, an' learnt to put things i' thor plyeces when thou's dyune wi' them."

"It's nivver ower late to mend," replied the blacksmith, with a touch of confusion Sarah noticed and wondered at; but whether he referred to order or to wedlock she did not know; "but what's the odds aboot puttin' things away? They're handiest lyin' aboot, an' aa can put ma hand on em i' the dark, when aa'm alone. Women are fair daft aboot thar hooses," he went on, with a big, good-natured laugh, "they like to keep them for show, not use."

"Ay, wey, thor's men-folk just as partic'ler," returned Sarah, with another sigh. She had watched Tommy shaking a duster out of one of the windows a few minutes before, and the sigh was half regretful, because of his independence. "It's a blessin' when they can tend for theirsel's, but it makes them tarr'ble independent!"

Her despondent tone was lost on Jacob. He had too big a nature to notice details. Tommy's loss was his gain. His dinners were well-cooked and served; he had always a clean fireside to smoke by at night, and a comfortably made bed wherein to rest his mighty limbs. He began to regret that he had not taken the oft-repeated advice of his sister and married before. To be sure, it was all right so long as Sarah's presence continued, but it would not be pleasant to return to the old ways. Ah, well! There was no use in looking too far ahead. Perhaps Sarah would be content to stay, and if not—why then—here he laughed, as at some strange but not unpleasant idea. He was on the right side of forty still, and some folks hinted that he was a fine-looking man.

Meantime, though Sarah made him very comfortable, there was no denying the fact that he found it not a little dull. The evenings dragged along, without their customary excitement of a political discussion. When he sat by his fireside, laboriously spelling out a leading article, following each line with his great finger, and afraid to take his eye off it for a moment, lest he should lose his place, it was disappointing to read it aloud to Sarah, his only audience. She would listen absently, and without the slightest show of interest, or perhaps interrupt him in the most momentous part with some trivial question concerning local affairs such as, "whether he thought Bessy Mather had gotten a lad at last, because she, Sarah, had seen the young woman in question walking with young Andra' Lisle down the Hope Lane in the gloaming;" or "whether Nancy Todd's bairn had been vaccinated yet;" or, worse still, the cleanly housewife would be roused by noticing the marks of muddy footsteps on her clean floor, and, rising in haste, proceed to remove them at once. Easy going as he

was, these things were calculated to drive Jacob frantic.

"Ma conscience! If aall the women were o' yer breed, Sarah, thor'd be ne taulk aboot lettin' them into Parlyment! A deal ye care if the whole country gans to the dogs i' the matter o' legyslation, if on'y yer little corner on't bides undisturbed. Wey, aa de b'leeve even the passin' o' the Home Rule Bill wadna' bother ye, black day as it wad be fer the rest on us."

"Thor's folks 'at knaws an' thinks it wad be a blessin' to the Irish," said Sarah, with a touch of offence in her voice.

She was not prepared to accept all Jacob's statements, although she did live with him now. It had been so constantly dinned into her ears that her big brother had more strength than brains, that she had unconsciously grown to believe it.

Jacob knew who the "folks" were to whom she alluded, and he did not like the speech.

"A blessin', sisther? What! even when lots o' the loyal yens divvent want it?" he shouted.

"Mebbies them's not the yens wi' brains," persisted Sarah; "some folks is like bairns, an' dissent knaw what's best for them. That's where the good o' legyslation comes in!"

The blacksmith stared. He thought it an ominous sign to hear Sarah quote her husband's dogmatic utterances. After that he never again attempted to interest Sarah in politics. But the dulness drove him down the village to the "Black Bull" instead, where a warm welcome from hostess and friends awaited him.

Meanwhile, Sarah's wifely conscience troubled her at times. She had deserted her post for what now seemed to her an insufficient reason. She had known all along that her husband had a nasty trick of the tongue. But when that was acknowledged, all that could be found against him was said. He had been a faithful, even a tender, husband. She could not fail to remember how he had nursed and tended her during an attack of rheumatic fever she had suffered from the previous year. No woman could have been more patient, gentle, and considerate as a nurse than this queer-tempered man.

On all this she pondered, sitting alone one night, while Jacob ruled the roast as autocrat of the bar parlour, and favourite of its buxom mistress. Sarah's heart actually yearned for some sign from Tommy. Added to her other misgivings, she felt a touch of anxiety about him. However busy she might be during the daytime, she always contrived to keep an eye on the cottage next door. And all through this particular day no sign of life had appeared there. The door had continued as obstinately and tightly closed as Tommy's lips on the occasions when he had met her wistful gaze, and she had been ready, at the slightest sign from him, to fall on his neck, and beg forgiveness for her rebellion.

Once or twice while she sat there trying to knit her stocking, she fancied she heard groans.

The clock ticked in the corner, but the minutes seemed to pass with awful slowness. As the poor woman sat waiting and listening, all kinds of wild and improbable surmises came flocking to her mind. Some terrible disaster must have befallen Tommy—her husband—in the house next door—*her* house!

The suspense grew unendurable; and wrapping a shawl around her, she crept out into the darkness, and peered through the window of her own kitchen.

At first she saw nothing, but by slow degrees the details of the scene grew into a sort of distinctness. A candle was burning very badly, guttering and flaring in a manner that would have usually been obnoxious to her husband's careful mind. The grate was fireless, and in a chair beside it sat a figure huddled up—a figure white and ghastly in the extreme, with one of its feet swathed in a blood-stained cloth.

At this pitiable sight such a fit of trembling seized upon Sarah as forced her to cling to the window-frame for support, and almost betrayed her presence there.

Tommy looked up listlessly, but concluding that the noise was caused by the wind shaking the crazy old window, he subsided into his despondent attitude.

Sarah drew back and pondered. What ought she to do? It was quite evident that her husband had hurt himself badly and had been too proud or too obstinate to cry out for help.

"Marcy on us! He might ha' bled te deith, an' neebody nigh te hinder," muttered the woman in a frightened tone; then her tears overflowed.

The helplessness of the masterful little man appealed to her womanly instincts as nothing else could have done.

"Aa canna leave him by hissel', though he's sure to crow ower me if aa gi'e in. Nivver mind! If he'd been aal reet aa wadn't ha' gaen back. But noo? Wey, if he died through the neet, it wad be ma blame."

With a rapidly-beating heart she took her courage in her hand, raised the latch, and entered the kitchen.

Tommy half started from his chair with a

forbidding gesture, then fell back. But his long upper lip took the straight line Sarah knew and dreaded.

"An' what hast thou forgotten, Sarah, that thou wast forced to come back here? Aa thowt aa wes weel rid o' the plague o' woman's tongue for ivver an' ivver!"

The words were bitter, but the voice was weak, and the latter made more impression on his wife than the former. Without returning any answer, she laid aside her shawl, and proceeded to light a fire and put on the kettle.

"He's had now't to eat aall day, an' he'll be mair reasonable after a good meal," she muttered, with a heroic determination to ignore snubs.

After his first protest against her intrusion Tommy relapsed into silence. Loss of blood and want of nourishment had enfeebled and taken the fight out of him, and he followed the deft movements of his wife with a sort of fascination. He had cut his foot severely with a hatchet early in the morning while chopping sticks to light the fire, and had fainted after binding up the wound in a hasty and not too efficient manner. Since then every effort he had made to move about had brought back the sick faint feeling, and it took all his determination to prevent him from crying for help. But it would have been too humiliating to be indebted to Jacob or to the rebellious Sarah for needful assistance.

"SHE SET OUT THE REPAST WITH TEMPTING NEATNESS."

When the latter had made some tea and toast, and boiled a couple of eggs (all the solid food her husband's larder afforded), she set out the repast with tempting neatness upon a little table covered with a clean cloth, and placed it before Tommy. He, on his part, grunted something that

might have passed either for a refusal or an acceptance of the food, and driven by the pangs of hunger, he attempted to pour some tea into his cup.

But his hand shook so much, and the smell of the victuals proved so overpowering to his weak stomach that he set down the teapot hastily, and fell back, fainting.

Then Sarah, with a tender little cry, poured out his tea, and buttered his toast, and actually fed him with spoonfuls of egg as she would have fed a child. And, strange to say, he meekly allowed her to do it. After this, she rebandaged his lame foot, and made it more seemly in a silk handkerchief; brought him some water and soap to wash his face and hands, and altogether tended him as a mother might a sickly babe, her heart growing softer and softer as she proceeded.

Then she washed up the cups and saucers, and stood waiting for him to say something. Her heart sank as the moments speeded on and he did not speak. With a heavy sigh she took up her shawl, and placed it round her shoulders. Again she looked at him.

Refreshed by food, and rendered more human by the application of water, soap, and brush, he did not appear quite so pitiable an object as when she first peered in at the window. But his face was still pale, and he looked helpless and shrunken. He was certainly an ugly, ill-conditioned man, or he would have found some word of thanks for all she had done.

But he was her husband, and she knew him. In his heart he was not ungrateful, but it would have humiliated him to be obliged to forego, even in his weakness, the superior masculine attitude.

Sarah was a woman, and knew her place. And she loved him. He was flesh of her flesh, and it was impossible for her to imagine a state of unconnubial blessedness, even in heaven; wherefore when she read the words concerning marrying and giving in marriage, she was wont to console herself with the reflection that they could only be intended to apply to such foolish folks as had remained old maids and bachelors on earth.

So now she determined to make the first overture.

"Is thor anythin' mair aa can de for thee, ma camy man, afore aa gan back next door—leastways," this with a soft, timid, wifely glance, "if aa *mun* gan back."

A faint gleam of triumph lighted up Tommy's pale face.

"Aa telled thee yence, thou could gan te—we'll not say where, Sarah," he said in a chuckling voice; "but sin' thou's come to thy senses, thou canst bide here instead! Aa'se warrant thou's sick of Jacob's fond clash be this time."

Sarah again divested herself of her shawl.

"Houts, ay! Men-folk mun aye be taalkin' about sommat. Darrsay as weel polytics as owt else. Them's things they've getten no pooer te alter, anyhow!"

Sarah's gentle toleration amused the cobbler now, whereas in her former defiant attitude, it would have vexed him. He knew himself able to take wider views.

"Mebbies ye've heered the news I gat last neet down i' the village," went on the cobbler, watching her narrowly. She shook her head.

"Aa've heered no news," she said quickly; "is't aboot Bessy Mather? Is thor a weddin' i' the wind, Tommy?"

"Weddin' sure enough, but not that un'," answered the cobbler with a smile; "it's yer Jacob that's gaen to wed the widow-woman doon at the Black Bull."

Sarah gasped, but said nothing. This accounted for Jacob's sudden predilection for the bar-parlour.

When the blacksmith returned and found his housekeeper flown and no supper ready, he scratched his head, and pondered deeply. Then he gave a great laugh.

"By Jox! She's gaen back to Tommy, aa'm blest if she hesn't!"

He whistled a tune, and strode about the room, putting things out of their places mostly, in his search for food. He cut a great piece of bread and cheese, and stood in the middle of the floor eating it. Now and then he laughed, as at some good joke.

"It's mebbe the best thing 'at could happen," he said, with his mouth full of bread and cheese; "aa felt kind o' bashful ower tellin' her hoo matters stood, doon by. An' noo it's aall plain sailin', for she was elwis advisin' me to wed!"

He fidgeted around for a few minutes, then took up his hat.

"Aa'd better gan in an' myek it up wi' Tommy, for her syek! Yen canna bear malice lang again' sic a bit of a chap. Aa wonder what he'll find to say aboot the prospects o' the Bill noo? It'll be greet fun te hev it oot wi' him. Wey, man alive! He hesn't a leg to stand on!"

Which was certainly truer, in a literal sense, than Jacob knew when he said it.

Words by M. L. ELLIOTT. CANZONET. *Music by* J. W. ELLIOTT.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Andante.

p

1. When thou art far from me
2. If thou art lone - ly, dear,

cres

On the wild o - cean, My heart will cling to thee In deep de - vo - tion;
When we are part - ed, Let not a doubt or fear Make thee faint-heart - ed;

cres.

p

cres.

When thou art far from me On the wild o - cean, My heart will cling to thee..
If thou art lone - ly, dear, When we are part - ed, Let not a doubt or fear..

p

cres.

f Faster.

..... In deep de - vo - tion, Bless - ing thee I love so

..... Make thee faint-heart - ed ; Think of her who loves thee

mf

p *cres.*

well— Fare - thee - well ! Fare - thee - well ! Fare - thee -

well— Fare - thee - well ! Fare - thee - well ! Fare - thee -

p *cres.*

f

- well ! Fare - - thee - well ! Bless - ing thee I

- well ! Fare - - thee - well ! Think of her who

fz

f *f* *p*

love so well— Fare - thee - well ! Fare - thee - well !

loves thee well— Fare - thee - well ! Fare - thee - well !

fz *f* *dim.* *p*

TWO PAIRS OF NOVELISTS.

THOMAS HARDY.

WHAT is creation? We say of one novel-writer that he is a great creator, and of another that he merely paints what he sees. But the *seeing* is the point of the whole matter. When we say that a man creates, we only mean, in the last resource, that he sees at once keenly and widely, and sympathetically interprets or *re-presents* what he sees. Goethe—a fine critic as well as a great poet—said well, after a lifetime's experience and study, that the highest art was anything but a spinning out of the fancy, as a spider spins its web from its inside, but a re-presentation of something loving and faithfully remembered. How well this seems to apply to the novels of Thomas Hardy. They are, so far as their individual pictures are concerned, the truest photographs of peasant life in Dorsetshire and round about it. If you went there, you might find the very types he has portrayed; what belongs to the whole, beyond that, is due to the realising imagination. Not only are they separately true portraits, but, viewed in relation to each other, they give the sense of a whole—a unity such as only a mind like Mr. Hardy's can discern in the tangled and broken threads of actual, everyday life as found there. Take "Far from the Madding Crowd." All the pictures are strung round Bathsheba's love-affairs, and the silent devotion and loving patience of the shepherd, Oak. Mr. Hardy expresses all the subtle emotions they awakened in a way the characters could never quite have done for themselves, while yet the expression is in keeping. It does not surprise us, or seem the least out of nature; and all this is reinforced by touches that are as real and as much the result of observation as though they had been seen just as he tells and at the

moment he sets them down. Take the following picture of Gabriel Oak's refreshment in Warren's malthouse :—

"'And here's a mouthful of bread and bacon that Misses have sent, shepherd. The cider will go down better with a bit of victuals. Don't ye chaw quite close, shepherd, for I let the bacon fall in the road outside as I was bringing it along, and maybe 'tis rather gritty. There! 'tis clane dirt; and we know what that is, as you say; and you bain't a particular man, we see, shepherd.'

"'True, true—not at all,' said the friendly Oak.

"'Don't let yer teeth quite meet, and you won't feel the sandiness at all. Ah, 'tis wonderful what can be done by contrivance!'

"'My own mind, exactly, neighbour.'

"'Ah, 'tis his grandfer's own grandson! His grandfer were just such a nice, unparticular man!' said the maltster."

Here, again, is a bit of memorable talk on a great day in Mellstock :—

"'Yes; Geoffrey Day is a clever man, if ever there was one! Never says anything, not he.'

"'Never.'

"'You might live wi' that man, my sonnies, a hundred years, and never know there was anything in him.'

"'Ay; one o' those up-country, London ink-bottle fellers would call Geoffrey a fool.'

"'Ye would never find out what's in that man—never. Silent? Ah, he is silent! he can keep silence well. That man's silence is wonderful to listen to.'"

Now, how did Mr. Hardy attain this remarkable verisimilitude? In the only way in which it can be attained—by living among the people, entering into their life and ways; by an educated sympathy realising their feelings, and so comprehending their actions. All this would, of course, be nothing without the literary power; but the literary power, on the other hand, could be but little divorced from this. So it is true that in this sense, if in no other, Genius is patience—the patience that comes of insight and true affection.

The evident appreciation with which Mr. Hardy tells of the regular and methodic manner in which Mr. Barnes, the Dorsetshire poet, went on his walks and business, indicates some similar spirit in himself; and, if we may trust the interviewers, his home in Dorsetshire is only as a centre round which lie scattered, far or near, the "local habitations" in which, by the aid of leisurely travel in a double sense, he has made us so completely at home with him. It is not for nothing that his peasants never seem in any hurry; he is never in any hurry himself. It is the leisurely, slow unfolding of his tragedies that makes us, in a sense, agree to hear them and find in them a sober joy; while, in his comedies, it doubles the fun and humour. In this he learns something from his peasants too, and the manner of his art is found faithful to the matter. "Oh, lady, we receive but what we give," and "hearts that are ready to confer are quicker to perceive."

Mr. Besant is, by nature, more of the romancer. Even when he concerns himself with pictures of to-day—as "All in a Garden Fair," or "All Sorts and Conditions of Men"—you detect at every turn more of the tendency to fancy and simple invention. He delights in creating an atmosphere, and is fond of aiding this by apt historical references and associations, as in "Let Nothing you Dismay," where the romantic old church of Warkworth, Northumberland, is skilfully made the scene where the hero does penance in a white sheet before the congregation entering the church.

His great knowledge of history and antiquity aids him in this; he is a master of illusion—the kind of illusion that a novelist always gains from a true curiosity in the past and intimate knowledge of it. "The Chaplain of the Fleet" is in this way a very characteristic work. All the detail of life in the Fleet and the olden Alsatia are at his finger-ends; his art is in the selection, and his way of combining facts and incidents in view of the impression he wishes to produce. Perhaps he has done more walking about London and topographical investigation of its curious corners than any man now living. He could, without much effort, draw you a map of London in the middle of the thirteenth century, with no need of reference to any notes or books. His vast knowledge in this kind might have sometimes misled him, had it not been that he is strongly imbued with social and philanthropic ideals. These have coloured some of his recent and more striking novels—more especially that book which really created and established the Palace of Delight in the East End; and his heroine, Miss Messenger, is, if a little fanciful, one of his most attractive creations. So, in some measure, with his study of girl-life in the region of Hoxton.

Mr. Besant combines well the opposite-looking qualities of the journalist-investigator, intent on finding the facts of the case, and the artist who can mould these into a consistent and effective picture. He has been found taking journeys of miles to satisfy himself about a detail which most novelists would consider of little or no importance, and his travels in the East End and other parts of low London have sometimes led him into trying and even rather risky situations, because he would do his business thoroughly.

His face expresses alike keenness, practical energy, and sensitiveness and refinement—a man at once of great determination and of exquisite genius. In conversation Mr. Besant

is very keen and alert, as though you could hardly speak to him on any topic but manifold associations are awakened. He is about middle height, with a fresh complexion, and eyes of clear blue that seem at once calm and penetrating as he looks on you through spectacles.

When we turn to our pair of lady novelists, we are in what is really a different sphere—at all events in a different atmosphere. Both find impulse, in the religious sense, directly in conflict with theological dogmas or problems, and are fain, in one way or other, to justify the religious sense against them. They are constantly stating that problem in new ways, viewing the contest from different sides. But it is still the same question essentially—how the individual mind and heart may be supported amid the storm and stress of questioning, difficulty and consequent submergence of traditional ideas and ideals. Miss Bayly ("Edna Lyall"), in her two first novels (first, that is, in the general conception, though "Won by Waiting" long preceded them as a published work), tackled the problem of Atheism and Christianity directly. Raeburn, the Atheist, remains interesting to us because, though intellectually he abandoned the Christian dogmas, he remained essentially Christian in his deepest ideal—the ideal that directs and colours conduct; and Erica, his daughter, is not wholly inconsistent and unnatural in her later development and return to Christianity simply because she had this inheritance. Donovan is not wholly inconsistent and unnatural either, because of certain early experiences and impressions.

It was my fortune to read these two stories in MS., and strongly to recommend their publication; so that I may have something of a paternal interest in them; but, whilst I see a theoretical disadvantage in the novel *with a purpose*, I do think that Miss Bayly, by tact and earnestness, and a wise limitation of her area, did in these two novels not a little to overcome it; and that was the main reason why I had the belief that these stories would succeed—a belief which the public has fully justified. There were undoubted traces of the autobiographic element there; she had herself passed through certain of the

WALTER BESANT.

phases of mental and spiritual experience which she depicted; and afterwards I came to know that some circumstances in her life had been calculated to stir and to keep them for a time not only alive, but vividly keen.

Even when Miss Bayly is on historical ground—as in "In the Golden Days" (which deals with the time of Sir Algernon Sidney), and in "To Right the Wrong" (which is concerned with the time of the wars of the Commonwealth)—the same problems, in a less obtrusive form, are still before us. Certainly, one of the most striking and painful pictures in the latter is that of John Drake, the erewhile schoolmaster, who had undergone mutilation for his faith and his conduct, and who, she is careful to tell us, lived in the Jews' House at Lincoln on the top of the hill.

Miss Bayly is, in person, slim, with an earnest, wistful expression; lofty brow, under thick masses of hair, and eyes soft, inquiring, and kindly. She has taken great interest in work among the young and the poor at Eastbourne, where she resides with a brother-in-law, who is a clergyman there. It is characteristic of her that, though she is a staunch member of the Church of England, she subscribed to the Bradlaugh memorial, and on the occasion, if I remember right, wrote a characteristic letter along with her subscription.

EDNA LYALL.

In Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Robert Elsmere," and "David Grieve," we have traces of the same tendency—to dwell on the effects on the individual soul of awakenings to new truths or the pains of parting from old and accepted beliefs. But in her we have a mind that has been matured and fortified by much study—study of philosophy, of art, of education, and human progress—there we have all the sense of full equipment, if sometimes also with a hint, if no more than a hint, of the self-consciousness that is apt to prove

MARY A. WARD.

alien to art. "Robert Elsmere" may be, in some respects, the more satisfactory story, with greater amity and a certain artistic conclusiveness; but in "David Grieve" there is, in my idea, more token of imaginative power in certain pictures and passages. That sketch of the two young people in their earlier life on the uplands of Derbyshire, and the forecast, as it were, not too defined or protruded, of what was yet to come, are certainly very fine; and if, in some points of the picture of the after-life in Paris, it may have seemed that a doubtful note was here and there struck, yet some preparation or anticipation was perhaps intimated in some of the incidents in Manchester.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has made her mark not only as a writer of fiction, but as a teacher; and I believe that she would be the first to deprecate the doctrine that the novelist, any more than the poet, in the words of the late Laureate in "In Memoriam":—

> "Should work
> Without a conscience or an aim."

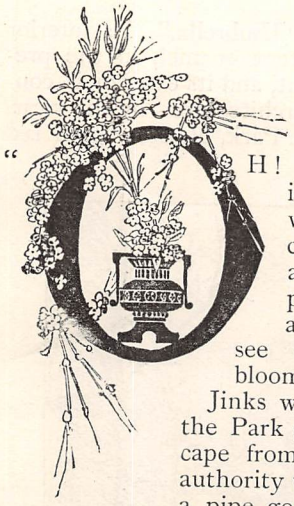
Her labours and self-denials in connection with the work of education in relation to the great movement for social amelioration might well bear witness for her here.

Mrs. Ward, in personal aspect, is marked by great repose and dignity—head and features almost of the Greek type; in conversation quiet, and prone to suggest and question, with an air of deference and respectful sympathy. On the occasion of an address given by her in connection with the movement in which she is so keenly interested, I listened to her clear and winning tones with a sense of satisfaction felt in only a very few women-speakers.

ALEXANDER H. JAPP.

A BATH ROAD IDYLL.

BY NELLIE K. BLISSETT.



"OH! there ain't no 'arm in *them*," said Jinks, with a slight shade of contempt. "They're as hinnercent as a pair o' kittens, they are. Blest if I ever see such a couple of bloomin' hangels!"

Jinks was the factotum of the Park; you could not escape from the bonds of his authority within its limits. If a pipe got stopped up, Jinks was required to unstop it; if a slate came off—or rather, a tile, for there are no such Philistine articles as slates in the Park—Jinks was at once in demand to replace it. Not that he ever hurried himself in the performance of these duties. You might sit in your drawing-room under a cold, dripping rain, caused by the unthawing of your water-pipes, for a month before Jinks could, or would, find time to attend to you. At the end of that period he would probably drop in, in a casual sort of way, to ask how you were getting on, and remark upon the coldness of the weather. But it was not possible to revolt against his sway; young and inexperienced strangers sometimes tried to—but in vain.

In explanation of Jinks' remark quoted above, I may state that people in the Park are not always harmless; on the contrary, there is always a charming uncertainty as to the inhabitants of these desirable Queen Anne residences. They may be the most delightful people in existence; but, on the other hand, they may be professional thieves. Most of them are artists or actors: I do not mean to associate them the least bit in the world with thieves, mind.

Let us take a walk, not down Fleet Street, but down the Bath Road. That peculiar individual with ebon locks is a Nihilistic Russian novelist; that sedate-looking lady who has just passed delights a large audience nightly by her performances in comic opera. You have just tumbled over an eminent musical critic and ardent Wagnerian; and there go a celebrated cornet-player and a lion of burlesque. This young gentleman is a sculptor, and has a studio in Gainsboro' Road; and the æsthetic lady in pea-green, who appears a stranger to soap, and probably spells art with a big A, guides the young idea at the School of Arts and Crafts in the way wherein it should go.

But the new-comers, to whom Jinks referred, were unanimously voted harmless by the whole of Bath Road. They had taken a furnished house in that highly-aristocratic quarter. You must know that there are distinctions even in the Park. If you live in Flanders Road, you are hopelessly vulgar; Roman Road is fairly genteel; Bath Road is the highest degree of social excellence. It is emphatically termed "*the* Bath Road." If you reside in Roman Road, and look out into the Bath Road, you may hold up your head and be happy; if you can actually call a whole house in the chief street your own, your happiness resolves itself into an air of conscious rectitude. You are an aristocrat. You are a dweller in the Bath Road. Rejoice!

These young people had perhaps received a hint on the subject, for their position was quite irreproachable. Their house had charming latticed windows covered with ivy, a very dark stained-glass porch and several large trees in front, and it bore the delightfully suggestive name of "Ye Dusthole" in antique letters on the gate. Nearly every house is a "Hovel" or a "Hut" or a "Wigwam" in the Park: "Ye Dusthole" was considered quite a new departure in the art of house-naming. It was far superior to "Ye Denne," a little lower down. The window-curtains were sage-green, and the blinds vivid yellow, with frills. And young Mrs. Lindley-Seymour leant on the gate of an evening, nursing a squirrel, while she watched for Mr. Lindley-Seymour's return from town.

The musical critic, as she passed the gate, thought the new-comer quite charming. Her hair was of the palest possible shade of gold, and her eyes very large and blue and generally innocent-looking. She usually attired herself in a very large brown hat and a brigand-like cloak — a graceful tribute to the æsthetic tendencies of the Park. There was an Arcadian simplicity in her appearance which brought tears to the musical critic's eyes. And her husband had an air of gentle melancholy which was quite touching; you felt that he had flown from the toils and cares of an unsympathetic world, to recover himself in the almond-blossomed shades of the Bath Road.

Yes! Certainly they were quite harmless.

They even attended church once on Sunday: I give this as a proof of tremendous piety. The Park is not religiously inclined. It generally plays tennis on a Sunday, and drives its balls into other folks' flower-beds. This is in the morning and afternoon; in the evening it has banjo parties, and sings, or rather roars, comic songs up to a very late hour. In the distance you hear the melancholy-jovial cornet of a returning van of bean-feasters—a sound which proclaims a connecting link between the man on strike and the æsthetic Parkite. The church goes by the title of the "Umbrella." Its interior is painted with patent enamel, in the prevailing pea-green tint, and its exterior is considered a model of architecture—by the vicar. It is the Lily of the Park, blossoming in red brick, but it has not the air of a church at all. One feels as if it would be possible to put one's feet on the chairs, and sleep loudly. In a well-conducted and properly-shaped church this feeling would be wrong; in the "Umbrella" I maintain that it is excusable. Enamel is not conducive to a devout frame of mind; and I much doubt if a sermon

"YOUNG MRS. LINDLEY-SEYMOUR" (*p.* 535).

by the Archangel Gabriel would be effective delivered from the village pound which is by courtesy termed a pulpit.

However, these young people went to church. On a Sunday evening the vicar, returning home, would hear them playing hymns, or trying the recitatives out of the *Messiah*. The vicar was not quite sure about the *Messiah*, not being musical, but the sound of the hymns delighted him. At Christmas Mrs. Lindley-Seymour sent a guinea to the Mission, and the vicar could hardly restrain his emotion; he felt inclined to give thanks publicly in church, but reflected that this might offend his other parishioners. So he contented himself with preaching an eloquent sermon on "Lay not up to yourselves treasures," etc., with the result that half the congregation, feeling their pecuniary delicacy hurt by this shameless hint, were absent next Sunday.

The novelist wrote a story on them, in which Mr. Lindley-Seymour figured as the son of a duke who had married a poor, but angelic damsel, and was disinherited by his evil-minded father in consequence.

The musical critic continued to admire them ardently. She watched them having tea on the lawn in the most rustic way in the world. It was quite charming; the little flies dropped into the teacups, and small, green, serpentine things spread themselves on the bread and butter. And Mrs. Lindley-Seymour would shriek and brush them away, whilst Mr. Lindley-Seymour laughed at her in the most delightful manner.

But at the end of six months the dwellers in Bath Road woke up to discover that their innocent neighbours had departed. Nobody knew what had happened. The musical critic was quite distressed. She met Jinks next day, and asked him whether the Lindley-Seymours had gone.

Jinks, of course, knew everything. Oddly enough, the novelist had just crossed the road to ask the same question.

"Gone," said Jinks moodily; "I rather thinks they *is* gone! Very much gone! There's a lot more's gone with 'em, too. They've cleared that 'ouse of its furniture as clean as this pavement—every blessed stick 'ave they taken. An' they howes bills all round, an' me thirteen shillings—thirteen shillings and eightpence—for putting up shelves. A lot o' that thirteen shillin's I shall ever set eyes on! Gone! When you see 'em again you let me know. They're about as clean gone as yesterday's dinner!"

The musical critic and the novelist said nothing, but they looked unutterable things. The musical critic reviewed the work of a young composer that night in a way that drove the wretched man to the verge of suicide, and wrote an article on Wagner that turned her editor's hair grey. Then she took a good supper, and felt better.

But the novelist, being much too honest a man for a writer of fiction, went home and put his MSS. work behind the fire.

AN OLD MAID'S SANCTUM.

THE FIRST DRIVE OUT.

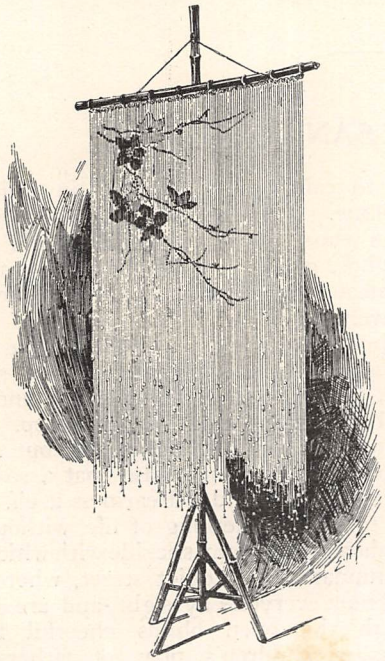
My sanctum is a flat in the Marylebone Road. I don't care to dignify it with the name of home, it is so utterly different from the sweet home of my youth; and though the word in the dictionary rendering only means "the place in which one resides," it seems impossible to call a place "home" in which we live alone. A home must have at least one person whose coming is all the world to us, and whose going (for there is always a parting) means the end of life, the end of love, the end even of a home.

I chose the Marylebone Road because of the endless stream of passing vehicles—a stream which begins in the early morning and goes on till long after we have fallen asleep. Some people might object to the noise; but if you are to live alone, you realise that a so-called quiet neighbourhood is dreariness itself. You want to hear something of life, without the peep-show at the domestic side with which you are inundated in a quiet street, where you soon know everyone by sight, and are shown through the open blinds cheerful family scenes, of children's play, of fathers and

mothers, of brothers with their sisters, or with somebody else's sister as we notice two heads very near together in those endless firelight talks that lovers have.

It is better to watch the market carts and the crowded omnibuses than all this; while as for institutions, no other road abounds in such a large number and variety as this one. There are charities for every ill that flesh is heir to. Doctors and medical students are on their own ground here, and certainly one-fourth of the congregation of the great Marylebone Church consists of the nurses from the many Homes and hospitals in the neighbourhood.

I am a woman with a profession, busy all day and have no time to spare, so, beyond giving alms, I can do little in philanthropic work; but I have my interests, and, like all old maids, my opposite neighbours are among them. The house on the other side of the street is large and roomy, and is in no sort of way an institution. It is simply a surgical Home, many of which abound in and near this road. These houses have sprung into existence only of late years: they are strictly private places, in which patients can be operated on and nursed at a certain charge, and they combine the advantage of good nursing with perfect sanitary arrangements. Many people come up from the country to benefit by London surgeons, while others who live in town often choose these houses in preference to their own homes.



FIRE-SCREEN OF BEAD-WORK.

How sad are some of the faces of those who go in, and how terribly anxious their friends look! Only at first, however; for if the operation succeeds—as, thanks to the great strides made by science, they constantly do

AN INVALID VISITOR.

—the clouds lift. The patient who was carried into the Home a fortnight ago goes for his first drive a new man; soon he takes a turn in the sunshine, his face is beaming, and his wife's anxious eyes are radiant with joy.

Disease is stronger than science, so sometimes operations fail. Occasionally, though very rarely, the man who went in blind does not recover his sight, and a weary disappointment becomes his share in the world's division of spoils. Sometimes, too, a patient arrives alone, and remains unvisited, and then my heart aches. Think of lying day after day by yourself, with only a paid attendant! Think of going down to the valley of death and leaving no broken heart on this side! and think, too, of the dreariness of getting better and having to do all the rejoicing for yourself! The doctors may tell you you are cured, but you must see your joy reflected on the face of another before you can realise the full meaning of their words.

Years ago, when I first came to my flat, I cared nothing about it. I just wanted a place to eat and sleep in, and as long as it was clean anything would do. My furniture was thrown

in and hardly arranged; my books remained in piles on the floor. My writing-table was in wild confusion, and, in fact, no room looked more unlike an old maid's sanctum than mine.

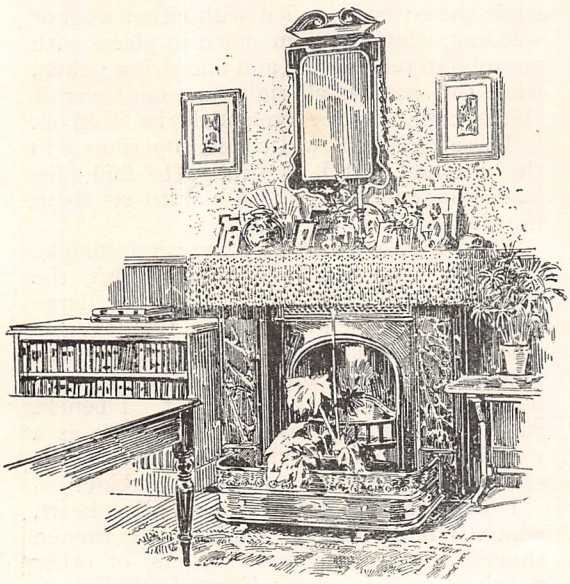
And then, as I told you, an interest crept into my life—the very prosaic interest of watching my opposite neighbours—and out of that interest grew pity and the desire to aid. I made acquaintance with the matron of the Home; soon acquaintance ripened into friendship. I am often there, and sometimes when she tells me that a patient is alone, with neither relations nor friends to visit him, I ask if I may. They don't often refuse to see me, and almost always are glad to come over to my rooms, just for the sake of relief.

WINDOWS AND COUCH.

I, who never intended to have any more friends in the world, have made many new ones, and have awakened to take a deep interest in their histories. How much they have told me while they have rested in my quaint room! which some of them have called an oasis in the desert.

And thus it came to pass that I cleared up, and tidied and turned out, and papered and painted, and in fact became once more like other people.

But I hope my oasis in the desert is not quite like every other drawing-room. Probably the owners of the drawing-rooms will echo this hope: they have spent hundreds on their soft carpets and plush curtains, while I have had only a few pounds to spare. But the study of a working woman ought to be plain. Few women work to provide tables and chairs for themselves; bread and cheese, and funeral expenses, and almsgiving, ought to be their chief consideration, artistic rooms the last.



MIRROR, BOOK-CASE, AND MANTEL-BOARD.

My first act was to have my walls washed and thoroughly stripped; and greatly they wanted it, for six different papers were underlying each other. Small wonder that the door and windows could not be shut for long without the room smelling stuffy! When the walls and ceiling were really clean I chose my wall-paper. I could not afford to give more than a shilling a piece, for though I quite believe that a good thing is cheapest in the end, I have never had the means to pay for that good thing and test the truth of the theory; and about wall-papers in a city I do not think it would hold good, as a room ought to be stripped and papered every three years if possible.

My paper cost the requisite shilling, and is also extremely pretty; it has a white ground covered with a design of small, well-drawn feathers in dull peacock-blue colouring. The frieze, which is three feet in width, has been distempered pale yellow (the same shade as the ceiling), and upon that is painted groups of storks and water lilies a dark blue. This can be done more quickly for a large room by

being first drawn on to a stencil pattern, but in my case I painted it myself. Below the frieze ran a yellow picture-rail, made out of a lead gas-pipe painted in oils.

My paper did not go down to the floor as I had a dado of polished birch-wood, with a narrow shelf on the top, which was delightful for old delf plates, which wire held safely in position.

All this cost a very small sum, and my bedroom paper was half the price again, and nearly as pretty. A glass door led from the sitting-room into a little passage ending with the bedroom door. This passage I decorated in an exactly similar manner, the bedroom ceiling was washed a faint shade of salmon pink, and a salmon pink line ran above a pale green frieze. The paper at sixpence the piece was buff, and very nice it looked ; while the door was painted in two shades of the same colour, with finger plates of deal painted buff and French polished.

You will not be surprised to hear that my furniture is of no particular period. I ought to be ashamed to confess that my dinner table is only a plain deal one ; but tables are so expensive, and I always dine alone. I have a chair with arms low and wide, made of polished birch-wood, and beneath my window is a low and comfortable couch much appreciated by my invalid visitors. I manufactured it out of a small iron bedstead : first painted the legs and sides white, then I covered all the iron work of the top with a loose cover of blue arras cloth, and stuffed it well with picked sheep's wool, of which all my pillows are made, and delightfully soft and comfortable they are. I covered the mattress with the blue material, and, instead of a frill, put a long straight piece, cut on the cross, all round the sides and ends. This arras cloth is like very strong canvas, dyed in art colours, and as it is exceedingly wide and only one and sixpence a yard, it is a most useful article ; an Italian rug in blue and gold is used as a couvre-pied.

My floor is covered with an olive-green linoleum, which looks very well and can be constantly washed. These art linoleums are very thick and soft, and act instead of carpets, and before the fireplace I have spread one of those many-coloured Kurd rugs which are now so cheap. My window curtain is a thickly embroidered art blanket, dull blue upon olive green, with a red diagonal stripe ; this gives warmth in the winter, while for summer I use butter muslin. Notice that my curtain is made short, with nothing to catch dust or drag on the floor.

I paid twenty-two shillings for my old mirror, and the gilt and polished wood adds as much brightness to the room as does the glass.

The ugly marble mantel-shelf is covered at the top with a piece of blue velveteen, from which is suspended a mantel border of the Macramé beadwork ; it is easy to make and very effective in appearance, especially if the beads are large and bright. I have a fire-screen of the same—both of which I made myself ; while my long, low book-case filled with my treasures is of home manufacture. I happened to see in the window of a pawnshop a notice that a linen cupboard was for sale within ; so in I stepped, and found a large cupboard nicely fitted with shelves, and possessing a door.

If for linen, why not for books, I asked myself ? So I paid its price—seven and sixpence —and as soon as it was sent home began operations. First I took off the door, then rubbed the out and inside of the case well down with sand-paper, to get a good surface to paint on. I painted it white, gilding the little ledge on the top and the edges of the shelves. It did not stand quite steadily, so I had to screw it into the wall ; but this was very easily done, and now my books have a happy home.

Every woman can become an upholstress and so save much money, and I only wish my readers could try the straw chairs which I have padded and covered, in which my invalid friends find so much comfort. These chairs cost from five to six shillings each, sometimes less : first of all, their patterns should be cut out in paper, then a large, loose, linen cover should be made, and drawn on, turning the chair upside down while the cover is stuffed with either wool or wadding, which is sewn down in places with an upholsterer's needle and fine string ; then, when the shape is all right, another cover of chintz, cretonne, or serge should be fitted on.

These directions will sound superfluous to the initiated, but it is strange to find how many women have no idea how to set about the work.

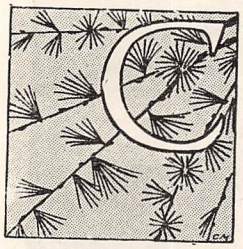
Thus I beautified my room ; it is simple, certainly, and plain enough to satisfy the greatest economist ; but there are large numbers of women workers in London now who cannot afford much more than the few pounds I spent, but those few pounds laid out have brought in a large interest. I benefit daily ; for I have ceased to live quite as a working automaton, and have begun to think of something beyond bare money-making.

I have realised that I have still a heart, which I have opened, as all lonely women should, to the joys and sorrows of other people.

Edith Long Fox.

THE DUKE.

BY MRS. H. H. PENROSE.



CASSIE PARKER was sitting, in a litter of threads and needles, on the top step of the verandah, stitching ruffles on the neck and sleeves of her very best gown. There was to be a "social" at the Pinewood Park Hotel that evening, and she intended to look as well as she could.

Nettie, who was only twelve, and took no interest in vanities, put her head out at the door, and said—

"Mat has come back with the mail, and there's an English letter for you."

Cassie threw down her work and ran to the kitchen, where Mat was distributing letters; whereupon, the house-cat, who had been watching his opportunity, approached the neglected best dress, dug his claws into it many times, purring softly, until he had made a bed to his liking, and then lay down and fell into a sweet and dreamless sleep.

"Give it to me quick," said Cassie, grabbing the mail-bag. "I know it's from Milly, and I haven't heard from her for two months."

Mat held on to the bag, and took the letters out with extreme deliberation.

"Here it is," he said, holding it out scornfully, with all a backwoods boy's contempt for a fine lady. "Read it, and tell us the news. Why didn't your grand friend write sooner? Has she been entertaining the Queen, or on a visit to the Princess of Wales? All about lords and ladies, I reckon, ain't it? There, quit with it, and don't be coming Milly Smith over *us!*"

Milly Smith had refused Mat the year before she went to England, and it was unlikely that he would ever forgive her.

Cassie snatched up her letter and ran back to the verandah, where she sat down to enjoy it without even noticing the cat. She had been Milly's great friend at school, and, even had Mrs. Drelincourt been occupied in the manner suggested by Mat, she would not have forgotten Cassie, who always lived in Pinewood Park, and had never been to Europe.

"I have been planning a good time for you," the letter said. "You must come over right away, and spend six months with me. Not that I suppose I shall be able to keep you as long as that: you will be snapped up by a duke or a marquis in less than six weeks. They think no end of pretty American girls over here. I know it isn't easy to coin money in Pinewood Park, so I enclose a check (they spell it 'cheque' here: don't forget that), and I expect you to start for New York just the soonest day you can. Have you seen Pop since he has been back in Florida? I guess he will be with us again before long. He is simply off his chump about little Jim, and he is never happy away from him. I don't wonder a bit. You never saw such a cute little baby. He is as pretty as a picture, and——"

Here followed a descriptive passage of such length, that there was no room left for anything about lords and ladies, and Cassie felt a little disappointed.

However, the invitation swallowed up everything else, and in ten minutes the whole house was in a ferment. Mat sneered, of course, but nobody minded him. The others were only less delighted than Cassie herself, and the enclosed "check" gave much consolation to Mr. and Mrs. Parker. Nettie managed, in the course of the afternoon, to let everyone in Pinewood Park know that her sister was going to Europe, and when Cassie arrived at the hotel "social," she found herself the lioness of the evening.

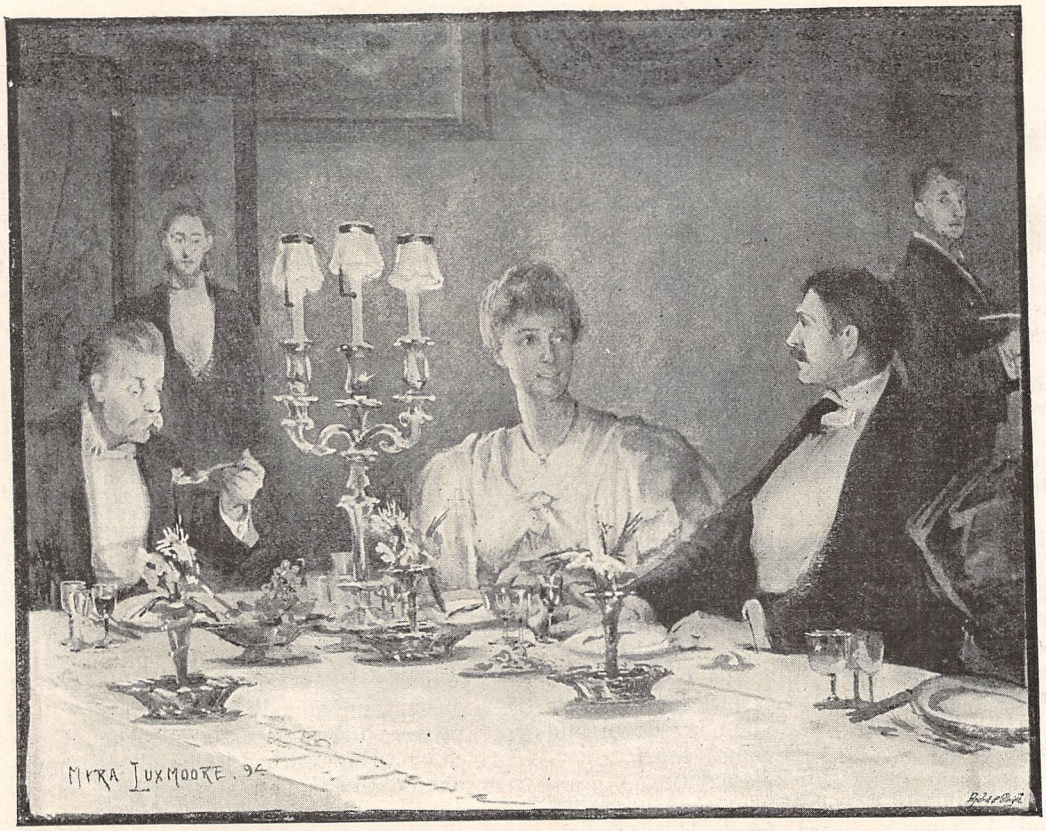
"You will never come back to Florida," said one of the "boys," sentimentally. "You will marry some old cuss of a duke, and live in England all the time, except when you go to Paris to buy clothes."

And Cassie, remembering Milly's similar prophecy, blushed as if she had met the duke already. Is it not the ambition of every well-brought-up American girl to marry a duke and to go to Paris?

A month later she had taken the first step towards the achievement of her desires—she had arrived in England.

The Drelincourts were still in the country, and received her in the ancestral mansion, to which Milly had come as a stranger not so very long ago. Cassie, coming straight from a wooden shanty in Pinewood Park, felt deeply impressed, and opened her eyes wide at everything.

Milly took her to the nursery at once. The son and heir was lying on his back on the couch, and his nurse was sitting beside him holding his bottle to his mouth. The *fin de siècle* air of indifference with which he



"HE STARED AT HER IN BLANK AMAZEMENT" (*p.* 543).

condescended to take his food was quite superb. Both heels were high in the air, and each fat hand grasped a bunch of toes. Seeing a stranger with his mother, he jerked his head away from the bottle, and made a vast spluttering in her direction, with as much milk as his mouth contained. Altogether, he did not behave with the dignity one might have expected of a grandson of Lady Mary Drelincourt.

"He's just too cunning for anything," said Cassie. "Will he cry if I kiss him?"

"No, he won't; but he'll muss you all he can with milk. Don't fancy I get offended when people don't kiss him: I'm not that sort," said Milly. "I wouldn't let another woman's baby spit milk at me, and I don't expect more than I'd do myself. But he *is* cute; now, isn't he? I reckon I'll have to fix up a toy mantelshelf right here for him to put his feet on."

Mrs. Drelincourt, in the company of the friend of her youth, had relapsed into her earlier mode of speech, and the nurse looked respectfully but unmistakably astonished. They asked her a few questions, and received answers in carefully enunciated English, which conveyed a reproof in every syllable; and then Milly's conscience smote her, and she took Cassie away to her room.

"We shall be going up to town in a month," said Milly; "and, meanwhile, we'll knock some fun out of this place. There are a few people staying here, and a few more are coming to dinner to-night, so I want you to look smart. I knew you wouldn't have time to see about evening gowns at the other side, so I had a couple made to my own measurements on the chance of their fitting you. We used to be able to wear each other's gowns without altering them, don't you remember?"

A glorious confusion of white silk and lace was lying on the bed, and Cassie looked at it, and gasped—

"Oh, Milly! I don't know what to say to you!"

"Never mind about your say," said Mrs. Drelincourt; "but don't have a maid this evening, and let me dress you just for the lark of it. It will be like closing day at school in old times."

The result was charming.

"I hadn't the least idea I could look so pretty," said Cassie, surveying herself with some shyness and much delight. "I guess it's only in books that girls look their best in their old clothes. If Mat could see me now, wouldn't it make him sit up—just! But you have grown quite English, Milly. I am awfully Amurrican beside you. I guess I'll shock your friends."

"Not a bit," said Milly. "That's what fetches them. If you were English, they wouldn't take any notice of you."

Later on, in the drawing-room, so many introductions took place, that, between new faces and new names, Cassie became quite confused.

When they were pairing off for dinner, Jim Drelincourt said to a young man standing near her—

"Duke, you are to take Miss Parker."

And Cassie turned and regarded him with very wide-open eyes.

So there really was a live duke in the house, and Milly had not told her a word about him. How delightful of Milly—and how mean of Milly! And how she herself was blushing like a ridiculous little schoolgirl! Yet she could have sworn that very same good-looking young man had been introduced to her as Mr. Something-or-other ten minutes before. She must have made a mistake! She felt full of notes of exclamation.

The weight of one great difficulty pressed upon her heart. She could not decide on the most correct mode of addressing him. She thought "Your Grace" ought to be the right thing, but Mr. Drelincourt had called him "Duke," and then someone at her elbow made a remark to a dignitary of the Church which upset her calculations altogether.

Being of a delightfully straightforward disposition, it occurred to her that the simplest thing would be to refer the matter to the young man himself; and she managed to do so before they had finished their fish.

"I am so thoroughly Amurrican, you see," she said, "that I am not sure how I ought to address you. I noticed someone called the minister 'Mr. Archdeacon.' Ought I to call you 'Duke,' or 'Mr. Duke'?"

For a moment he stared at her in blank amazement. It was all very pleasant, no doubt, but what had the Archdeacon got to do with it?

"I shall feel much honoured, indeed, if you will call me 'Duke,' without the 'Mr.,'" he murmured sweetly. "And what am I to call you?"

"My name is Parker. Didn't you catch it?"

This appeared to the young man one-sided and unfair.

"I meant your Christian name," he said. "Mayn't I know it?"

"Why, certainly. I didn't understand, Duke. My given name is Cassandra, but I am always called Cassie. It's not much of a name."

"A charming name, I think," he said. "May I call you by it?"

"If you think it won't shock anybody, I'm sure I don't mind; but you must not mislead me about the ways of English Society. I am quite ignorant of them, and I am throwing myself on your mercy."

"You couldn't have found anyone more—more willing to—to receive the throw," he stammered. "We ought to be first-rate friends; we have made such a good beginning."

After this, conversation did not flag for a moment, and Cassie called him "Duke" pretty frequently, to his immense satisfaction.

Mrs. Drelincourt, of course, came to Cassie's room for a chat before retiring to rest—no other ending to the eventful day was possible.

"You seem to have made a considerable impression," she said, with a wise little nod of her head. "But don't go too fast, Cassie; they don't understand that sort of thing here. I'm satisfied I heard you call him by his given name that time we were standing by the piano, before we said good-night."

"I did nothing of the sort," said Cassie, with some asperity. "I don't even know what it is. I called him nothing but Duke; and I asked him if that wasn't the right way to address him before I did it."

"You did?" said Milly, a light of understanding breaking over her mind.

"Certainly! Was it any harm?"

"Oh, not the least! It's awfully late, Cassie. I can't stay any longer."

She could not, indeed, with any degree of safety. She had barely time to get outside the door, when her laughter choked her, and she ran along the passage with her hands over her mouth, trying to smother an explosion.

Cassie's admirer grew daily more and more attentive. He was to have left the Drelincourts at the end of the week, but Milly invited him to extend his visit indefinitely, and he stayed on, feeling grateful to the sharp sight and good-nature of his hostess. At the end of a fortnight, however, he began to think that there might be a possibility of outstaying his welcome, and he decided to dare all and "put it to the test" without further delay.

Opportunities were not wanting: he had them all day long—thanks to Milly. The one he chose to make use of occurred when he and Cassie were alone in the library, whither they had gone to search for a volume that had never been there.

"I think," he began, "I ought to go away to-morrow. I have been here too long."

"Oh!" she said, blankly. "I reckon we'll miss you."

"I wish I thought so—at least, that *you* would. But I see you care nothing more than you would for any other stranger going away."

He honestly mistook her manner for one of indifference; and Cassie remained silent. She could hardly contradict him until he had spoken more plainly.

"I believe I fell in love with you the very first evening," he went on. "And I thought you were beginning to like me. But I suppose they are right, the people who say you American girls care for nothing but titles. As a man without one, I suppose, I'm not worth considering."

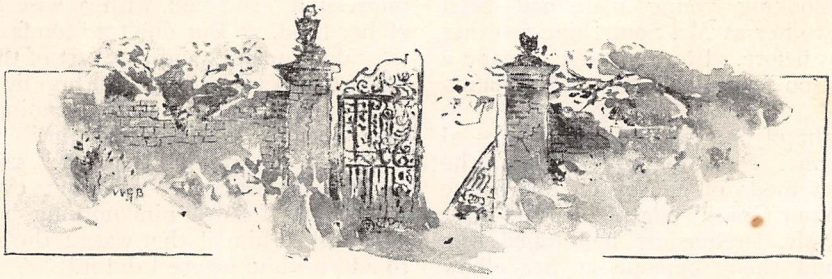
"Do you believe that of me?" she flashed. "Then I suppose nothing can make you believe otherwise. I wish—I wish you were only a common man—that you could turn into one this minute—and then I could prove that I don't care for you just because you are a duke!"

"Cassie! My dear, dear girl! What do you mean? Is it possible that you have been mistaking my name for a title all this time? This is one of Mrs. Drelincourt's practical jokes. What an ass I was not to take it in sooner! Now, indeed, if your words mean anything, Cassie, you can prove the truth of them, for I am quite a common man, I assure you. My name is Marmaduke Farran, and the Drelincourts, knowing me so well, always call me Duke. Are you disappointed, Cassie, or satisfied?"

"Both," said Cassie, with absolute honesty. "I am glad to make you believe me at any price, but, of course——"

"Well? Of course——"

"I would like you to be a duke, but I don't want any duke that isn't you."



THE DRIVER OF THE MAIL.

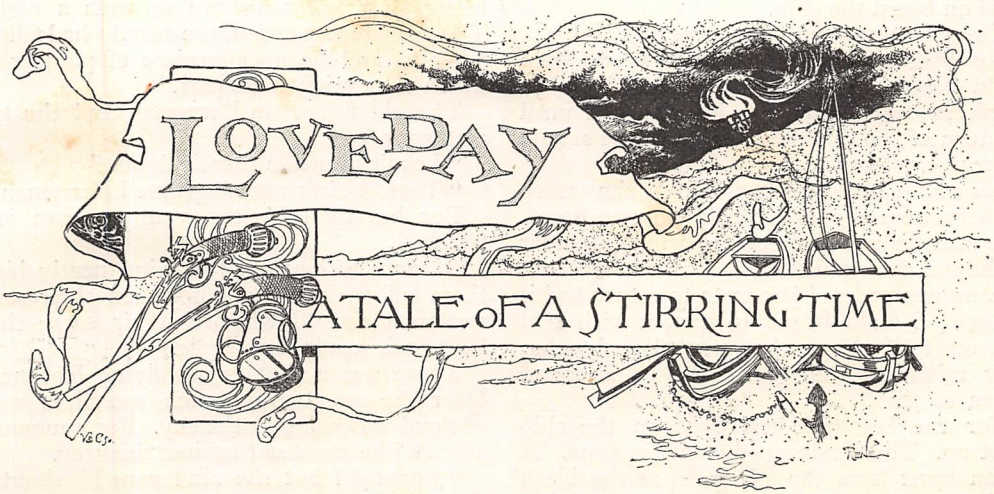
BY FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

"MAKE me the signal, dear," she cried,
The little wife of the engineer,
"As you drive the mail to the North to-night,
—Three low whistles, sharp and clear."
"Nay, never fear, sweet wife!" he said,
Kissing away her tears that fell,
"You'll hear the sign, as we sweep the line,
Three low whistles that 'All is well!'"

She sat her down at her window bright,
Waiting, and watching the darkening sky,
She saw the gleam of the junction light,
And heard the roar as the trains went by.

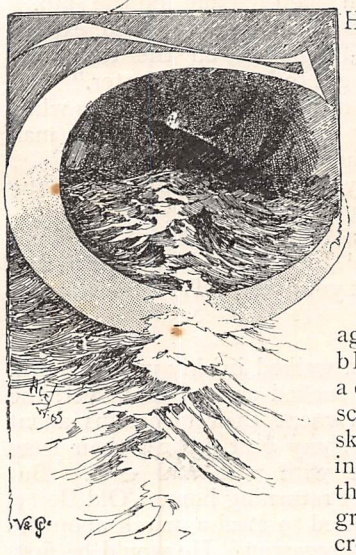
"God watch over him!" soft she prayed,
Down by her baby's bed she fell;
—But there came no sign from the ringing line,
Never a note to say "All's well."

Night wore on, but she could not sleep,
Out she crept 'neath the morning sky;
—There he lies! by his engine wrecked!
Dead at his post, as a man should die.
Was it for this she loved him so?
Was it for this her tears that fell?
Peace! let him rest! God's will is best!
All is well! All is well!



By A. E. WICKHAM, Author of "Two Women," etc.

CHAPTER I.—THE WRECK.



THE hour was one o'clock on a November night, yet Tregarron folk clustered on the sands at the mouth of Tregarron river. A skirling savage wind drove black clouds across the scarcely lighter sky. The shrieking gale drowned the shouts and groans of the crowd of fishermen. Words in a woman's voice, shrill and strident, were sometimes to be heard above the noise and bustle of the storm.

Out in the blackness over the sea burnt a flaring yellow light, seemingly but a hand-throw from the people. It flickered and vanished, and a sound—half groan, half long-drawn breath—came from the watching fisherfolk; it rose again brighter than before, and a murmur passed from lip to lip.

"Not gone to pieces yet."

Below the shrieks and whistles of the wild wind, deeper than the hoarse mutter of the crowd, a bass accompaniment to the voices, there was a rolling roar and thunder of breakers on a sandy beach. A gleam of white showed where the sand ended and the sea began. Flecks of foam drove against the faces and hair of the watchers. Half a mile inland, against the wall of Tregarron quay, a line of flakes, thick as soapsuds, had been driven by the wild wind. To-morrow the children would wade in them knee-deep.

In the darkness the light from the wreck was startling in its vivid glare. A lantern or two flickered feeble points of light among the crowd on shore.

But the leaping, falling signal upon the stranded ship swallowed up the lesser gleams; it was the focus of interest, the only thing seen for the time by the people of Tregarron. The world behind them was but a dream. That tragic, yellow glare on the dark waste of waters was the only real thing in this black hurly burly.

Not out of any deep sympathy with the unfortunate persons on board the vessel, nor from any passionate wish that they might be saved! Tregarron folk looked on drowning as a man's natural end, and on wrecks as a legitimate source of income. So many wrecks in the year, so many shillings and crowns in their pockets.

They strained their eyes to catch a sight of the ship! Was she large or small? A fishing-boat or a three-master?

The light burnt up with a sudden glare, and swaying masts and rigging stood out against the ruddy gleam. She was a large vessel! One old fisherman hazarded a guess that she was five hundred tons; all agreed that she was not less than three hundred.

If she would but live until morning, what pickings there might be! All eyes fixed

steadily on the distress signal of the dying souls on board the ship.

There was nothing to be done.

No boat could live in this sea ; no help could be sent from land. If she did not go to pieces before morning, if she lasted until the turn of the tide the crew would be saved ; otherwise, all were doomed.

No sound could be heard from the vessel. If there were shouts for help no one heard. The whistle and rush of the wind, the roar of the surf drowned cries.

A woman ordered her mate to return to his cottage ; a child began to scream with cold and want of sleep ; the men thought that they might as well get home. The crowd began to thin.

For the last time the light on the ship leapt up. Then it dropped, and was gone. A groan burst from the fishermen as the black gulf swallowed up the glare. Nothing but the moan of the breakers, the whistle of the wind, now sounded in their ears. Darkness met their straining eyes. Sky, sea, ship, coast were one indistinguishable blurred mass of blackness.

"I reckon 'tis nigh the end," said one old fisherman.

"Aye, poor sawls, they'm gone," said a woman, "and now do 'ee come home, Bill, and have a drop of something hot."

"Us all needs that," said another.

They straggled away in twos and threes across the sand hills to Tregarron. The crowd dwindled to four men.

"Is there no chance of saving them," shouted a tall man to another carrying a lantern.

The wind scattered the sound of his words before they reached the fisherman's ears.

"Any chance of saving them, Berryman?"

He clapped his hand upon the old man's shoulders.

"Not a mossul ; they'm done for if the ship's gone."

"The sea may have washed out the light."

"Aye, that's true ; but I reckon it's about the end."

The wind moaned and whistled about their ears. In the darkness no man could see his fellow's face ; the lantern held by Berryman gave but a small circle of flickering light as it swayed to and fro in the storm. No signal rose from the blackness of the waters, no sound but the rushing wind and thundering breakers came to their ears.

"There'll be nought left of her. Every stick ull be washed out with the ebb," said another fisherman.

"Aye, it's nigh the turn now."

The two speakers turned towards the darkness at their back. Warm cottages were better than the sea-shore on such a night. The tragedy was ended, the curtain had fallen. There would be no afterpiece of plunder in which they might take part.

The old fisherman Berryman and the tall man were left.

"I can't go while there's doubt."

"There b'ain't none," grunted Berryman.

But he stood by the younger man and watched.

A more furious spell of wind nearly blew them off their legs. They tied their sou'-westers tightly down over their ears ; they bent their heads to the gale.

There was a shift in the flying blackness. Over the sea a grey patch spread, a mass of cloud was rising in the sky. For a moment a black line stood out against the grey.

"Jiggered ! but she ain't gone !" shouted the old man.

He held up his lantern as though its pin-point of a gleam would shine through the darkness, which again fell and hid the ship.

"She may last now," he continued, excited and alert. "The tide's on the turn, and us'll be able to get to her at low water."

He put the lantern between his knees while he cut a plug of tobacco. The taller man shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"I thought you had given up this thieving since you became a preacher ?"

"Thievin's a hard word, Hugh. I don't call it thievin' to take a bit o' stuff that the sea's put at your feet. 'Tis as much mine as t'others."

"H'm !"

The two men walked briskly up and down. The wet sand sucked around their feet, the boisterous gale swept their tarpaulins about their legs, the spray beat against their faces stinging them with salt and cold. But neither spoke of returning home. Old Berryman was delighted to steal a march upon the other men of Tregarron. He would be first, alone upon the ship. Hugh hoped to give a helping hand to some of the crew. Up and down, down and up, they stepped for an hour.

A sentence passed between them now and then, but to shout in this howling wind was a useless exertion.

The lulls in the storm grew more frequent ; the gusts of rain settled into a driving drizzle. Above their heads the clouds began to take shape, they were no longer lost in vast blackness. The white line of breakers glimmered faintly, and beyond them a formless hulk could be dimly seen.

"The masts are gone," said Hugh.

"Her's rollin' tarrible, but the wind's droppin' with the tide."

Again they tramped the wet, clinging sand. They walked upon the part left by the retreating sea. Sometimes a breaker would dash in foam about their long sea-boots. The wrecked ship drew them towards her, wet and discomfort were forgotten.

The wind fell, as Berryman foretold. The ebbing tide crept back, the wreck rolled more heavily from side to side. There came a deeper chill in the air, and a whisper of coming day.

Behind them in the east a faint grey light stole up to meet the darkness. Sea and land shivered in the coldness of the dawn. Higher into the sky crept the sad grey light; the night clouds sank slowly down upon the horizon. Stealthily, creepily, before they realised it, dawn was breaking, and daylight was around, above them; a dreary, hopeless dawn.

The hulk alone of the vessel was left. Four persons clung upon it—two were women. They were lashed to the stump of the broken mast. The black mass rolled like a live thing in the trough of the breakers. The rain beat down with a hiss and splash upon the sea. Black and grey were sea and sky, distant rocks and rolling wreck. The sand was a dirty yellow; even the rushes, dismally waving in the wind and rain on the top of the sandhills, had lost their colour.

"THE WOMAN WAS IN HIS ARMS, HER HEAD HANGING OVER HIS SHOULDER, HER LONG BLACK HAIR BLEW ACROSS HIS FACE" (*p.* 549).

"Berryman, there are women on her."

"Us can't help 'em, poor sawls," said the old sailor; "only four on 'em altogether. What's become of the rest?"

One of the two men clinging to the wreck

seemed undoing the ropes that tied the women.

"They mean to try to get ashore," cried Hugh.

"They'll never do it through the breakers," said Berryman.

"If some of the others had but waited we could have helped them," groaned the younger man.

"They'm lost, if they try gettin' through this sea."

Berryman hollowed his hands cup-like round his mouth. He sent a shout across the water, but as it left his lips both knew no faintest sound could reach the wreck. The wind blew inland.

Hugh joined him in a second roar. They made signs to stop the persons in their mad attempt, but their shouts were unheard, and their signs misunderstood. The two men clinging to the rolling hulk were undoing the fastening of the women as fast as the movements of the wreck would allow.

"They'm fools," said Berryman, with philosophic indifference.

"Man, they'll be drowned before our eyes!" cried Hugh, stamping his feet with helpless fury.

"I reckon 'twas ordained, and 'twon't be the first I've seed drownded, nor second neither; and you've seed a goodish few in your time, Hugh. There was the *Sarinthy* with ten men, and *Patty* with——"

"But not women."

"The wind and sea's too loud for us to hear 'em screech, and drownin's an easy death. T'ain't no manner of use your draggin' your coat and boots off. A thousand men couldn't help 'em in this sea."

Yet the distance looked so small between the vessel and the shore that to those clinging to the wreck it seemed an easy matter to get to land.

Berryman and Hugh saw them ready to make the plunge from the hulk to the breakers. The wreck had lost all likeness to a ship. She was but a huge black bladder heaving from side to side.

One of the four, wild to reach land, jumped into the foam curling round the hulk. Once, twice, three times his head rose amid the surf as he struggled for life. Then he was gone.

"That's the end o' he," said Berryman.

The three left behind had watched the man's struggles, and the sight stopped their attempt.

They crouched down and clung once more to anything that would give them hold.

With the ebbing tide the rolls of the ship became heavier. Nothing but her black side would at one time be seen; then she would turn over again, until her deck would be at right angles with the water, and the poor creatures clinging for their lives were visible. A rent in her stern yawned black and cavernous.

The rain beat down, the tide ebbed, and wind and wave calmed a little of their fury. Dawn was fully come.

"Her won't last, after all," said Berryman, with a sigh; "her's splittin'."

The three on the deck had come to the same conclusion.

At the next roll of the ship, which brought her deck towards the shore, the man and two women slipped into the sea. One woman held a lifebelt or a piece of board; the second could swim; the man was a few yards in front.

Either the waves were not so strong as when their companion went to his death, or they had chosen a lucky moment. A breaker swept them some distance to the shore, and the backward drag of the water did not lose them all the ground they had gained. All could swim, though the woman with the lifebuoy was evidently the weakest of the three. A lull in the wind stopped the spray from blowing blindingly in their faces. Another wave carried them forward, the backwater dragged them back.

"They'm makin' a grand fight," said Berryman. "The man'll do it, but I'm doubtin' for the women."

Hugh had waded out into the surf.

"Now, don't 'ee be a fool. They'm nothing to 'ee, and the world won't be much the worse for the loss of two womenfolk. There he go'th, and what'll become of Trosa farm without 'ee? Well, I did my best to stop 'un."

Berryman was not as hard as his words. His face was anxious, and he waded into the sea after Hugh, the farthest that was possible without swimming. No fisherman in Tregarron learnt to swim if it could be avoided.

The man had swum far enough to feel the shore beneath his feet. The breakers knocked him down twice, but he was up again, and in safety. The two women did not fare as well. They were weaker, and one was supporting the other.

The man, with a helping hand from Berryman, dragged himself from the sea and fell full length upon the wet sand. He was not young.

Hugh had reached the struggling women. They were in shallow water, but the breakers swept them off their feet, and beat them down. They struggled, blinded and bruised by the rushing, falling waves. Hugh caught them as the backward tow of a breaker dragged them out to sea. The one with

the wood fastened beneath her arms was giving up the fight, and letting herself go, but the second held her gallantly, and fought the fury of the waves with clenched teeth and frowning black brows.

"Take her; she is done!" she gasped.

He took her in his arms, and set his strength against the current. The dark woman was swept back until her head was covered by a curling white breaker. He saw her appear on its crest; she swam with it, and again she was level with him. That wave carried them both in towards shore, but when it swept back she had no strength to resist. Hugh staggered on with his burden to a yard from Berryman, waist-deep in the sea.

"You'll never save t'other," said the old fisherman.

Hugh had seen the woman's face as she was swept past him back towards the deep. An agony of fear had looked out of the dark eyes; yet she had told him to take the other woman. He could see her fighting still to keep her head above the breakers. Her eyes were closed, she was sinking when he reached her. It had been comparatively easy to save the first; this was a harder matter. The breakers rolled them over like ninepins; the spray blinded; the wind buffeted. For a moment it seemed impossible that with this burden he should win to shore. But he clutched her more firmly, though the thought did come that she was nothing, unknown to him. He must die with her if he could not save. While his strength lasted he must struggle and fight. A wave whirled him and the woman over. The sea seemed a giant with a spite against him; it roused him to resist. He dug his toes into the sand, and strained his body forward. A step or two an incoming wave swept him forward. The woman was in his arms, her head hanging over his shoulder, her long black hair blew across his face. He fell on his knees to resist the backward drag of the water. It swept him an inch or two, then a breaker carried him onward again. One rolled him head over heels, but he still held the woman. They were nearly safe now. Another step and they were in shallow water, a second, Berryman took the woman from him, and Hugh fell exhausted among the ripples of the ebbing tide on the sand.

Chapter II.—Jetsam.

The man who had been the first to reach the shore sat up and looked around.

"Brandy," he said with outstretched hand.

"Ain't a got none," said Berryman.

"Ah! How far is the nearest house?" asked the man.

He was not answered. Berryman had waded into the sea to meet Hugh with his first burden.

The man got up, shook himself, stamped his feet upon the ground, and watched events with an interested face. Berryman carried the woman to his side, and dumped her upon the ground like a maund of fish. He returned to meet Hugh a second time.

"Sophia!" said the man—"Sophia!"

She drew some long breaths, pushed her brown hair off her forehead, and tried to wipe the sea from her eyes.

"Are we saved?" she said, sitting up.

She looked round at the yellow sand, the white tops of the breakers, the grey sky, the rain that fell in slanting arrows. The wind blew her hair backward in long wet strands; her dress clung to her, heavy and wet, plastered with sand, and torn in long rents. The plank fastened across her chest was a ludicrous touch of misery.

"Take this thing off me, father," she said; "my fingers are too cold."

He helped her rise from the pool of water into which the damp sand around her had turned. Between them they got rid of the plank.

"Poor Loveday! I am afraid she will not reach the land."

They stood to watch the fight for life. The man hurried to Hugh, when he fell exhausted at the edge of the sea. Sophia dropped on her knee beside the woman Berryman laid upon the sand.

"Is she dead?"

She swept the long black hair from the girl's face, and with Berryman's red cotton handkerchief wiped the wet from her cheeks and lips.

"Her's swallowed a powerful lot of sea water. Hold her up by the legs, head downwards, and 'twill run out," said Berryman.

A sigh and movement from the unconscious girl (her slender figure and youthful face could belong only to a girl in her teens) stopped this drastic remedy.

Hugh and the man, Sophia's father, came up to the group.

"She will be herself again in a few moments," he said. "Loveday was not meant to be drowned."

He spoke in a careless, indifferent tone. There was neither anger, despair, anxiety, nor distress in his rich full voice. It was as though he had given a passing word to some indifferent acquaintance. It struck old Berryman. He looked up oddly from under his shaggy grey eyebrows at the man. Hugh noticed nothing. He was holding the unconscious girl's head on his arm.

"'WE SHALL PERISH BY COLD INSTEAD OF BY DROWNING!'"

No one had a brandy flask; they were shivering with cold and exhaustion; their faces were drawn and haggard in the early morning light. At last the long dark lashes shading the girl's white bruised cheek swept up. She looked into Hugh's eyes.

"Where am I?" she muttered.

"You are keeping us all waiting, Loveday," said Sophia's father; but there was only good-humoured annoyance in his voice.

"Oh, I am sorry."

She struggled up with the aid of Hugh's arm.

"Sakes! what a sight they be!" muttered Berryman. "You'd better take 'em up to Trosa Farm, Hugh, and get 'em warmed and fed."

The two girls clung together, blue with cold, and staggering with exhaustion. Their hair, heavy with sand and salt water, lashed round them like whips; their clothes clung to their limbs, giving flops and swishes at every movement. Sophia was fully dressed, but the girl Loveday was without shoes and stockings. One foot had been badly cut by some broken splinter of wood. The bleeding had been stopped by the sea water; it began again at her movement.

"Trosa farm is a mile up the side of that hill. Do you think you can manage——?" began Hugh, looking from the girls to the man.

"My dear sir, we cannot stay here. Take us to the nearest house, and let us get out of our wet clothes. My daughter and niece must walk somehow. But take us from this depressing scene."

He waved his hand from right to left to show the yellow sand, the gusty rain, the grey sea. It seemed to Hugh there was a touch of play-acting in the pompous motion—a something affected, unreal, in the commanding, sonorous voice.

"Her's gone to pieces," said Berryman. "I'll stay a bit, to see if aught is washed in."

The black hulk was gone. A little more foam, a breaker or two that burst in spray over the spot, were the only difference in the sea.

"What shall we do?" cried Loveday, with chattering teeth. "We have lost everything."

"All are drowned—not a man saved," said her uncle, in a meaning tone.

He looked on the sand with a not ill-pleased smile upon his face; he roused himself from his second of abstraction with a shiver.

"We shall perish of cold instead of by drowning," he said.

"I will take you to my house; that is the nearest, but the road is rough. This way."

Hugh turned to the left; the girls followed, clinging together. Sophia's father walked by the young man's side. Berryman remained upon the sand, watching for plunder from the sea.

"We have indeed lost our all," said Sophia's father. "We were on our way to the new world, and all our worldly possessions were in that vessel. Such is life. Beer and skittles one day—a kick the next."

"Were there many on board of her?" asked Hugh abruptly.

The man's airy manner and mellifluous tones jarred upon him. They were out of keeping with his wretched looks, with the fate he and his had just escaped.

"The crew; no other passengers but ourselves. The sailors would attempt to get to shore by boat; the first wave cracked it against the ship's side like an egg-shell. Every man went down. I told them how it would be, but they wouldn't listen to a land-lubber. That was the captain who stayed with us. This is a wild shore. What is your nearest——"

"Your niece is worn out," interrupted Hugh.

The girls had sunk down against a sandhill, in a hollow which partly sheltered them from the wind and rain.

"Her foot is bleeding so much," said Sophia, when Hugh returned to their help.

The blood was running down the side of the narrow foot, and settling into the soft, light sand of the dunes.

Hugh tore his handkerchief into strips, and bound it round her ankle and instep.

"Take my arm, and he"—Hugh nodded his head at Sophia's father—"must go on your other side."

"Loveday," said her uncle, in good-tempered tones, "rouse yourself — make an effort."

"Effort! It has been all effort since last evening."

He laughed at her sharp voice and weary glance.

The two men supported the tired, fainting girl, but the elder man cleverly managed that the greater part of the burden should rest on Hugh. They toiled their way through the deep sand which no rain could sodden. The rushes pricked them through their clothes, and ran like spikes into their bare hands. Loveday's feet were bleeding from the tiny pricks; she winced at every step. Behind, Sophia wearily plodded. Her father spoke to her, and she answered in a dull, indifferent voice. Loveday, on the contrary, in spite of her greater exhaustion, painful bruises, and wounded feet, was anything but dull. She answered her uncle's running stream of talk with gibes and fleers; her tongue was sharp as a needle. He laughed at her words, though to Hugh they sounded over-bitter for laughter.

"You think us strange—smiling when we are in this plight," he said, across Loveday; "but we three have been through some adventures together, and it is as easy to laugh as to cry, and much more agreeable.

"Yes, dust we are and to dust we shall return. Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die. A short life and a merry one."

Hugh looked at them out of the corner of his eye. What were these queer people?

"You have not told me your name?" he said bluntly to Sophia's father.

He started and glanced back at his daughter.

"'Pon my soul I quite forgot to introduce myself. My name is—James Macdonald. James Macdonald," he repeated loudly.

"Yes, Macdonald—James Macdonald," said Loveday with a sweep downwards, then up, of her black eyelashes.

"Our name is Macdonald," murmured Sophia.

"My niece is called Alison—Miss Loveday Alison."

"Where did you come from?" asked Hugh simply.

"Oh! my foot! I must rest a moment," cried Loveday.

She sank down upon the ground with a groan.

"There is but a little way now," he said; "we are at the edge of the sandhills, and another ten minutes will take us to my farm."

A footpath went across some barren fields, up the steep hill to a large, low house nestling in a hollow among stunted trees and yellow furze-bushes. Behind the building the ground rose steeply against the clouded sky. To the left of the house the hill ended in steep cliffs and sea, to the right stretched sandhills, and two miles away across them could be seen the cottages of Tregarron village. The house faced the sea.

Up the path towards the house Hugh almost carried Loveday Alison. Her uncle fell behind with his daughter.

"You will find it much easier to help her alone," he said. "I am tired, and am only in your way."

The wind was at their backs, and to walk on the path was easier than among the sandhills. But Loveday's clothes were heavy with wet, and the way was steep.

Drops of perspiration stood on Hugh's brow when he reached the gate opening into the garden of his house.

"Let me crawl on my hands and knees," said Loveday with a weary laugh.

But Hugh never allowed that he was beaten. He carried her to the large porch with seats on either side.

A woman with milking-pails opened the door as he set her on the bench and wiped his wet brow.

"Maister Hugh! where 'ave ee been, and who be these?"

"Get two bedrooms ready, Abigail. They have been shipwrecked. Light fires, and see that they have everything they want. Is my mother down?"

"No, she b'aint. Sakes alive! what scarecrows you be!"

Abigail dropped her pails, and ran back into the house.

Hugh led his guests across a low square hall into a large kitchen raftered with oak dark with age. A light had been set to the logs in the square fireplace; but the wood was damp, and only smouldered in clouds of acrid smoke. The drenched, worn-out wayfarers drew around it. Mr. Macdonald found a low seat in a corner of the fireplace. He seated himself, and cowered over the logs. A cloud of smoke made him cough and choke. He turned to Hugh with the first sign of anger he had shown. A querulous, peevish note was in his round, full-toned voice.

"Can you not make the fire burn?"

Hugh brought fresh wood from an outhouse, but the fire would not kindle into a clear blaze. Mr. Macdonald had to come from his corner, coughing and swearing.

Abigail could be heard storming at the maids; her heavy footsteps stumped to and fro, preparing the rooms above. Men — workers on the farm—slouched into the room to stare at the shipwrecked voyagers. Women servants peeped in at open doors, until called away by Abigail's rough voice.

"I've made the beds and lighted the fires. Send 'em up, Maister Hugh."

Revived by the brandy Hugh and the elder man had made them drink, the girls could drag themselves to their rooms unaided. They slipped between the clean white sheets, smelling of thyme and rosemary, too tired to think or dream. It was two o'clock in the afternoon before they awoke.

Hugh Penrose and his mother waited in the parlour for their uninvited guests. Mrs. Penrose was a large, fair woman, with an innocent look in her bright blue eyes. Her expression had been one of her charms in youth; in middle age it gave her the appearance of a startled sheep. Her fresh complexion and fine features made her a comely woman. She had not been without offers of marriage since her husband's death; but Hugh and Abigail had not relished the idea of a new father and master, and Mrs. Penrose had so far been wax in the hands of those two.

She was keen to see her strange visitors. Her best clothes had been taken to their room for them to put on when they awakened. She had looked over Hugh's Sunday garments, to make sure that no buttons or stitches were missing, before they were taken to Mr. Macdonald. The morning had been passed in cooking the dinner (they should learn what West Country hospitality was), and now mother and son were waiting for their guests' appearance.

"Do you think I had better go up and wake them, Hugh?"

"No, no, mother. Let them rest."

Hugh himself was taking a five minutes' snooze in the large arm-chair. He had been riding over his farm since breakfast, and was tired out with his night's adventure and want of sleep.

"To think I should have overslept myself this morning, of all mornings in the year! I dressed myself as quickly as I could, but they had gone to their rooms before I could get down. I hope Abigail put on the best sheets. Abigail! Abigail! did you take the sheets from the cupboard on the stairs or from the one on the landing?"

"I gave 'em the second-best."

The doors were open between the parlour and the kitchen. Abigail was dishing up the dinner, and the two women raised their voices to make themselves heard across the hall.

"The second-best! Do you hear, Hugh? She only gave them the second-best sheets."

"Well, mother, what does it matter?"

"Second-best was good enough for 'em," Abigail's voice shouted. "Sich scarecrows I never seed in my born days. I'll be bound they never had sheets on their beds afore."

A titter and grunt from the kitchen showed that Abigail had an audience of farm labourers and servant maids.

Steps came down the uncarpeted oak stairs.

"Hugh, they are coming," whispered his

mother nervously, "and they must have heard Abigail."

"This is my mother, Mrs. Penrose," said Hugh stiffly. "Mother, this is Miss Macdonald, and this is Miss Alison."

The girls shook hands. They were much more at their ease than Mrs. Penrose, though her dresses hung in comical largeness upon their slender figures.

Abigail and a young girl brought in pies and stews, and plumped them upon the table. Hugh sat at one end, his mother at the other.

"We won't wait for Mr. Macdonald. He told Hugh he was not to be woke. Sit down, my dears; you must be famished. How whisht you look!"

"My cousin would get up, but she ought really to be in bed; her foot is painful," said Sophia.

Her voice was soft, equable, pleasing.

"Nonsense! I am quite well."

Loveday frowned until her dark brows nearly met.

"You certainly don't look well, my dear. Would you like to go to bed, and Abigail shall——"

"I am quite well," said Loveday, in a tone which silenced Mrs. Penrose.

A man's step sounded on the stairs; a suave tone inquired for the master.

Abigail showed into the room Mr. James Macdonald. He was a fine-looking man now that he was dry and refreshed. Hugh was out of the common—tall and big—but his clothes were not too large for the old man. His face was clean-shaven, with good aquiline features and fresh complexion. Thick white eyebrows almost hid piercing brown eyes; his hair was snow-white, and brushed back from his forehead in thick waves. Something he had said to Abigail had made a smile come, in spite of herself, on the hard, lined face of the servant.

Hugh and his mother rose to their feet, Mrs. Penrose visibly flustered and excited by the entrance of this tall, fine man, who was to play so stirring a part in their lives.

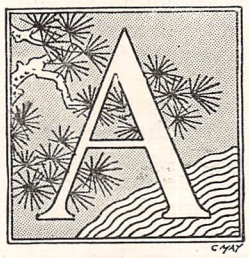
"My mother, Mr. Macdonald," said Hugh.

Mr. Macdonald bowed, with his hand on his heart and a pointed toe. The thick-soled boot took away from the grace.

"Madam, I cannot express my feelings for your kindness and hospitality. Your son has made a little mistake in my name—a small one; but with all gone, we must stick to what we have." He glanced under his thick eyebrows at Loveday, with a twinkle in his eyes. "I have a small prefix—Sir James Macdonald, at your service."

END OF CHAPTER THE SECOND.

JUNE.



ALONG country lanes and in Hyde Park alike the trees have donned their "wonted liveries," and make a cool and delightful background to the sun-bathed flowers that greet us on every side. Rivalling these in colour and beauty are the flowerets employed by our milliners on the new millinery, a good specimen of which is here pictured, with its sunny-hued straw, shot-green satin ribbon and red purple roses, and the quaintest possible curtain or fringe of wheat ears drooping across the hair at the back, surmounted with a long clasp of paste. The crown of rough straw is of novel shape, similar to a cock's comb set across the head; the brim is raised to show the crushed roses at each side of the wide centre bow in front, and droops to the point over the forehead. A beautifully shaped bow, erect at

the left side, gives the finishing touch to a charmingly becoming bonnet that will certainly prove one of the leading favourites in summer headgear. Another elegant bonnet suitable to a young married woman is of burnt-almond straw, roughly plaited, the crown star-shaped, with crimped and pointed outline resting upon a draped coronet of golden brown miroir velvet, centred with an ornament in Greek design of paste and gold. Jonquils in white and black are clustered with ivy sprays at the left side, and the strings are of narrow creamy white satin ribbon. This same design in all black with jet, and velvet in a lovely shade of petunia would supply a perfect headdress to a costume of black crépon, with vest of white satin striped with jet.

The toque has assumed a position in the millinery department that demands our notice, and its many advantages are acknowledged, as it is more youthful than the bonnet, and not so extreme as the wide-brimmed hat. Straw of many tints—blue, green, and amber, or shot in two colours—is crumpled into the shapes that now obtain, and rosettes of finely pleated lisse are crushed in with the roses that for the most part constitute the trimming. I will describe but one: wide satin straw in black shot with green and gold, like a beetle's wing, composed the crown, which was quite round and enwreathed with rosettes of black lisse and amber net; and clasping a high osprey of realistic purple iris was one rosette of pale mauve satin ribbon, completing an especially becoming head-covering to a dark-haired girl.

Brown lisse was pleated into a ruche round the box crown of a rough straw hat, and square to the front at either side was a rosette of short bows of brown-shot-amber ribbon and high osprey. The rim was quite flat and round, as, in fact, most of the newest shapes are, narrowing across the hair at the back, and in many designs raised, necessitating the hair being dressed high, in coils that stand out from the head—a style most charming when combined with the soft neck ruche of pleated lisse or ostrich feather. The high box crown would seem to be gaining in favour, and as the season advances we must raise the crowns of our hats at least one or two inches, or elect to appear dowdy. One lovely specimen that would look charming at river party or fête was in watercress green straw, the wide brim in alternate rows of green and brown, with fancy pointed outline, high crown with a long bow of green gauze ribbon edged minute line of satin, artistically arranged at the side, the two ends crossing the brim to the point where they were caught with two dainty butterflies of embroidered lisse, and a crushed bunch of pink and yellow roses raising the brim at the back. White embroidered lisse and fine white lace in designs of skeleton leaves, butterflies, or tulips, with diamond or paste dewdrops resting in a natural manner upon their petals, are among the pretty and fanciful innovations that add to the fascinations and costliness of the millinery, although, be it said, the addition of one or two of these butterflies will bring an ancient lace bonnet quite up to date, if arranged in the approved squareness across the forehead.

NEW SEASON BONNET.
(*From a photograph by Walery, Ltd., Regent Street, W.*)

Summer Costumes.

It would need the skill of the poet who once sang the charms of the sweet girl dressed in her "faded silk" to describe the fresh beauty of one of our bright-faced girls of to-day in her cool white muslin, dainty and fresh in the sultry heat of a summer's day. Enticing and delightful is the choice at present offered in white Swiss

AN ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR A SUMMER COSTUME.

muslins, fine and clear, patterned over with infinitesimal stars, pin-dots, buttonhole rings, and oblong spots, or flowered with tiny sprays in old rose, gold, or mauve; it also possesses sufficient crispness to set it out in the fulness at the hem that gradually decreases towards the waist. A skirt made thus in extreme simplicity is charming with full blouse, or, as it is now named, chemisette bodice, large bishop sleeves and a bright rose-coloured silk belt, collar, and wristlets covered with white guipure lace, and fastened at the back with a treble bow. Worn over a slightly stiffened white cambric underskirt, one can imagine how simple and pretty a young girl would appear thus attired. Full white muslin bodices will be well worn, with belt and bretelles of black velvet ribbon, the sleeves in balloon shape, terminating a couple of inches below the elbow, or bishop shape to the wrist.

Designed is a costume in white embroidered muslin, made up over a thin gros-grain silk slip in pale yellow, the bodice lined to correspond. Over this is worn one of the popular vests made tight-fitting to the waist at the back, fastening across the front to the side, composed of alternate lines of narrow black velvet ribbon and tinted lace insertion, with a line of overlapping jet sequins bordering the full cape epaulettes and vest; a pretty effect is attained by the lining of mauve silk. The neck ruche is of black lisse and velvet loops. The sunshade is one of the fashionable shapes—large, with slender handle, in white with border of yellow and mauve flowers *chiné*.

Crépon and Silk Costume.

The model sketched at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody as a precedent of current fashions challenges admiration, the softly feminine droop of the shoulders and the tinted lawn of the embroidered cape requiring only the fawn tint of the crépon and pale blue of the shot silk to complete the charm. The "hang" and cut of the skirt are perfect, each seam having a crossway fold of shot-blue and fawn silk, ornamented at the waist with three cut-steel buttons. Large voluminous sleeves of the crépon, with minute tucks of silk for cuffs,

CRÉPON AND SILK COSTUME.

(*Sketched at Messrs. Debenham & Freebody's, Wigmore Street.*)

CHILD'S MUSLIN AND LACE COLLAR.

correspond with the full silk bodice, centred by a broad box-pleat crossed with tucks. At the back the design is similar, and the full belt and collar have a group of bows fastening each in the centre. A handsome Vandyke lace appliqué borders the double cape.

Child's Collar.

White muslin and lace or muslin embroidery are peculiar to children's dress, and the simplicity of the accompanying design commends itself for the picturesque and fashionable style it imparts to a plain cashmere or velveteen frock. The long shoulders and square outline answer to Fashion's present mood, with the bows set at each corner of the front and also at the back, these latter having two long pendent ends. The collar fastens at the back of the neck beneath a square bow of ribbon, which may be either of plain colour, two colours shot, or narrow stripe. Our design is worn over a velveteen frock of wallflower brown, with muslin and lace tinted the new tea colour and green satin ribbon bows. The new grey linen embroidered in white, a little frill with embroidered Vandyke edge taking the place of the lace, is serviceable and up to date.

Home Dinner Gown.

Opportunities offer themselves at home dinner or musical parties for the wearing of picturesque gowns with Louis XIII. sleeves and the square-cut bodice so characteristic of the present style. Sketched is a cashmere gown, cut princess shape, and fastening up the back with short train, the skirt portion devoid of ornament with the exception of the girdle and wallet or pocket. The cashmere is old rose colour with silk of the same shade, the embroidery in lighter silk. The full puff of silk is looped with embroidered straps that droop from the shoulders, repeated in a smaller puff to the elbow. A pretty outlined square is filled in with a full chemisette of silk with high turned-over collar.

A black velvet gown could be successfully resuscitated in this way, with embroidery of jet and chemisette of crimped chiffon in white, and very handsome would be the effect.

A. Ll. Griffiths.

Cut paper patterns for making costumes from the original designs illustrated in this article may be had, cut to the sender's measurements, for one shilling and sixpence each, or sixpence for the child's collar. Application should be made to the Author of "Chit-Chat on Dress," care of the Editor of Cassell's Magazine, *La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.*

CASHMERE HOME DINNER GOWN.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in THE GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

An Orchid and General Plant Pot.

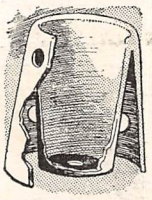
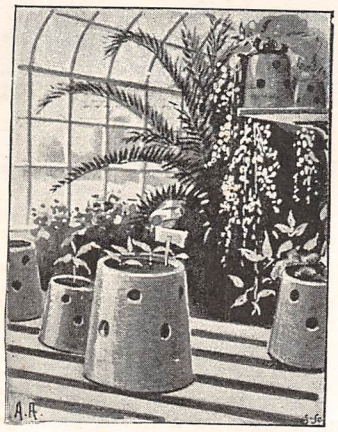


FIG. 1.

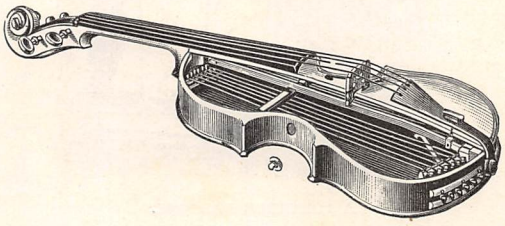
A useful pot for plants has recently been patented. It provides, as the illustration shows, in a special way for drainage, and without a perfect foundation no flower can flourish. The moisture-loving orchids are happy in it, as no water stagnates about the roots, but passes away, leaving a well-saturated soil. Those who can raise seedling orchids will find the pot of much value, as failure in the culture of plants usually arises from defective drainage in the pots.

The Air Telegraph of Mull.

Some little time ago the telegraph cable between the island of Mull and the mainland of Scotland broke down, and the post-office electricians instituted an aerial or wire-to-wire telegraph in its place until the cable should be repaired. This method of telegraphing through the air has already been described in THE GATHERER, but it had not before been used for actual public telegrams. The message, it will be remembered, is sent along one wire, which, by "induction" through the air, affects the distant wire running parallel to it, and the message can be "read" on that. The distance between the two wires in the case of Mull was about two miles, but four to five miles have been crossed in former experiments. While upon this subject we may refer to the improvements recently made in the telautograph by Mr. Elisha Gray, of Chicago, whereby a message written by the sender can be received at the other end of the telegraph line in facsimile—that is to say, in autograph. Mr. Gray has now succeeded in reducing the number of wires needed for working the apparatus to a pair, which is an improvement of much practical value. We may also add that the National Telephone Company have been making experiments in duplex telephony—that is to say, a method of sending a telephone message along a wire at the same time as another message is coming along it from the other end. In short, their aim is to make a wire pay a "double debt," and carry two speeches at the same time.



AN ORCHID AND GENERAL PLANT POT.—FIG. 2.



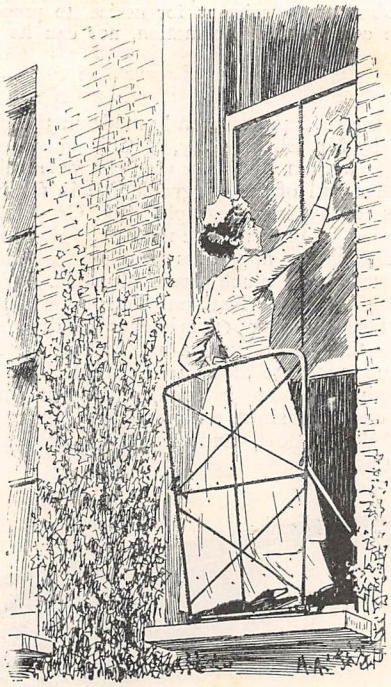
A New Violin.

Professor Wollenhaupt, of New York, has introduced a violin which has two sets of strings—an ordinary one and another inside the sounding box, which acts as a resonator, and prolongs or reinforces the tones of the ordinary strings. The resonating strings are metallic and twelve in number, representing an octave in twelve half-tones tuned from C-B or from G-F sharp, and they can be tuned to the outside strings by means of a key through apertures in the butt-end of the instrument which are usually plugged as shown. This resonator can be dampened and stopped with a lever brush, actuated by the chin of the player. Every tone of the ordinary strings can be prolonged and strengthened by the auxiliary strings. Herr Joachim has, it is stated, expressed his approval of the invention.

Liquid Hydrogen.

It is well known that oxygen gas and common air—which is a mixture of oxygen, nitrogen, and argon, if not also helium—can be liquefied, but hydrogen has until lately resisted all efforts to freeze

or compress it into the liquid state. Professor Dewar, indeed, thought that he might have liquefied it several months past, but there was a doubt as to the result. It now appears that Professor Olszewski, of Cracow, has solved this refractory problem in chemistry, and compelled the lightest, airiest element on earth to shrink into a less volatile condition. The "critical temperature" at which hydrogen becomes liquid is 233° Centigrade below the freezing point.



A PORTABLE BALCONY.

A Portable Balcony.

A balcony which can be fixed or removed and folded up with ease by a single person in a minute or so has been brought out, and will be useful to many, especially as it prevents accidents in cleaning windows. The balcony, as used for this purpose, is shown in our illustration. No fixtures in the window frames are required to fasten it, and it does not injure the paint. Two wooden wedges and two weights are all that is necessary to fix it to the window sill, and these are supplied with the balcony.

Helium and Argon.

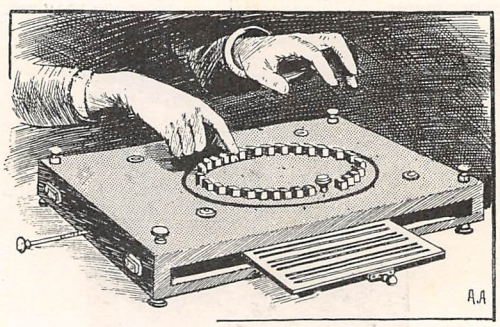
Astronomers have recognised a substance in the corona of the sun by means of its spectrum, which they have called helium, but hitherto chemists have not succeeded in finding it on the earth. Quite lately, however, Professor Ramsay—who shares with Lord Rayleigh the honour of discovering argon—has found it in the rare Norwegian mineral called after its discoverer "clevite." This body, which is chiefly a uranate of lead with some rare earths, gives off a gas when treated with sulphuric acid which Hildebrand, the chemist, regarded as nitrogen. Professor Ramsay has repeated Hildebrand's experiment, and, as he seems to have expected, found that the gas was not nitrogen, but mainly argon and another gas which, when examined in the spectroscope by Crookes, turned out to be helium. The spectrum of helium is distinguished by a yellow band resembling that of sodium, but not quite the same. We may add that M. Berthelot, the French chemist, has also discovered that argon will enter into combination with a number of chemical bodies, of which benzine is one, provided it be stimulated by a silent discharge of electricity. M. Berthelot has a suspicion that helium is only another form of argon, or a combination of argon with some other substance. He has also found that tubes containing argon can be made to fluoresce with a light which, under the spectroscope, yields the rays characteristic of the aurora borealis, which have hitherto been so great a mystery. One of these rays is, moreover, found to agree with a ray of helium. We are evidently in presence of still further discoveries with regard to helium and argon, whose real natures are not fully known as yet.

A Safeguard for Lifts.

Accidents occur through the starting of lifts while passengers are stepping into them, and to prevent these an automatic grip has been introduced. By means of this device the starting-rope of the lift is held fast, and cannot be tampered with from within or, if need be, from without the cage until the hand-rail or bar closing the front of the cage is down and in its proper place—that is to say, until the passengers are all on board.

The Duograph.

This apparatus is designed by M. l'Abbé Stiltz to enable blind persons to correspond with those who can see. It is, in fact, a kind of double typewriter, which can print the message in ink or the raised letters of the Braille system. The figure shows it in use. By pressing the keys corresponding to the alphabet, and turning the dial, the message is printed in relief or in colour.

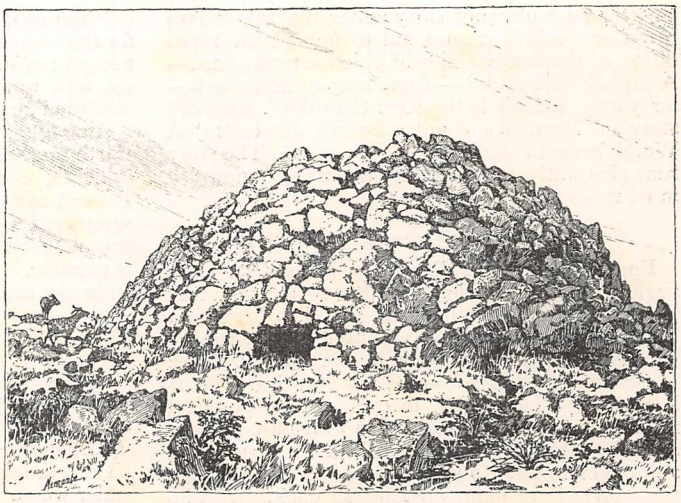


THE DUOGRAPH.

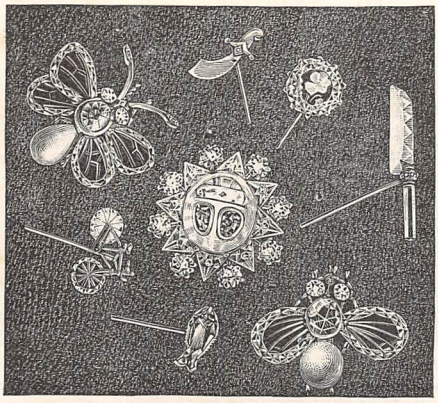
Engraving on Diamonds.

Electric motors have been applied in cutting gems at a workshop in Los Angeles, California. The stone is fixed in a frame, which is pressed against the "lap" or grinder, and the friction

cuts the gem as in ordinary diamond-cutting; but the application of electric power is said to be an improvement, as it is so easily controlled by the lapidary. We may add that diamonds are now engraved after the secret process of M. Bordinckx, of Antwerp, which has been transmitted to his son. Thanks to a French scientific journal, we are able to give an illustration of recent jewels containing these worked and engraved diamonds, which may now be seen sparkling in jewellers' shops of the Boulevards, Paris. One is a scarf-pin in the form of a yataghan, the head being a thin diamond and the handle a ruby; another is a pin having a pansy engraved on the gem; another is a pin mounted with a knife of two diamonds; while others are a pin carrying a tiny bicycle with diamond wheels; a pin having a diamond carved like a fish; and brooches in the shape of bees, cut in diamonds.



A PREHISTORIC MONUMENT.



ENGRAVING ON DIAMONDS.

A Prehistoric Monument.

Our illustration shows one of the prehistoric monuments called "Lesi" in Pantellaria and "Talayots" in the Balearic Islands, which are somewhat similar to the Nur-Aghes of Sardinia, already described in THE GATHERER. They are usually rounded piles of rough stone, about 60 feet in diameter and 20 feet to 25 feet high. The interior consists of chambers united on a radial plan, sometimes to the number of a dozen, and all on the same level. According to M. Vayssié, these "Lesi" are ancient tombs, and skeletons have been found in the cells, along with small clay vessels unfitted for domestic use and badly fired. He regards them as monuments intermediate between the megaliths of North Africa and the "talayots" and nur-aghes of the Sardinia and the Balearic Islands. Similar vestiges are found in Tripoli and Tunisia. Pantellaria is only 40 miles from Cape Bon, in Tunisia, and the folk who built the Lesi were probably the "people of the sea" who were driven out of Egypt by Menepthah and Rameses II. in the 13th or 14th century B.C. From Libya they would pass first to Pantellaria, and thence to Sardinia and the Balearic Islands.

Glass in Greenhouses.

The example of Kew Gardens in glazing some of the forcing-houses with green glass has, no doubt, had many imitators. The plan was adopted on the recommendation of an eminent Fellow of the Royal Society, who believed that green glass, while permitting the effective rays of light to pass, kept back some which were prejudicial to young and growing plants. It appears, however, from recent experiments that the use of green glass in such houses is a mistake, as it really cuts off about half the effective solar rays; and, as the smoky atmosphere of London keeps back more of the rays, the authorities at Kew have now abandoned the green for the clear glass.

Stories in Season.

In the long sunny days of the holiday months the most popular form of literature is undoubtedly fiction. The growing use of the handy single-volume dress for the new stories is one which must of necessity commend itself to all travellers. Mr. Max Pemberton's "The Impregnable City" (Cassell & Co.) is a story so full of imagination and thrilling life, with an interest so continuous and well-sustained, that it would be difficult to find a more suitable book to serve as a holiday companion. That the scene of the story is laid on unfamiliar ground is in itself an advantage, because it helps the reader to a more thorough relaxation.—In "The Avenger of Blood," which is issued by the same publishers, Mr. J. Maclaren Cobban tells a good story of a vendetta waged by a Moorish subject, largely on English shores. The underlying idea of the tale is fresh, and its working out is full of interest.—To Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Autonym Library" Mrs. Oliphant has

contributed a pleasing story under the title "Two Strangers" which cannot fail to uphold the reputation of the handy series of which it forms part.—A capital "fairy tale"—if one may so describe it—for young readers is the Rev. Gerard W. Bancks's story of Merman's country, which he calls "A World beneath the Waters" (Cassell). The story runs pleasantly on, is brightly illustrated, and fresh in its treatment.

Dainty Dishes from other Lands.

English cooks have often been blamed for their neglect of the teaching of the cooks of other lands. Without endorsing all that has been said in this vein, it must be admitted that there is more than a grain of truth in the charge. Mrs. De Salis has endeavoured in "National Viands à la Mode" (Longmans) to collect a few practical recipes for the making of dishes which are popular abroad. Her book is not bulky, but it is very useful, and ought to help to widen the ideas and enlarge the *répertoire* of many an English cook. All who will learn may do so from its simply-worded hints.

GARDENING IN JUNE.

THE early days of June must be devoted to making the garden gay for the ensuing summer. We may consider frosts over now, and therefore put out the most tender things in the open, having previously hardened them off, so as to get them accustomed to our climate, too often fickle even on the threshold of summer. Get out, therefore, the geraniums, tuberous begonias, lobelias, fuchsias, and everything that is to give its touch of colour to beds and borders. See that the carnation spikes are made safe against storms of wind and rain. Pinks will soon be blossoming, and at the end of the month, either layer the shoots or take pipings—another word for cuttings. If to be layered, layer them in the same way as carnations, making up the soil so as to enable the shoots to be easily laid down. Cuttings may be taken off with a heel attached and dibbled in sandy soil under a hand-light.

Border flowers of tall growth, as sunflowers, hollyhocks, phloxes, etc., will require attention. Put a strong stake to each, to prevent winds snapping the brittle stems. Roses will flower better if a little liquid manure be given to them. Do not make a manure yard of the garden, but simply give a little liquid stimulant to the roots of the plants.

Biennial flowers are very quaint and interesting, as a rule. They include such favourites as the Canterbury Bell, and the Foxglove. This is a good time to sow seed, either in pots, or in a well-prepared corner out-of-doors. Always remember to sow thinly.

Primroses, polyanthuses, and auriculas, put out for the summer in some odd piece of ground, should not get too dry. They are often neglected, dried up, and want plenty of water to get them into condition again.

Amongst vegetables there is much to be done. Earth up potatoes, transplant beet, plant celery in trenches, Brussels sprouts, and keep down weeds. Prevent as far as possible the walks from getting smothered with moss and other coverings. The greenhouse must be shaded from very bright sun. If possible, have a tiffany blind which can be drawn up in wet or cloudy weather.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

COOKERY COMPETITION AWARD.

AGAIN we have to regret that many competitors have ignored or disregarded the simple rules under which the prizes were offered. The paper to which the first prize would otherwise have been awarded being ineligible, for this reason, the prize is, of necessity, withdrawn. The Editor hopes at an early date to announce a new competition in which the prize will be re-offered, with others.

The *Second Prize* of *One Guinea* is awarded to

Mrs. McPherson,
"Ardullie," Stanley Street, Bedford.

EXTENSION OF DATES.

In order to give intending competitors in the Post-card Competition an opportunity of gaining a further acquaintance with the character of John Ward, the last day for receiving entries is postponed from May 31st to July 17th. And in the Drawing and Photographic Competitions the entries will close on June 20th and September 3rd respectively, in order that longer time during the summer months may be at the disposal of the competitors. Competitors who have already sent in entries which they wish to withdraw in favour of other works, may have them returned on sending a stamped and addressed wrapper for that purpose to the Editor.

The latest dates for receiving entries in the various Competitions now open are as follows :—

Postcard ("Character") Competition, July 17th.
Photographic Competition, September 3rd.
Drawing Competition, June 20th.
"*Home-Life*" Competition, July 3rd.

Full particulars of these Competitions, and the Regulations which govern them, were published in the December and January numbers of this MAGAZINE.

PLEASANT COMPANY.

The Extra Summer Number of CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE, *published simultaneously with this Number, contains a Complete Story—"one-volume" length—entitled "*BOHEMIAN GLASS,*" by Philippa Legge; a Special Paper on "Dress for Sports and Pastimes," and other attractive items.*

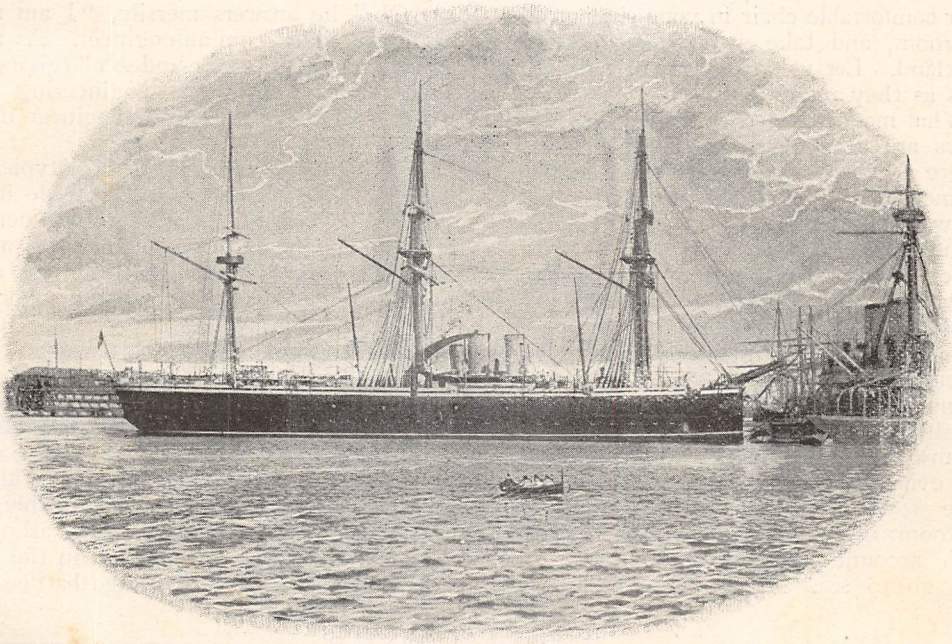
THE LOST BOWER.

(*From the Painting by* IRLAM BRIGGS.)

"My wandering searches many missed the bower of my romance,
That I never more upon it turned my mortal countenance."
ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

DO BOYS GO TO SEA?

AN INQUIRY. BY F. M. HOLMES.



H.M.S. *NORTHAMPTON.*
(*From a photograph by Gregory & Co., Strand, W.C.*)

If you were to enter any elementary school and, obtaining the head-master's permission, were to ask the elder lads if they thought of becoming sailors, what answer would you receive?

In all probability the reply from each one would be, "No."

If, pursuing your inquiries, you were to ask if they knew of any other boy who was thinking of going to sea, what response would be forthcoming?

Again, most likely, the answer would be, "No."

If, going down to the docks, and observing all that is to be seen in that interesting region and conversing with captains and chief officers, you were to inquire if they had boys on board, what statement would they make?

Once more, with but trifling exceptions, they would answer you in the negative.

Is this an exaggerated view? Then consult an important Return of the School Board for London, showing the occupations upon which the children enter immediately on leaving their schools. What does this document declare?

During the year ending May 31st, 1894, no fewer than 51,393 boys left the Board Schools of London, and of these only forty-five—not one per thousand—became sailors. True, fourteen entered training-ships and may become sailors; twelve also became barge boys, and possibly may find their way to the Mercantile Marine, or even to the Royal Navy. But, if all these be added together, we obtain a total of only seventy-one lads becoming sailors on leaving the Board Schools of London in one year. They become mouse-trap-makers, minstrels, newsboys, printers, publicans, call-boys, cooks—and one is even down as a *chef*—every conceivable thing, but very few find their way to sea.

It is only right to add that a large number are accounted for under the head of "Removed," and some of these may eventually become sailors; but, so far as the London School Board can trace, only forty-five of its pupils in one year went to sea, and twelve only entered training-ships.

Is there, then, any truth in the Cassandra-

like cries that our Navy and our Mercantile Marine are going to the dogs for want of able seamen? And if so—as the interrogating members say in Parliament—if so, why?

To seek an answer, you must again leave your comfortable chair in your club or drawing-room, and take a pilgrimage down to dockland. Let us endeavour to look at the facts as they really exist.

What magnificent ships are here! If the crews are decaying, there seems no sign of failure in these superb specimens of British engineering and constructive effort. Surely the world never saw better vessels than some of these splendid liners!

Yes, and therein we may find partly an answer to our question. For of what use would be a raw, untrained lad in the engine-rooms of these fine steamers? And though sailing-ships are not swept off the sea by steam-vessels—as witness the mammoth sailing-ships with their thousands of square feet of canvas that may be seen in the docks—yet it is evident that boys are not wanted in the large staffs at work in the engine and fire-rooms of large steamers. And yet these staffs account for large numbers of men who go to sea. Thus a great proportion of the steamship crews are not required to be seamen. They are engineers and firemen.

"How came you to be a sailor?" we ask an active, energetic man on board a superb steamer.

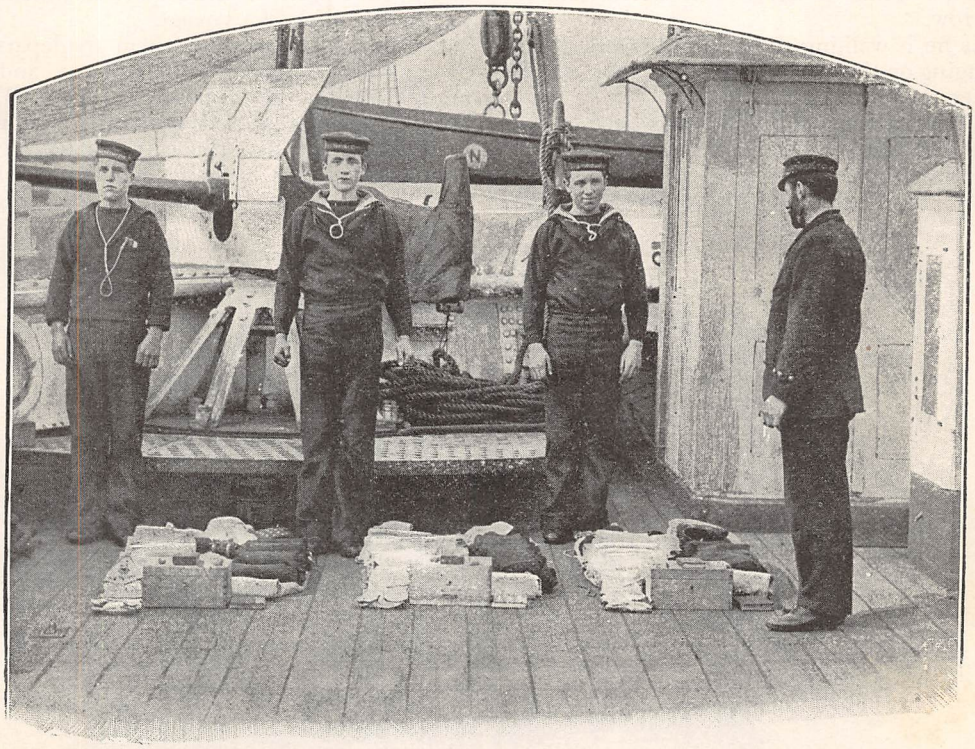
"Oh," he answers merrily, "I am not a seaman at all. I am an engineer. As a boy I was brought up at So-and-so's" (giving the name of a well-known engineering firm), "and I am now the third engineer of this vessel."

Now here we have, I take it, a typical instance. The boy learned his trade in the "shops" of an engineering establishment on shore, and then in the course of a few years he entered the engine-room of a big steamer at sea. But he is not a sailor, and does not pretend to be.

Indeed, owners could not place untrained boys in the engine-rooms of their steamers any more than railway directors could place lads on the foot-plates of their locomotives. Among half a steamer's crew then there seems no room for boys, but the more skilled of the men in this department presumably learn their business in engineering shops ashore.

The same causes are at work in the Navy itself. Come aboard this huge battle-ship—

BOYS AT SCHOOL, H.M.S. *NORTHAMPTON.*
(*From a photograph by Gregory & Co., Strand, W.C.*)



KIT INSPECTION, H.M.S. *NORTHAMPTON.*
(From a photograph by Gregory & Co., Strand, W.C.)

this shapely monster of steel and steam. One of the first considerations that will strike you is the immense amount of machinery on every side. The ship is one mammoth machine, fitted with a number of other machines. Of what use is an untrained boy amid this maze of machinery? The powder-monkey of a past day is not wanted here. There is nothing for him to do; hydraulic, or other power has taken his place.

In short, machinery of various kinds—steam, electric, hydraulic—has made its mark as deeply in the world of ships as in any department of human activity; and untrained lads are not only not wanted, but in some cases might prove a positive nuisance amidst the intricate machinery of a modern steam-vessel. And owners and directors declare: "Lads must now learn something of their business before they come to us. We will not carry them."

So much, then, for half the crew. What of the others—the deck hands? Do boys go to sea in this department of ship life?

Let us enter this building down by the docks. It is a place where men sign articles—in other words, append their names to agreements for the voyage. Here are half a dozen boys waiting on a bench, and presently their eyes brighten and they look up as a captain enters.

"Want a boy, sir?"

"No, my lad—not this voyage."

"Find me very handy, sir!"

"Owners won't take boys. No room for them—nothing for them to do."

"Couldn't you take me in the cook's galley, sir?"

"No, no room for boys. Boys eat as much as men, and cannot do so much work."

"Don't want much wages, sir."

"What do you want—a pound a month? I doubt if we could give you five shillings. We have no room for boys, I say; owners won't take them."

With another captain one of the lads may perhaps be more fortunate—that is, he obtains a post to help the cook in the galley at five shillings a month, with, of course, his board and lodging on the ship. But, of that half dozen boys, he is most likely the only one who obtains a berth.

The captain, however, wants one or two more deck hands, and how does he obtain

them? Time is short; he must sail to-morrow.

As he is walking to his ship he sees a man lounging on the quays, and on the look-out for officers.

"Want a man, captain?" says he.

"Have you been to sea before?"

"Yes, sir!"

And he produces a dirty piece of paper, which proves to be his discharge from a former voyage.

"Umph!—in a cattle-boat."

"Yes, sir! I looked after the cattle outward; but I never get sea-sick, sir. And my discharge is marked G. (good)."

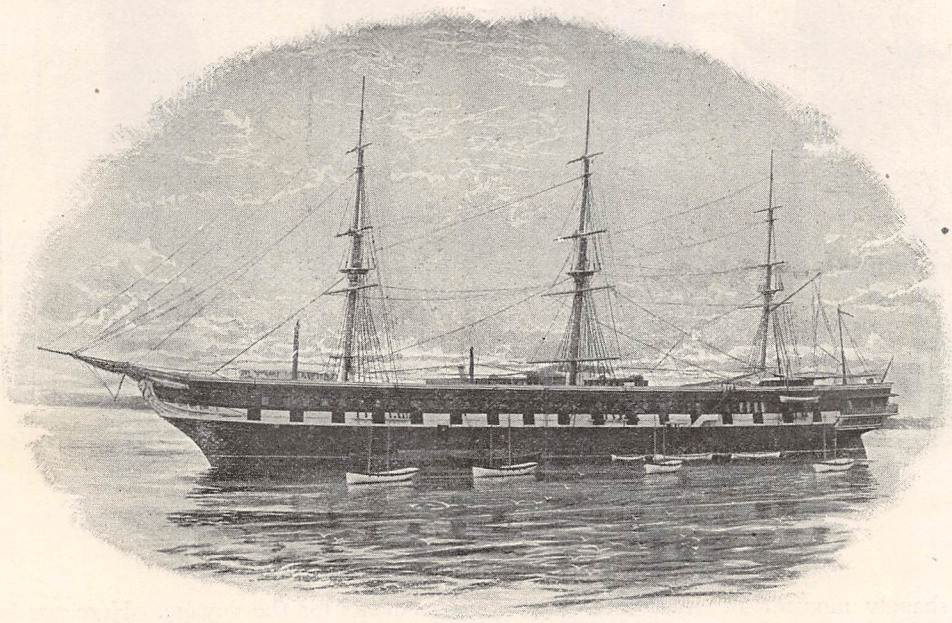
"But you are not a seaman."

"Aye, sir; but I can pull and haul, and my eyesight is good, so I can keep a smart look-out. And I can take a turn at the wheel; I know what's port and what's starboard, captain."

"Well, we can do with another man, so we will give you a trial."

Next day, within an hour of sailing, half the men are lying drunk on the decks, and two or three others lurching up to the sorely-tried captain—who remains a monument of calm bravery under the most trying circumstances—blurt out the annoying declaration that they are not going in this ship; they do not consider it well found or seaworthy. The fact is, they prefer a little more drunkenness to the discipline of a voyage.

So the captain permits them to depart at once; but he must fill their places, and he must sail at the appointed time. Thus pressed, he hastens to engage the first man he meets who, like the cattle hand of the previous day, has had any experience whatever of life on board ship. And at length, with his scratch crew, he clears out of the docks.



THE TRAINING SHIP *SHAFTESBURY.*
(From a photograph by T. Jessop, Grays.)

The crack liners are, no doubt, better off—a modicum of high-class seamen are attracted to the best ships; for that there still remains a contingent of first-class able seamen, we suppose not even the most inveterate croaker would deny—but that the supply of such thoroughly able men is very inadequate appears abundantly clear.

And why is this? Let us ask Captain McKirdy, R.N.R, the Marine Superintendent of the Shaw, Savill and Albion, and of the White Star Lines in London, and a gentleman of wide experience.

"Do boys go to sea?" says he. "No, they do not."

"And why not?"

"Because they cannot get the opportunity. Owners will not carry boys, for three untrained boys cannot do the work of one man, and yet a boy costs almost as much as a man."

The abolition of the Apprenticeship Laws, Captain McKirdy thinks, is the root of the whole terrible difficulty, and the Board of Trade figures are certainly startling, if not absolutely conclusive. Thus, in 1845, no fewer than 15,704 apprentices were enrolled in the service of the sea; in 1893, according to a Parliamentary return, there were but 2,154, including 402 in fishing-boats!

These figures are significant enough, and bear out in a striking manner the testimony of Captain McKirdy and the results of personal observations at the docks. You rarely find a boy there either on ships or quays. You may in certain quarters see numbers of Lascars, but a British boy very seldom.

"Then you do not consider that the School Board teaching at the present day accounts for the paucity of boys going to sea? It does not tame the spirit of adventure out of the lads?"

"Not a bit of it," says the Captain. "We need as good boys for seamen as any other industry; but what is required is the resumption of the apprenticeship system, by which boys can obtain the opportunity of seeing the bright lands over the water and learning the sailor's trade."

"But I notice advertisements often for sea-apprentices."

"Oh, yes; and sixty guineas premium to be paid, I dare say. Those are for junior officers. But excluding the training-ships, what is being done to train boys for able seamen? Nothing, or next to nothing."

"Do not the training-ships yield a fair supply?"

"Very inadequate. You must remember that many of the lads on board the reformatory and industrial school ships do not intend to go to sea, and have no aptitude for it. The facts about the training-ships are briefly these:—

"We have twenty in Great Britain professing to train boys for the Merchant Service. Two receive only those lads who can afford to pay some fifty or sixty guineas a year, and who, like the apprentices of whom I just spoke, become officers; the remainder are for forecastle hands. Some are destitute boys, some unruly lads, some the orphans of seamen; for some the parents make a payment, and three are reformatory ships. One of these twenty vessels is the Industrial School ship *Shaftesbury*, belonging to the London School Board. But the point is, that in the nature of things, these ships, excellent as they may be, cannot be relied upon to supply all our requirements."

"Yes, you want opportunities for lads to learn the seaman's trade, who happily need

THE CREW OF H.M.S. *NORTHAMPTON*.
(*From a photograph by Gregory & Co., Strand, W.C.*)

not go to reformatory or industrial school ships, and whose parents are honest, hard-working folk?"

"Exactly. I would have every ship under 200 tons carry an apprentice; under 1,000 tons, two lads, and so on, at wages commencing at ten shillings per month, with an increase during four years of apprenticeship; and as a boy cannot learn the rudiments of his craft in a modern steamer, let his first year be spent aboard a training-ship, his wages for that year being paid toward his maintenance, his parents supplying any balance. But these ships might be made to some extent self-supporting if they competed for rigging and sail outfits from the building yards. At all events, what we require is the resumption of the Apprenticeship Laws, either voluntarily, or by Act of Parliament. If it were not for the supply of sailors that trickles in from the fishing fleets we should be *in extremis*."

Such is Captain McKirdy's testimony, and it is obvious that the pith of it is that decent boys who would like to go to sea should have a fair opportunity of doing so, and of learning something of their trade before they sail aboard a big steamer.

And now as regards the Royal Navy. Do boys enter her Majesty's ships more readily than the Mercantile Marine? Apparently they do, for the Parliamentary Estimates for 1894-5 provided for 4,494 boys, and for 4,200 under training, while the Estimates for 1895-6 provide for 1,100 more boys altogether. Whether these be sufficient to supply the demand will no doubt prove a hotly-debated question among experts.

Then the training-ships furnish a substantial contingent for the Navy. Since the Marine Society commenced its work, 138 years since, no fewer than 62,436 lads have been trained for the sea, and out of these, 25,593 entered the Navy—an average of about 185 per year. And the Government have commissioned a cruising training ship—*Northampton*—to receive older boys than of the age required for entering the permanent training-ships, a scheme which has been judged to be very satisfactory.

It is asserted, however, that although we have a large and increasing Navy, we have not the sailors to man the ships; and the cries wailing through the country to this effect are loud and persistent.

On the other hand, at a debate at the Association of the Chambers of Commerce, in March, 1895, Sir Courtenay Boyle is reported to have said that, so far as his information went, there were plenty of highly-trained seamen to be found at different ports seeking for bread; while, on behalf of the Hull Chamber, it was contended that any number of men could be found who would be glad to accept any position in the Naval Reserve, or obtain employment in British vessels.

But, furthermore, it is urged that there is a serious leakage from the Royal Navy. At the end of a young Navyman's ten years, when he is about twenty-eight years of age and has cost his country some £300 to train, then he leaves the service and is heard of no more. Statistics show that 33 per cent. do so.

Why is this? Again we are met with a cloud of explanations and remedies. The gist of them seems to be that, apart from the inclination which some persons exhibit for a change of occupation, superior attractions are offered to young Navymen elsewhere, and not sufficient attractions are offered them to remain. A wall against promotion is built up before the ambitious young seaman.

To sum up, then, we find from statistics, from observation, and from the testimony of gentlemen engaged in the Mercantile Marine, that boys do not enter the Merchant Service in adequate numbers—adequate, that is, to the demands for able seamen; and that the reason for this is the lack of opportunity, for owners will not carry boys. But what is wanted, before the tradition of going a-sailoring dies out among British lads, is a revival of the apprenticeship system in some suitable and efficient form, or the substitution of some plan (such as an extension of the training-ship system) answering to the technical schools and engineering shops on shore, by which boys can learn the rudiments of their craft.

Ship-owners in some cases do not seem to have fully realised, any more than has many a man on shore, how vast is the revolution effected by the introduction and wide-spread use of machinery. Many have failed to some extent to adapt their business wholly to the changed condition of things. Technical schools of various kinds may do something on land; but where are the technical schools for the sea? Yet surely something is required to take the place of the almost obsolete apprenticeship system.

We do not believe that the British boy of to-day differs widely in this matter from his predecessor of half a century or so ago. There must be many a lad who would love to sail the sea and learn something of the bright lands beyond the ocean's rim. Let, then, the opportunity be fairly given, and the idea come before the boys in as natural a way as the idea of becoming a painter or a plumber, and we shall doubtless see an ample number of stalwart lads flock to the ships and engage in the honourable vocation of the British sailor.

THE VOICE OF THE CHARMER.

By L. T. MEADE, Author of "The Medicine Lady," etc. etc.

L. T. MEADE.

CHAPTER XXIX.—SPELLS.

THE first week after Patty's return home passed by without an apparent cloud. She herself looked blooming and happy; she made up her mind to say nothing about Joshua Day to her husband; she tried to banish Joshua from her mind. On this account she shunned the village and occupied herself in riding and driving with Ward and Dering, and in receiving the many visitors who arrived day after day to do the young and lovely bride honour.

Dering remained for ten days at the Red Lodge. After the first evening he never mentioned either Margot's or Mrs. Fletcher's name, and Patty took care to lead all conversation away from this dangerous topic. On the day, however, when Dering was about to leave, Ward came to his wife and spoke to her.

"I have been thinking over Dering's request to you, Patty," he said.

"Yes," she answered, colouring vividly.

"There is no necessity for you to agitate yourself on this subject," continued Ward. "Dering's passion is not even yet at white heat; still, I admit that he is now thoroughly in love with Miss Fletcher."

"And I promised to help him—I promised," said Patty in a distressed voice.

"He must be helped," said Ward; "I have come to speak about that."

"Oh, I'm so glad; it would be such a relief and rest to my mind," said Patty. "When my promise to Sir Wilfred Dering has been redeemed, I believe that my last unhappiness will be blown away."

"When can I teach you, Patty," said her husband, "to rest in the sort of calm which wraps me round?"

"You can never teach me that," she answered, moving a step or two from his side, with a momentary sense of repulsion. "I try to reach your state of peace and security, but it can't be done, John; it isn't in me."

"It will come, my love; the hardening of conscience is a somewhat slow process; conscience struggles hard before it dies, but by-and-by it does expire. Rest in that hope, Patty. You have had already weeks of perfect joy. Believe me that the time when remorse pricks you will come at longer and longer intervals, until at last it ceases to worry you altogether."

Patty's eyes grew wide and frightened.

"I don't know that I wish for that time," she began.

With a quick movement Ward put his hand across her mouth.

"It is bad for us both to revert to these topics," he said. "I fully believe in keeping the mind in such perfect order that unpleasant subjects of thought can be systematically avoided. It weakens the power of will to talk as we are now doing. I have come to you now with no intention of working on your feelings, but just to assure you of my great and tender care for you. This is the position of things. You and I against the world. You and I, Patty, all in all to each other, and that which men call the future—well, lost. That is our bargain, is it not?"

"That is our happy bargain," she answered, softened utterly by the words, the tone, the look.

Ward held out his arms; she came to him quickly, and he folded her to his breast. His embrace was over in a couple of seconds; he put her from him, and said in a brisk, alert tone, "I must tell you what I have been thinking about. It is quite evident that Dering came here with the express intention of getting you to intercede for him with Miss Fletcher. Patty, you are not strong enough for this task."

"I promised," said Patty, with a restless movement.

"Have patience for a moment. Let me finish what I have come to say. The task which Dering has set you will be accompanied by considerable pain. The sight of Mrs. Fletcher in her poverty——"

Patty began to tremble.

"And of your friend Margot, in her queer persistence to refuse the goods the gods offer, will rouse into full life that conscience which we wish to kill. In short, you undertake a task which, in your present condition, you cannot perform."

"Then what is to be done, John? for I must—I must keep my promise."

"You shall keep it through me. I am stronger than you; you are only *seeking* that level plain of calm where my feet are firmly placed. Where you fail, I shall succeed. Dering goes to town to-night; I will go with him. I will make it my business to see Mrs. Fletcher and Margot at an early hour to-morrow."

"But what does Sir Wilfred say to this?"

"All Sir Wilfred wants is success. He wants his bride. If I succeed in overcoming Miss Margot's scruples, you may be quite certain that Dering will be satisfied."

"Very well," said Patty, after a pause, "I know that whatever you undertake you succeed in, but I—I would beg of you——"

"To do what, my darling? My dear wife, you are trembling; this will never do."

"I would beg of you," continued Patty, "to —not to think of ourselves too utterly and completely when you are talking to Mrs. Fletcher. You can mould her, of course, to your wishes, but think of hers as well. She is suffering because we are happy; just remember that when you are talking to her."

Ward frowned.

"I will remember it to the extent of getting her to accept five hundred a year from your comparatively small income," he said. "Patty, I am very ambitious; I must be famous and great. Every power I possess must be made the utmost use of; but there, I am wandering from my theme. I will be unselfish to Mrs. Fletcher to the extent of making her accept five hundred a year from you, and I will be unselfish to Margot to the still wider extent of giving her to Dering as his bride. Now, Dering would be more useful to me without Margot, so you can judge of the nobility of my proposed course of action."

"But I thought—I thought you had almost severed all the ties between Sir Wilfred and yourself."

Ward's lips formed themselves into a slow, cold smile.

"I don't mind telling my other self all my most innermost thoughts," he said. "I have very far from severed my connection with Dering. He is wealthy—enormously wealthy

—I want his money. I shall use it for my own purposes."

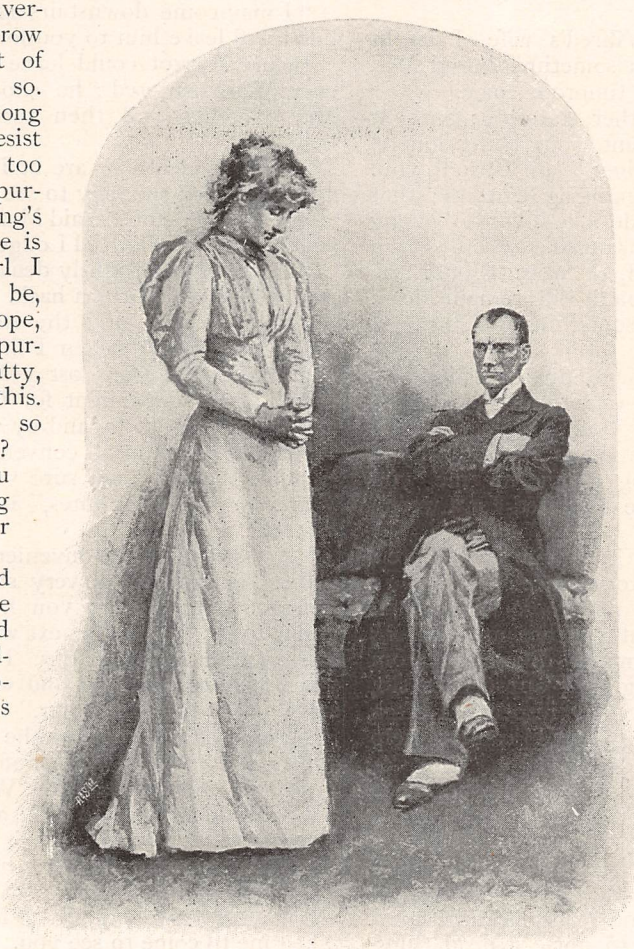
"I—I earnestly wish you wouldn't, John."

"My darling, you will wish otherwise after a time. Dering has no chance whatever of escaping from the spells I mean to wrap round him. I would not allow him to marry Margot if I thought her in the least capable of interfering with my plans. Our conversation to-morrow will be the test of whether this is so. If she is strong enough to resist me, she is also too strong for my purpose as Dering's wife; but if she is the sort of girl I imagine her to be, she will, I hope, vastly assist my purpose. Now, Patty, no more of this. Why are you so white, my dear? What are you murmuring under your breath?"

"A queer old verse out of the Bible," said Patty, rising suddenly and clasping her hands tightly together. "The verse haunts me lately. I wish I could get away from it. You used to read the Bible once, didn't you, John?"

"I did: I read it still at times. The Bible is full of the most subtle interest for me. What is the verse to which you allude?"

"'Be sure thy sin will find thee out.' John—John, however hard I try to struggle against the thought, the knowledge that such a time will arrive frightens me."



"'A QUEER OLD VERSE OUT OF THE BIBLE,' SAID PATTY."

CHAPTER XXX.—COUNTERFOIL.

MRS. FLETCHER had taken a small house in West Kensington. Here she and Margot lived in as quiet and simple and struggling a manner as they used to live before the Red Lodge with all its goodly accessories had passed into their hands. Margot was making preparations to enter St. Thomas's Hospital as a probationer, and Mrs. Fletcher was gradually resigning herself to a dim and shadowed life apart from her daughter.

She had discovered by this time that the loss of wealth was by no means the greatest evil which could befall her. Could she be back now in the old days when she and Margot lived in Brussels, she would have considered herself once again the happiest of women, for in those days Margot returned her mother's love. Now there was a cloud between the mother and child, and nothing Mrs. Fletcher could do or say seemed to have the least power to remove it.

One morning Margot was seated by the table busily making some aprons which she would require in her new life; her small dark head was bent over her work, her active fingers flew in and out of the white linen. Mrs. Fletcher, who was employing herself over some knitting, gave her many reproachful glances.

"So you are really going next week, my dear?" she said, after a pause.

"Yes, mother, it is all settled."

"I hope you will be happy, Margot."

"I expect to be," answered Margot. "I shall have a full and a useful life."

"But I shall be lonely," said Mrs. Fletcher. "Did it ever occur to you to look at the matter from my point of view?"

Margot put down her work; she looked full at her mother.

"I have thought the whole matter out most carefully," she said, "from your point of view as well as my own. You will not be more lonely than you would be if I married Sir Wilfred Dering."

"That would be different—quite different."

"Not as regards the fact of your loneliness, mother."

"Were you Sir Wilfred's wife, I might come to stay with you sometimes," said Mrs. Fletcher, in an almost timorous voice.

"So you might, mother, certainly; but that fact would not prevent your being lonely. You are lonely now when I am close to you. There is no use in mincing matters; that something which made our lives so happy and harmonious is—is dead. Were I the mistress of the Hind, or were I only the hospital nurse, it would still remain dead. It is the death of that something which causes your loneliness."

"I don't think you have any heart, Margot," said Mrs. Fletcher, with sudden passion. "What I did, I did for you."

"You were mistaken," said Margot, "if you thought that in doing wrong for me, you could retain my" (she hesitated for a word), "my respect."

"Then you don't love me any more? Margot, you say that to my face?"

"No, mother, I do not go so far as that. I can never forget that you are my mother; but perhaps I am made differently from other girls. Anything that approaches sin, real grave sin, destroys my respect. I often wish it were not so, but I cannot help myself."

Margot rose as she spoke; she began to fold up her work, which she put neatly into a little basket by her side.

"There is nothing I would not do for you," she continued. "I would give a good deal to revive the old warm and tender feeling, but I am simply powerless to nurse a dead thing back to life."

She stood up, erect as a dart, slender, fragile, but implacable. Her face had altered in expression during the last few months. Mrs. Fletcher looked at her with a sort of despair.

"You are not the same girl," she said; "you are utterly and completely changed. Patty would not treat me as you have done."

"I am not the least like Patty," said Margot, with a faint curve of her lip.

"No; I earnestly wish you were. Patty has over and over again asked me to go and live with her: I think I will accept her invitation. Patty is comprehensible to me; you are not."

A hansom cab was seen to draw up at the door. Ward dismounted and ran up the steps.

"Now what is the matter?" exclaimed Mrs. Fletcher. "Margot, do you see who our visitor is?"

"I do, mother: Mr. Ward."

"Aren't you going to stay to speak to him?"

"I may come downstairs again presently—but I will leave him to you for a little bit."

Before Margot could leave the room, however, Ward entered; he shook hands with Mrs. Fletcher, and then turned eagerly to her.

"I am so glad you are at home," he said; "I have called specially to see you."

"How do you do?" said Margot. "Is Patty well? How is the Red Lodge?"

She spoke in a slightly defiant manner, her pretty head was thrown back.

"Patty is well, and the Red Lodge is as beautiful as it was when I first made its acquaintance this time last year," said Ward. "Will it be convenient for you to give me an interview alone by-and-by?"

"It will not be at all convenient; but——"

"Oh, Margot, I am sure you can see Mr. Ward for a few minutes," interrupted Mrs. Fletcher.

"At personal inconvenience I can, of course, see him for a very short time," said Margot. "I dare say you know that I am going to St. Thomas's next week, Mr. Ward, so each moment is precious. I must not refuse your request, however, and will come downstairs again in half an hour."

Margot left the room as she spoke.

Mrs. Fletcher heaved a profound sigh.

"Come and sit here, Mr. Ward," she said. "It was good of you to call; and how is dear Patty?"

"Patty is naturally very happy and very well," answered Ward. "She is troubled about you, however, Mrs. Fletcher, and has asked me to come to see you. Miss Margot's is not the only time which is of value, so you will excuse my coming to the point at once. Patty is grieved at your persistence in declining her offer to give you a sufficient income to place you in comfort."

"Patty was always a dear, kind child," answered Mrs. Fletcher; "but we have no claim on her, none whatever."

"She does not agree with you; she feels that you have the very strongest claim. She told me to remind you how you took her in and treated her as your own daughter when she was almost penniless. It makes her very unhappy to feel that you will now persist in this most unfriendly attitude towards her."

Mrs. Fletcher coloured, and looked towards the door.

"Perhaps I ought not to tell you," she said; "but I cannot refrain from doing so—Margot will not allow me to take the money."

"I feared that Miss Margot was the obstacle; but if she goes to St. Thomas's—which preposterous scheme on her part, I hope, may be prevented—why should you continue to make yourself miserable? My wife wants to settle five hundred a year on you. This sum she will settle absolutely, and in such a manner that you can leave it to whom you please at your death. Why do you decline her very natural wish?"

Mrs. Fletcher's face grew very pale.

"I hesitate to speak," she said after a pause; "and yet——"

Ward gave her a sympathetic look.

"You may safely trust me," he said then, with that peculiar ring in his deep voice which was one of his strongest powers. Mrs. Fletcher raised timid eyes to his face.

"You draw me to speak of what I would hide from all the world," she said. "If I tell you my secret, you will indeed respect it?"

"Assuredly," answered Ward. He did not waste his breath in making any further promise. He looked every inch a man whose word would be his absolute bond.

Mrs. Fletcher held out one trembling hand, and laid it for a moment on his arm.

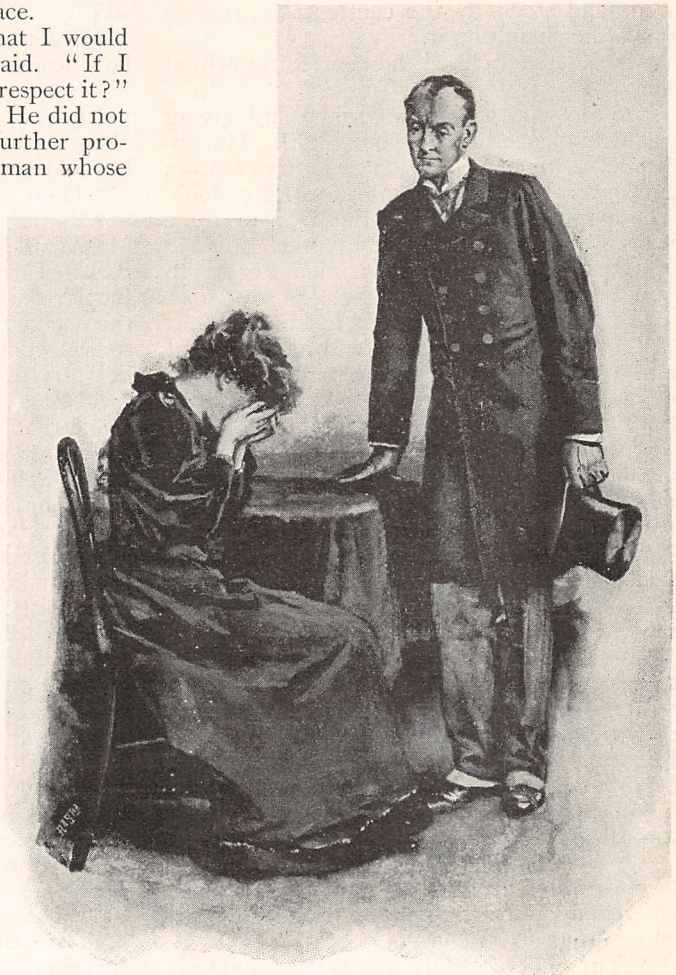
"I am a miserable woman," she said. "I did wrong, and my sin has found me out in the most terrible way. I found the will under which Patty inherits the Red Lodge quite six months before Margot discovered it. I concealed my knowledge of its existence for—for Margot's sake. Margot will not forgive me; her heart is dead to me. Oh, woe is me! I am the most wretched woman in the world!"

"Nay, you must not say that," replied Ward. "Miss Margot is young; being young she is also righteous, intolerant, cruel; by-and-by, she will see matters in a different light. But," continued Ward, rising as he spoke, "that is quite an old story now; why should we waste our time referring to it? If you hesitate to accept the money Patty wishes to settle on you for that reason, pray let your scruples die. Patty offers you this money, knowing all that you could possibly tell her."

Mrs. Fletcher remained silent; she averted her eyes from Ward, who sat down again in his chair. As he did so, he glanced round the meagrely furnished room. There were a few flowers on the mantelpiece, and one or two good photographs ornamented the table. Otherwise, the room belonged essentially to the very poor and struggling class of life. The woman who was mistress of this meagrely furnished apartment was completely out of touch with her surroundings. As Ward glanced at her, he felt even a faint degree of pity for her.

"I hope you will take the money," he said, speaking with sympathy.

"As I have told you one thing, I ought, perhaps, to tell you another," said Mrs.



"'IT KILLS ME TO SUSPECT, BUT I DO,' SAID MARGOT" (*p.* 575).

Fletcher. "I have said that Margot forbids me to accept any bounty at your hands. She does this for two reasons—I have mentioned one—there is another."

"Indeed?" replied Ward. He was not deeply interested as yet; he felt that some of his valuable time was about to be wasted, and suppressed a sigh of impatience.

"There is another very grave reason," repeated Mrs. Fletcher; "at least, it presents a most serious difficulty to Margot's mind. Before I tell it to you, however, I must premise that I do not look at the matter at all from her point of view."

"Pray let me hear about it," said Ward.

Mrs. Fletcher looked towards the door; it opened, and she rose quickly.

"Here is Margot herself," she exclaimed; "she will be the best person to tell you. Margot, my dear, I will leave you and Mr. Ward alone for the present."

Margot came quickly into the room. She went and stood by the centre table, resting one of her hands on it.

Mrs. Fletcher closed the door softly behind her.

"Won't you sit down?" said Ward, giving a quick glance at the young girl. He observed a new expression on her face—a grown-up, watchful, almost worldly look. The new look improved the face in some ways, giving it piquancy and power.

"Pray sit down, I have much to say to you," began Ward.

"Thank you; but I prefer to stand."

"As you please; I will stand also. Now I am sure you will like me best if I waste no words on preliminaries."

"Certainly," replied Margot.

"My wife and I," began Ward, "are anxious to settle five hundred a year on your mother——"

Margot interrupted with petulance.

"Must this subject be gone into?" she said. "Can you not be gentlemanly enough, Mr. Ward, to take a distinct and positive refusal?"

"No," answered Ward. "It is my duty not to take any refusal until I definitely know what your motives are for inducing your mother to decline what would be an immense help to her. In short, I must force you to listen to me. I need not tell you that the peculiar attitude you have lately assumed towards Patty and myself fills us with pain."

"Go on," said Margot. "This subject is most distasteful to me, but now that you have entered upon it, let us probe it to its depths once and for ever."

"Your mother sadly needs the comforts which five hundred a year would confer upon her," said Ward; "she gives me to understand that but for you she would not refuse this money."

Margot's face turned very pale.

"That is true," she answered. "I am the obstacle in the way. I bitterly regret that such should be the case, but I cannot help myself. I would do much for my mother—much—but there are depths to which I cannot sink, even for her."

"Pray explain yourself."

"I will do so. At least, I will tell you perfectly plainly one reason why we cannot accept your bounty; there is another reason also, but I am not at liberty to enter upon that."

"It is doubtless unnecessary," said Ward. "The reason which you will not enter upon has probably been already explained to me by your mother. You doubtless allude to her concealing the knowledge of the existence of the will which gave the Red Lodge to my wife."

Margot turned paler than ever, and a sudden light leaped into her eyes.

"Has my mother told you?" she exclaimed: "that was brave of her. That alters—that alters my attitude towards her; I am glad she has told you."

"Then you will let her accept the money?"

"No, for the other reason still exists. Oh, Mr. Ward! it comes between me and my peace—I will tell it to you. You know that Patty returned the will to its hiding-place in the octagon room in her sleep? After doing so, she went back to her bedroom, she threw her arms over her head, and uttered a bitter cry. She was still sound asleep, and did not know that I was watching her. These were the words she said in her despair: 'I have sold myself to the devil—the will is false!'"

"I cannot forget the words," continued Margot; "they ring in my ears day and night; I cannot forget the words, they rouse suspicion in me—suspicion even against my sister Patty—yes, they do! they do!"

"What do you suspect?" said Ward, in an icy voice.

He held himself very erect, and looked with his clear, piercing eyes full into hers—the power of his will forced her to raise her eyes to his. Hitherto in this conversation she had taken the lead; Ward had not in the least impressed her—she even treated him with a delicate scorn—but now she trembled; his glance seemed to scorch her—she turned her head aside.

"What do you suspect?" he repeated.

"That the will is false," she answered, shivering as she spoke, and covering her face with her hands.

Ward did not speak at all for a moment.

"I am surprised," he said then; "your suspicion seems to me to be unworthy of you" —his tone was gentle, but full of pain.

"Surely," he continued, "a somnambulist is scarcely accountable for the words she utters; you must remember that Patty was unwell, and in considerable excitement of mind."

"It kills me to suspect, but I do," said Margot.

She sank down on the nearest seat and burst into tears.

Ward drew a chair to a little distance from her and also sat down.

"It kills me to suspect," she continued, wringing her hands. "Patty is my sister, my dear sister; I have loved her from the first, but this thought has frozen my heart."

"You entertain a very wrong thought," said Ward, "I need scarcely say that it is absolutely without foundation."

Margot looked at him eagerly.

"I wish I could believe you," she said; "I want to."

"Why don't you? where is the difficulty? You heard the excited raving of a somnambulist; must those few words counterbalance all that was sweet and tender, and true and beautiful in the woman to whom you gave a sister's love?"

"I know my suspicions are base and unworthy," said Margot.

"Then bid them die."

"That is just it; they won't die. The expression in your eyes seems to stun them just now; but such horrid, crawling creatures of the mire have a strange power of resuscitation. I know well that they will raise their hideous heads and grin and stare and whisper to me again."

"They must be more effectively killed," said Ward. "I know what will do it."

"Pray tell me; beyond words, I pine for their destruction."

"Put off going to St. Thomas's, and come to the Red Lodge for a week. Let Patty, your sister, heal these unhealthy and morbid imaginings."

"If I thought so, I would go to her," said Margot, reflectively. "I am possessed by a strange longing to see her again."

"Then gratify your longing. I am returning to Devonshire to-morrow morning; will you come with me?"

"No, I can scarcely manage that; but I will come the following day. I can stay with Patty for twenty-four hours."

"Very well; that short visit will be better than nothing. I need scarcely ask you on no account to allude to what you have just said to me to my wife."

"I will not."

"But you can talk your suspicions over with me as often and as long as you please. Such creations of the mire, as you justly call them, are best slain in open daylight. Bring them into the daylight of my common sense, and let us kill them together."

"You are good not to scorn me utterly, Mr. Ward."

"I am only sorry for you," said Ward.

He rose as he spoke, and held out his hand. Margot's fingers trembled as they felt his firm clasp.

Chapter XXXI.—Joshua Day.

Patty received a telegram from her husband on the following morning.

"Expect me by the train which reaches Sidminster at 1.50," he wired.

She crumpled the little pink paper in her hand, then smoothed it out and looked at it tenderly. She had been feeling low and depressed all the morning. A sort of inertia was over her; the old housekeeper had spoken to her about it, but she had put it down to the heat of the weather. After receiving the telegram, however, the weight on her spirits was suddenly and at once lifted.

"I know what was the matter with me," she said, aloud and joyfully. "I have missed John; he has only been absent two nights, but I have missed him terribly. I am glad, rejoiced, that he is coming home. I will go to meet him. Let me see, if the train arrives punctually at Sidminster he ought to be here about half-past two; I will walk across the fields to meet him, then I can intercept the dog-cart just as it enters the lane by Briar's Point."

Patty ran gaily up to her room. She came down presently with her hat on, and a large white sunshade in her hand. She said a word to the servant, who happened to be standing in the hall.

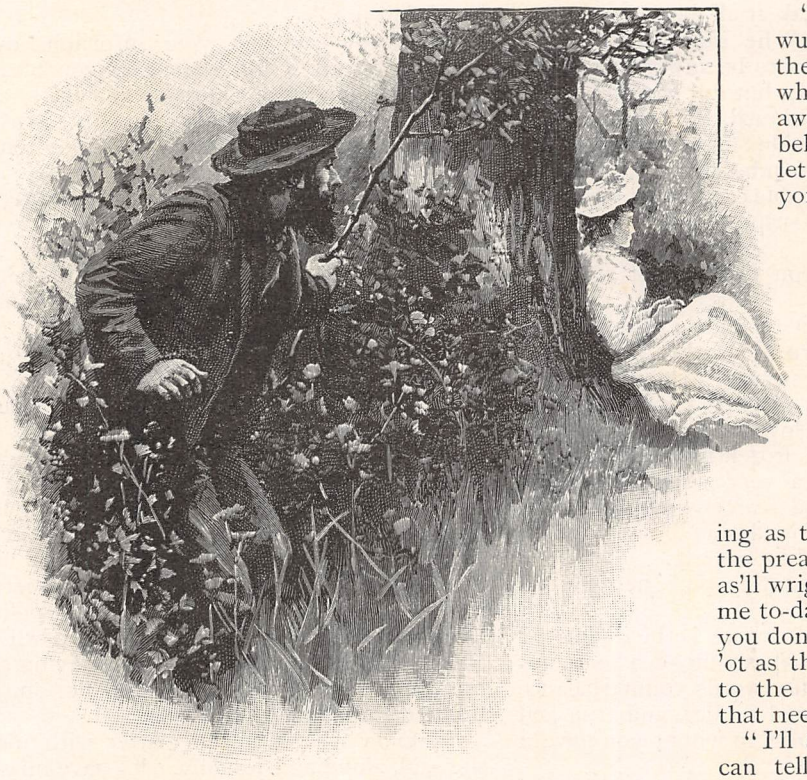
"I have had a telegram from Mr. Ward, Carson; he will arrive at Sidminster at one-fifty. Please send round to the stables and give orders that the dogcart is to go to meet the train. I am going out."

"Won't you be in to lunch, ma'am?"

"Yes, but we will put lunch off; see that it is ready at half-past two."

Patty stepped out of the window of the morning-room, and crossing the rose garden, presently found herself walking down a winding path which led across several meadows in the direction of Briar's Point.

The day was overpoweringly hot, there was not a breath of wind, and across these meadows the sun beat with pitiless power. In spite of herself, Patty's steps became slow and languid.



"TOOK A QUICK, EAGER LOOK AT THE LADY."

Her large white sunshade seemed to afford her little or no protection from the fierce heat of the noonday sun. She took out her watch, and, seeing that she had still abundance of time, went across the field and seated herself under the shade of a large elm tree. There was a thick hedge, principally formed of brier roses, running along this side of the field.

The rose trees were in full leaf, but their time of blossom was already past. At the other side of the hedge was a winding typical Devonshire lane, which led past a little cottage embowered in the clustering sprays of the brier rose.

A shabby-looking woman came out now and stood in the door of the cottage. She had masses of tumbled grey hair, some of which fell loosely and untidily over her forehead; her face was sallow and unhealthy-looking, her mouth large and almost toothless, her small eyes twinkled weakly in her head.

"Joshua," she called to a man who was smoking a coarse clay pipe in the interior of the untidy cottage, "you have younger eyes than mine; come here a minute, will 'ee, and tell me what's that I see shining through the hedge in yon field?"

"Why, yon's a wumman!" exclaimed the man. "That's a white dress. Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity. You let me be, mother; yon's nothing but a wumman in a white dress. I've to be at the preaching at three o'clock."

"Well, I won't go with 'ee to-day," answered his mother, "the sun's too powerful 'ot."

"'Ot!" exclaimed Joshua. "It's nothing like as scorching as the words I'll say at the preaching. There's them as'll wriggle when they hears me to-day. It seems a pity you don't come, mother; for 'ot as the sun is, what's that to the sins in your breast that needs purgin'?"

"I'll stay at 'ome, and 'ee can tell me what 'ee said and how folks took it at supper to-night," said Mrs. Day. "It strikes me as the wumman t'other side of hedge has a look of young Mrs. Ward."

At these words Joshua pricked up his ears.

"I'd like to have a good look at she," he said. "I used to know her when I were a young 'un. Stay where you are, mother, and I'll creep round by the hedge, and get into the opening of the field."

A look of dissatisfaction crept into Mrs. Day's dull eyes. She would have liked to accompany Joshua on his errand of investigation; but as he kept her in considerable awe, she allowed him to depart without a word. He crept along quickly, with a stealthy sort of movement which was habitual to him, looking back at his mother once or twice and shaking his clumsy forefinger at her.

Joshua was a badly-built man, with a small body and big head. Unlike his mother, however, his eyes were bold and fierce, and he had a queer look of dogged determination about his square jaw, which gave him an ugly, but somewhat impressive, appearance. He had coal-black hair, which was always tumbling over his forehead, and which, in his moments of excitement, he was wont to fling back as if it were a mane. A strong black beard and moustache effectually hid his coarse and rather

weak mouth; his hands were large and misshapen, he had an untidy, unkempt, unwashed appearance.

As he stole now through the gap in the hedge, and took a quick, eager look at the lady, who sat with her back to him resting against the elm-tree, an eager expression crept into his black eyes.

He had long wished to meet Mrs. Ward face to face. The radiant and beautiful Miss Patty Neville had excited a coarse sort of admiration in him as a boy. He had been a bad, wicked, reckless boy; he had been idle and utterly devoid of principle, he had also been cruel, bullying children younger than himself, but for Patty he had always a feeling of mingled admiration and awe.

One afternoon there came a terrible turning-point in his career. He was an overgrown lad of eighteen at the time. Returning home from his day's work, he met a boy younger and weaker than himself. For some reason the two quarrelled and fought.

There was a deep pond near Briar's Point, and they stood together near the pond. The boys presently wrestled together on the slippery bank which overhung the pond. With a violent effort Joshua pushed his companion in. The lad could not swim. The pond was supposed by the country people to have no bottom; at any rate, it was very deep. The boy shrieked for help, and flung up his hands, and looked at Joshua with a face of white, set entreaty; but Joshua had black wicked blood in him at that moment: he turned and walked deliberately away. In two or three minutes his conscience awoke in him, and he rushed back. He would have saved Ebenezer Johnson then at the risk of his own life, but he was too late, the boy had sunk down into the slimy ooze of the pond and had probably been entangled in the long, rank weeds which grew below. Anyhow, when he reached the surface, he was quite dead.

He was carried to his home the next morning and mourned over, and his grave was made with his own people in the village churchyard. He was supposed to have fallen into the pond by accident, and no one ever suspected Joshua. The terrible crime, however, lay like a nightmare on his soul, and to drown his conscience he took to drink and to other bad ways.

He thought no one had seen him when he pushed Ebenezer into the pond. This was true; but when he came back again to try and undo his own passionate and rash act, an old woman behind a hedge had witnessed his anguish; this woman was Nurse Joan. She quickly guessed the truth, but as Ebenezer was dead beyond recall, she did not think it necessary to get Joshua into trouble. When, however, her own time of temptation came and a second witness was required to put his name to the false will, she remembered Joshua. He was surely the right man to bribe to do a shabby, mean, and criminal act. Nurse Joan told his history in a few words to Ward, who instantly saw that he was the man for his purpose. Accordingly, Joshua put his signature to the will, and was then sent out of the country.

Joshua Day had been a reckless and hardened sinner at home, but, strange as it may seem, the moment he went away his rude conscience began to speak to him. The voice of Ebenezer seemed to cry to him from the grave, and the thought of the false will rose up also to oppress him. All his people were Calvinists, but up to now religion had played no part in his life. His passage had been paid to New Zealand. Soon after he went there he had a bad illness, and was obliged to go to hospital. During his illness terror seized him; he remembered some texts which local and fervid-minded preachers had impressed upon him in the Devonshire lanes and highways of his native country. One verse in particular stayed with him, and seemed as if it would never go away again—"*Be sure thy sin will find thee out.*" It haunted him so persistently that to relieve his overcharged feelings he began to paint it in large characters on every available space he came across. While so engaged one day, a man of like temperament to himself came up and accosted him.

"What are you doing, brother?" he asked.

Joshua pointed to his own words with a trembling finger.

"It's truth, ain't it?" he asked.

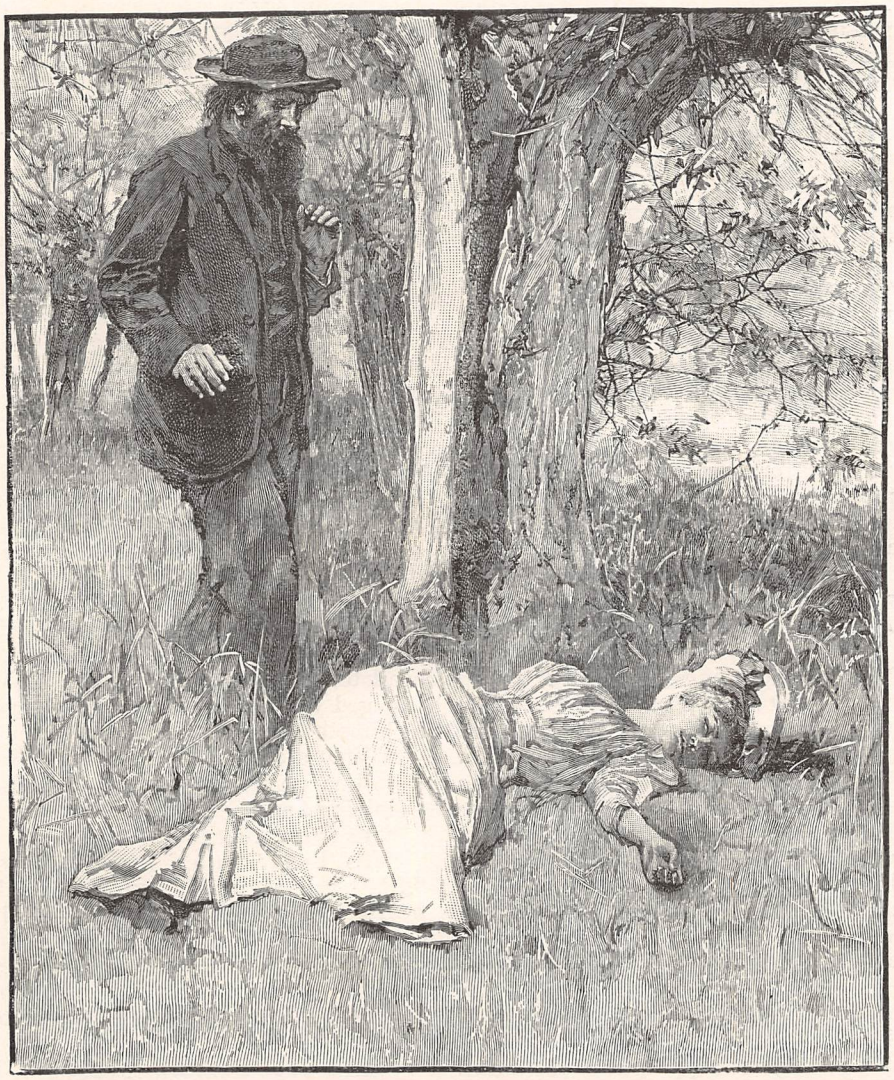
"It's Bible truth," answered the other. "It's black as pitch, and true as there's a heaven above and a hell beneath. If it has come home to you, brother, you ought to make it your business to tell it to every man, woman, and child you meet. 'Flee from the wrath to come,' you ought to say to them, and so——"

"And so?" echoed Joshua, fixing his bloodshot eyes on the face of the other man.

"And so save your own soul alive," said the local preacher, "for them that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

The man strode on, not bestowing any more words on Joshua, but from that moment the single and only aim of Joshua Day's existence was to return to his native country, in order to preach the terrors of the law to his brothers and sisters who dwelt in darkness. By this means he hoped to quiet his conscience, and to save his soul alive.

By-and-by he accomplished his purpose. He came back and began his ministrations. He had a certain rude eloquence about him, an impassioned, fierce fervour born of his own despair, which gave effect to his words—in short, he was not long in his native village before he instituted a reign of religious terror. Even the church people became influenced by him, and went on the quiet to his preachings, and the Methodists felt and spoke of him as a God-sent man. Day had made stealthy inquiries with regard to the success of the false will. The story of a will being discovered was, of course, the common property of every soul in the place. Patty was in possession of the Red Lodge; Ward was her husband; the Fletchers were evicted from the place. Day felt that he had done the young lady of his boyish admiration a tremendously good turn; he was more anxious than ever to catch a glimpse of her face and to judge for himself what the effect of his deed had been. He wanted to see Patty as earnestly as he dreaded seeing Ward. He crept now across the field, making no noise on the soft, green grass. Patty was looking in the other direction; she neither saw nor heard him until he gave a loud cough and cleared his throat. She turned quickly then; Joshua instantly took off the soft felt hat which he wore, in



"JOSHUA GAZED AT HER IN TERROR."

imitation of a parson, and made her a low obeisance.

"Your 'umble servant, Joshua Day," he said, with a bold and half-facetious grin.

Patty sprang instantly to her feet. Her face turned pale.

If there was a person in the wide world whom she truly feared and hated, it was Joshua Day. He was the only living witness to the will; surely that was bad enough, but far worse at that moment to Patty's overstrained imagination was the fact that he was the terrible personage who wrote the texts over the mantelpieces in the village cottages.

"How do you do, Joshua," she said, beginning to hasten across the field; "I am in a hurry; I cannot stay to speak to you just now. I was told you had emigrated."

"Fy, now, that's true enough; I emigrated, but a burning message from God above came to me, and, bless 'ee, I must come 'ome to deliver it."

Patty stopped abruptly. She turned and faced the man who was tormenting her.

"Does Mr. Ward know that you are back?" she asked.

The expression in her face, and a sort of taunt which she flung into her words, enraged Joshua, who had his passions quite as badly under control as of old. His sudden anger enabled him to throw off the awe with which he could not help regarding her.

"Look you 'ere, missis," he exclaimed. "Fy, now, I don't care a smack o' my lips whether your 'usband, Mr. Ward, knows that I'm 'ere or not. The Almighty has given me a message, and the message must be delivered. The Almighty has put it upon me to preach the word as long as this labouring breath remains in my breast. '*The soul that sinneth it shall die.*' '*Be sure thy sin will find thee out.*' '*The wages of sin is death.*' '*Flee from the wrath to come.*' Writ in fire are those words—yes, writ in fire. I see 'em across the heavens, and I see 'em when I look on the ground. '*Flee from the wrath to come*"—flee, flee! I cry 'em aloud; I'll hurl 'em at all transgressors as long as I've a labouring breath."

Joshua threw back his mane of black hair as he spoke. His black eyes looked boldly at Patty. She shrank and cowered. The ground seemed to reel under her feet; she thought she saw the words "Flee from the wrath to come" as Joshua saw them. The man standing by her side ceased to be Joshua Day, the village miscreant. No, he was an avenging, an awful angel—an angel of darkness, an avenging one.

"I wish you would go away," she said, feebly. "I have nothing to do with you, and you annoy and distress me very much. Go and tell those sort of things to—to others. I have nothing to do with them."

"You must face 'em, my wumman," said Joshua. "'After death comes judgment,' and you must face it. 'Be sure thy sin will find thee out!'"

They had now reached the bottom of the meadow, and the high road and Briars Point were close by. A stream of water which flowed into the pond gurgled merrily past. Some pollards grew close to the stream. Patty felt faint; she went and leaned against a pollard tree.

"You must leave me, Joshua," she said, trying to speak with firmness. "Apply your texts to yourself; look at home, and leave me now."

Joshua started; then he came close to Patty, and she felt his hot breath on her cheeks.

"Listen," he said; "I 'ave looked at 'ome, and me and the Almighty we have made a compact. The Almighty, He visited me in a vision of the night. I heard His voice, and it cried: 'Joshua Day, it's laid upon you to turn many to righteousness, and by so doing to save your soul alive.' Bless 'ee, it's for that I've come back. The message is for you, my wumman, for you: 'Be sure thy sin will find thee out.'"

Patty uttered a quick and sudden cry. It was not wrung from her by any words of Joshua's. The cry arose from the severity of sharp physical pain. The same agony in her breast which had prostrated her in London before her marriage, now again visited her. It entered, as it did the first time, just under the breast bone, and passed out between the shoulders. It had a sharp, keen, cutting feeling, as if a knife were passed through her. The first pang was immediately followed by another, then by another, then by another. She stood motionless, breathless, her face like death. When the last torture had passed, she suddenly tumbled on the grass, and lay in a heap as if she were dead. Joshua gazed at her in terror. He attributed her sudden agony and faintness to his words.

He bent over the stream, filled his greasy black hat with water, and dashed the contents over the unconscious face.

"Don't say as you're dead, beautiful Miss Patty!" he cried.

He fell on his knees as he spoke, and raised his eyes to Heaven.

"Merciful God, you're a witness as I said them burning words for her soul's salvation," he cried; "but oh, she ain't dead; don't say as her's dead!"

The sound of wheels was distinctly audible

on the road outside. Joshua heard them—he started to his feet, and called aloud.

"Hi! we want help 'ere! There's a wumman took real bad!" he called. "Come along and see what can be done for her!"

Joshua could have cut out his own tongue when he suddenly found himself looking across the hedge at Ward. Ward stared at the preacher. He could see over the hedge from his high position on the cart; something in the prostrate form of the young woman, who lay on the ground in her white dress, caused his heart to quicken with an awful dread. He recognised Joshua at the first glance, but had no time to think of him now. He threw the reins to his groom, leaped from the cart, and a moment later was bending over Patty. Taking a small silver flask from his pocket he wetted her nostrils and lips with brandy. After a second application of the stimulant she drew a long shivering sigh, then she opened her eyes. When she did this, Ward turned his attention for the first time to Joshua. Joshua's face was cadaverous, his thick lower lip shook with uncontrollable fear.

"Go and stand by my horse's head, and send the groom here immediately," said Ward; "and look here, Joshua Day, come to the Red Lodge at seven o'clock to-night. If you fail to appear, I put the police on your track."

Chapter XXXII.—"Otherwise."

There was an unexpected want of assurance in Joshua Day's preaching that afternoon. Notwithstanding that he was more denunciatory even than usual, his words, hurl them forth with what force he might, failed to find their mark: the women neither screamed nor fainted, the men and boys looked sulky and indifferent.

Day knew only too well that the fault lay with himself. There was no living spirit palpitating, breathing, trembling behind his words of warning. In consequence, no arrow found its mark, and slumbering consciences still slept on.

At the appointed hour Day presented himself at the Red Lodge. He was admitted into Ward's private study immediately. Ward was seated by his desk; he raised his eyes for a moment when Day appeared, gave him one of his piercing glances, and then resumed the letter he was writing.

The man shuffled his feet uneasily near the door. He felt a secret torture, which he was afraid to examine. Ward's last words to him kept on ringing in his ears—"If you fail to appear, I put the police on your track." Day knew enough of human nature to be certain by the build of Ward's head, by the look in his eyes, by the ring in his firm tones, that he was not the sort of man to use an empty threat. Day knew also that if Ward meant to put the police on him because of his signature to the will, he himself would be more seriously and terribly compromised. Did Ward know of anything else? Impossible, impossible. Only he and Ebenezer knew of that dark episode of long ago; only Ebenezer and himself, and Ebenezer was dead.

"Come and stand here," said Ward suddenly; the man obeyed. The light from the evening sun fell full on the patch of carpet where he stood. It seemed to search him; he wanted to get out of its strong light, but he felt paralysed and almost afraid to move.

"I was surprised to see you to-day," said Ward. "May I ask why you dared to return to this place?"

"My conscience brought me back, Mr. Ward," said the man.

Ward's lips took the faintest possible sneer. He gave Day another quick glance, then said abruptly—

"When you returned home you broke your compact. You received money to go to New Zealand; it was in the compact that you were never to return to England."

Day shuffled and reddened, but did not speak.

"You are not to remain here," continued Ward. "There is a job I wish you to do for me first, however. After you have done what I require of you, you are to go away; otherwise—" he raised his eyes and looked full at the man. Joshua felt the sunlight, which streamed on his face just then, so intolerable, that making a violent effort he moved into the shadow.

"Otherwise," continued Ward, "you quite understand that I take steps to have you committed for trial."

"For trial!" said Joshua with an uneasy laugh. "Bless 'ee," he continued; "trial is it? That'll go worse for 'un than for me, sure*ly*?"

"I don't understand you," said Ward.

"Fy, then, I knows about it myself; it's worse for 'un, Mr. Ward, than for me."

"I allude," said Ward in a clear, deliberate tone, "to that affair which occurred some years back—the case of Ebenezer Johnson."

"Mercy! mercy!" ejaculated Day. His face became ashen white; he suddenly fell on his shaking knees.

"I thought it was a compact," he groaned. "Ef I preached the Word in season and out, God would forgive, and wouldn't bring up the past. Can the dead speak? How was it known? Oh, my God! and there was no one to see!"

"Get up," said Ward; "I perceive that you have come to your senses. Don't grovel on your knees any more. I shan't be hard on you, or proceed to extremities if you fulfil my requirements. I know your past, rest certain on that point. How I know it does not matter in the very least; but that I do know it, and can bring you to trial, is a fact. I possess your secret, and I will use it against you if you do not immediately yield yourself absolutely to my wishes. Are you willing to do this?"

"I'll go away," said Joshua; "yes, I'll go away. I thought to preach repentance of sin to my own folk, but ef it mun be as I can't, I'll go away. Preach the Word somewhere, I must. It's put upon me to cry to sinners to repent in season and out of season. I can't go back on that, no I can't."

"Take your pharisaical humbug elsewhere when you have done my bidding. You don't stir from here until you have done it; then you go. Now are you willing? Say yes or no."

Ward stood up; he folded his arms, and looked full at Joshua, who crouched and shuffled miserably.

"I am in a hurry," said the master of the Red Lodge; "now your answer, quick."

Joshua ventured to cast a hurried glance at his tormentor.

"Hold yourself erect, and give me your answer," said Ward.

"Iss, fy, I'll do it; Oh I'll do it," answered Joshua.

"Look at me while you speak."

"Mr. Ward, don't 'ee keep gazing at me like that; your eyes pierce into me like a burning sword. I can't abide yer. It's as bad as Ebenezer when he comes in the dead of night all dripping wet from the pond."

"I see you will do what I wish," said Ward.

"The Heaven above is witness that I will, sir."

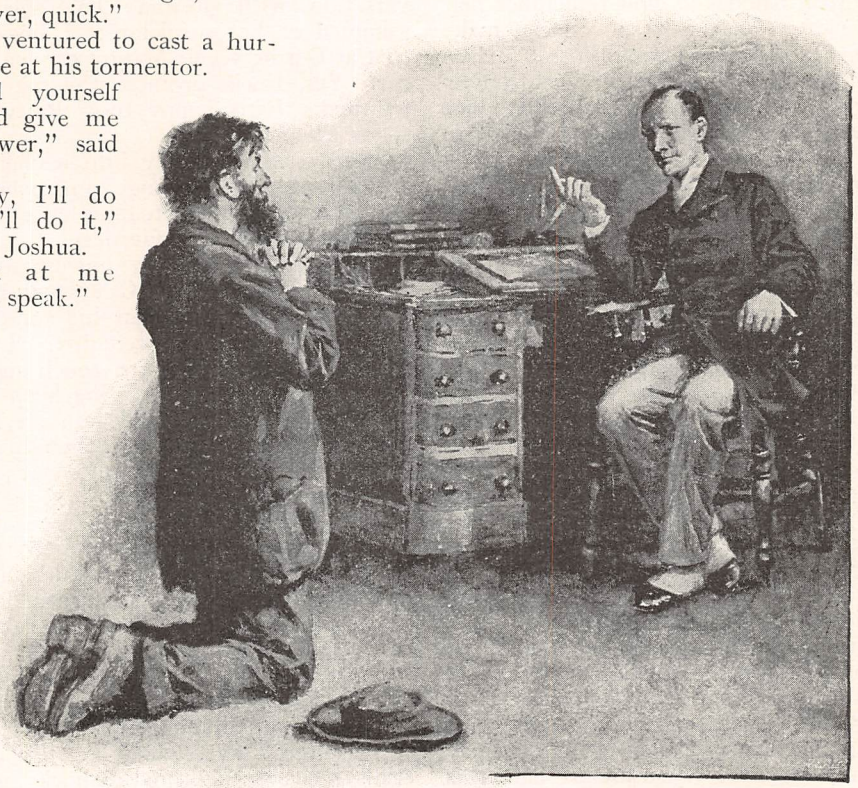
"That is right. Sit on that chair, and listen to me. As long as you do what I require, understand that you are perfectly safe. I want you for a certain purpose. It so happens that it falls in with my views to have you here at present. Listen now attentively. Pull your wits together."

Joshua slightly dropped his lower jaw; his black eyes, almost lustreless in their terror, were fixed full on Ward.

"You can be useful to me," began Ward.

"Iss, sir, I'll do my best; but I mun call Heaven above to witness that I can't go deeper into sin."

"You can and will do exactly what I tell you, or you hang for that murder you committed long ago. Now listen attentively. A young lady comes here to-morrow—her name



"'I ALLUDE TO . . . THE CASE OF EBENEZER JOHNSON.'"

is Fletcher. She lived here with her mother for several months, as you doubtless have heard from village gossips. Had the will not been discovered, this young lady's mother would still be the owner of the Red Lodge. For reasons which I do not intend to explain, it will be necessary for you to meet her. You are to exercise your wits, and to contrive to meet her as if by accident. This can easily be done, for she is fond of wandering about by herself. You are clever enough to manage this meeting without any assistance from me. When you see Miss Fletcher, you are to talk to her. She will probably wish to get rid of you, but you are not to be shaken off. Before you part from her you are to tell her the story of the will."

"The story of the will?" echoed Joshua.

He was so taken by surprise when these words fell from Ward's lips, that he half rose from his seat and spoke aloud in his astonishment.

"Iss, fy now," he exclaimed, "the story of the will; no, no, it can't be that. Be 'ee mad, Mr. Ward?"

"Keep your seat and listen to me. Be assured that I know what I am about. You are to tell Miss Fletcher the story of the will as I will now relate it to you. You are to describe Miss Rhodes as you remember her. You have often seen her, so you can make your description real. You are to tell of the day when the London lawyers arrived to draw up the will; you are not to fail to introduce the subject of the dress Miss Rhodes wore, of how she looked and how she spoke. Such trivial particulars are necessary to give an air of truth to your narrative. You are to describe the old woman whom my wife mentioned as Nurse Joan. You are to speak of yourself in any way you like best: you are to make up any tale suitable for the occasion, which will account for your being asked to write your name as a witness to the will. You have plenty of imagination: bring your imagination to your aid and produce a picture which Miss Margot Fletcher will believe. Mind you, that is the main thing—she has got to *believe your story*. You are to put the impress of truth into your words. You are such a hypocrite that you can do so if it is for your interest.

"Now listen further: if you succeed, if you do this job well, I give you twenty pounds, not a penny more. Instead of sending you to prison for that terrible sin of your youth, I give you twenty pounds and your liberty. I do not rake up your ugly past, and I put twenty pounds into your pocket. On the day you receive the money you are to leave this place. As long as you keep away from here and hold your tongue, you are safe. Now leave me. You know what I want of you?"

"Iss, sir."

"You'll do it?"

"I'll do it."

Joshua shuffled out of the room, and Ward, following him to the door, shut and locked it after him. Having done so, he walked straight to the French windows and flung them wide open. His study looked into the rose garden, and the sweet scent of the roses floated into the room. Ward took a deep breath, and taking out his pocket-handkerchief, wiped some moisture from his brow.

"My luck!" he said, in a sort of semi-whisper and with a queer expression curling the lines of his thin lips. "The devil's luck, I suppose. To think of that scum turning up just when I want him. Could anything be more absolutely necessary for my purpose? That fellow can effectually dissipate Margot Fletcher's suspicions. He will do it, for he fears me. Thus that passing cloud fades from my sky. To-morrow morning Margot Fletcher arrives; in the evening Dering will return. Margot will be ready for Dering to-morrow night—he shall plead his own cause with her. It will be easy for me now to get Margot more or less under my influence. After her conversation with Joshua Day, she will be ashamed of her suspicions. I begin to see that as Dering's wife, Margot can be useful to me. Yes, I will promote the marriage. It will make Patty happy, too. Patty, my wife—my wife!"

Ward sank suddenly into a chair by the window. A queer change came over his face. A new expression visited his eyes and made his hard lips full of tenderness.

"My wife Patty," he murmured. "God knows that I love her. Can a man be all bad—all sin-hardened? Can his conscience be quite dead while love remains? I love my wife. She has power to touch me to the point of exquisite pain. She keeps alive in me that which I would fain slay. For a moment this afternoon, I thought she was dead. It was a terrible moment; it took something out of me."

There came a knock at the room door.

Ward started, pulled himself together, resumed his mask of imperturbability, and walking across the room, flung the door open.

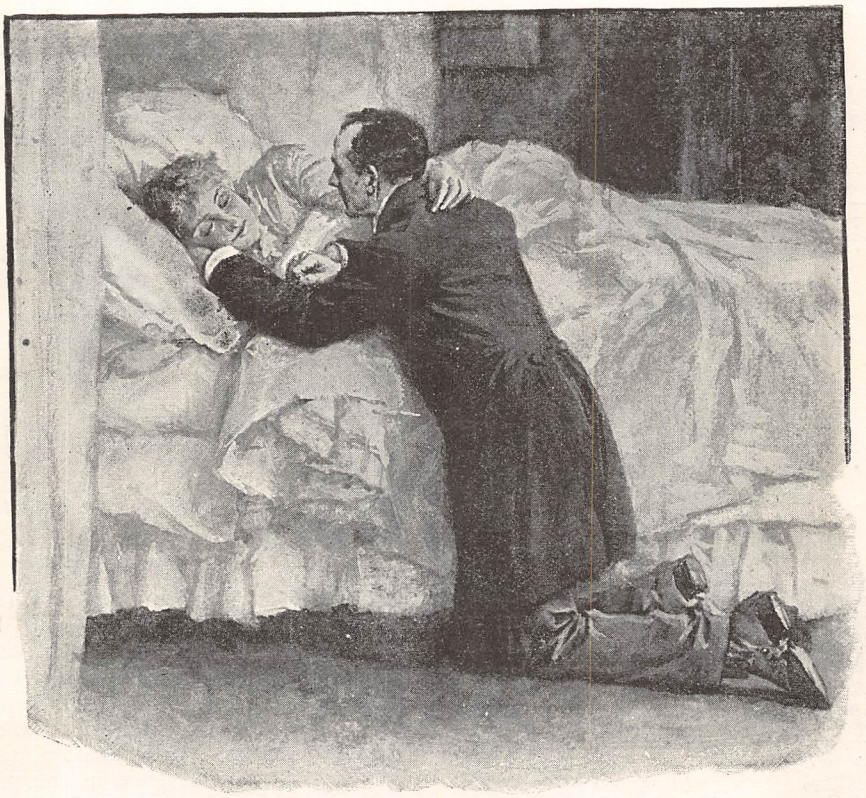
"Is anything the matter?" he asked of the servant who stood without.

"Mrs. Ward would like you to go to her, sir."

"Say I will be with her immediately."

The servant disappeared.

"Strange," muttered Ward; "I am weak still—queerly weak from the shock I got about Patty to-day. I don't know myself."



"HIS WIFE STRETCHED OUT HER ARMS, AND TWINED THEM LOVINGLY ROUND HIS NECK."

He went across the hall to the dining-room, mixed some brandy and water, drank it off hastily, and then went upstairs.

Patty was in bed; for several hours she had lain with white cheeks and closed eyes, and scarcely any life or movement. The doctor had come and gone; she had been given a restorative, and was now much better. A faint colour had returned to her cheeks, and when Ward entered the room, a smile of happiness filled her bright, wide-open eyes.

"Come here, Jack, and kneel down by me," she said.

He obeyed her at once. His wife stretched out her arms, and twined them lovingly round his neck. He took one of the hot hands and pressed it to his lips.

"Darling," she said, "it is so sweet, so restful to know that you love me."

"My Patty! yes, I love you," he answered. He suddenly removed her arms from his neck and stood up. "You are too weak to talk much," he said. "The doctor says that you will be all right in a day or two, but for a short time, until you have got over this attack, you must rest."

"I will rest in the fact that you love me," said Patty.

"Do, my dearest. Our love for each other must be our strength and consolation; but, Patty, don't let us waste our strength in mere words."

"You always say that, John; but it comforts me inexpressibly to talk of our love."

"You shall talk of it, but not to-night. I am going to sit by you now. Shut your eyes and go to sleep."

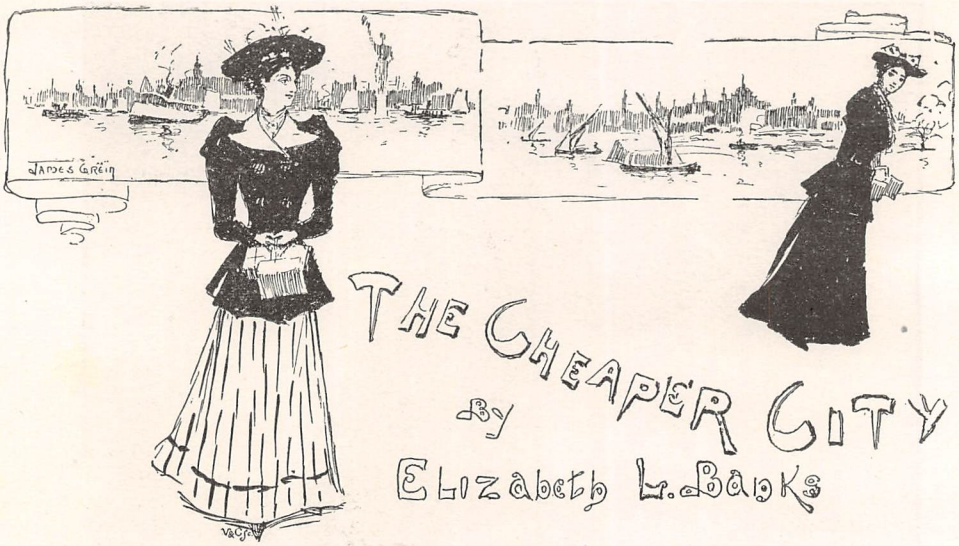
"Answer me one thing first, John. Does the doctor think seriously of this dreadful attack?"

"Not seriously, if you fulfil certain conditions."

"What are they?"

"You are to be happy; if you are happy, you will be well."

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SECOND.



THE CHEAPER CITY

by

Elizabeth L. Banks

IT is a common saying that, in purchasing power, a shilling in England is equivalent to a dollar in the United States. On this side of the water the opinion is quite prevalent that in America the cost of living is much greater than here, while among Americans, who have only a hearsay knowledge of English prices, the idea is very general that one can live for almost nothing in London. Many Americans make a short or long visit to England with the express purpose of saving money. They have heard and read so much concerning cheap house-rents, cheap lodging and boarding-houses, cheap food and cheap clothing, that not a few have been known to come here to reside for a time in order to tide over financial difficulties. In the end they are disillusioned, and they return home to their own country sadder, though wiser, people.

In order to make some comparisons between the cost of American and English living, I will take for example the two cities with which I am best acquainted in both countries—New York and London. First, there is the question of house-rent. It has often been stated that on account of the very high rentals charged in New York, only the rich man can afford to hire a house. Before coming to England I heard much concerning the cheapness of London living and the low rates at which one might hire a house. I was led to believe that "all the comforts of a home" might be secured much cheaper in London than in New York. There were tales of "beautiful bijou residences to be had for £60, £80, and £100 rental per year," but nothing was said concerning taxes of several varieties, which the tenant of a New York house has not to pay. Taking these additional expenses into consideration, there is very little, if any, difference in the prices of New York and London houses situated in the same class of neighbourhood. Of course, it will not do to compare the rental of a house in West Kensington or Fulham with that of a palatial mansion in Madison or Fifth Avenue, but let Park Lane be classed with Fifth Avenue and West Kensington with Harlem, and it will be found that one can hire a house for less money in New York than in London. Then, we must also consider the matter of repairs and "fixtures," which are a frequent cause for contention between the London landlord and his tenant. In New York everything is put in perfect repair by the owner of the house, and nobody hears anything about "fixtures;" they are a part of the establishment. In London a tenant, on giving up a house, carries away with him almost everything that is movable. Gas fittings always, sometimes bell handles, and even door knobs and locks and keys go with him. He can only be induced to leave them behind for the use of the successor by the payment of a "premium," which "premium" he evidently thinks should be sufficient to support him in comfort for the rest of his days.

Now, in moving into a New York house, one has nothing to do except to place the furniture. Gas fittings, globes, keys, locks, bell handles, and door knobs are all there,

and not charged extra. There is even a messenger-box in the hall in readiness for calling a telegraph boy, and the telegraph companies, by the way, do not charge for putting in these boxes. Frequently householders are overrun with applications from several companies, all begging the privilege of inserting a call-box, each warranted to bring a boy in quicker time than the others. In London this luxury —or rather, I should say, necessity—must be paid for in advance.

The Londoner who resides in a flat instead of a house escapes the unpleasant visits of the tax-gatherer, but the rental charged for flats in London is notoriously high, and it is almost as cheap to live in a house as a flat. In New York, flats consisting of from five to eight rooms, including bath, handsome decorations and all "fixtures," may be had for 40 dols. and 50 dols. per month, or £96 and £120 per year. Such flats are in the most central and convenient parts of the city. In some parts of Harlem the rentals are not half that amount. What are called "tenement flats," such as are occupied by many of the labouring classes, may be rented in Harlem for from 5 dols. to 10 dols. per month. These places are fitted with gas, bath, and other conveniences, and are situated near the elevated railway stations. In London the working man often pays more than the price I have quoted for the privilege of living in two or three filthy and badly-ventilated rooms.

On the other hand, there are elegant flats in New York that rent for from 500 dols. to 1,000 dols. per month, but they are situated in aristocratic neighbourhoods, and are occupied by our millionaires.

By a careful investigation of the prices charged in London lodging and boarding houses, I have found that they are higher than the New York rates. There are, certainly, places in London where one may secure a room for 6s. per week and full board for 15s., but the same may be said of New York; and in cases where convenience, cleanliness, and a moderate degree of comfort are desired, the New York prices are far below those of London.

In the former city one may secure a nicely furnished small room, lighted with gas and furnace-heated, with full board, excellently and conveniently situated, for 7 dols. per week, or less than 30s. To obtain similar accommodation in the same class neighbourhood in London the charge would be at least £2 2s., with an extra charge for fuel and gas. In lodging-houses, the same difference in rates is always to be noted. American students who come to London to pursue their studies, always suffer a shock when brought face to face with boarding and lodging-house prices. To live in such neighbourhoods as those to which they have been accustomed at home, would cost them a third more than they had been given reason to expect, and they are

"FREQUENTLY HOUSEHOLDERS ARE OVERRUN WITH APPLICATIONS FROM SEVERAL COMPANIES."

usually obliged to take refuge in Bloomsbury or Brixton.

In the matter of the cost of food, there is very little difference between London and New York prices, with the exception of certain vegetables, which are cheaper in New York. Meats average about the same, groceries also. Bread is slightly dearer in London. Wines, as everybody knows, are very expensive in New York, and comparatively cheap in London. In regard to coal, there is such a difference in the quality that it is difficult to compare the prices. Soft coal, such as is used in London, is not burnt in New York, although in the West it is greatly in demand, and may sometimes be bought as low as 3 dols. per ton. The price of anthracite coal used in New York is a little lower than that of soft coal in London, though, of course, the prices vary at times.

"AMERICAN STUDENTS ALWAYS SUFFER A SHOCK" (*p.* 585).

In my shopping expeditions I have been struck with the fact that luxuries and goods manufactured expressly for the well-to-do, are very cheap, while the more common and ordinary class of materials purchased by the poor are not proportionately cheap. Silks, satins, velvets, beautiful furs, handsome ready-made gowns, and stylish millinery cost about half as much in London as they do in New York. Fine hand-made and embroidered underwear, silk vests and silk hosiery, are remarkably reasonable, and it is scarcely to be wondered at that my countrypeople make large purchases over here, and on returning run all sorts of risks at the Customs house, in order to carry home a good supply of these wonderful bargains. Dresses, that in feminine language may be described as "perfect dreams," are to be bought in Regent Street at a third of the price a Broadway drygoods merchant would ask for them, while elegant millinery is so cheap in London that there would seem to be no excuse for middle-class people wearing aught but beautiful head-gear. Fine laces, ten-button kid gloves, hand-painted fans, and many other things in which the feminine heart most delights, are displayed in the windows at such ridiculously low prices as to make American women turn freetraders and smugglers with a clear conscience.

But all these things are not for the very poor, or even the moderately poor. An article may be cheap of its kind, yet not be within the reach of all. Therefore, the woman who wears cotton hosiery and underwear, takes no pleasure in the cheapness of silken goods, and she pays much more for her requirements in London than she would pay for the same things in New York. The inferior felt hat which she buys costs her more than it would cost her similarly situated New York cousin. The servant girl who wears a half-dozen light print dresses in a week, could save money by having them sent to her from New York. Muslins, or "calicoes," as they are called here, are much more expensive in London than in New York. I have often noticed this inconsistency in the prices of fine and common goods, and have never been able to understand why it is so often stated that a labouring man and his family can live cheaper in England than in America. It is true that the labouring classes do not spend so much money in England as do the labouring classes in America, but it is because they have not so much money to spend. They are also more improvident than the Americans.

In the matter of the wages received by domestic servants in the two cities, there exists also a great misunderstanding, especially among the servants themselves. Although in New York a really competent servant receives a slightly higher wage than she would in London, it must be remembered that there is no additional allowance of beer money or wash money. In New York, a good chamber-

maid who will divide the work of a house may be secured for about 12 dols. a month, or £29 a year. Taking into consideration the work that is required of her, I hardly think the English housemaid, who is one of two or three, with £20 a year and "all found," which "all" is from £5 to £7 extra, would be willing to change places, nor would the American mistress consider that she was saving money by making such an exchange. A very good cook, above the standard of the professed cooks employed in London, may be engaged for from 16 dols. to 20 dols. a month, or less than £40 a year. A professed cook is paid as much in London, besides beer and wash money. The annual expenditure of an ordinary London family for servants, charwomen, and brigade boys, is such as would shock a thrifty New York housekeeper. It would be safe to say that of two families occupying about the same position socially and living otherwise equally well, the expenditure for domestic help would be less than half the amount in New York than it would be in London. The fact that most American ladies keep a personal supervision over their kitchens, doing their own marketing or ordering, instead of leaving this part of hou ehold management to their cooks, as is so frequently done in London, also tends greatly to reduce household expenses by preventing wastefulness and extravagance. Then, too, the subject of servants' "perquisites" is not nearly so troublesome in New York as in London, where the cook, the parlourmaid, the housemaid, and the scullerymaid all seem to have an idea that they must carry on a little private money-making scheme of their own in connection with domestic service. Let a London mistress try as she may to convince her cook that "drippings" are much better for frying than lard or butter, she cannot prevent the weekly ravages of the bone man, who, by paying to the cook a few pence weekly, causes the mistress to expend several shillings she might otherwise save.

With the exception of this matter of domestic service, there can be no doubt that the average London household is managed on a more economical basis than is the same class household in New York. It is not that the Londoner has more successfully solved the problem of how to get the most good out of the least money, but that he has mastered the art of "doing without," and this will go far towards explaining why it is so generally supposed that one may live more cheaply in London than in New York. Take, for instance, the matter of fuel. Although in the two cities there is but little difference in the price of coal per ton, there is a large difference between the two coal bills at the end of a winter season.

While every hall and every room of a modern New York house is uniformly heated by the immense furnace in the cellar, the majority of the rooms of a London house are not heated, and, of course, not nearly so much coal is used. In the houses of many prosperous Londoners it is the usual thing to keep but three fires going during the day, and none whatever at night. There is the range fire in the kitchen and a grate fire in the dining-room and the drawing-room. In some cases even the drawing-room fire is dispensed with, except on "At home" days, the whole family using the dining-room for a common sitting-room. Except in times of illness, bedroom fires are seldom thought of. Now it is possible that an English family may be, or imagine themselves to be, comfortable under such circumstances, but to Americans such an existence would be almost unbearable. Americans occupying a London house would consider it necessary to keep grate fires going in all the rooms, besides having gas-stoves in the halls and landings. Hence, the fuel bill would be a large item among the household expenses.

The same may be said in regard to food. English people do not, as a rule, spend as much money on their tables as do the Americans. It is not because bread or meat, or the same kinds of vegetables are cheaper here than in New York, nor because they buy food of an inferior quality. It is a question of variety and not quality. Englishmen do not care for

THE BONE MAN.

the many little side dishes which an American considers necessary to a proper meal. They demand substantial things, like roast beef, potatoes either boiled or mashed, sprouts, cauliflower, vegetable marrow, and a pudding. The American spends his money in procuring variety. He wants a different kind of hot meat every day, a different kind of soup, a different kind of vegetable, and a different kind of rich pastry, and he further demands that his potatoes shall not be prepared in the same way oftener than once a fortnight. This variety costs more money than sameness—hence the cost of filling the New York larder is greater than that of supplying the London larder. But if, on the other hand, two families, one in New York and the other in London, should agree to live precisely the same for one month as regards fire and food and then compare their accounts, it would be found that in New York the smaller amount of money had been expended.

Some time ago a rather interesting discussion on "How to Save" was started in one of the London dailies by a lady who wanted to know how to procure all the comforts and some of the luxuries of life for her family of seven on her husband's income of £400 per year. Numerous would-be helpers started out to tell her how to do this; but it turned out that not one properly answered her. Instead of telling the distracted matron how to *procure* what she wanted, each adviser told her how to do without the things she desired. She must deny herself theatres, she must not buy books and magazines, she must have cold meat three times a week for dinner, and many and various were the other things she must deny herself. In the end, the lady wrote a reply to her critics, in which she wittily stated that she had not asked to be taught how to do without things, but how to get them.

Now, this is the secret of cheap living in London, the knowing how to "do without." There are great possibilities in practising the art of "doing without." My attention was recently called to an article by an Englishwoman, who attempted to tell young ladies how to live on fifty pounds a year. Certainly the writer proved her point—that it was possible for girls to exist on that amount—but we all knew that before. Some time ago I made the acquaintance of a London woman journalist, who informed me that off her salary of two guineas a week she was able to board and clothe herself, keep a bedroom and sitting-room, and save 10s. each week, and demanded to know whether a New York journalist could do the same. I thought it quite doubtful; but on visiting her, I decided that she might live in the same style in New York quite as cheaply as she was doing in London. In one of the worst streets of Pimlico the young lady hired a bedroom and sitting-room with cooking and "attendance," for 12s. per week. Her food, which she bought herself and had cooked by her landlady cost her 8s. 6d. per week, her laundry another shilling. For clothes, 'bus fare, newspapers, library subscriptions, etc., she spent 8s. 6d. and the remainder of the two guineas she put in the savings bank. Let it be remembered that the house she lived in was filthy and necessarily unhealthy, that a slatternly "general" never cleaned her apartments properly, that she stinted herself as regarded food, slept on a hard bed, lived in a cold room, walked herself almost to a shadow to save 'bus fare, and it is a question as to whether, after all, she was so happily situated.

Many Americans have heard wonderful tales of English clerks, book-keepers, and men of similar occupations, who are "passing rich" on salaries of £100 or £150 a year, and are able to bring up and educate their large families in comfort and even luxury. Having investigated a few of these cases, I have found that the lives of such people are not nearly so bright as they have been painted. It is only by the strictest economy that they keep up their appearance of comfort. In a word, the secret of their existence is that they "do without."

Americans, as a nation, are an extravagant people. They spend their money quite as freely as they spend their energy. When away from the hustle and bustle of business, they like to be comfortable, and are willing to spend a large amount of money in making themselves so. The New Yorker's idea of comfort is different from that of the Londoner, and it may perhaps cost him more to gratify his ambitions in that direction; but this fact does not prove that the cost of living is less in London than in New York.

An English family making their home in New York would find no difficulty in living according to their accustomed style on the same amount of money that they expended in London. While they would be obliged to spend a larger amount for clothing, the smaller outlays in other directions would quite make up for this difference, and in the end they could prove to their own satisfaction that money goes quite as far in New York as in London.

OUR BELONGINGS: THE FATHERS.

"A STARE THROUGH THE PARENTAL *PINCE-NEZ*" (*p.* 590).

THE head of the household! We approach this topic with a feeling akin to awe. The attitude the lord and master chooses to take, the line it pleases him to walk in, his likes and dislikes, his wishes, whims, fads and fancies, and his will, dominate the homes of nine-tenths of English people. He is sometimes a despot from whose fiat there is no appeal, and he is intensely feared. Sometimes he is the prime mover in every delight for the children, the helper in all that can promote their happiness and welfare. We all know the father who is his sons' chief friend and adviser, to whom Reginald and George apply in every difficulty that comes across their paths. Others there are who shut themselves up, and are, as it were, hedged about with such a majesty, that for all they know of their household, and their belongings of them, they might as well be separated by half a continent.

But between these two extremes come the great bulk of the patresfamilias who have to earn their daily bread, and spend the best part of their days in the City, coming home jaded and weary, with little chance of influencing, helping, or directing the children's

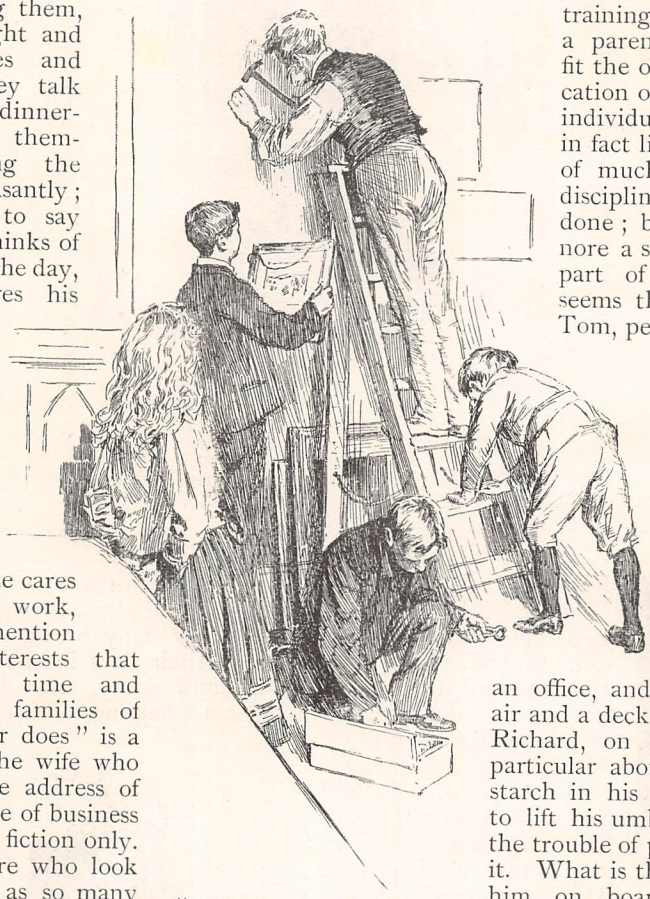
"SUBJECTS FOR EXPERIMENTS."

lives. To these, who spend so small a part of their existence at home, the rapid development of their boys and girls is an ever-recurring surprise; and when young Robinson comes for that interview in which he asks the hand of Gwendolen, his request shocks her parent into the perception that his eldest girl has been grown up for a year or two. To these fathers the women of the household are kind, petting and caressing them, putting out of sight and sound annoyances and worries, while they talk brightly at the dinner-table, and devote themselves to making the evenings pass pleasantly; and we venture to say that when pater thinks of his family during the day, he always pictures his girls well dressed and with happy faces, and their mother a lady of leisure without a care.

Fathers there are who, when they close their office doors shut within them all the cares incidental to their work, and who never mention at home the interests that absorb so much time and thought; to the families of these "what father does" is a sealed book, and the wife who does not know the address of her husband's place of business is not a creature of fiction only.

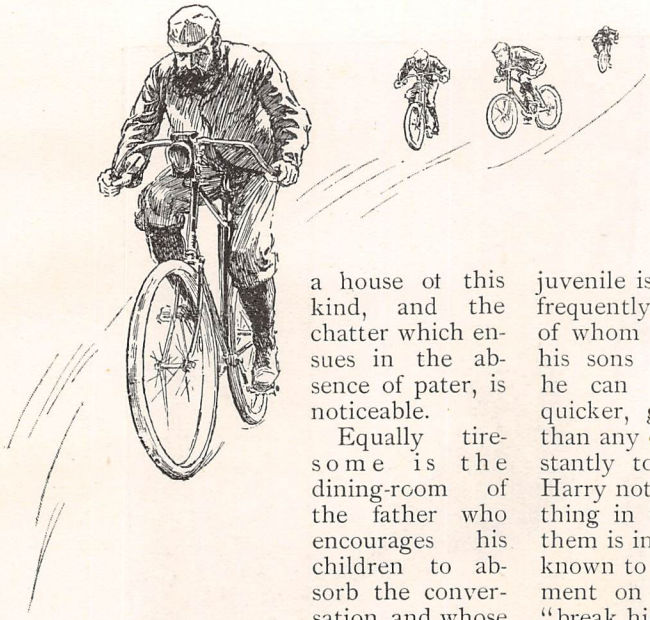
Fathers there are who look on their children as so many subjects for experiment, and who bring up Mary and Alphonso perhaps by a system of stern repression and continual thwarting, while they educate Jenny and Paul with gushing indulgence, expecting the same good results to follow in each case. Naturally this course leads to disaster, *if* it be not guided by a study of the several characters, but from the mere whim of the ruler. Then again, there are fathers who make it a point of duty to treat all their children exactly alike, and make no allowance for the force of temperament, physique, or intellect; who are as harsh to Harry and Lucy for follies they commit through high spirits and being easily led away, as they would be if they were committed by Robert or Mary, whose dispositions prevent them from being betrayed into similar misdoings.

Then again in education or choice of occupation, who does not know the parent who has mapped out each child's position and calling for it directly it was born? and who does not remember with sadness the endings that too often follow such training? It is true that a parent cannot always fit the occupation or education of each child to the individual disposition: and in fact life would be bereft of much of its necessary discipline if this could be done; but entirely to ignore a strong bent on the part of a child always seems the worst of folly. Tom, perhaps, adores the sea, and finds stormy nights and hard work "up aloft" have for him neither terror nor discomfort, but he feels stifled if he has to live in a small house, and loathes gas-lit rooms. To make him a clerk in an office, and deny him fresh air and a deck walk, is cruelty. Richard, on the contrary, is particular about the amount of starch in his shirts, and hates to lift his umbrella because of the trouble of properly refurling it. What is the use of sending him on board a merchant-steamer to learn the ways of mariners? He loves his desk and his work, and finds tennis and golf clubs supply him amply with fresh air and exercise.



"WHO CANNOT HANG A PICTURE WITHOUT THE AID OF THE WHOLE TRIBE."

The father who never expects his boys and girls to be provided with opinions of their own, or to offer remarks during breakfast or dinner, is not an adorable specimen of the race; it naturally paralyses William or Amelia if their feeble comment on the fate of Lobengula, or the history of the Home Rule Bill, are met only by a stare through the parental *pince-nez*, which is adjusted for the purpose, and a scornful "humph." The contrast between the silence in which meals are taken in



"HE CAN GIVE HIS SONS POINTS AND BEAT THEM."

a house of this kind, and the chatter which ensues in the absence of pater, is noticeable.

Equally tiresome is the dining-room of the father who encourages his children to absorb the conversation, and whose perpetual "What do you think, Jack?" "What do you say to that, Emma?" elicit nothing but the crude opinions of untaught minds, and render a rational discussion of anything impossible.

We rather love the parent who constantly requires all his family to be in his sight, who cannot bear that they should go away to stay or be absent in the evenings, and who, as Mr. Jerome so graphically describes, cannot hang up a picture without the aid of his whole tribe, and who then does not put it up straight. He is pleasanter than the parent who never inquires the whereabouts of his children and is more contented to come home and dine *tête-à-tête* with mater than to see his table surrounded by his young people.

The father who is distinctly juvenile is also often to be met with—more frequently indeed than the frisky matron of whom we used to be told; he can give his sons points in games and beat them; he can walk further, ride better, cycle quicker, get up earlier, and work harder than any of his boys, and does not fail constantly to tell them so. Jack, Tom, and Harry not infrequently discover that the one thing in which their parent does not excel them is in a race uphill, and they have been known to incite him to that form of amusement on purpose that they may for once "break his record."

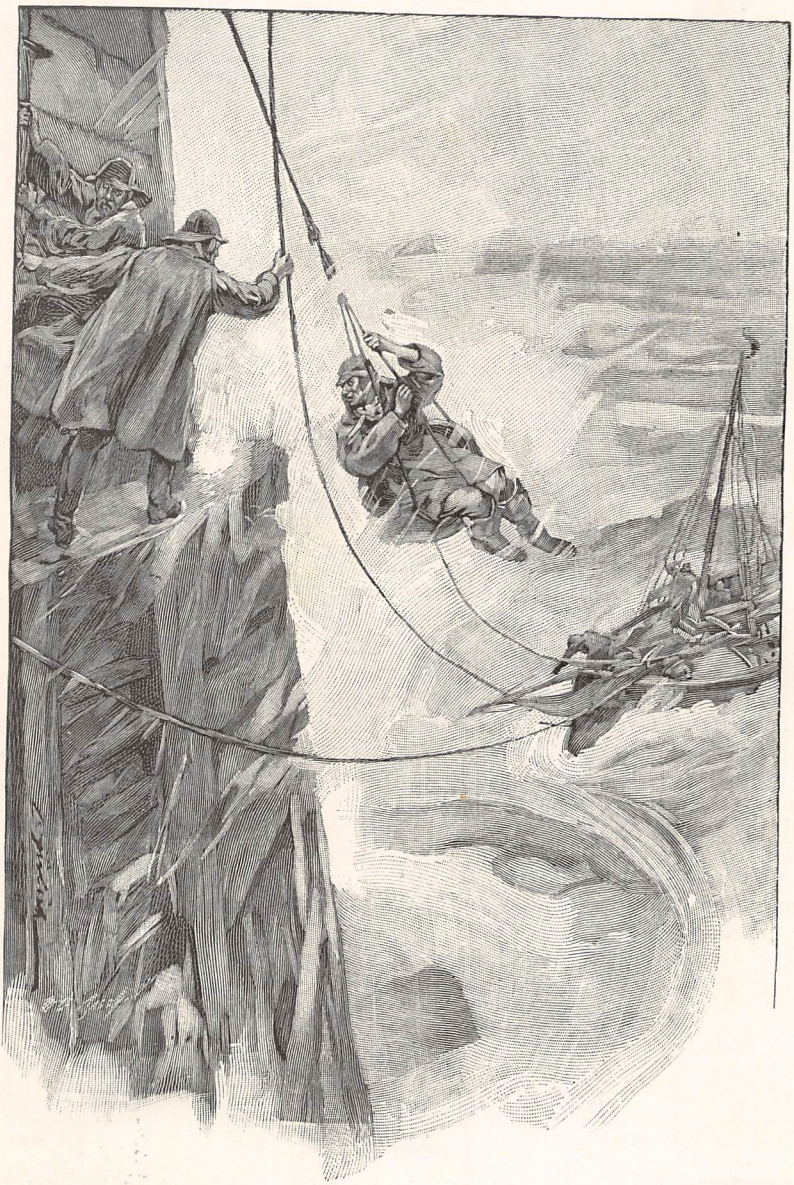
But wandering in and out of English houses, must we not all confess that the British paterfamilias is a person worthy of admiration and esteem? He works hard, he grumbles little, he is contented, unselfish, earnestly anxious for the true well-being of his boys and girls, and filled with affection for them; he is honest, cheerful, hopeful, and true, and if his children sometimes consider him wanting in a taste for high art, or an appreciation of real literature, yet they may be congratulated if they in their turn become as useful members of society.

M. R. L.

FOGO SKERRIES.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

DO I know the Skerries? Well, I'd ought to know them, I reckon, if anybody does. They're away to starboard, sir. It's the loneliest lighthouse on the Newfoundland coast; clear out of the beaten track of ships—only put there owing to the fog, through vessels getting belated, as you may say, when it's thick on the Banks, and mistaking their right course for the Straits of Belle Isle, a good hundred and fifty miles to norrard. You wouldn't think a navigator 'd go a hundred and fifty miles out of his right course, now would you? Well, all I can say is, you don't know the Banks in the dead of winter. Feeling your way, that's what I call it—like a hansom in London streets in November; and worse still in summer, when the ice is about. Glad to find sea-room anywhere, then, out of the way of the icebergs. They don't carry no pilot, that's where it is, don't you see; icebergs is irresponsible. It's all very well with Atlantic liners, going their sixteen knots an hour, and full steam ahead; they've a skipper and a look-out man. But a berg—why, she runs under all sail before the strongest wind, and don't care a red cent for



"THE SEA ROSE IN A SHEET O' FOAM" (*p.* 594).

the rule o' the road at sea ; she luffs, and she veers, and she careens when she chooses ; she collides at will, and nobody ain't answerable for her to the Court of Admiralty.

Yes, that was a narrow squeak I had, sir, on the Fogo Skerries, as the mate was just a-saying to you. Cured *me* o' lighthouses—that it did, for ever. I was a lonesome sort o' chap in those days, disliking company, through having been bullied by the bosun on my first ship, and took a fancy to a lighthouse, as some does under such circumstances. Jim and me was alone there for nigh on five year. I'd been a cooper, and he'd been a gardener, afore we took to the sea. And we pulled it off pretty well, being both of us well-mannered chaps, with civil tongues in our heads, as the mate will tell you. The mate sailed twice with Jim and me on the *Europa*.

Well, after we'd been five years on the Skerries, we were both relieved at once, one time, for our six weeks ashore, and the regular relief men was put in to replace us,

So off we went to St. Jonns to spend our wages. Not that I spent much of mine, being always a sober man, though it's me that says it, and having it in my mind to retire in time, and get a girl of my own, as would tidy things up a bit. And also Jim similarly likewise. A lighthouse ain't exactly what you'd call a career, don't you see, except it might be a shore one like the Lizard and such, where there's married quarters; it's more what you may term a sort of preparation, fitting a man for life if so minded.

At St. Johns I met a girl, and a pretty girl, too—I'll show you her photographt, sir, when I go down to my bunker—and I took quite a fancy to her. Her name was Mariette, being English to speak to, but French-Canadian by origin; her family come from the Magdalen Isles, them rocky stacks as you leave to starboard sailing up to the Port of Quebec through the Gulf of St. Lawrence. She was in a store in St. Johns, and a proper-spoken girl as ever took a sailor. But the odd part of it was, Jim went similar crazy on that same girl, too—as bad as me, about—and we was both of us pretty bad, through not seeing a woman's face sometimes for nigh on a twelvemonth. But Mariette, she was just like a woman; you know the ways of 'em, sir, I don't doubt, as is a married man yourself, and used to the business. *She* wouldn't let us see which on us she liked the best, bless you, being artful, of course, and flattered at our quarrelling over her, but just coquetted, like, with both of us, always telling the one how she was going out next Wednesday evening with the other, and such-like womanly ways, as is irritating and unendurable beyond a man's self-control, bless the pretty dear hearts of 'em! I could see from the first, though, she liked *me* best, through all of it; but the worst of it was, Jim could see just as plain it was *him* she liked; and so it came to words, and she wouldn't say *yes* or *no* to neither of us.

The day we left St. Johns, we set off on a lighthouse cutter, and Mariette, she come aboard to say good-bye to us. She slipped me a note into my hand as we were leaving. I didn't look at it just then, but I looked when we were well out. It said no more nor this: "Dear Tom, I do. When you come back next shift, if you're so minded still, why, I'll up and marry you." Meaning I'd said she didn't care for me.

All the way to the Skerries, though, Jim was that quarrelsome as I'd never seen him afore. He knew Mariette had passed me a note, and he was clean mad with jealousy. Even before the men on the cutter he kept nagging and girding at me. And being a man that's pretty free with my tongue myself when I get my blood up, I won't deny I give it him back fair and square every time he let out at me.

"Look here, you lighthouse fellows," the cap'n of the cutter he says to us; "it won't do for you two to fight like this if you're going to spend six months on the Skerries together. There'll be murder, I reckon. You'd better make it up, or else toss for the young woman."

"Toss for her!" says I. "Toss for that lady!" For it riled me to hear him put it so. "Cap'n, you'd better keep a civil tongue in your head. No man ain't going to insult any lady afore me," says I, bridling up. "Talk of murder," says I; "there'll be murder somewhere," says I, "if anybody speaks a blessed word again that lady."

"Hoity-toity!" says the cap'n; "fine words don't butter no parsnips," says he. "Never heard such a fuss about a sailor's Poll," says he. "One would think it was a duchess!" And before the words was well out of his teeth we was both of us upon him; me with my hands, through not allowing anyone to speak improper of a lady as I respected; and similarly Jim likewise, in a way as did credit, no doubt, to his feelings, though not to the extent of opening his clasp-knife, which I call it unsportsmanlike. For, man to man, a clasp-knife ain't my idea of fair British fighting.

Well, as soon as I see the knife, I up and forward, and held Jim off; and Jim, he turned upon me, and—

"You cur," says he, trembling, "ain't you got the common decency to resent a insult to a woman?" says he. "Are you going to put up with that?" says he. "Or do you call yourself a coward!"

"Resent it fair enough," says I, "if it's fists you mean; but when it comes to clasp-knives," says I, "you must know, yourself, Jim, it's neither fair nor British."

Still we had a lot o' to trouble to keep Jim quiet; and all the rest of the way to the Skerries, he was uproarious at times, partly through jealousy, and partly through rum, and partly through resenting, as was proper, the insult to a lady. But he was a long sight angrier with me than with the cap'n, calling me a white-livered cur, and a cowardly beggar, and other words to that effect or similar, on account of the letter.

When we got to the Skerries, sea was running pretty high with a gale from the nor'-east; and being impossible to run alongside, we had to swing up in the basket. Spray was dashing over the top of the lantern; so it was a good many tries before the relief men succeeded in getting the rope and cage out to

us safely. I was the first to be hauled off. It was an awful morning. I'm not one to fear storms, having been used to them, as you may say, from birth and before, through my father being a mariner; but I was frightened that morning: I don't deny it. As they hauled me up to the door, the sea broke upon the big Skerry. It rose in a sheet o' foam; for a minute it blinded me. I was wet through, of course; that ain't nothing to a lighthouse-man; I was drenched and swimming in it. The sea was everywhere; but that wasn't all. Though I was tied in to the basket, as we always are in what you may call rough weather, I thought I should be tore out; I thought the force o' the wave would snap the cage and dash the cords to pieces. It slapped me with a slap, the same as an elephant might give if he'd a hand to give it with. The water was all around me. For a minute, I didn't know whether I was alive or drownded. But I thought it was drownded, and I waited for the end of it.

As the wave cleared away, I stared down. There I could see Jim standing on the deck o' the cutter, and looking up at me eagerly. And I knew what he was looking for. He was looking to see whether it had washed me out of the basket.

When he saw I was safe, he said never a word; but he just turned aside, as the cutter rocked and rolled and held off with difficulty, and he pulled such a face as I never saw on mortal man afore, and never want to see again—live as old as Methuselah. It was the face of a devil. You see, we lighthouse-men, through not mixing much with women, we get mad when we go back; and Jim was mad that day, by me getting of the letter.

Well, they hauled me in, all safe; and there I stood by the top door a minute, wiping my eyes and face, with the salt water a-blinding me. The door's seventy feet above high tide level. And as I stood there, holding the rope and wiping my eyes like a fool, the sea rose again, as you may say, like a dragon; and it burst in of the door, and half filled the room, and dashed up to the ceiling. But I clung to the iron steps for dear life; and as soon as it cleared away again, I was up the ladder, hand over hand, and into the living room.

By-and-by Jim come up too. We watched him from the window; and the sea caught him quite similar; but he lived through it somehow. When he got into the living room, he looks at me and says—

"I thought it was all up with *you*," says he; "but the sea hadn't force enough."

And that was about the last Christian word he says for three blessed weeks to me.

Well, the relief men could see relations was a trifle strained between us, as the saying is; and they was doubtful whether or not to leave us alone together. But, bless you, there's no time to stop and think, with the cutter standing off, and the sea beating on, and the spray dashing up over the top of the lantern. So we slung 'em into the basket, and tied 'em safe in, and off we hauled; and Jim and me was left alone on the Skerries.

For three blessed weeks we never spoke a word, not excepting it might be: "Go up and 'tend the lantern," or "Clean the reflectors," or "Bring out the biscuit." At the end o' that time, Jim glaring at me every day as if he wanted to kill me, I happened once to touch his hand in passing.

"Why, Jim, man," says I, "you're burning hot like fever."

"Fever it is," says Jim; "not as I want to trouble you."

He sat down with his head in his hand. He was deadly white, but burning. In a minute, I saw he was ill as a man can be. He had been holding up out of pride, not wishing to speak to me.

"Jim, old man," says I, trying to soothe him, "we two have always been pals. You'd better go to bed. You ain't fit to be up, man."

"Who are you calling a pal?" says he, turning upon me quite fierce-like. "I'm no pal of yours. If I choose to die, I shall die standing."

He sat there an hour or more, just turning his head a bit; then I saw he was that ill he couldn't sit up no longer. So I went over and laid my hand upon his shoulder.

"Don't touch me, sir," says he, very haughty.

But I took no notice. I undressed him and put him to bed, and he was that ill at last he couldn't resist. He just drooped and let me.

There he lay for nine days, getting worse and worse, and me nursing him like a woman. I'd nursed my sister through a decline long before, when I was at the coopering. He was as gentle as a child, once the fever took a good grip of him. He'd lie there and wander, and talk about his mother, and some girl called Maggie, and his father as was dead, and things he'd known when he was no more nor a babby. I tended the lantern, and cleaned up and cooked; and in between whiles, as you may say, I sat in the living room and nursed him. Luckily, we'd provisions suitable. We'd beef-tea in tins, and arrowroot, and Swiss milk, and all that in the stores; and I made him pretty comfortable; not but what the arrowroot was none the better for having been drenched with salt water when we opened the door to come in; but still, for

a lighthouse, he had things nice and tidy. You can't expect the comforts of home in a lighthouse. But he got worse and worse, in spite o' quinine and such; and about the ninth day in, I saw it was all up with him.

He saw it himself, too.

"Tom," he says to me at last, turning over and looking up at me; "I'm dying, I think. Tom, you've been main good to me."

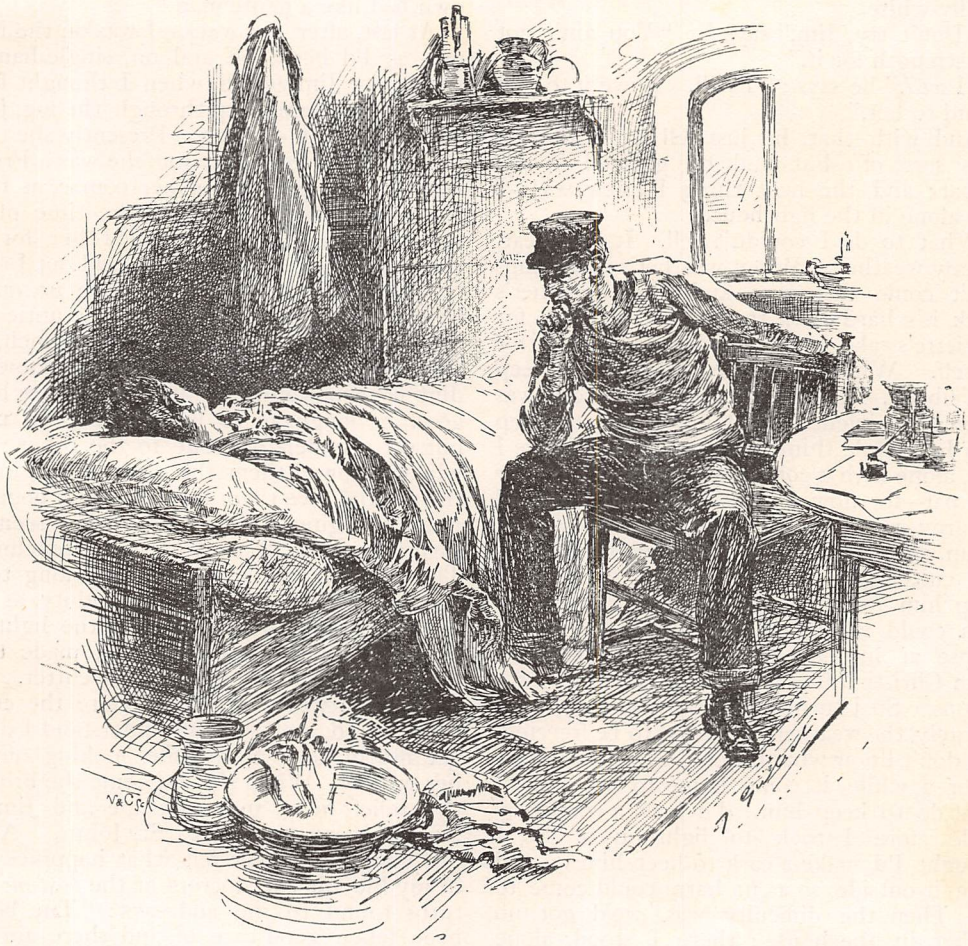
"We was always pals, Jim," says I, feeling a lump in my throat. "Never say die, Jim," says I. "While there's life there's hope."

But I didn't feel none myself; for I see with half an eye the poor chap was a-dying. He shook his head.

"No, Tom," says he; "you're wrong. And I spoke too hasty to you. It wasn't your fault if she liked you best. I did all I could, and so did you, likewise similar. It was a fair game between us; each man for himself. *You* licked, and I couldn't take a licking."

Well, my eyes was pretty moist by that time.

"Jim, old man," says I, "there's been faults on both sides, no doubt," says I; "but if you've wronged me in aught, I freely forgive you," says I; "and if I've done aught to wrong you, I humbly beg your pardon for it."



"AND THE NEXT THING I KNEW WAS—I WAS ALONE IN THE LIGHTHOUSE" (*p.* 596).

He grasps my hand quite fierce.

"Tom," says he, half wandering, "you're a good fellow! Kiss me!"

I stooped down and kissed him, being a dying man. And then something come over me.

"Jim," says I again, "we two have had bad blood. If so be as you die, and the cutter people come again, they'll think I murdered you. Couldn't you write just a line to say it was fever?"

At that he sat up in bed; he was so hit with the idea. He clapped his hand to his head.

"They'll hang you, Tom," he says, "and then *she'll* break her heart for you!"

I brought him pen, ink, and paper. He took 'em, all trembling. Then he leaned forward and tried to write. But, bless you, sir, he couldn't do it. The harder he tried, the worse it seemed to be for him. He was too weak to hold a pen. By-and-by he grew deadly white.

"Don't try, Jim," says I. "You ain't got the strength for it."

"I *will*," he says; "I will. I owe it to you—and to her."

And, with that, he just fell back, and his eyes sort of shut, and he gurgled in his throat; and the next thing I knew was—I was alone in the lighthouse.

What to do I couldn't tell. It was clear, stormy weather. When weather's clear ships don't come that way, and when weather's thick it's hard work to signal 'em. But, for Mariette's sake, I was bound to do the best for myself. Whatever came, I'd got to keep Jim's body. so as the doctors could see it was fever, not violence. But how I was to keep him I couldn't think, to start with. There I was, alone with a corpse, the corpse o' my dear old pal—for now he was dead and gone all the rest was forgotten—out in the stormy ocean, and it might be three months before the cutter came round again. I couldn't keep him in the living-room, of course; no man could eat and drink and sleep with a corpse at his side like that; and it didn't seem Christian-like to keep him in the provisions. So I turned to, and thought. Fortunately, the weather happened to be freezing, or I don't know what I should ever have done. After a while it come home to me what I must do to keep him. I'd been a cooper by trade afore I took to lighthouses. So I thought I'd make a cask to keep him in, and sling it outside, so as no harm could come to it. Then the difficulty was, we'd got no timber in the house; there I stood, alone with the corpse, and no way of getting any. So I tied a rope round my waist, and let myself down, through the spray and waves, to the frozen rock at the base of the lighthouse. She was built on timbers, raised well above the rock; and looking about here, and again there, I soon see where a shaving or so could be spared, and yonder another, without endangering her stability. And working hard like that in all my spare time, to keep off the horror of it, as you may say, I got enough in time for a cask and the hoops of it.

When that cask was made, you can think I was pleased. I put poor Jim into it, and slung him out with a will, and left him there, hanging between heaven and earth, as you may say, and waiting for a ship to come alongside, belated.

But, oh! I *did* have a time of it! Sometimes at night the cask would sway and knock against the wall so I could hear it inside. And it went to my heart to think there was poor Jim in the cold, and me lying snug in my own bed like a gentleman!

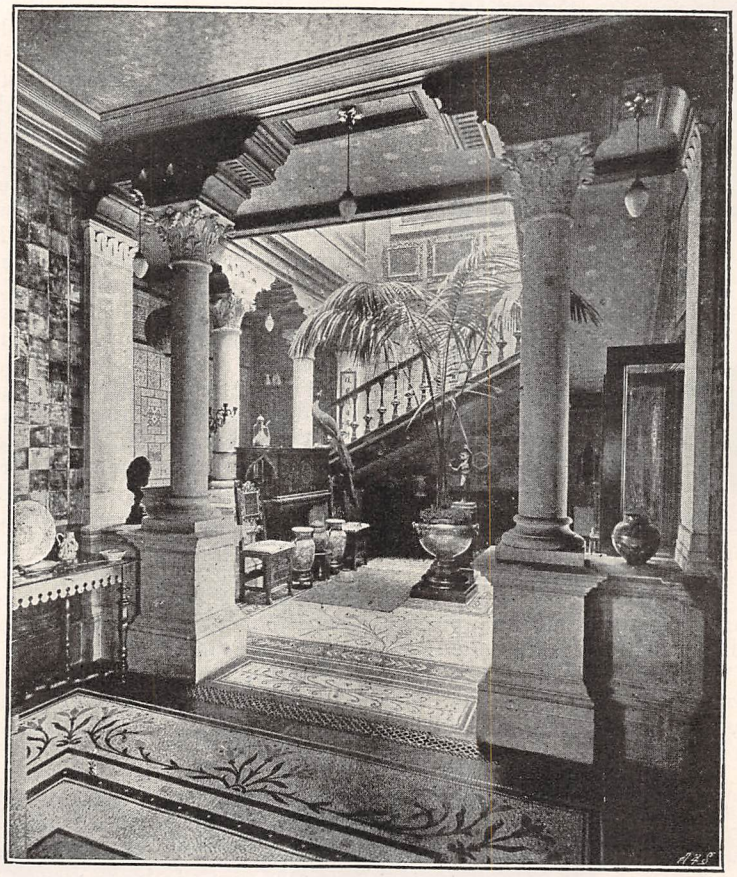
At last, after five weeks, I was on the lookout, as I'd been, off and on, single-handed, since poor Jim got ill, when I thought I saw something looming up through the fog, for it was thick that evening. Presently she come nearer, and I see, to my joy, she was a French fisher vessel—got out of her course, as those Frenchmen mostly does in the time of the lobster fishery. Well, I hailed her for aid, and she answered my signal; and out I slung the basket, and over I went, with no one to hold on, hanging, as you may say, untied, by my eyelids. I couldn't speak no French, nor they no English, similar; but somehow, by dint o' shrugs and suchlike, as is every bit as good as language to Frenchmen, we made ourselves understood one to the other; and when I showed them the cask, a-swinging in the air, and give them to understand poor Jim was a-swinging in it, you should 'a' seen the surprise and amazement of them Frenchmen! They wanted to take me straight along to St. Johns, but being at the post of duty, as you may say, and no one to tend the lights, of course I couldn't go, though I made them comprenny they was to send the cutter.

It was a week even then afore the cutter come round, and you can understand I didn't get much sleep meanwhile, looking out for her whistle. When she did come she brought the relief men, and took me and Jim off. And we went straight to St. Johns. And I tell you, sir, I never felt what happiness was in my life till the doctors at the *post-mortem* turns round to me and says: "The body's been taken good care of, and there ain't no doubt about the cause of death. It's typhoid, that's what it is, contracted ashore, and the deceased seems to have been carefully nursed and tended."

I won't deny to you, sir, I cried like a babe. And now I'll go down to the bunker for Mariette's photographt. They made an Act at once against having less than three men at a time in the Skerries, and they give me a hundred pounds for devotion to duty; and I married Mariette. And not liking a life of danger, or to be away from home, I give up lighthouses and took to the passenger service. Storm, sir? Oh, bless you, I don't mind much for storms. I like a good berth, and no risk from the chimbley-pots.

A CHAT WITH SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

BY THE BARONESS VON ZEDLITZ.



ENTRANCE HALL.

"HARMONY, grace, and rhythm depend on the simplicity of a well-ordered mind, and if our youth are to do their work in life they must make this simplicity their perpetual aim. For all life is full of those qualities which are based on simplicity, and so is every creative and constructive art. . . ." Such is, in a few words, the advice offered by Sir Frederic Leighton, the President of the Royal Academy, to all would-be students of the fine arts.

That he is reticent when being "interviewed," and that he particularly dislikes being asked questions as to his opinions on art generally, may be gathered from the following words, which I have extracted from his letter to me on the occasion when Sir Frederic was kind enough to permit me to call upon him for the purpose of this chat.

"I am the very worst person," he wrote, "to come to on the subject of *myself*, and I have always declined to be interviewed on my general views about schools of art (I speak of tendencies, not institutions), their comparative merits, or their prospects; in other words, about those matters upon which my interviewers generally tend to cross-examine me. But if you think that some facts concerning my life and career will be of use to you, I shall be very happy to see you and tell you as much as I can. . ."

Having thus far obtained Sir Frederic's consent to take a peep at him amid his home surroundings, I took my way to his remarkable house in Holland Park Road, and there the illustrious artist received me with the courtesy and consideration for which he is so justly renowned.

Sir Frederic himself conducted me over

the house, and showed me all its wondrous attractions, explaining that most of the ancient relics, the exquisite silken hangings and em-

SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON, BART., P.R.A.
(*From the bust by Thomas Brock, R.A.*)

broideries, the rare Oriental tiles and pottery, the coloured Eastern glass and Cairene woodwork had been collected by himself during his many travels abroad.

On entering the President's house I was greatly struck by the harmony of design and general air of reposeful grandeur which pervade it. The famous Arab hall, for instance, does not look as if ordinary hands had built, decorated and embellished it; it rather impressed me with the idea that I stood on the threshold of some fairy realm of enchantment.

"I have collected and chosen all these tiles myself," said Sir Frederic, while I lingered in front of a recess which was elaborately studded with Persian tiles of gorgeous design and brilliant colour, "and these blue ones, merging into green on one side, and into purple on the other, date from the seventeenth century."

The roof of the Arab hall is dome-shaped, and pierced by eight arched windows, each one of which is filled with lovely coloured glass imported from the far East. Immediately under the dome is a square basin, in the centre of which a fountain plays, and the President told me that he had sent to Japan for some rare specimens of fish for the basin, but, unfortunately, they were not to be reared in England, and quickly pined away and died.

On three sides of the hall there are arched recesses, each arch being supported by columns of white marble, the capitals of which were designed by Mr. George Aitchison, A.R.A., and ornamented by birds carved by Sir E. Boehm.

The alcove is enticingly fitted up with soft lounge cushions, covered with Oriental silks, and the window-shutters and screens are composed of rare Cairene woodwork.

Mr. Walter Crane designed the exquisite frieze, which is executed in mosaic, on a golden background running round the hall, and surmounting a set of ancient Persian tiles dating as far back as the tenth century. These represent a park filled with fishermen, and a river containing fish.

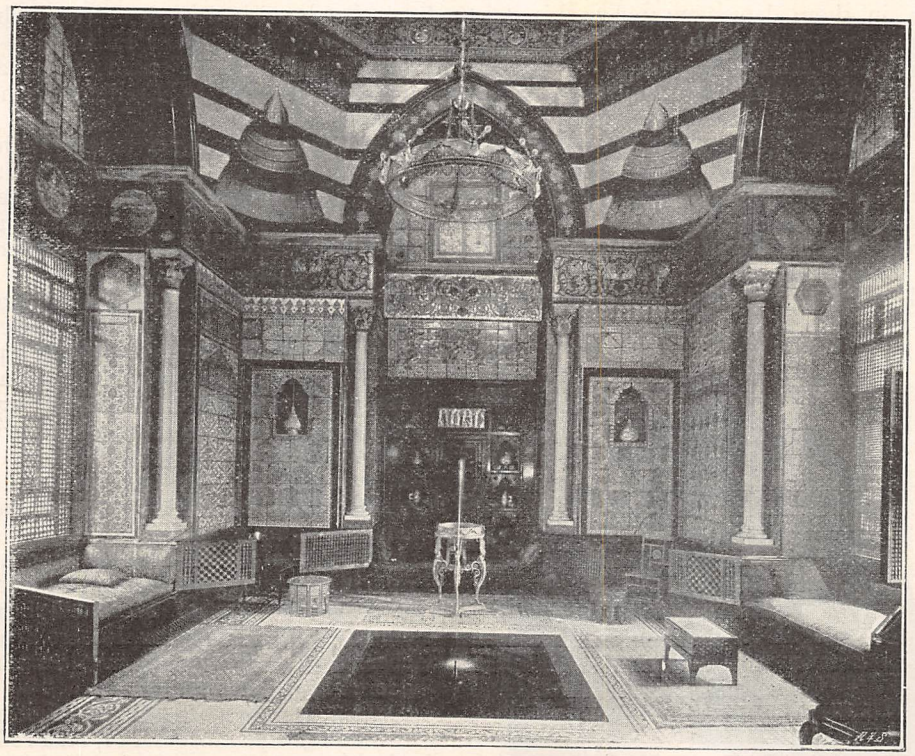
Rare palms, and Damascus, Rhodian, and Persian pottery adorn every available corner or niche, giving this lovely, restful spot an air

A CORNER OF THE STUDIO.

of true Oriental grace and artistic symmetry. But the Arab hall was only one of the many surprises which Sir Frederic's house held for me. Empanelled in a recess in the drawing-room I saw Delacroix's study for the ceiling in the Palais Royal, which is framed in a deep bordering of gold. The four famous panel-paintings by Corot, representing Night, Morning, Noon, and Evening, are hung in pairs on each side of the recess, while a landscape by Constable, and a David Cox hang on the opposite wall. Beside these, the drawing-room contains a remarkable Daubigny, another Corot, the first picture George Mason ever painted after he settled in England, and several other priceless mementoes of celebrated painters.

"Will you come and see my studio now?" said Sir Frederic, and as we slowly ascended the stairs, I noticed an unfinished picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, representing Lord Rockingham, when Prime Minister, seated at a table and giving instructions to Burke, his secretary, which hangs just outside the studio. On the opposite side of the staircase a new room was being built, which Sir Frederic explained was to be devoted to pictures.

The studio is a very large room, and contains an almost unique collection of interesting things. The huge walls are covered with sketches by Sir Frederic, made during his many journeys in all parts of the world. Whether it be a wild spot in Scotland or a glimpse of an Italian sky, a market-place in Hungary or an orange-grove in Andalusia, each picture stands out lifelike and true to Nature.



THE ARAB HALL.

A recess formed by the huge window facing the door has been largely devoted to the display of many interesting statuettes, modelled in clay by the President. The studio proper communicates with an adjoining and smaller studio, where there is such a wonderful manipulation of light that even on particularly dull days Sir Frederic has command over the very last moments of the day Here the President showed me his brush-and-paint table, where he keeps every possible requirement for his work in apple-pie order, and where (blindfold if necessary) he can lay his hand on each particular colour or brush that he may require.

In the studio, with some hesitation, I approached the subject of my visit.

"Tell me something about your training and your early career, Sir Frederic," I began, "a detail or two about the circumstances of your education."

"Curiously enough," said the President, "to-day is my birthday, for I was born on the 3rd of December, 1830. As far back in my boyhood as I can remember I was determined to become an artist. My father was, at first, averse to the idea of my adopting a profession which, in those days, appeared to his strict notions synonymous with the life of an idler: but a visit to Hiram Power, one of the best sculptors of the day, and whose quick eye probably detected in the youthful aspirant some symptoms of artistic possibility—he told my father I could be 'as eminent as I pleased'—persuaded my father to allow me to begin my artistic education in real earnest. This occurred in Florence in 1844–45, when I was fourteen years old. Previously to this I had visited Frankfort in 1844; Rome 1842–43, where I learnt drawing under Meli;

SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON, BART., P.R.A.
(*From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, taken February 22nd*, 1868.)

Dresden and Berlin 1841–42, where, at the age of twelve, I had attended classes at the Academy of Arts."

"Under whose direction did you study in Florence?"

"I studied at the 'Accademia delle Belle Arti,' Bezzuoli and Servolini being my masters during the time of my scholarship."

Sir Frederic did not remain for any considerable period in Florence, but returned to Frankfort, which town he quitted in 1848, going thence to Brussels, where his work made a great impression on the celebrated painters Wiertz and Gallait.

It must be said with truth that Sir Frederic's early life was a roving one, for we learn that he visited Paris in 1849, where he made several studies after Titian; but he did not stay long in the French capital, and returned once more to Frankfort, where he remained until 1852.

Here the student persevered with great ardour and tenacity under the tuition of Steinle, whose admirable method of teaching soon eradicated the faulty mannerisms into which study in the Florentine Academy had led Mr. Leighton.

"Steinle was decidedly the master to whom I owe the most unbounded gratitude," said Sir Frederic. "Under his guidance I painted several pictures, the subjects of which afforded me scope for plenty of free dramatic treatment. Looking back to those days of hard work and study, I recollect, with deep pleasure, the fact that Steinle's patience and devotion to me are among the pleasantest and most enduring memories of my past life."

In 1852 the painter went to Rome, where he pursued his artistic studies while enjoying the companionship of such delightful and eminent men as Thackeray, Robert Browning, Hébert, and many others, who unanimously tendered him their friendship.

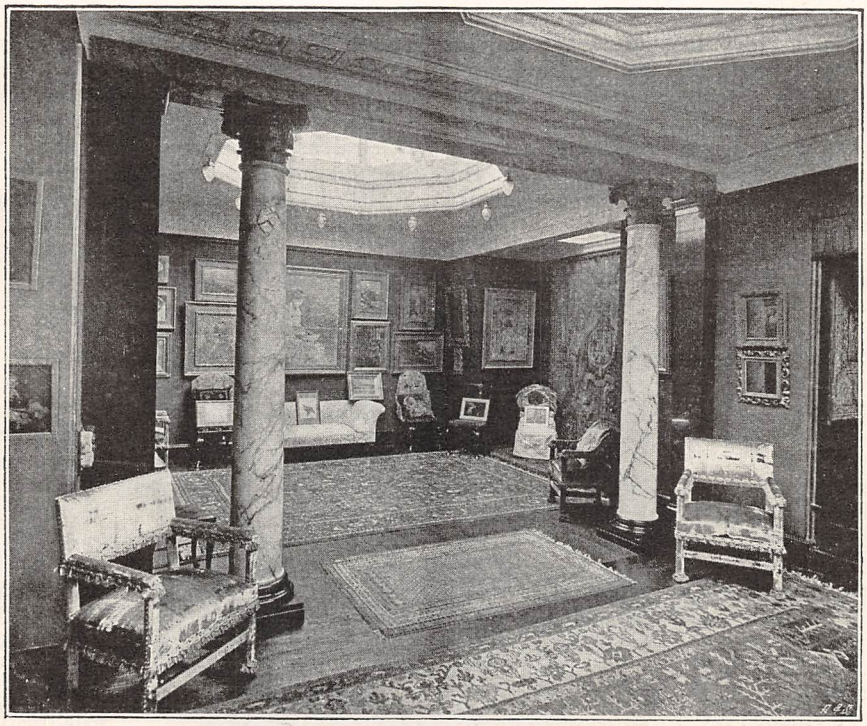
"What is the name of the first picture which brought you into notice, Sir Frederic?" I asked later.

"It is one I painted in Rome called 'Cimabue's Madonna carried in Procession through the Streets of Florence,'" was the President's answer. "I worked on that painting for two years, and it was the first of my works exhibited in London—in 1855."

In 1858 Sir Frederic came to London again and became intimately acquainted with the pre-Raphaelite school of art. In London he produced many paintings, all of which were remarkable for the varied and contrasting styles in which they were executed.

After Sir Frederic had taken up his residence permanently in London, he began to show a marked predilection towards classical subjects for his pictures. His ardour for ancient and mediæval art, his love for all things Greek, inspired him with those suggestions which aroused all the painter's innermost feeling.

"Yes," said Sir Frederic, "I have certainly



THE NEW MUSIC ROOM.

travelled a great deal, as you may gather from the varying scenes which I have committed to canvas. I made it a rule to go abroad in the autumn in order to study Nature's glorious tints and shades in different countries. Damascus is a very favourite spot of mine. I think I prefer it to any other Eastern city."

Sir Frederic has spent considerable time in Spain, where he added some of his most beautiful sketches to the rare collection he had already accumulated.

It was in 1869, I learn, that he was elected a full Academician, and in November, 1878, that he was nominated President of the Royal Academy, soon after which he was knighted by the Queen. The Baronetcy was conferred about six years later. The President's advice to beginners is somewhat to the following effect :—

The fundamental stone upon which to build up a thorough artistic nature should be by necessity an all-round and sound education. The student must accumulate knowledge in every direction in order that his mind may be in a receptive condition, ready to understand all that art will teach him.

A student cannot be forced to learn the exigencies of painting: they must come to him unbidden. Beyond giving wholesome advice and showing a beginner where his faults lie, there is not much that can be done for him—his efforts alone will tell. Sir Frederic is often agreeably or painfully surprised by the progress, or its reverse, achieved by would-be artists who bring him their efforts and ask for his advice. In some cases a great artistic faculty will suddenly develop in a quite unexpected quarter, whereas he has entertained great hopes for the future of certain people who in their early youth have shown signs of budding talent, signs which, alas! have faded away after the accomplishment of one or two promising efforts, leaving a void in the student's mind which can never be filled up.

Sir Frederic has never given lessons, although he has very often given advice to the young, nor does he allow students to work on his pictures. I asked the President his reason for this.

"I cannot endure," he explained, "that a strange hand should touch my works. On two occasions some accessories were added to two large frescoes of mine, but I have not permitted this on any of my other works, for I am never really satisfied unless I have personally applied every stroke of the brush to the picture."

The President is a very early riser, for his daily duties are manifold. At a very early hour in the morning his letters are brought to him, and every one he opens and reads himself, while his secretary merely answers them for him at his dictation. "No letter ever leaves the house in my name unless I have read and signed it myself," says the President. "In this matter I am particularly strict."

It may be easily imagined that Sir Frederic's correspondence is enormous, but his courtesy and promptitude in replying to his many correspondents are equally great. We have all heard of his kindness and beneficence to struggling artists and to those who are in distress, or poor, lonely, and afflicted. He never thinks it a trouble or an inconvenience to do a generous action, or to visit a sick friend, or to write a few encouraging or sympathetic lines to someone in need of advice or consolation. Benevolence, uprightness, and kind-heartedness are written in every characteristic line of his face.

SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON, BART., P.R.A.
(From a photograph by W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.)

I should think that Sir Frederic carries his love of method into everything he does, and that he lives by rule, as though life belonged to time rather than time to life. Even now he is always hard at work, and never happier than when seated before his easel with palette and brush in hand.

From the long catalogue of great works by Sir Frederic it would be impossible to enumerate more than a few. As I said before, the picture of "The Madonna being carried through the Streets of Florence," was the first of his pictures which called the attention of the British public to his genius, and was also the work upon which his career greatly depended. The success it met with on all sides is historical, and the fact that the Queen bought it and had it transferred to Buckingham Palace is yet another proof of distinguished appreciation.

Great works were accomplished in Rome as well as in London, and among his many fine pictures of later years are conspicuous, "The Syracusan Woman leading Wild Beasts to the Temple of Diana," "Helen of Troy," "Dante going forth into Exile," "The Spanish Dancing-girl," and "Phryne at Eleusis."

To "Dædalus and Icarus," painted in 1869, Sir Frederic in some measure owes his election as R.A. Another great favourite among Sir Frederic's works is "The Summer Moon" (1872), which represents two young girls asleep on a balcony overpowered by the warmth of a summer's eve.

"The Music Lesson" is a picture dating from 1877, and "Elijah in the Wilderness" has been set down as being one of the most forcible of all Sir Frederic's scriptural renderings.

In decorative art the President's works are many and various. He has especially devoted a considerable time to fresco painting, "The Arts of Peace" and the "Arts of War" being among the priceless collection of works contained in the South Kensington Museum.

As a sculptor he takes a foremost place among workers in this particular branch of art, and a hurried glance round the statuettes and bronzes in Sir Frederic's studio shows that also in this he has worked hard and zealously to achieve such perfection of workmanship as has been attainable to his brilliant and masterful capacity.

A REASSURING WORD ABOUT CANCER.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

THERE has been considerable discussion lately, both in the medical and lay press, as to the alleged increase in the frequency of cancer. It is generally admitted that the recorded cases are more numerous than they were twenty years ago, but this fact has been explained by some authorities by the greater precision of medical knowledge—a more exact diagnosis of disease being made than formerly—and by the increase in population. A vast array of statistics was dealt with, but before any certain conclusion can be drawn it is evident that further investigation is necessary. There is, however, no doubt that the great recorded increase is more apparent than real.

Cancer is held in such universal dread—this is not surprising when the terrible nature of the disease is considered—and so much misapprehension in regard to it prevails, that I think it worth while to correct a few of the popular impressions which so frequently make treatment difficult and cure impossible.

It has long been thought that cancer is strongly hereditary, and that it is therefore a family disease. This view is supported by numerous instances, but more recent investigation shows that as in other diseases, the influence of heredity has been over-estimated. It was also thought to be a disease of middle age, and though it is true that it attacks most often those in the full vigour of life, no age is wholly exempt from liability to cancer. We know little even yet of its cause. Its origin is often ascribed to an injury: it has been attributed to the persistent irritation of the skin (as in chimney-sweep's cancer, which is produced by the constant irritation of soot). Usually, however, no cause can be assigned. Technically, cancer is regarded as a new growth. Some of the living cells in the body multiply abnormally, producing a degenerate tissue which in time spreads and invades the neighbouring parts. The lymphatic glands may become affected—the disease then ceases to be local, and becomes constitutional. There has been much speculation concerning the cause of this unwonted activity on the part of the cells. It has been suggested that the particular cells which develop into the cancerous tumour are remnants of embryonic cells, which, under favourable conditions—what these are being unknown at present—grow and multiply. More lately, attention has been fixed upon another theory—that cancer is of the nature of a parasitic disease. The microscopical appearances upon which this view is based are variously interpreted. Even convincing evidence of contagiousness of cancer is wanting, though some have thought that the inhabitants of certain houses are more liable than others to the disease. The use of certain articles of food, *e.g.* tomato, has been supposed to induce cancer, but there is no foundation for this idea. There has also been noticed an excessive prevalence in certain areas—that is to say, cancer has a geographical distribution. An adequate explanation of this incidence is still wanting. On the whole, it is more prudent to abstain from adopting any theory at present. There is one point, however, upon which all observers agree: At first cancer is a local disease, and the greatest danger depends upon delay in treatment. How many people, though perfectly aware of the existence of a tumour or lump, which increases gradually but surely in size, wait for months before they seek advice!! Too often the favourable time is past, and they are too late.

There is no doubt that if treated early, cure is possible in the majority of cases. A few words in reference to treatment. Drugs are absolutely useless. Drug after drug of reputed efficacy has been carefully tested by competent observers and found useless. Occasionally a new "cure" is introduced. "Hope reigns eternal in the human breast," and any temporary improvement is described as a cure, and thus another source of delay is introduced. It must not be thought that medical men condemn drugs without previous full investigation—it is the certainty of their knowledge which makes them so opposed to the fatal waste of time involved in the trial of a drug. If an abscess forms anywhere, it is a matter of common knowledge that it must discharge before recovery is possible. All the medicines in the world will not dissipate it. We apply local treatment to an abscess and to a wen. Cancer must be dealt with in a similar manner. It is essential not to irritate the disease: so that rubbing in irritating ointments and the application of caustics must be avoided. Poultices are of no avail. The only remedy is early removal. There are two methods by which this may be done: (1) By the application of strong caustics which destroy the growth, and (2) by surgical operation. The latter method is to be generally recommended. It is more speedy, more certain, less painful, and more safe.

There is a number of people who live in continual dread of suffering from this disease, and this dread makes their life miserable. I advise them to consult a doctor, who will be able to give their mind ease in that respect. If, perchance, they are so suffering, early treatment being imperatively necessary for success, they will be more likely to recover permanently. I have written hopefully of the result of the early treatment of cancer, but not more hopefully than the evidence warrants me in doing. I repeat that there is only one plan: the early and complete removal of the growth by surgical operation. The tendency of the disease is to spread and to extend. Delay is therefore most dangerous. It will be obvious that I have been considering only those forms which manifest themselves externally, and it is fortunate that these are most frequent. Recent progress in surgery has rendered it possible for many cases, even of internal cancer, to be relieved, so that we need regard no longer with absolute dismay and despair the occurrence of this disease.

A few words of warning in conclusion. In no other disease is there such a tendency for those who are affected to consult irregular practitioners. In all parts of the country there is someone—generally an old woman—with a high reputation for skill and success in the treatment of cancer. Undoubtedly some people recover under her hands, but they were at no time affected by cancer. Those really affected by the disease derive no benefit, and ultimately return for relief to their old doctor. From what I have already written, it will be obvious that it is vain to expect a cure from dalliance with the disease.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS AT THATCHAMLET.

"FOR the sake of the old people!—for the sake of the old people!" The speaker was an interesting girl, rendered additionally attractive by her obvious distress; and she muttered the words with eyes full of tears and from between quivering lips, as she came forward into the cold and squalor of the big room of the village school at Thatchamlet.

She was the mistress of the humble little institution that nestled close within the shadow of the bluff, square tower of the church. She had come to Thatchamlet a year since from the British and Colonial Training College, burning with one great resolve: that of shedding—be it ever so little—sweetness and light around her. Oh, for the wreck in that short time of her fondest ideals! Oh, for the sordid and ugly visages that thrust themselves between her and her nobly-inspired conceptions!

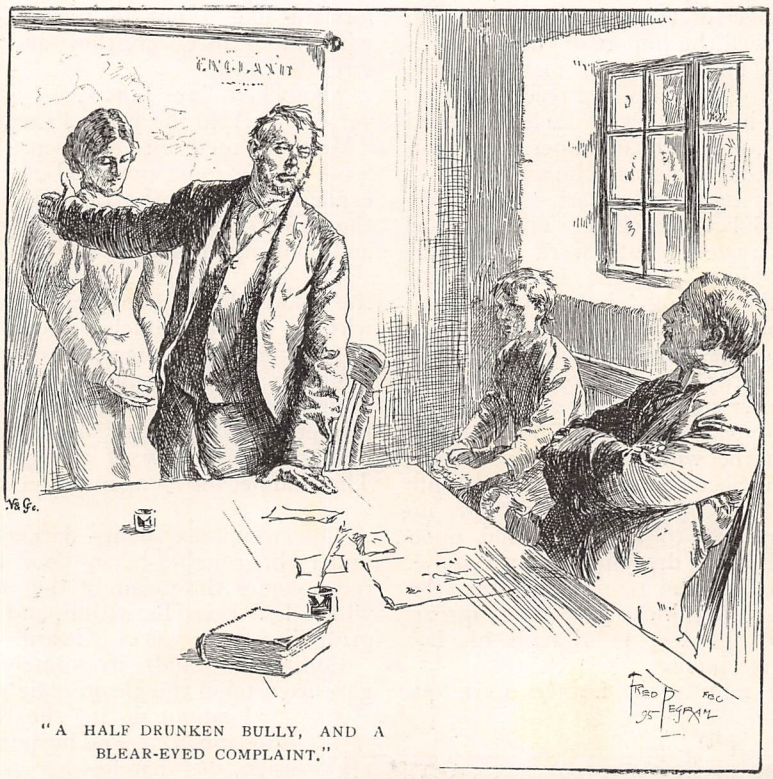
Yet the hardness passed away from her face, as often and again she thought of "the old folks!" "For their sakes!" brought resignation and even joyousness under circumstances of the most crushing and despairful character.

It was "for their sakes" that Constance Overton hung her head and bit her lip under every new indignity meted out to her at the hands of the brutalised illiterates who called themselves her masters. "For their sakes!" quelled the spirit welling over, and subdued the righteous passion.

Was it not enough that month by month she could call at the counter of the hobbling postmistress and waft to the old people that ray of light and comfort which their declining years and straitened circumstances so much needed?

The supreme satisfaction of the monthly errand blotted out even the memory of those hideous second Thursdays, when the members of her sweetly reasonable School Committee in the little class-room of the village school. To-day it was an irate and masterful representative of the gentler sex, protesting, with arms akimbo, that Miss Overton, or whatever she called herself, should not punish her Mary Ann—to all of which the committee of judgment sat and said "Amen" and "Hear, hear!"

At the last meeting it was a half-drunken bully, who had been recently fined for grossly and persistently feeding his own lazy indulgence upon the puny labours of the scrap of humanity that called him, with unconscious



"A HALF DRUNKEN BULLY, AND A BLEAR-EYED COMPLAINT."

irony, "Father"—it was a half-drunken bully, and a blear-eyed complaint about a lost cap.

With one and all of these unlovely products of Arcadia, the members of the Board invariably expressed complete and effusive sympathy. Were there not the votes to look after? And poor Constance was as invariably called in, not to be heard or even questioned in her own defence—such ways are not fashionable when ignorance is in such authority—but to be brutally and callously reproved face to face with those upon whose children she was expending the very pith of her substance.

The fact of the matter is, that Constance was not popular with her masters; she was "too much ov the foine lady for oi!" for the five of them. Steadily and severely she checked the beery leer, and frowned down the clumsily-handled *double entendre* which, in the early days of her life at Thatchamlet, had made its appearance amidst a salvo of guffaws.

But worse than all this: six months since had been the Harvest time, and the schoolmistress had learned with dismay that the members of the Board, one and all, would need to employ the children in the fields long after the usual holiday had expired. But they argued with and cajoled Constance Overton in vain. So these enlightened ones, after reading with much perturbation one scathing entry in the school log-book, found for the first time and paid for other labour, and loved their new mistress all the more.

"For the sake of the old people!"—and she went vacantly and almost tearfully about her weary task at the close of that raw February afternoon, while the daylight struggled hopelessly against the murky shadows that had hidden themselves in the corner of the badly-lighted little school, and were now boldly pressing forward.

The children, catching her distress, were not—as the story-books would have made them—toned down and sympathetically silent, out of respect for their sore distraught, all-endeavouring mistress. Far from it. They were more unruly and more unmanageable than ever, having given as usual free play to their boisterousness whilst poor Constance had been away in the adjoining classroom.

One great hulking tyrant, of thirteen summers and a pair of thick hob-nailed boots, knowing full well the import of the mistress's flushed cheek and uncertain manner, took upon himself to shake a pile of reading-books, collected from his class down from his desk and to follow the same with an impertinent grin directed towards the weary schoolmistress.

He had overstepped the mark—the breaking strain had been reached. The set, hard face and contracted mouth were an instant revelation to him, and the next moment found him floundering about and yelling like a bull under his seat.

And no sooner was this blow delivered than it was repented of. Constance knew she had done wrong, hideously and miserably wrong. Had not every ethic of her training, gleaned from the whole range of pedagogic pundits from Socrates to Arnold, solemnly adjured her on no account and by no manner of means to strike a child upon the head? But the dreadful thing was done, and that corner of the room was at once the scene of a howling, kicking, yelling uproar. There he lay, gasping as though his last breath were imminent.

In another minute the farmers were out of the committee-room, and were rushing forward like a buffalo stampede. Swelling with importance were they, and fuming with virtuous wrath.

"Knocked 'un down?" "Boxed 'ees yers?" "Agin the Booard's reggylashuns!" "Must be seed into at wanst!" "Better send 'em all 'ome now, an' stay be'ind and explain yerself to the Booard!" And back the farmers stumped, with much pious horror and uplifting of hands.

The poor girl led her little flock through the good old Bishop Ken's soothing lines without deriving much personal solace from the ceremony, and then joined them in mumbling an evening prayer; and in another minute away they were, scurrying through the pelting raindrops, down between the long, straggling row of cottages that served Thatchamlet for its main municipal artery.

The room is silent—darkening. From under the roughly-hewn door of the class-room comes the gleam of the paraffin lamp which had been lit within, and a jumble of gruff, discordant voices is heard.

Constance stands irresolutely, and with gaze fixed upon the gleam of light.

"I cannot do it," she whispers; "it is too much." And hysterically turning aside, she snatches her cloak and hat. But—"the old folks!" She pauses, and slowly allows her cloak to fall across the little gallery near the door.

The class-room door opens.

"I'll speak to 'er."

It is the voice of Smallacre, the chairman of the village Board. Rumour says that his wife died in the county lunatic asylum—a martyr to his tyranny and vicious habits. He shuts the door carefully behind him, and comes forward to where the girl's figure stands out clearly in the framework of the open door.

Could you but see it, there burns even more luridly than usual the sinister animal light in his small deep-set eyes.

"Look yer, me gel! it 'ull go 'ard with 'ee this time; they've a-made up their minds to sack 'ee. You knows me; I've allus a-stood up for 'ee. So I 'ull now. But look yer!"—and here he leans forward, until the light of his eyes seems to burn and his foul breath to nauseate—"look yer! I'll stand by 'ee, if—if—if, hang it, if you'll change yer name to Smallacre. There, now, it's out! There ain't much time for word-splittin'."

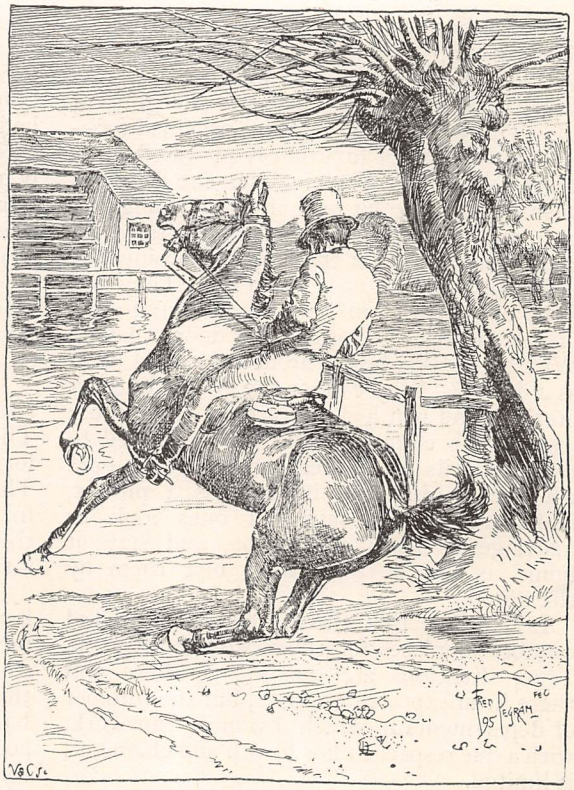
"'I'LL SPEAK TO 'ER.'"

The girl falls back with a sharp scream, and is like to faint. The weakness is only momentary, for with a shuddering look at her "master," she rushes forth into the pitiless rain, hatless and uncovered. There is no stay, no hesitation. A dark shadow drives her onwards. The little lane to the Mill where the poor schoolmistress lodges, is now a babbling brook.

Does she remember in her terror that the waters are out — that the wooden bridge at the dip of the lane is no longer passable? and that the gentle singing streamlet of Summer, that sends the moss-covered wheel around with a lazy drone, is now a blood-red torrent, boiling in its fury, and carrying away the sapling alders that fringe the edges of the low-lying meadows?

I know not! I know not!

To-night the leading lights of the village will gather around the blazing fire of the village inn. Her misdeeds and shortcomings will be the all-absorbing topic of discussion, and Farmer Smallacre, redolent of shrub-rum and foul tobacco, will lead the van in the attack upon her good name.



"THROWN BACK UPON ITS HAUNCHES."

To-morrow morning at dawn, if the swollen waters have subsided, the post-boy's horse will be thrown back upon its haunches, and stand quivering in every limb there, where the drooping branches intercept the purling waters as they chatter in unconscious merriment across the road where the harvester's team lave their weary hoofs in Autumn.

And the "old folks" will watch and wait in vain for the message which will never come.

T. J. Macnamara.

WOMEN AND BUSINESS LIFE.

WOMAN is getting her liberty to-day. We cannot be too thankful that the false pride which vetoed women entering business, however necessitous, is nearly dead. The most conservative and jealous of men, after a good harmless British growl, have opened nearly every door for women to enter. Rightly or wrongly, we have drifted from the idea that woman's true portion is marriage. The emancipation of woman is a battle-cry which brings from hill and dale a large army.

Amongst these we would take our place. Yet it is the rank and file themselves that are hindering to-day that very emancipation which they are fighting for. This at first sight may not be apparent, but a little investigation will show it is true. A large number of the emancipations are at the expense of the enslaving of women less able to fight life's battles than those who have their freedom given them. This arises from women who have no financial need to do so entering business life, and crushing out of business life those who have urgent need of the money which business gives.

Remember, we have taken it for granted that emancipation is for all women. What degrades one woman is a bitterness to the whole; the exaltation of one is the glory of all. This being so, if a girl is provided for—even although not luxuriously provided for—if she is true to her principles, she dare not push herself into business if by so doing she is to injure another less-favoured sister who is compelled to enter the world of business.

This is where most of them fail. They cry, Why should woman be bound down to the idea of marriage being her only door of hope? Why should she be in the house looked upon as a drone? Why cannot she go out like her brothers and win her own bread? And those who get so eloquent, who have no need to face the toils of business, are the very ones who by rushing into business as a protest, make these less favoured ones look to marriage as their only hope, and stay at home as drones. We have met them by the dozen.

It is a fact that there are only a limited number of places for those who must work. True, situations are opening up here and there in unexpected quarters, but the number of departments in which a woman can work, with a due respect to her health and character, is limited.

On the other hand, every day the number of women who are compelled to work is becoming much larger. There are not situations for three-quarters of those whose duty or inclination send them into the business world. This is seen at once by the enormous number of applicants for anything like a respectable situation.

Now, for those who have no need to do so, to join in this crush is to do their sisters a grievous injury. It is throwing round them a heavier halter than that which these enthusiasts have taken off.

For remember, in the matter of competition the woman who has been brought up in comfortable circumstances is more likely to get a situation than one not so favoured. She has better social connections and influence. She is generally better educated. Hence the most needy, as a rule, is least successful.

Then, naturally, competition reduces the wages. Women have done more to reduce each other's wages than all the masters in the world. They crush in. The needy are anxious to make 10s. a week, if possible. They will work for 9s. rather than lose the chance. So the thing goes on. A lady cashier was needed in a co-operative store. The wage *was* 15s. per week. Amongst the applicants was a woman of a good substantial family, whose income was good. She informed the committee money was no object. She wished to be free.

She took 10s. a week. Thus she not only reduced the wages, but kept out one who had need of a weekly wage. This is common. The liberty of entering business life is dearly bought if it is to bring only poor wages, long hours, and every form of temptation to women who *must* work.

We know there are many answers to what we have said. None, however, are fatal objections to what we urge: let those who have no need to enter business refuse to do so, for the sake of their sisters.

It is a species of greed—very unlovely—that makes many of these enter business life. They wish to have plenty of pocket-money for books, dress, travelling, opera, and so on. Their allowance does not permit their desires in these directions being fully satisfied. If they only made a wage they could then satisfy their cravings.

To hear a woman breathe a passionate longing for more books would at once commend her as a very studious person. But we cannot commend the aspirations for these things under the circumstances. No girl who has a spark of love for her sisters would accept these additional luxuries if they mean robbing others of necessaries. It is wonderful the amount of selfishness that can be wrapped up in what appears a very high and worthy aspiration. Many need to learn contentment: to make the very best of what they have; to be thankful for their advantages, and refuse to be pampered, until amongst their sisters there is an all-round receiving of necessaries.

Many, of course, wish to be independent even of their parents for their means of living. This may or may not be commendable. It may be the most empty vanity, and only worthy of execration. Wages are given for work done. What difference can there be if your father or somebody else's father pays you? The wage is as worthy in the one case as the other if the work is done.

Is the mother's girl less worthy of a wage than the mother's help? Is the girl who helps to make father's life easier by attending to his comfort less worthy of a wage than the girl who tries to make his life easier by attending to his books in the office? It baffles us to see why it can make any difference either to our liberty or dignity to receive an allowance from our own parents or from some other girl's parents.

We know many girls object to staying at home. For reasons of their own, they wish to be out. We find nothing commendable in this. Are your inclinations to rule your conduct or duty? If mother needs you, your

first duty is to stay at home, whatever your inclinations.

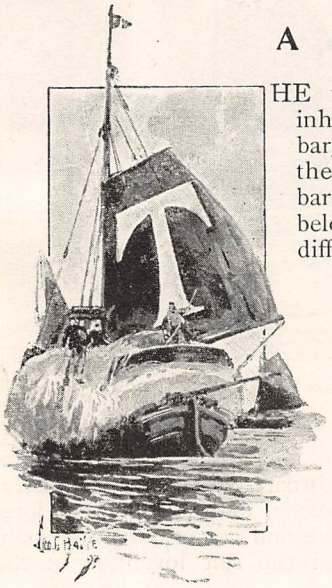
To push inclination before duty is to pass out of that rank of noble women that their protestations make us believe they belong to. But there are many ways by which you can assist others outside your own home without entering the wage market, if you are certain your *duty* calls you from home. There are poor children that need teaching, needy business men who would bless you if you aided them in their book-keeping.

They do not understand it, nor can they pay for a clerk. There are hundreds of ways by which a girl can show her love for humanity without making humanity worse, if she is of the spirit.

The crush to-day is terrible, and the cries of bitterness horrible to listen to. Woman after woman is falling in the struggle. Domestic peace and comfort are getting more and more impossible in certain directions, and one great cause of so much ruin and bitterness is the thoughtless selfishness and mistaken notions of very many girls of comfortable homes and means crowding into the labour market.

In the spirit, not of Socialism, but of the Good Samaritan parable, which teaches we must not hurt our neighbour nor allow others to do so, we say to these ladies, "Don't." *

A BARGEMAN'S VILLAGE.



THE village is not inhabited by the bargee, but it is the home of the bargeman, who belongs to quite a different race of man.

The bargee is familiar enough to us: on the towing paths of our rivers, on the banks of our canals, and in the pages of our literature, both light and serious—the magazine and the official report. He is popularly associated with a short pipe, an ill-used horse, wife, child, or other domestic possession, and a vast store of "language."

He may be a much-maligned person. I am inclined to think he is—at least, in some instances; for I no more believe in drawing up an indictment against a calling than against a nation, provided the said calling is not, in itself, dishonest.

The bargeman, on the contrary, is such an unfamiliar figure, that it is doubtful whether one person in ten among educated people—say the ordinary inhabitants of a London drawing-room—would be able to differentiate him from the bargee.

The passenger who stops, as he crosses over London Bridge, to take a look down the Thames, may admire the stately barge, with its brown-red sails, its black hull with its touches of emerald green, and the high-piled load of softly-tinted hay. He may watch her gliding through the water with an easy motion, recalling the graceful carriage of the Hindoo woman as she balances her water pitcher on her head, and presenting almost as great a contrast to the bustling, tossing, puffing life around her.

But the chances are that the onlooker will scarcely notice the inconspicuous little figures who man the Dutch-looking craft—far less ask himself who they are and whence they come.

It was quite by an accident that we discovered the home of the species, and that the bargeman's village revealed itself to our delighted eyes.

We were walking along the top of the sea-wall, by the side of one of those wide-mouthed rivers which are the most interesting feature of the eastern half of Essex.

There are five, at least, of such rivers, but this one was our favourite among them all. On one side of us the salt water was lapping in little wavelets against the miniature beaches, and into the lilliputian bays and creeks, which lie between the sea-wall and the river. On the other side the gold-green marshland meadows, dotted with white and brown groups of cattle, stretched towards the shaggy hedge-rows, where long lines of elm-trees were outlined against the soft blue sky.

Straight ahead, where the river seemed to take a bend to the left, a bit of rising ground tempted us forward, with the attraction that clings to the unknown.

I don't know why one always climbs a hill,

* The author is alone responsible for the views expressed in this article.—Ed.

hoping to see a fairer prospect than from the eminence one has lately left; or why the next bend of a river should be expected to prove more interesting or harmonious than the last. Perhaps it is because we are wrong in defining man as a reasoning animal, and should rather describe him as a hoping one. Perhaps it is because those rare moments, when Nature unexpectedly spreads her loveliest scenes before us, are so vivid and unforgetable, we hanker after a repetition of her favours, forgetting that it is only by her wise economy we retain an unjaded appetite for her displays.

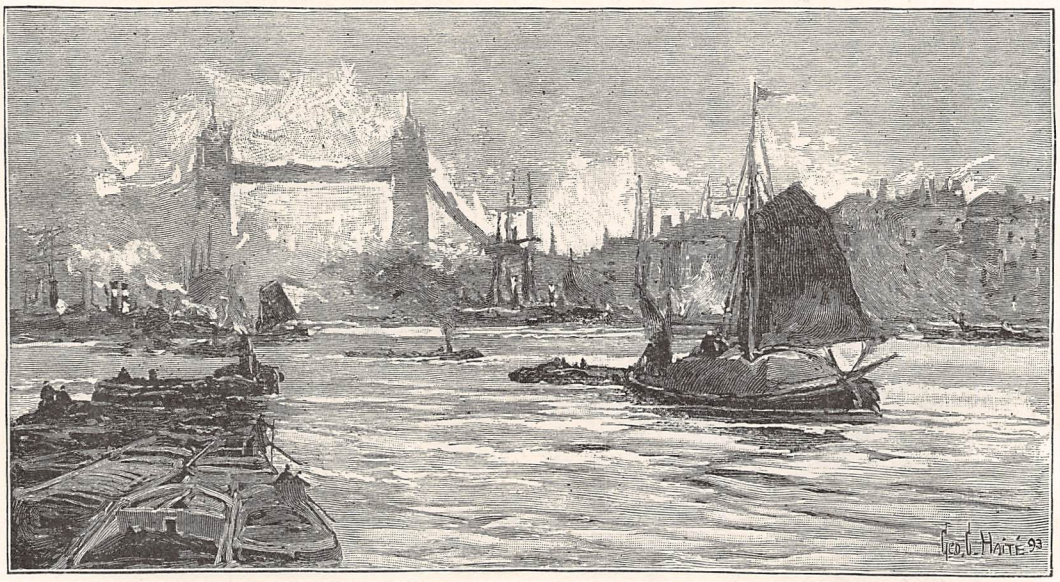
One such moment was before us when we reached the rising ground and peeped through an opening among the low-growing pollards, which had been hiding the bargeman's village from our eyes.

A long reach of the river stretched away from our feet towards the distant hills, where the varying tints of field and foliage were blended into the softest shades of blue and green and grey; and the tower of a village church contrasted its straight lines and sharp angles with the rounded tree-tops on either side.

The banks, brimming full with the advancing tide, were rounded with many a gracious curve, and the gently-lapping sound of the incoming water fell softly on our ears.

One of these curves lay just below us; the tiny bay which it formed was ended off by a row of weather-beaten, timber cottages, and a roughly-fashioned landing-stage projected into the water. A tall barge, with loosely-furled sails of an Indian-red colour, was taking in her load of hay, brought across the landing-stage in great country waggons by the noble-looking horses, which are the pride of our eastern counties.

The bargemen in their blue jerseys, and the countrymen in their light-coloured shirts, brightened here and there by a touch of scarlet at their throats, gave an air of cheerful labour to the scene, and completed a foreground full of life and colour, whose homely beauty enhanced the soft loveliness of the distant view.



"GLIDING THROUGH THE WATER WITH AN EASY MOTION" (*p.* 609).

The river, with those gleaming reflections which lend a grace to the commonest object, did not fail to double the charm of a scene which had hardly seemed to need such enhancement.

I turned to my companion for sympathy in my admiration; but though her appreciation left nothing to be desired in its intensity, it took an unexpected and not wholly convenient form.

She wasted no words in eulogy, but briefly remarked—

"We must instantly look for rooms in this place."

I always know, when Anna sets her affections upon a spot, that, sooner or later, it will be my fate to go there; so I meekly yielded to the inevitable, and we walked up the village street.

A double row of little irregular houses ran upwards from the river bank, to merge itself presently in a country road, where single cottages peeped out between the wayside elms.

On the brow of the hill, the scattered trees gathered themselves together into one of those leafy avenues which adorn so many of the Essex roads, and through the narrow opening at its end, we caught a glimpse of a distant hill, crowned with the church and windmill of a little town some three miles off.

The place was everything we could wish for, except in the matter of accommodation.

An old-fashioned, timber-built inn held out a delusive promise of shelter, but a closer view proved it to be impossible for a lady—we had it on no less authority than that of the landlord himself.

He was civil and obliging enough, and called in his pretty little wife to the council we held upon the situation. She looked regretfully at Anna, shook her head with a world of meaning, and said she couldn't undertake the responsibility.

By this time we were having tea in her own little parlour, and she expressed her regret that she could not give us the use of that apartment. As we should have had to share it with herself, two babies, and a little maid, it would hardly have suited us for a permanency; and we proceeded to inquire into our chances of getting rooms elsewhere.

At last our hostess suggested that there was a Mrs. Elder living close by, who might be willing to take us in; and after sundry negotiations and delays, and the lapse of many months, we at length, on a bright spring day, found ourselves established in the bargeman's village.

It was Mrs. Elder, most amiable and obliging of landladies, who introduced us into the social life of the village.

Most of the men seemed to be her brothers, and the women were her sisters-in-law, or brothers' wives, as she termed them. The people in the place seemed to be generally known by these relative terms; it was like reading the last page of one's prayer-book, or an exercise on the genitive case.

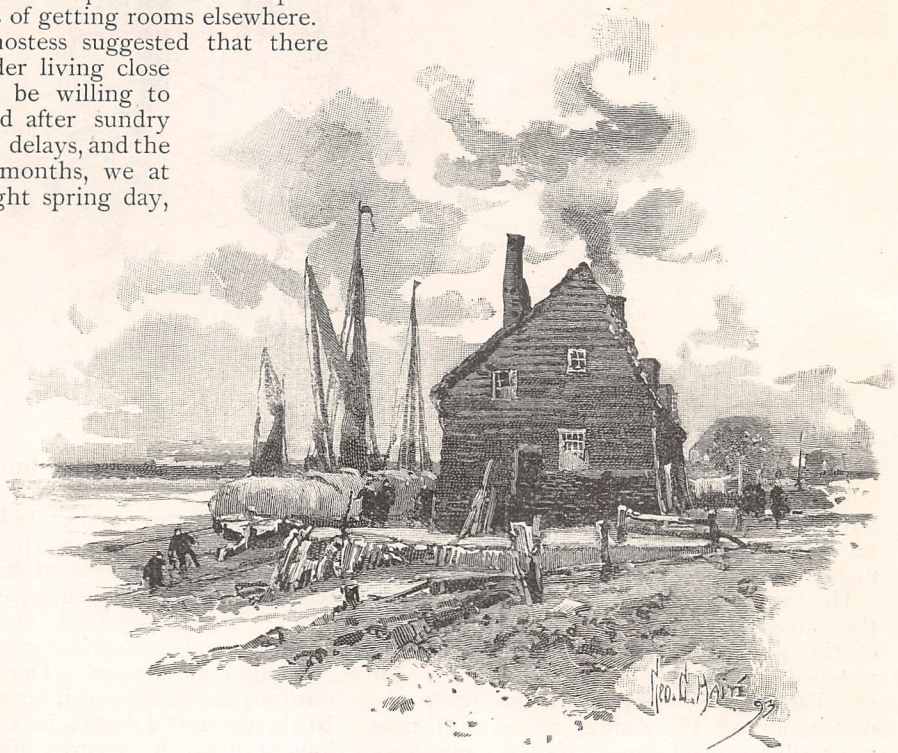
There was Mrs. Elder's brother's son, Mrs. Lock's husband's father, Mrs. Guy's sister, and Mrs. Guy's sister's husband.

These latter were our opposite neighbours, a comely and trimly-dressed little woman, with a blue-jerseyed husband, who, as we discovered later on, answered to the name of Daniel.

Daniel was the skipper of the *Mersea*, one of the smaller barges navigating the Crouch. The other man employed on the barge—the entire crew consisted of this pair—was known as Daniel Hardy's mate.

It was a little suggestive of the army in *Bombastes Furioso*, but the term was probably used in the sense of fellow or companion. We noticed that the children who played at the river-side used the word in that way, "Come along, mate!" being a frequent expression among them, and used indifferently by boys and girls.

Nearly all the men of the place were "on the water," as they phrased it; the agricultural labourers being described as "on the land," or more briefly, as "landmen."

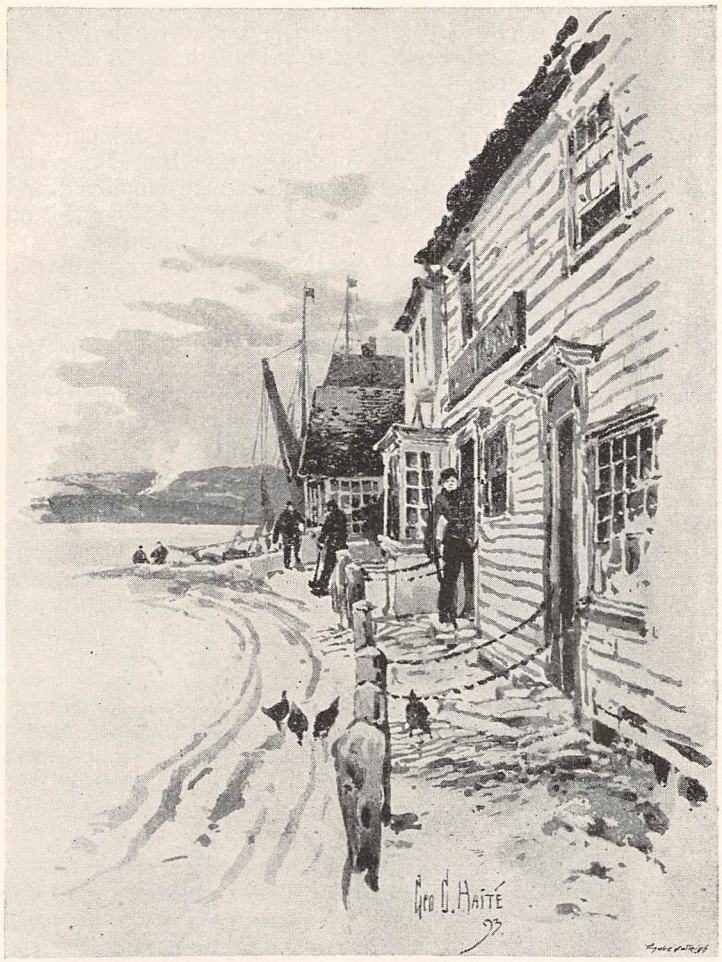


"A ROW OF WEATHER-BEATEN, TIMBER COTTAGES."

To be "on the water" was to belong to a distinctly higher class than the landmen's; higher in physique, in intelligence, and in manners. I should have added, in social position; but that is thorny ground for an outsider to trespass upon.

On the one hand, I could notice some intercourse between those "on the water" and the neighbouring farmers and their wives; but, on the other hand, there was no exclusiveness exercised towards the landman.

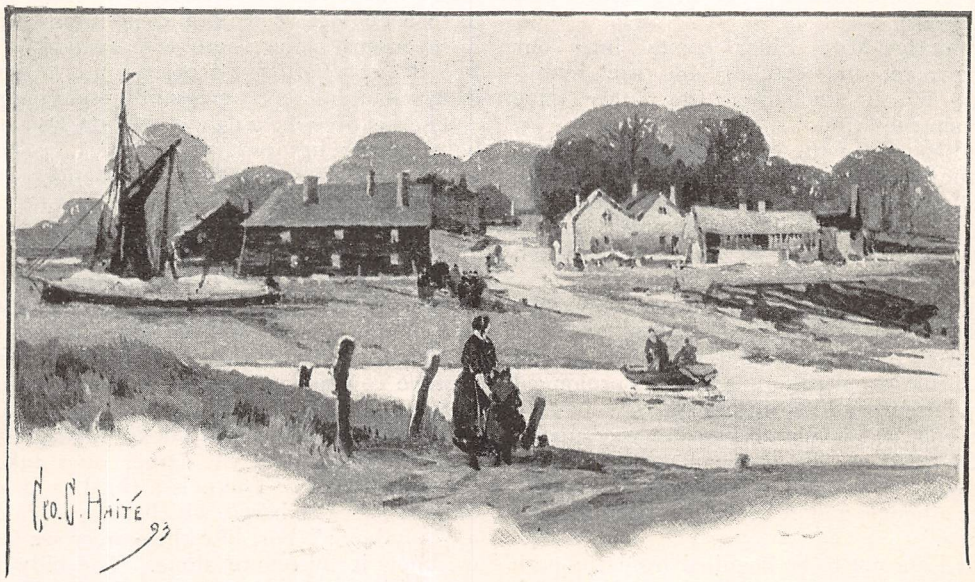
He came down of an evening to join in the village game of quoits, or formed one of the group upon the landing-stage who watched the ferry-boat cross the river. He speculated with them upon the name and destination of the barge, whose tall mast was visible afar off across the level meadows, which hid the distant windings of the stream; and he gazed with the same indulgent toleration—as of the professional for the amateur—upon the jaunty little yacht for Burnham or Southend, with its snowy sail, its smart red flag, and the white-flannelled lads making holiday, after the fashion which was first suggested by Fielding a hundred and forty years ago.



"A DELUSIVE PROMISE OF SHELTER" (*p.* 611).

So far, however, the yachtsman has not discovered our village. He sails past it in blissful unconsciousness of its charms, and it has thus retained its primitive simplicity.

It is a self-contained and sociable little community, but it cares for nothing for what is beyond its borders. The bargeman goes out into the great world, he sees Maldon and Rochester and London itself; but after his longest flight he returns, like the stork, to



THE FERRY.

his old nest—a mariner who has only one port.

There is just one other link between us and the outer world.

At nine o'clock in the morning a shrill whistle brings most of us to our doors, and all heads look up the village street, when the figure of the postman can be seen coming towards us from beneath the avenue.

When the sun is not blazing too fiercely, one walks out, hatless and slippered, to meet the modern messenger of fate—a pleasant, kindly old man, a little bothered by the complications of the postal service, and apt to let the stamps flutter through his knotted fingers, when a passing gust from the river interferes with our open-air transactions.

It is a moment when the social activities are astir. One exchanges greetings with the neighbours and shares the latest bit of news. One hears how Mrs. Guy and her baby are getting on, or what sort of a night poor old Mr. Peters has passed, or Mr. Rumball comes across the road to let Anna know when a fresh barge is expected.

The coming and going of the barges brings more correspondence than is usual in so small a place, especially towards the end of the week, when the men try to spend their Sundays at home.

Mrs. Elder's face brightens as she opens a letter from her sons, and on Saturday evenings the place is aware of the cheerful return of husbands and sweethearts.

My little neighbour over the way looks beaming with pride and happiness in the presence of the stalwart Daniel, and when I lift up my eyes from my paper, I see Will Elder and his brother gathering the roses, which cluster round our windows, and giving them to the young girls, who pin them into their light-coloured gowns.

A little bit of dialogue accompanies the scene, and the choice between pink and white roses gives occasion for a little rustic coquetry. But it is all open and innocent, the girls' manners are free from boldness, and those of the men have that touch of deference which makes a good specimen of a seaman so attractive to women.

The good manners here, no doubt, are partly due to the soberness, which is one of the bargeman's characteristics. To take these barges along the difficult and tortuous channels of the rivers, and to guide them safely past the flats and sands of the North Sea coast, requires more nerve and judgment than are to be found in the man who drinks.

On the one or two occasions when the peace of the village street has been disturbed by a drunken man, the offender has been a land, and not a sea, man.

On Sunday morning the village street is quiet; the children are off to Sunday school, the young women have vanished indoors; a group of men are talking together, seated on an anchored barge, while others are enjoying themselves in their back gardens, playing hymn tunes on concertinas or accordions.

Happily, we are not sufficiently musical

to be incommoded by our neighbours' performances.

Presently Mrs. Elder comes into our sitting-room, and fetches out the hymn-books, which lie upon the little table between the windows.

The sounds of the concertina have ceased, and the young men pass up the street to the little mission chapel, where the Wesleyans hold a meeting, while Anna and I set off across the fields to service in the parish church.

My companion always shows a staunch devotion to the parish churches, which I suspect is not unconnected with her passion for Gothic architecture, and her prolonged study of the pages of "Rickman."

At any rate, when we lose our way among the fields, she is not above making the profane suggestion that we should sit down under a hedge, and read the service for those "at sea."

But I am not to be beguiled from the path of duty: we regain our other path, to find, after all, when we reach the church, that we are too early instead of too late.

The door is not even open, so we rest in the churchyard and study the old gravestones, which are sure to have something interesting among them.

There are the quaint local names, the rhyming epitaphs, the long-continued series of some particular family, by which you piece out the history of a household, with its hints of pathos or tragedy, or quiet homely prosperity.

This particular churchyard was memorable for a tombstone to that much-injured woman—the mother-in-law. But, true to the peculiar phraseology of the place, she was described as "Susan Hart, *Mother of the wife* of John Ford."

There was a second name on the stone: "John Ford, son-in-law of Susan Hart," and that was all. The humble little headstone stood rather apart from the other graves, and neither of its names appeared on any of the surrounding tombs.

There was nothing to show what had become of the wife who had linked the two together; or how these solitary members of their respective families had come to be each other's sole support.

Perhaps some old inhabitant of the place could have told one the rest of the story. I have known a chance question about a village grave to call up a romance or a tragedy, such as Hardy himself might describe.

More than one churchyard near our bargeman's village has its inscription to those who have been lost at sea; and in Mrs. Elder's little rooms alone there are memorials of two of her relations—a brother and a son—drowned at different times off different barges.

The life must be a dangerous one, and perhaps herein lies part of its charm. To a strong and daring nature the danger that quickens the pulses brings with it a certain excitement, which is not without its pleasure, and the love of hazardous adventure is an inheritance from the old Danish blood so largely intermixed with that of the population of our eastern counties—a combination to which we owe Nelson and Cook, and many a brave companion of their combats or discoveries.

Two men are employed to manage the smaller barges, and the larger ones take a boy in addition. There is a third, and still larger variety of barge, which the people call a "billy-boy;" but, like the scarcer sea-fowl, we know it by repute alone. The billy-boy only visits our village at rare intervals, and one has not happened to come up during our stay.

Trusting, as they do, entirely to their sails, the varying length of their passages reminds us of the Channel crossings in the old days.

Evelyn tells us in his Diary of one passage accomplished in seven hours and another lasting three days. In our village we hear of one barge reaching London in eleven and even ten hours; but that is an exceptional case, and the journey may drag out a week or more with contrary winds and rough weather.

In the winter frosts these voyages tax the courage and endurance of the men to their uttermost. Mrs. Elder dwells with pride upon her son Jack.

"He's such a hardy lad. Never had on his mittens but twice last winter, though his hands were sore with the cold from the icy ropes."

And then she goes on to tell me of her own fears during those winter nights, when she dreads what may be happening to her boys in the dark.

We hear a good many quaint local words when talking with the villagers. A turnstile is a "clapgate;" the lane leading to a farm is a "chace;" and a landing-place is a "hard."

I was just going to mention the village by its geographical name, but after all I have said I will be discreetly silent.

My readers can easily find the place if they look for it; or if they don't they may find something better; for, after all, no beauties are so great as those we discover for ourselves.

E. Chapman.

MY LEARNED FRIENDS.

THE NEW LINEN APPLIQUÉ WORK.

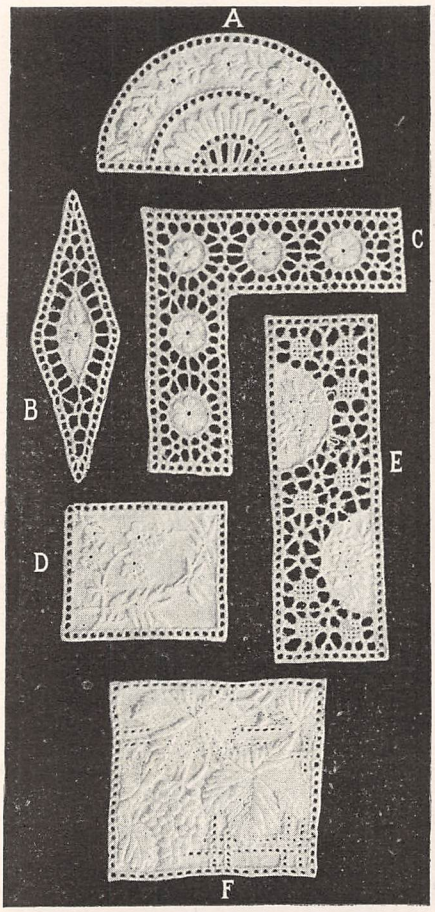


FIG. 1.—SOME OF THE APPLIQUÉS.

THE "vile commercialism of the age," against which Mr. William Morris has so much to say, is responsible for the fact that any novelty in the way of fancy needlework must be inexpensive, or it is unlikely to find favour in the eyes of the *fin-de-siècle* woman. She also requires something that can be executed with lightning speed. The new linen appliqués meet all these requirements, and, moreover, have the additional advantage of the possession of infinite capabilities at the hands of anyone blessed with a little taste and ingenuity. A good idea of what they are like may be gained from the specimens shown in Fig. 1. It will be seen that they have somewhat the appearance of the Swiss embroideries used for trimming children's clothes and underlinen; but instead of taking the form of insertions and edgings, these appliqués are lozenge-shaped, square, triangular, oval, oblong, star-shaped, and leaf-shaped.

Then, too, there are narrow bands woven with a corner, and others rather wider and straight instead of curved. All these are embroidered (by machine) in overcast stitch, with bars and wheels, according to the requirements of the pattern. The material upon which they are made is cut away from underneath, so that an openwork appearance is obtained. In some cases the embroidery is of a rather more elaborate nature, as shown in Fig. 1, at D and F; while it is possible to get a large oval medallion such as that in Fig. 2, all ready for applying to the corner of a tea-cloth, the centre of a pillow-slip, or to serve one of a dozen other purposes.

These small scraps of embroidery cost very little; indeed, many, and those not of the smallest, are but a penny each; while a large one, such as that in Fig. 2, which measures six inches in length and three inches in width, is to be had for about eightpence. As a rule, it is the smaller ones that will appeal most to the interest of the amateur; for after a few experiments, it is somewhat

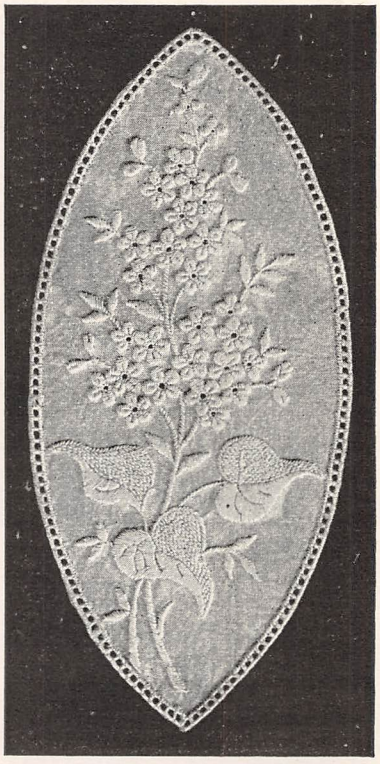


FIG. 2.—MEDALLION IN LINEN APPLIQUÉ.

astonishing to find what an immense number of patterns may be made and how they may be disposed to form borders, insertions, corners for tea-cloths, sham towels and sheets, and groups for the centres of nightdress cases. Then there are the linen dresses fashionable in summer, both white and coloured, many of which are ornamented upon the revers, cuffs, and collars, with embroidery of some sort.

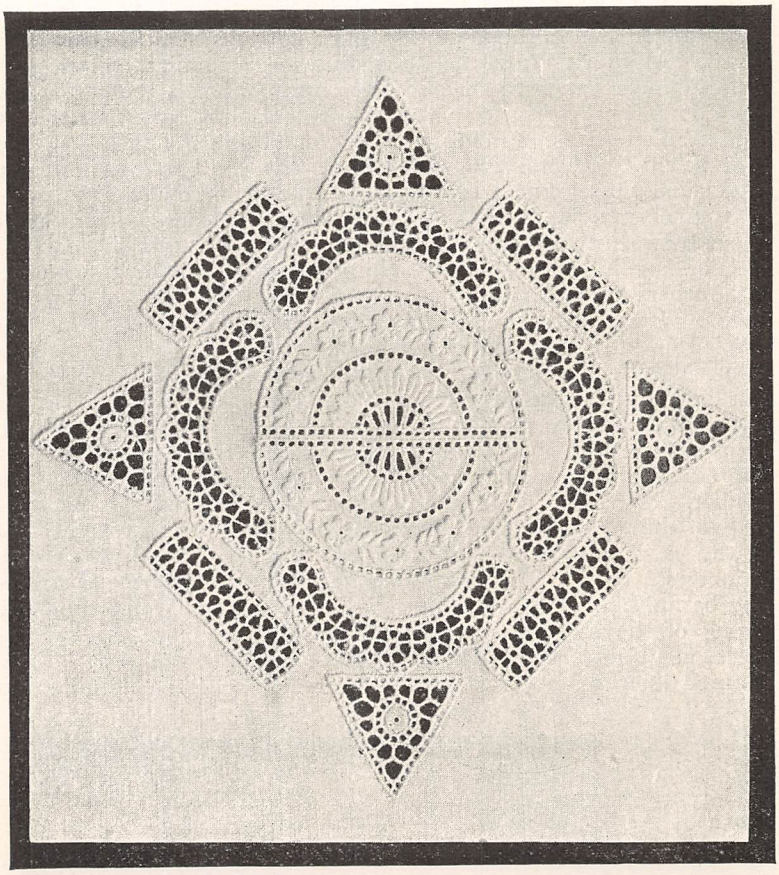


FIG. 3.—ROSETTE DESIGN FOR BEDSPREAD.

The method of turning these appliqués to account is simple enough. It is a good plan to arrange them first upon a sheet of coloured paper, shifting them about until a good result is obtained. A few pins here and there will keep them in place sufficiently to enable the worker to see how she has decided to place them. It is, on the whole, more convenient to do the next part of the work in a frame than over the hand. If the linen is stretched in a drumhead frame, it is easy to spread the appliqués upon it, and to catch them down with a few overcast stitches, taken over the edges and through the linen. These should be made with very fine cotton, as they are intended to be temporary only. Embroidery paste may take the place of stitches, if preferred. It is true that but a few of the appliqués can be put into position at once upon the frame; but the advantage of the round tambour frame is that the linen can easily be shifted so as to present a fresh field for the work when one portion is finished.

When the appliqués are all tacked or pasted down quite flatly upon the material, the rest of the work may be executed over the hand. It is necessary to take overcast stitches over the outer edges of the shapes, these stitches being made either with ordinary sewing or embroidery cotton, as these fall in with the machine embroidery better than any other makes. When it is required that these stitches should form part of the ornament of the work itself, flax threads or coloured silk may be used; but needless to say, this considerably alters the whole character of the embroidery. Some of the appliqués are so shaped as to be suitable for ornamenting scallops at the edge of a tea-cloth or other piece of work. Such designs as this require to be buttonholed all round, so that the material may be cut away beyond them.

An extremely pretty bedspread may be made of these appliqués, and a detail is given in Fig. 3 of part of the design. In the middle of this are placed two of the half-circles shown at A in Fig. 1. These are first sewn together along the straight edges, but if preferred, a smaller and complete circle may be taken, such as are sold of various patterns about the size of a half-crown. This will necessitate some change in the rest of the design, probably; but the appliqués are so varied in shape and size, that there should be little difficulty in finding some that are suitable.

Beyond the circle are placed four scallops, which are treated in the same way as are any others. As in this case the linen does not require to be cut away beyond the curves, there is no necessity to buttonhole them round, and overcast stitches will be found all-sufficient. Beyond the scallops are triangles, and the alternate curves are finished with small straight bars of the embroidery, placed between two of the scallops. Squares like this are intended to be used alternately with others of a similar, though different, design. These alternate squares may have a simple star pattern applied to them, made by taking eight of the lozenge-shapes, shown at B in Fig. 1, and overcasting them round the edges. The squares may be connected with bands or insertions of some of the thick white embroideries, with which we are already familiar. So, too, a frill for the edges may be made of these embroidered insertions bought by the yard, used alternately with bands of plain white linen. The margin of the frill may be finished with a scalloped or pointed edging of the same embroidery. A pretty effect may also be gained by the use of coloured linen for every alternate square, as the appliqués have a good appearance upon either blue, pink, or green—or, indeed, upon almost any colour. In this case, the linen bands that are used on the frill should be of the tinted material, the white being repeated in the openwork insertion.

The result of the use of some of the corner appliqués (*see* C in Fig. 1), with others on coloured linen, is shown in Fig. 4. Here there is the corner of a border for a small tea-cloth, the initial being let into the linen in the usual place. These letters have been sold in our fancy shops for some time past, and they are doubly welcome now that they can be combined with embroidered ornaments woven in the same style. In the medallion illustrated, the tiny scallops round the edge are carefully oversewn, so that they are held firmly down to the linen, and if desired, this may be cut away from the back. This, however, is not essential, as there is no openwork for the colour to show through.

The rest of the border, besides the corner piece, consists of plain, short bars of insertion and lozenges, such as have already been used for the star. These combine into a very effective trimming, and all the skill on the part of the worker is to be devoted to setting the appliqués quite straight upon the material, a matter in which she will be greatly aided by the coarse threads of the linen itself. It is advisable to begin the work at one of the corners, and to carry the appliqués along the side till just short of the middle; then to arrange the second corner, and to make a corresponding pattern that will nearly meet the first one in the middle of the side. It is then easy to see what shape of appliqués is needed to complete the border. After two corners and one side are finished, there is no difficulty whatever in working the remainder.

The work looks very rich, especially upon tinted linen, if thoroughly oversewn with coloured silks and enriched still further with

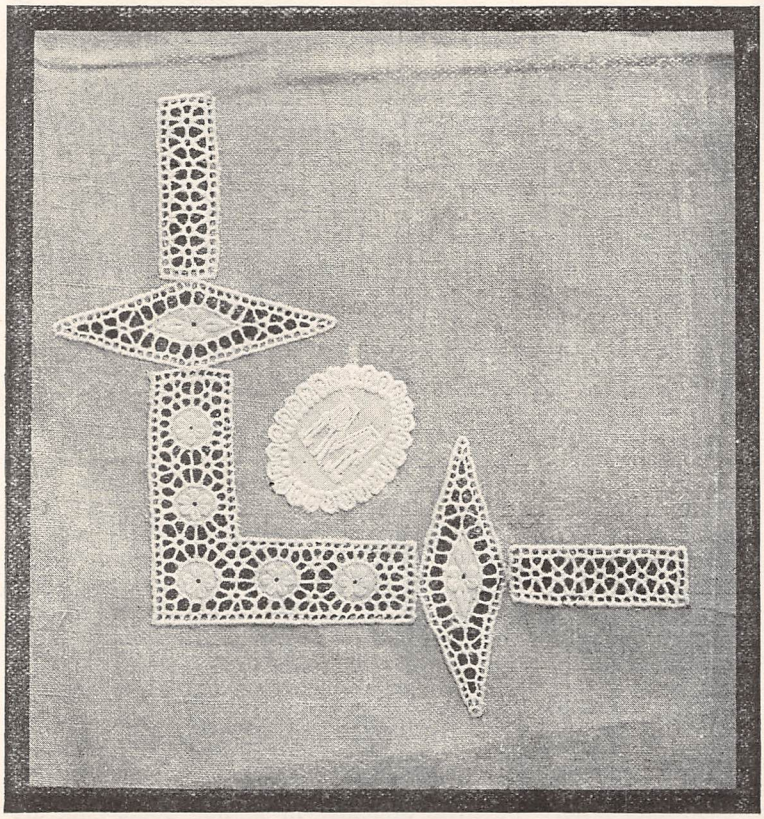


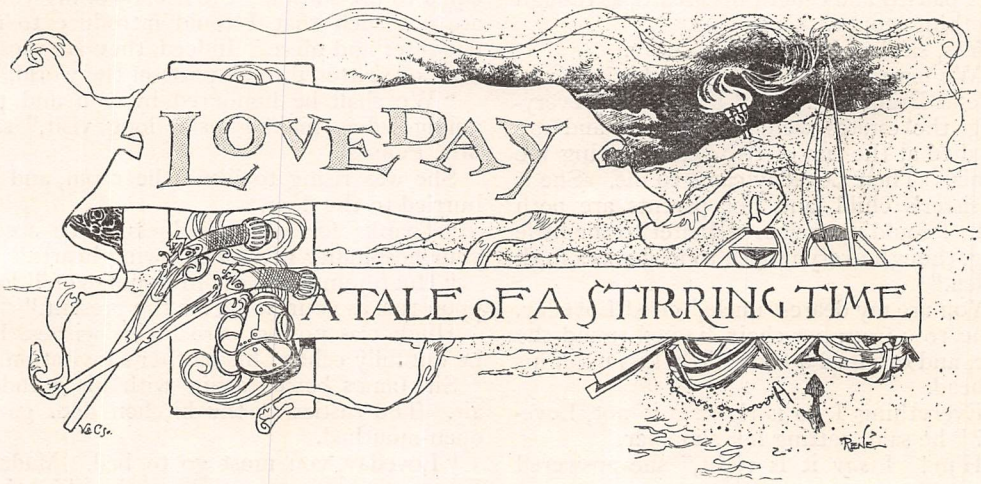
FIG. 4.—CORNER OF TEA-CLOTH WITH MONOGRAM.

washing gold thread. If desired, the original embroidery may serve to form, as it were, a padding for raising the hand-worked stitches into relief.

Then there are certain patterns, such as D and F in Fig. 1, which in themselves are so thick as to need making up with the lighter designs. These can be utilised in the corners of sideboard-slips, tray-cloths, and other articles, the openwork patterns being carried round the sides. The band at E combines the open and thick work very successfully, and can best be used together with some of the lighter-looking appliqués, which consist of openwork only.

One final hint: After the scraps of embroidery are in place, and all the work is completed, the linen should be laid wrong side uppermost upon an ironing-blanket, and a damp cloth placed over it. This should be pressed with a hot iron until it is dry, when the work will be found greatly freshened, and, if properly executed, it will be quite free from wrinkles.

Ellen T. Masters.



By A. E. WICKHAM, Author of "Two Women," etc.

Chapter III.—"Sir James Macdonald, Bart."

MRS. PENROSE curtsied. Hugh looked up in surprise. Loveday Alison was bending over her plate, and he fancied she was biting her lips to hide a smile. Sophia placidly ate her dinner.

Sir James Macdonald seated himself at the right hand of his hostess, and took the conversation into his keeping.

Abigail lingered in the room, and curious faces clustered round the kitchen door. The parlour and its occupants could be seen across the hall.

"We are indeed lucky to have been picked up by your son, thrown as we were like useless seaweed upon the beach," began Sir James in his loud clear tones.

A silence in the kitchen showed that there were attentive listeners.

"Ah, madam, we have passed an awful night, to see those poor souls drown before our eyes."

"Indeed, 'twas terrible!" murmured Mrs. Penrose.

"Every moment expecting a like fate. Our captain—noble man—would not leave his ship. He clung to her until the morning, and then—you know—your son saw——"

"Yes, yes, he told me; didn't you, Hugh?"

Hugh grunted an assent. Sir James's feelings for the men drowned came late in the day.

"We have lost our all, our everything. But we must not trouble or repine. My only feeling is thankfulness that we have escaped with our lives, and I trust my girls feel likewise."

Sophia bowed her head.

"We lost so much," said Loveday, with a deep sigh.

"You would like to hear our histories,

madam?" said Sir James, briskly. "We owe it to you to let you know our uninteresting lives. Where shall I begin Loveday, Sophia?"

"At the very beginning," said Loveday, with a twinkle in her eyes.

"At my birth! So be it. My father was a Sir James Macdonald before me. He died when I was fifteen, and I came into estates called Dramossie, in the highlands of Scotland. They were poor and worthless, and I —alas! madam—I was not the good steady young man I am sure your son is. I lived much in society in London and Edinburgh—society that was the best in everything but its morals. Then one never-to-be-forgotten day I met Sophia's mother."

He paused and caught his breath, as though something stopped his tongue.

"Yes, sir," said the widow, softly.

"We married, and I took her back to my castle at Dramossie. But I had spent everything, the estates were mortgaged, and my wife died at the end of two years, leaving me Sophia. Then Loveday came to me. She is my sister's child, and her parents are both dead. I could not refuse a shelter to the little thing, though every mouth to feed was a fresh burden."

"You are my dearest uncle," cried Loveday.

She rose from her chair, limped round the table, and dropped a fierce little kiss upon his forehead.

"Everything I do is right, is it not, Loveday?" he said, patting her shoulder.

"H'm! I *say* it is right," she answered with a grimace.

"To return to my story. We struggled on at Dramossie, living on what our faithful cottagers gave us. Ah! madam, here in England you can scarce realise the devotion shown by Highlanders to their clan leaders. Sophia, Loveday, shall we ever be able to repay the kindness of Tam o' the Peat? He would follow Sophia like a faithful dog, and carry her across the mountain streams, and run her errands. He gave up his all for us. Then there were Colin and Johnnie Archan; they threw themselves at my feet, and begged me to take them with me when we left Dramossie."

"You have forgotten the best of them all, dear old Andy Briggan," said Loveday, with a handkerchief to the corner of her eye.

"No, I have not; but I cannot mention him without making a fool of myself. Another time."

He helped himself to the pie before him while Mrs. Penrose wiped away the tear which these Highland reminiscences brought to her eyes.

"Well, everything was gone; even our faithful clansmen could no longer support us. These dear girls consented to try our fortunes in a new country. Dramossie was gone. We came to Bristol, and took passage to America. I had a little money to begin life there afresh, now it is gone with the ship, and nothing remains. But still I have only a grateful heart that we were saved."

"How good you are!" said Mrs. Penrose softly.

She and Abigail pressed him to partake of every dish; he did full justice to the repast.

"Sir, you must stay with us until you can let your friends know of your loss."

"I have no friends," he said with a sigh. "At Dramossie we were far from anyone equal to my station; the friends of my youth are not such that I could introduce to my daughter and niece. Indeed, they are mostly dead or scattered to all parts of the world."

"We shall be honoured by you and the young ladies making us a long visit," said Mrs. Penrose.

She was rising to leave the room, and he hurried to the door.

"Thanks for your kindness. We accept your hospitality with overflowing hearts."

"Hugh joins with me in hoping you'll look upon this as your home for the present."

Hugh was not so sure of his wishes, but he dutifully echoed his mother's invitation.

Sir James bowed again with his grandest air. The rustics at the kitchen door gazed open-mouthed.

"Loveday, you must go to bed. Madam, I am quite sure you will excuse this tired little girl."

"She shall go this instant, and Abigail shall see to her hurt foot. Come, my dear."

Mrs. Penrose led Loveday upstairs. The two women undressed and fussed over the girl. She looked at them oddly out of her dark eyes.

"You are very good," she said under her breath; she touched Abigail's hard cheek, "almost as good as—as—Andy Briggan and who was the other? Oh! Tam o' the Peat," she ended with a laugh that was like a sob.

Sir James sat with Hugh in the window-seat of the parlour; a small table before them held cut-glass bottles, a silver tankard of hot water, lemons, and tumblers. A pleasant, if wild view was to be seen from the window.

The day had cleared with the veering of the wind to the north-east. Patches of blue sky lay between scurrying white clouds. The grey of the morning sea had deepened to green, the white breakers looked fresh and bright, no longer sullen and forbidding. Furze, with a few late yellow blossoms, stretched from the garden to the sandhills.

From the dunes to the sea was a stretch of sand deeper in colour than the light powder of the hills, the sand of low water. Gleams of sunlight came and went with the flying clouds. Purple shadows flickered on the sea, and turned to brown and grey on cliff and hillside.

"A pleasing view," said Sir James, helping himself to brandy, "but poor farming, if my judgment errs not."

"No, not worth cultivating," said Hugh.

Sir James looked round the room. There were signs of well-doing in the substantial furniture, in the pieces of silver which stood on the polished, solid oak sideboard. Abigail had taken away the dinner things and table-cloth, leaving a table which was the delight of her and Mrs. Penrose's hearts. No speck of dust lay on its polished surface or carved legs. It guaranteed the respectability and comfort of Trosa farm. Sir James took note.

"Does your land lie round the coast?" he asked.

"For half a mile, but the greater part of it is inland, on the other side of the hill."

"It is your own?"

"No—my mother's."

"Ah, your mother's! But the same thing. You are the master?"

"Naturally," said Hugh shortly.

He thought this questioning wanted something in courtesy. Sir James took another glass; he became more genial and expansive.

"Young man, your life is cast in pleasant places: a home, a mother, comfort if not riches, a life spent in serene pleasure and ending in peaceful old age. Look at me—without a home, every penny gone, seeking a new world to begin afresh, when I should rather be preparing for death in some peaceful hermitage."

He winked away a tear, then looked at the young man to see whether he was touched, but Hugh was gazing at the sea.

"What are they doing upon the sands?" said Sir James, following his companion's gaze.

"Waiting for the turn of the tide."

The tear vanished from Sir James's eye; he became business-like, alert, and eager.

"There may be something washed up from the wreck; something of mine may come in. I must be on the spot."

"You are better here," said Hugh drily. "Tregarron folk don't like strangers about."

"Pooh!"—Sir James laughed scornfully—"I don't mean to have anything of mine taken by a crowd of loutish fishermen."

"I don't know about 'loutish,'" said Hugh with a flush; "but I do know they will give you a warm welcome if you go down on the beach. There is little chance of anything being washed ashore; and if there were, you would not get it."

"Should I not? Humph! that remains to be seen. James Macdonald"—he expanded his chest and swaggered round the room—"James Macdonald usually gets his own."

Hugh shrugged his shoulders.

"Come, come, Mr. Penrose," said Sir James, "you must not get huffy because I called your country-people loutish. You will see that I shall be safe among them, smugglers—eh? did you speak?"

"Who told you they were smugglers?"

"No one; I divined it." He cocked his head on one side with a smile at his own sagacity.

Hugh refilled his pipe.

"What time does the tide turn?" asked Sir James, tipping the decanter upside down.

"Five o'clock. Do you mean to go down?"

"I do."

It was past four. The clock in the hall had struck the hour some minutes agone. A warm smell of baking bread and cakes pervaded the house. A tinkle of teacups came from upstairs. Mrs. Penrose was bringing down her very best china from the darkness of a store-cupboard.

"If we are going, it is time we started," said Hugh.

"You need not come. I can go alone."

But Hugh paid no heed to the words. He brought down a cap and long greatcoat for the old man.

"It is well you are tall," said Sir James, looking complacently down at his coat. "Your clothes exactly fit me. Have you a pistol in the house?"

"Yes. You had better not show it, unless there is absolute need."

"Young man, I have been in fights before."

Hugh could well believe that. Sir James Macdonald trod the earth with an assured step and a face which was bright with eager anticipation. He walked briskly down the garden path to the little side gate.

Mrs. Penrose looked from the door.

"Hugh, Hugh, where are you going? The cakes are nearly baked, and tea will be ready in five minutes."

She shielded her eyes from the setting sun—a comely dame with fresh complexion and brown hair still glossy and thick.

"Madam, we shall return with ravenous appetites for your delightful tea. I shall be away as short a time as possible—be sure."

The widow's pink cheeks deepened in colour; she smiled awkwardly.

CHAPTER IV.—A FIGHT.

THE cold north-easterly wind dropped with the setting sun. But the breeze was keen and cutting enough to make the Tregarron women pull their shawls over their heads, the little maids to stand like storks on one bare leg, with the other tucked beneath their petticoats, the boys to dance from one foot to the other. A red, frosty sunset coloured the sky, and shone on the faces of the crowd. The sea was washing in with the busy swish and ripple of an incoming tide. The breakers of last night and the morning had fallen into long even lines of foam. The wind from the shore, meeting the waves, blew a thin white spray from their crests. The fishermen and their wives busily collected the bits of wood washed up. A seaman's chest had been secured by two men. There was little in it, and they cursed their luck.

A shout drew the people to one point. The body of a sailor was lying at the edge of the waves. Hands drew him, not ungently, to shore amid pitying murmurs from the women. The children peeped between the men's legs, and pushed against their mothers to catch a sight of the drowned man. He was carried to the foot of the sandhills and laid down, to remain there until the fishermen returned to Tregarron. None would leave the shore while there was hope of something to be snatched from the waves.

Carrying the dead man to the sandhills, they met Sir James Macdonald and Hugh Penrose. Scowls and glances passed between the fishermen.

"Brown, one of our sailors," said Sir James, looking over the bearers' shoulders at the grey face and hanging head.

Old Berryman plucked Hugh's sleeve.

"Why did 'ee let 'un come down among us? They won't stand no nonsense; and if 'ee should lay claim to aught that's washed up, there'll be rough work."

"He would come," said Hugh.

Sir James walked upon the sand with the air of a master. He spoke to the women and children with an easy unbending, giving to the women compliments and smiling rallies, to the children pats upon the head, and taps on their cheeks. It was done with the air of a superior, yet with a fine good-humour. The women, at first sulky and suspicious of a stranger, grew smiling and amiable. Sir James kept a keen eye on the fishermen in clusters at the edge of the sea.

Nothing of consequence came in. A few planks covered with barnacles, a broken chair and table, part of a boat with the letters "R o" upon it in blue paint, these were all.

One man wandered alone along the sand. He kept an eager eye on the waves, and bent now and then to look carefully among the seaweed. Sir James watched him.

"What is that man's name?" he asked a woman.

"Dick Polgarn."

Sir James left the group. He walked towards Dick Polgarn.

"Have you found anything?" he said, putting his hand upon his shoulder.

Polgarn, bent double dragging something from the sea, started backwards with an oath.

"My belt!" cried Sir James.

He seized the heavy leather belt, and tried to draw it from Polgarn's hands. But the swarthy, coarse-featured young man refused to let go his hold.

"Finding's keepings," he said.

"My good fellow," said Sir James with his grandest air, "the belt is mine. My initials!" he pointed to J. M. roughly cut in the leather.

A wave washed around their feet. Sir James stepped back, but he did not loosen his hold.

Hugh came up to them. Berryman and the other fishermen were not far behind; they were quick to scent a fight.

"The belt is mine; my name is upon it," explained Sir James.

Murmurs and growls came from some, black looks from all.

"There's money in it," said Polgarn, "and finding's keepings."

"Ay, ay, that's so," was muttered.

"How be us to know that 'tis his'n?" said a voice.

Sir James looked from one to the other of the fishermen.

"Men, I have nothing in the world but the money in this belt. I lost all in the wreck last night, or I thought I had until I saw this in Polgarn's hands. I am thrown on your shore without a penny. Men of Tregarron, do you mean to let this man take from me even this?"

"How can us tell it's yourn?"

"There is my name, or rather my initials, J. M.—James Macdonald. Mr. Penrose will tell you that is my name."

"Yes, he is Sir James Macdonald," said Hugh.

"He don't look much like a 'sir,'" said one of the fishermen.

They looked at the clothes, not at the man. As far as appearance went, Sir James Macdonald might have been a king, taking kings as finer and grander than common folk.

Polgarn said sullenly—

"'Ee can call isself what 'un pleases. I sticks to the belt."

Neither let go the leather. They held sturdily, with angry looks at one another. The sea crept in and drove them back. Men, women, and children clustered around—a ring of interested spectators.

"He should have his own," said Hugh. "He has nothing in the world, and he is an old man with a daughter and niece."

A few agreed with Hugh, but the younger men feared that to give in might mean a further encroachment on what they considered their rights. The women were on the side of Sir James.

"Give it up," said Berryman to Polgarn.

"I b'aint a-goin' to do any such foolery."

A murmur came from the women. Sir James tightened his hold.

"Ay, give it up," said the elder men.

The sun hung on the horizon a ball of flame. The red light fell on Sir James facing Polgarn. His lips were tightly closed, his thick white eyebrows nearly hid his eyes, his features stiffened with determination.

Polgarn scowled, his face black with passion. He gave a sudden pull at the belt, but Sir James was prepared, and the two men only moved a step.

Before Hugh could interfere Polgarn sprang. The men were struggling together. The belt fell on the sand.

"Let 'em fight!" shouted the younger men.

"Ay, and the best man takes the belt."

"He is an old man," cried Hugh.

He stepped forward to interfere, but Berryman and another fisherman caught his arms.

"Let 'un be. 'Tis fair fight."

"Your man's as good as Polgarn."

The two men swayed together, each trying to lift the other from his feet. Polgarn was the champion wrestler of Tregarron, but in Sir James he had found his match—more than his match if Macdonald had been younger.

A ring had been drawn round the wrestlers. No man, woman, or child would step within that circle, for Tregarron knew and loved the science of wrestling. Long, hissing breaths were drawn, groans of delight were given at the advantage gained first by one, then by the other of the fighters.

The sand was trampled into watery ooze beneath their feet; they swayed backwards, forwards, to and fro. Opinion was equally divided. Polgarn was a native, but he was disliked for his unsociable habits. Many among the crowd would not be sorry to see him thrown. On the other hand, Sir James was a stranger, and he was claiming something that Tregarron looked upon as peculiarly its own—wreckage. Feeling was balanced.

Not for long! Sir James was the better man of the two; art made up for age.

"'Tis bootiful!" said an old man.

"Ay, but 'un can't last; he's too old," said another.

Perhaps Sir James felt this himself. He put out all his strength and skill in one effort. It was a trick in throwing, and if it failed was bad for himself. But it did not fail: that particular throw was not known in Tregarron.

Polgarn lay on the wet sand.

Half a cheer went up from the crowd.

Sir James stood panting and looking down at his adversary. He held out his hand for the belt, and Berryman gave it him without a word. A woman brought his hat, which had fallen off in the struggle.

Something bright shone in Polgarn's hand. He raised himself on his arm and struck Sir James in the thigh. Hugh kicked him down before he could strike again.

"I thought Englishmen were above stabbing," said Sir James, clapping his hand to the wound.

His coolness and bravery won the hearts of the fishermen. One took Polgarn's knife, the others clustered about Sir James to examine the hurt.

"Nothing to speak of," said Berryman, who was a bit of a doctor, "but it's bleedin' nastily."

Sir James leant against Hugh's arm. A woman dipped her handkerchief in the sea and held it to his forehead; he was fainting with loss of blood and fatigue.

"Get 'un up to Trosa, and I'll bind up the stab," said Berryman.

"Us'll carry him."

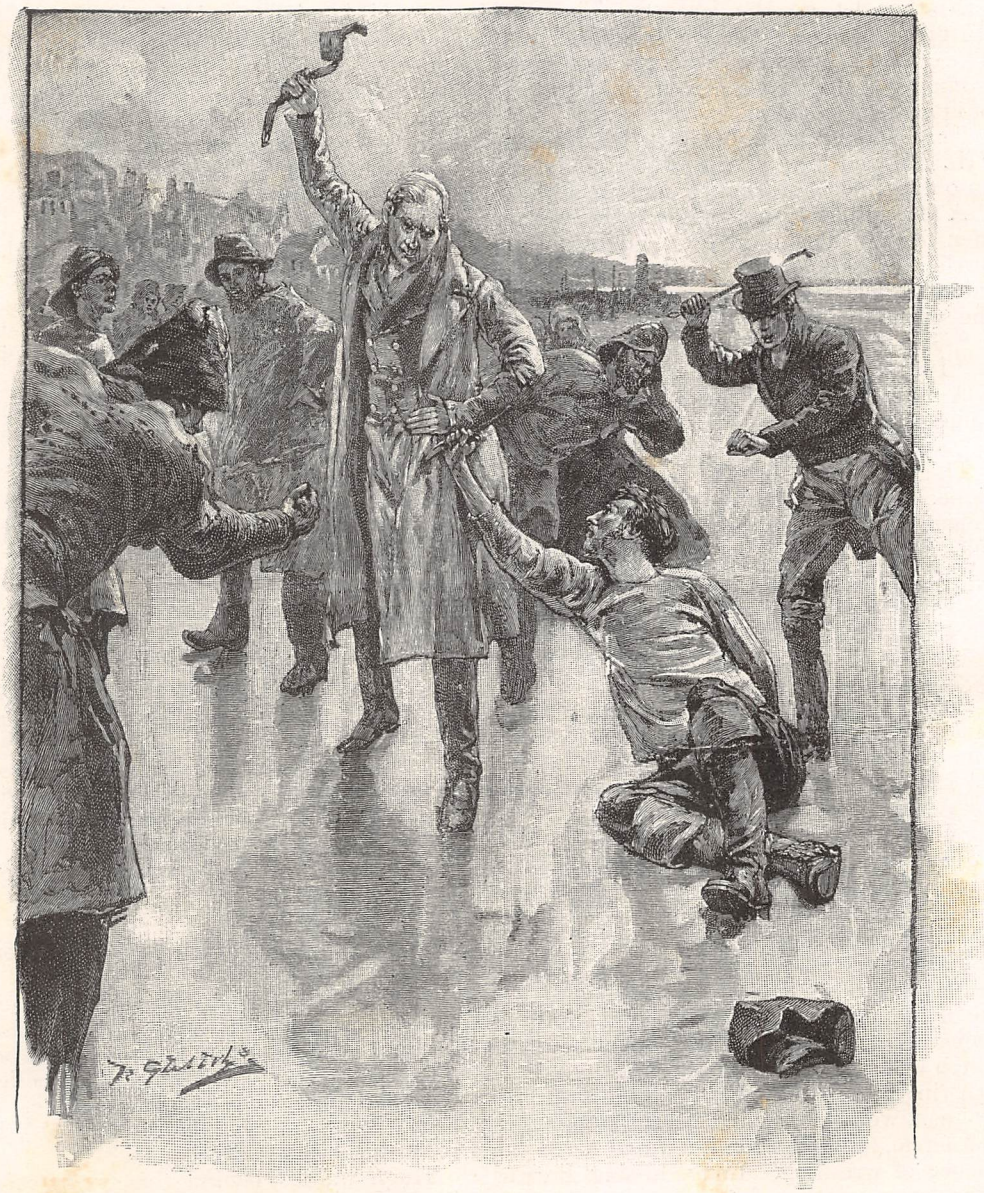
A dozen willing arms were ready for the task.

Twilight was come. Red clouds were all that was left of the sunset; in the east the darkness of night was gathering. The sea moaned with a mournful sound, an eerie sadness was on the stretch of shore. Dick Polgarn, a solitary figure, limped slowly towards the sand hills.

Hugh walked behind the group carrying Sir James. Half-way up the hill to the farm he turned and looked back at sea and shore.

The night was drawing in clear and cold. A bright star twinkled overhead; the water was dark; it had crept nearer to the sandhills. Shadows wandered to and fro upon the sand, the yellow light of a lantern suddenly flashed out. Creeping over the sandhills to Tregarron a dark blot of men carried the drowned sailor.

Hugh roused himself with a shiver. He would be wanted in the house. Supper must be provided for the fishermen and their women, for no man, woman, or child visited Trosa farm without bite or sup being given them.



"SOMETHING BRIGHT SHONE IN POLGARN'S HAND" (*p.* 623).

Abigail might grumble, but she dared not refuse hospitality.

"Hugh, Hugh," said his mother, clutching his arm, "that poor gentleman!"

"It is nothing but a scratch. Where is he?"

"They have carried him to bed, and Berryman is with him. Abigail and I changed the sheets, and now he has the best, and everything as nice as could be. To think of that wicked Polgarn stabbing him!"

"He will be right again in a day or two."

"Not for a week at least, Berryman says. He spoke so beautifully about troubling us so much—Sir James, I mean—and he begged me to send him to Tregarron."

"He knew you wouldn't, mother," said Hugh, gruffly; "it was a safe offer."

Chapter V.—Trosa Farm.

Hugh wondered whether invalid ever had such nursing as Sir James Macdonald. Mrs. Penrose, Abigail, and his niece Loveday were his devoted servants.

The household had gone crazy over the

invalid, and he did not believe that it required three women to dance attendance on a man with a slight wound. Hugh felt himself neglected. He had always been first with his womenkind. His mother worshipped him, Abigail obeyed him; he was the head of the house, and his wishes were always consulted. Now he found himself put aside for this stranger, this Sir James Macdonald. He would come home from his tramp or ride round the large farm, ready for his meal, to find Abigail cooking a dainty for Sir James; her master must wait for an hour. His mother was not in the porch to meet him as she used to be; she no longer took an interest in the new foals and calves, the price of turnips or the prospects for next year's wheat or hay. What Sir James had eaten, what he had said, how his wound healed were the only things that held the widow's attention. Hugh was too kind-hearted to grumble, but he grew fractious at the fifth relation of how Sir James had dressed for the first time that day.

Nothing was said for some time about the contents of the belt. But on the Saturday week after the shipwreck Mrs. Penrose came to her son with importance writ large upon her forehead.

"I want to go to Byford market next Wednesday," she said.

Byford was twenty miles away, and Hugh had nothing to sell for some weeks to come. He mentioned this.

"It is very important. I must go next week; I cannot wait. Sir James wishes me to buy clothes for himself and the girls."

"There was money, then, in the belt?"

"Yes, fifty guineas."

"I suppose Miss Macdonald will go with you, mother?"

"Yes, Loveday will look after Sir James. We must start at seven o'clock. You'll drive us, Hugh, in the gig."

Monday found Sophia with a cough. Hugh heard from his mother that Sir James forbade his daughter's driving to Byford.

"He says she is delicate in the chest, Hugh, and that she must not dream of going. I think it is nothing myself, but he is so fond of his girls that he fidgets if he fancies they have a finger-ache."

Hugh recalled the way in which Sir James had swum to shore leaving his niece and daughter to drown.

"I suppose Miss Alison will go instead," he said, with a wry face.

"Oh, no! Loveday couldn't be spared; I couldn't leave Sir James unless she was with him."

"I should have thought his daughter could have looked after him as well as you, mother," said Hugh drily.

Mrs. Penrose flushed a delicate pink; her son was buttoning his riding gaiters, and did not see that flood of colour cross her face.

It was eight o'clock in the evening before they got back to Trosa farm. Sophia Macdonald met them at the door. Her cold was better she said; only a small cough at long intervals remained. Sir James had been well looked after. Berryman had spent an hour with him, and he was to come downstairs to-morrow. They were delighted with Mrs. Penrose's shopping, and she was pleased with their loudly expressed satisfaction.

Hugh smoked a solitary pipe after supper, when she, Abigail and the girls were upstairs with Sir James unpacking the purchases.

He sat in the window seat, his head leant back, his eyes on the moonlit sea. He felt solitary, neglected. After excursions to Byford there had always been talk after supper, his mother's pleasant chatter had filled his ears, Abigail's voice from the kitchen had inquired for this person or that, she had come into the room to give her opinion on the sale of calves or wheat. He could see his mother adding up the amounts she had spent, and Abigail looking over her shoulder and finding fault with the items. It always ended in his being called to make the sums balance, and there had been recallings to memory of a penny spent here and another there, of a yard of penny sarsenet, of a sixpenny box of pins. He could not remember an evening after a journey to Byford when he had been left alone to smoke his pipe. How long would these people be in the house?

The door was softly pushed open. Loveday Alison crept into the room. She sat down on a chair facing Hugh, and rested her chin upon her small, brown hand. Her dress had been mended with long untidy stitches of black thread; her feet were covered with stockings and shoes lent her by Mrs. Penrose; the stockings hung in wrinkles round her slender ankles, the shoes went flip-flop when she walked, and dropped off as she sat. She was a contrast to neat Sophia.

"Your mother is a very kind woman," she began.

Hugh said Yes, she was.

"Very kind. Perhaps—too kind."

She balanced her large shoe on the end of her toe.

The candle on the polished table gave a subdued light on the side of her face. The corners of the room were in darkness, and Hugh's head could not be seen in the shadow of the window curtains. He held his pipe in his hand, and wished that the girl would go.

"Too kind—perhaps," she repeated.

The shoe dropped on the floor; she looked up, seeking Hugh's face in the shadow. Not seeing it, she leant across the table, and put the silver candlestick in such a position that the light might fall upon him.

"That is better," she said; "now we can talk."

Hugh put down his pipe.

"You can smoke. I do not mind," she said; "then we shall be comfortable."

Loveday fished up her shoe from under the table, and thrust her foot in it.

"My uncle comes down to-morrow," she began suddenly, with business-like intonation in her voice. "You might get rid of us in a week."

Hugh mumbled that he hoped they would stay as long as they found themselves comfortable.

"That is it. If you make us comfortable we may stay for ever. You look aghast," she laughed. "You have not much politeness in you. Now Tam o' the Peat and Andy Briggan would have begged us to stay for ever in their huts."

"I am not Tam o' the Peat."

She laughed and laughed again.

"You are not," she said, wiping her eyes, "indeed you are not. Now I am giving you advice; get rid of us."

She leant forward, and looked into his eyes.

"Get rid of us."

He stared at her with open mouth, bewilderment in his eyes.

"Oh! you handsome gowk!" she cried, with an impatient movement of her shoulders; "gowk is a Scotch word. We come from Scotland, you know; it means a very clever person. Well, gowk, get rid of us."

"We don't turn people out of doors in Cornwall," said Hugh, stiffly.

He was uncomfortable at being called handsome, and he was sure she was poking fun at him. He did not know the meaning of gowk, but he was positive that it did not spell clever person.

"Have things your own way, then. I do not want to leave Trosa, but I thought after your saving my life I ought to—but there! I cannot make the blind to see, or fools wise. We must just gang our own gait, as we say in Scotland, and warm ourselves when the sun shines."

She rose to her feet, and walked to the door.

"I never thanked you for saving my life," she said; "I do now, though it is not a valuable one."

She was gone before Hugh could speak.

CHAPTER VI.—CHANGE.

SIR JAMES MACDONALD came downstairs. He was improved in dress and person. His white hair waved back from his forehead in shining thickness; he was carefully shaved, his linen—or, rather, Hugh's—was scrupulously white; he was not fat, but he had lost the gaunt look of ten days before. Altogether he was a very personable man, and Hugh could not help feeling flattered when Sir James called him friend, preserver, delightful host, and a score of other pleasing names. He wore Hugh's finest frilled shirt.

Trosa farm scarcely knew itself in the days that followed Sir James's reappearance in the parlour. The best of everything was hardly good enough for him in Mrs. Penrose's estimation. China and plate came out of store-cupboards where they had been hidden for years, the finest linen lay upon the table, all day long there was cooking in the kitchen.

A string of visitors came to Trosa. Berryman had been the first, welcome to all, for Hugh liked him, and the women looked upon him as the doctor. When Sir James came downstairs, the fishermen who had carried him up from the sand also called. They were shown into the parlour, and Sir James, in his affable, patronising manner, made them welcome. The wilder spirits of Tregarron followed, and every afternoon a choice company gathered in Trosa parlour to listen and admire. For Sir James soon established a supremacy over these reckless sea folk.

Hugh, coming home in the dusk, would see them through the window seated round the parlour table, mugs and glasses held in their hands, flushed faces and attentive ears bent towards Sir James at the top.

No grumbling was ever heard from Abigail for the extra polishing the shining mahogany required, no murmurs from his mother that she was shut out of her room. No, Sir James might do what he pleased, entertain whom he liked, the king could do no wrong.

Hugh would come upon him talking to Mrs. Penrose with bent head and lowered voice; a flush would be upon the widow's cheek, a light in her eyes. There would be a stir upon his entrance, the chairs pushed back, and Sir James would look up to speak, his suave voice louder than usual. His mother explained to Hugh that these talks were upon her visitor's past and future. Sir James asked her advice as to what was to become of the girls, or sought her sympathy over his lost fortunes, his castle and estates, his devoted servants and faithful clansmen.

In all weathers Loveday was out. Hugh would meet her on the sheep track on the cliffs, or inland on the farm, struggling against

the wind or carried before it, laughing with glee, her hands holding on her hood, her petticoats twisted about her ankles. She was always alone. Sophia preferred the house, and the company of her father and the fishermen. Loveday would pass Hugh with a laugh and jest. He never knew whether she were laughing at him, and he would ponder her words with serious face and an angry turn of spirit.

Sophia was more to his liking. He understood her, or thought he did; a good, gentle little girl, with a proper liking for needlework. Not a wild thing of the storm, like that cousin of hers.

She said to him one day—

"I suppose you never want to run risks, to do something which you know you will be punished for if caught; to run in cargoes of smuggled goods, to signal to waiting ships—to—to—to—feel excited and happy, and nervous and reckless, all at once?"

"Yes, I do," said Hugh; "but I don't do it."

"No; I suppose not."

The colour died from her face, the light from her eyes; she was once more the quiet, composed Sophia.

One afternoon the girls with hoods and pelisses on came into the room. They had been for a walk along the cliffs; a breath of salt air entered with their bright eyes and pink cheeks.

"I am going into Tregarron to-night," said Sir James.

"Father, is it s——" Sophia saw Hugh's figure in the armchair by the fire.

"Yes, is it safe?" Loveday took up her cousin's words, her eyes upon Hugh. "Is it safe to walk as far with your wound? You have only been for the shortest of saunters yet, and Tregarron is nearly two miles, is it not, Mr. Penrose?"

She turned to Hugh, innocent questioning on her face. Yet he could have sworn there had been a pause of consternation, when Sophia spoke, and a motion of Sir James's hand towards his dark corner. The room was dusk; the firelight shot up with a gleam now and then; the hollow murmur of the sea came through the open window.

Had there been a whisper? Had a sign passed between the three? When he considered, he doubted. It might have been a flicker of the firelight that distorted Sir James's mouth.

Abigail came into the room with lighted candles, his mother followed. The window was shut, the white tablecloth was spread, the girls ran away to take off their outdoor garments.

At tea Hugh said to himself he had been mistaken. There could be no secret understanding between the girls and Sir James.

Mrs. Penrose was speaking under her breath as the girls returned.

"Oh! sir, what a difference you must find in things now."

"That is true, madam, but while I have my dear daughter and niece I shall never be alone."

Hugh remembered him swimming ashore and leaving the said dear daughter and niece to struggle to land or to drown. The benevolence in Sir James's eye as he glanced from niece to daughter with affection writ large on his flushed face made Hugh ashamed of his suspicions. The very wave of the white hair shaken back from his broad forehead carried a sense of high-bred benevolence, of charity, of love and peace to all men. But yet——

"I shall never forget your kindness to us, madam," a tear came into Sir James's eye and stole down his cheek; he made no effort at wiping it away. "You have fed and clothed us with a generous, an open, a lavish hand. We can never repay you; though I—I, James Macdonald of ——" he hesitated a second, "Macdonald of—of Dramossie Castle, would lay down my life for you and think it a small thing."

"It has been an honour," bleated Mrs. Penrose, "and the dear young ladies, I love them as though they were my own daughters." She put her hand on Loveday's in simple motherly fashion. The girl drew hers away as though she had been stung, and starting from her chair, ran from the room.

Chapter VII.—Tregarron.

Tregarron was a fishing village at the mouth of a broad river. The village ran up from the quay in three straggling streets to a belt of wind-blown trees at the top of a steep hill. From the river the village looked a white-washed criss-cross of houses against the dark brown-green of fir and elm. A few schooners and smacks slanted on the mud and shingle at low tide against the quay wall. Fishing boats of every size, of every shade of brown, with here and there a freshly painted one of emerald green or royal blue lay beside the vessels. Barefooted children sat on the side of the boats and paddled in the pools and stream. On the other side of the river a belt of sandhills stretched away to right and left and inland.

This side, running beyond Tregarron, down to the bar and half a mile by the open sea, were the sands where the wreck had been.

Up the river the land rose on either side. Rich fields ran down to the stream until it narrowed, and grass and wheat were succeeded by mile on mile of woods growing down to the water's edge and dipping their leaves in the stream.

All the business and pleasure of Tregarron centred in the quay.

After the night of Sir James's first visit to the village he was often to be seen there. The fishermen came no more to Trosa farm: their friend and hero came to them. He was a hero to the younger men. His stories of his own wild doings filled them with awed admiration. The elders laughed and whispered in their sleeves their unbelief, but after Sir James kicked one from the parlour of the "King's Head" and threatened to shoot the next to grin, they allowed that they might be true.

Something in Sir James Macdonald's face warned them that his were not idle threats. They crowded round him on the quay; the parlour of the "King's Head" was not large enough to hold the men who came to listen. He swaggered up and down, followed by a string of men and women, or sat in the "King's Head's" best room with fishermen pressing near; those that could not enter standing in the open doorway. He was a king in Tregarron.

Stormy wild weather was come with December. The sea was loudly moaning on the bar; a hollow throb of sound was the undercurrent to the stir and noise of the village. Groups of men and women strolled across the sandhills to the open bay to search the dull horizon. A ship in sight roused expectation; a wreck might bring so much prosperity. The wind blew inland, the surf beat on the shore, white flakes of foam blew across the sandhills up against the cottage window-panes, but still the ships passed in safety up to the Bristol Channel.

Sir James looked from the windows of Trosa Farm every morning before he stepped down the road to Tregarron. He scanned the sea and smiled when a sail was in sight.

Hugh knew the meaning of the look of smile. He was kept informed of village news by Berryman.

"They look up to 'un, and think he's a little god. He can do just what he likes with 'em, and if a ship do come ashore, I know who'll get the better part of the plunder."

"He is not in with that lot!"

"Ay, Hugh, but he is. And if he's hereabouts in spring, he'll be in with the other business too. Any fool can see who's master down to Tregarron now."

"He won't be here in spring," said Hugh.

"Aw! I wouldn't be too sure of that," said Berryman, with a dark look and an indrawing of his lips.

They were in an outhouse, and Hugh, in his shirt-sleeves, was cleaning some harness. Berryman, seated on an overturned pail, cut himself a quid of tobacco. Loveday Alison stood in the opening.

"Mrs. Penrose wants Captain Berryman, to ask if he can get her some fish," she said.

"I'll drop into the house and see her," said Berryman.

He went away, and Loveday took his seat on the pail.

The outhouse was filled with broken and unused farm implements. A pleasant smell of hay came from the loft overhead; some fowls pecked among the dust at the opening. Hugh rubbed and polished in rigorous silence, and Loveday watched him.

"How blind you are!" she said, after three minutes.

"Blind!" he said, looking up with a pair of fine grey eyes.

"Yes. Blind! blind! blind!"

"I do not understand what you mean. I can see as well as you."

"Can you, indeed? Blind! blind! blind! Why don't you get rid of us? You do not want us in the house—you do not like us. Why do you not order us off, like the beggars, the tramps, we are?"

"We do not turn our guests out in this part of the country."

"That is unfortunate for you. We have been here five weeks. It was the beginning of November when we came, and now it is only a week to Christmas Day. You certainly might send us off without any harm being done to your hospitality."

"I am sorry you are not comfortable at Trosa," he said, without looking up from his work.

"Who says I am not comfortable? I do not want to leave. I—I——" She stopped with a catch in her breath. "If you knew—Dramossie Castle, you would not say such stupid things. Dramossie was—was—oh, hateful!"

"I thought you were sorry to leave Scotland. Your uncle says you were."

He doggedly kept his head bent over the leather.

"Send us away at once, or you will regret it."

She put a slender brown little hand upon his arm.

"Stupid! stupid! send us away."

She bent forward in her eagerness.

He looked at her, a slow resentment growing on his comely face.

"I may be stupid," he said, "but it is not for you to tell me of it. The house is my mother's. Go to her, and ask her to turn you out."

She gave him a peculiar look.

"I know the house is your mother's, but she has done what you wanted—so far. She might now."

He drew on his coat, and picked up the leather harness.

"I am going to see the horses fed."

His eyes met hers, and he stopped. Something strange and piteous looked out at him from their dark liquid depths. What did she want? A startled wonder came into his mind.

"Yes?" he said to that look.

"Nothing, nothing."

He passed her without saying anything more. In the yard he heard her footstep behind him, and a hand plucked at his coat.

"I have done my best, Mr. Penrose."

She was running into the house when he turned to answer.

A slim figure and the back of a dark ruffled head disappearing into the kitchen doorway were all that he saw. He pondered over what she meant by her words.

That night the wind rose into a gale. It beat against the front windows of Trosa farm, and whirled round the house. The shriek and howl of the storm kept all awake. Sir James Macdonald was absent. He had gone to Tregarron early in the previous afternoon, and had not returned. In that primitive life there was no fear of robbers. The door was left unbolted.

Hugh looked from the window of his room into the blackness of the night. No light gleamed from shore or sea. Sir James had stayed at the inn because of the storm, and not because of wilder work on foot. In the dark of early morning Hugh rose from his bed. The maids were yawning in the kitchen, their milking pans under their arms when he passed through.

A grey cold dawn was breaking. The wind had fallen, and a misty drizzle hung upon the road and inland bent trees.

Tregarron lay silent and asleep. The cottage windows and doors were closed. No cheery face looked out as Hugh's firm step crunched down the steep, narrow street. On the quay were likewise silence and solitude. The boats and smacks lay high and dry on wet mud; the river ran with a sullen, silent look; the roar of the sea on the bar and shore of the bay sounded loud and near.

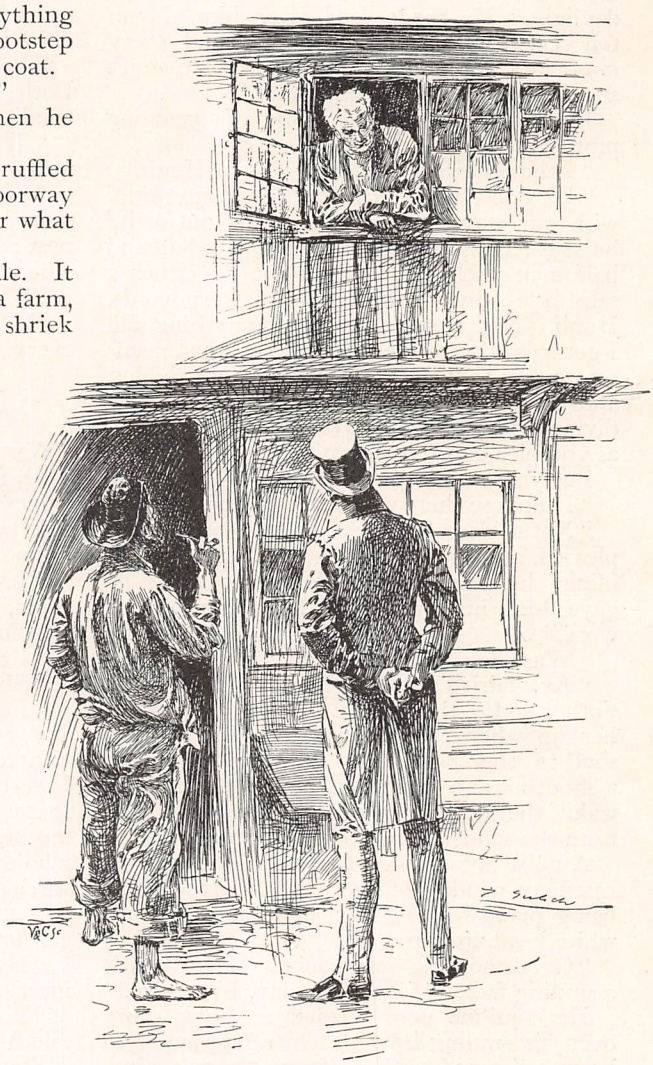
Hugh knocked at a small house some doors from the "King's Head." Berryman looked from an upstairs window.

"Hullo, Hughie! What do 'ee want at this hour o' mornin'?"

"Come down, and I'll tell you."

Berryman made his appearance in a few moments. With a pair of trousers hastily drawn on over his flannel shirt, bare feet, unwashed, unshaved, he looked a disreputable character.

"You can't come in, Hugh. The missus ain't a-tidied up."



"'HAS HE BEEN TELLING YOU OF OUR NIGHT'S EXCITEMENT, PENROSE?'" (*p.* 630).

It was well known that Berryman lived in fear of his wife.

They walked up the quay. Berryman cared not that his feet were bare. His hardened soles felt no more than the leather bottoms of his boots. Indeed he preferred to walk with naked feet, but respectability has its inconveniences.

"Anything happen last night?" said Hugh.

"Ay, fine doin's."

"Macdonald in it?"

"Ay; leader, and worst of 'em."

Berryman hitched up his trousers.

"Anyone saved?"

"Not a soul. Her run ashore on the North Bank, and the crew was gone before mornin', washed off. Sir James and the rest went out on the shore and waited till daylight. He made 'em obey him, I can tell 'ee. Everything in order, and every man jack of 'em in his place. He don't stand no nonsense, that he don't."

Berryman spoke in a tone of grudging praise.

"I thought you liked him?" said Hugh.

"Us don't want furriners come interferin' with our ways. 'You're in it or out of it,' he says; 'I ain't a-goin' to have any half and half men with me. You must be either a saint or a sinner'; those were his very words, Hugh. Not a stick or bit of anything did I get from that there wreck. He must needs set a party to keep off the women and childer, and everything was brought to him, and he divided it standin' there on the sand, as lordly as you please. 'Tis sickenin'!"

Berryman spat over the quay.

"I suppose there were quarrels and fights?"

"Not a blessed one; even the women was pleased, and that's sayin' a deal. 'No grumbling,' he says to Bill Westaway when he gave him his share, and Bill didn't say a word."

"Was she a large vessel?"

"Ay, fairish; you'll see her hulk from t'other end o' the quay. They'll be breakin' her up when they've rested a bit. Every soul in the place has been up all night a-shoutin' and screamin' loud enough to wake the dead. They've only been back from the sands an hour or thereabouts."

A noise above made the men look up. A casement-window of the "King's Head" was being pushed open. Sir James Macdonald's white head appeared.

"Good-morning, gentlemen," he said with a smiling face. "'Tis a dull day, I perceive."

His aquiline nose seemed to hook more over his smiling lips, his white hair and eyebrows glistened with a silvery gleam against the dull background of the "King's Head" room, his dark eyes narrowed with the widening of his smile.

"Auld villain!" muttered Berryman.

"Has he been telling you of our night's excitement, Penrose?" inquired Sir James. "Berryman wants wages without work; he would not help sack the ship, but he was willing enough to pick up any trifle that might be washed ashore. You must be in it or out of it, good sir."

Berryman plucked Hugh's sleeve.

"Come away from that old rascal"—the words were loud enough for Sir James to hear; he smiled and closed the window. "Come away, and I'll give 'ee a piece of advice: Git rid of 'un, Hugh."

"That's my wish."

"Turn 'un out neck and crop. He's been up to Trosa long enough; and if he won't go of hisself, turn 'un out."

They had walked to the end of the quay. Both stared out to the bar; on the right of the line of breakers a black dot could be seen.

"That's her," said Berryman, "went ashore at ten o'clock last night; not a soul saved."

"Send 'em away from Trosa," said Berryman, resting his arms on the top of a tarred post; "send 'em away before you regret it. There'll be trouble if you don't."

"They shall go," said Hugh.

He walked back to Trosa, decision in every step.

CHAPTER VIII.—HUGH IS ASTONISHED.

"WHY do you wish them to stay longer? They must go some time, why not now? Sir James has some money of his own, some he will have from this wreck. This is as good a time as any other."

"It will be so lonely and dull without them," she sobbed.

"You were not lonely before they came."

"I thought you liked Sophia?"

"She is the best of the lot."

"Loveday has such pretty ways with her, and I never had a daughter, and I always wanted one; she is just like my own might have been. You'd miss them yourself, Hugh. It was Loveday who thought what you'd like for breakfast this morning, and it was she who saw the things were kept warm for you when you were so late. I can't think why you do not like Sir James, such a grand gentleman as he is, and us only farmers."

"He is very well pleased to eat the farmer's meat, mother."

"I would not grudge them their meals," said Mrs. Penrose indignantly.

She burst into a fresh volley of sobs. Her handkerchief was rolled into a wet ball; her

face was red and stained with tears ; her cap was pushed on one side ; her smooth brown hair was ruffled. Hugh stood with his back to the door, and he stared at his mother.

"I never thought you'd have been mean, Hugh," she whimpered.

"You know I am not, mother. But five weeks' stay of castaways is surely long enough. The man is mixing himself up in Tregarron doings, and you know what that means. Last night he did not come here because he was with them stripping a ship, and in the spring there will be the other business."

"I don't think anything of it, if Sir James does pick up a trifle," said Mrs. Penrose, ignoring her son's words. "I don't suppose he thought what he was doing ; he often tells me how thoughtless he is" — the widow smiled through her tears—"and he saw the others doing it, and——"

"Well, mother, I shall tell him that he cannot stay here after next week."

"Hugh, Hugh!" sobbed Mrs. Penrose.

"Yes, mother, I shall."

"Oh, Hugh, you must not! I—I like them, and—and——"

"They must go some time."

"I won't have them go. This is my house, and I will not have them turned out."

She wiped her eyes fiercely, and looked up in frightened determination at her son.

"Mother!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, it is my house, and you shall not turn out my guests."

"I know it is yours—everything is yours," he said, in a low voice.

Though he knew that the farm belonged to his mother, he had never before realised that this was not the same as belonging to himself. From the hour of his father's death he was recognised as master, and never had his mother's will clashed with his. She had given to her son the same blind obedience she had shown her husband. Hugh had long forgotten that he was not complete master. Money matters—buying and selling—were entirely in his hands.

"I don't mean that, Hugh," she said weakly. "Of course you are master ; but when I like people, and don't want them to go, it is hard——"

"I forgot that I was only the manager."

"Hugh, Hugh, I didn't mean it. You can do just what you like, but—but I don't want them to go."

Her tears and piteous face touched her son's heart.

"No, no, mother. I know I can do what I like, and you have been the best of mothers. If I had known that you liked this Macdonald and the girls so much, I would have said nothing. I suppose they will go of themselves some day."

Life appeared to run smoothly for the next ten days at Trosa.

Sir James Macdonald stayed more in the house ; his visits to Tregarron were few, and were made in the morning. He sat at home in the evenings, and played cribbage and backgammon with Mrs. Penrose.

She grew younger-looking every day ; the colour in her cheeks grew pinker, her face was always smiling. One morning she came down without her cap, but Hugh's stare and exclamation sent her flying back to her room, though not before Sir James's, "You look not a year more than twenty, madam," had made her blush with pleasure.

Christmas came. There was no service in Tregarron church. Mr. Penharrod, the vicar —holder of half a dozen livings and greatest reprobate for ten miles round—had service at his largest church, Trentham. The distance was too far for Trosa folk to drive, and the day passed peacefully at home.

The week passed, New Year's Day came. That year it happened to be on a Monday.

It was a wild, blustering day. Hugh went early to a distant part of his farm, not to return until evening. His mother ran after him to the garden gate to kiss him farewell.

"Why, mother, what's wrong?" he said, seeing the tears in her eyes.

"Nothing, nothing, only—Hugh, you won't be angry with your poor old mother."

"Angry! Mother!"

"Well! I—I——"

She clung to his arm, with white face and quivering lips.

"What is it?" he said.

Sir James Macdonald's suave, loud voice came from the porch.

"You are wanted, madam."

"Never mind. I will tell you when you come back this evening. It is nothing much, and everything will be the same. The farm is yours, and—and——"

"Madam, madam, you are wanted."

Sir James's voice was a trifle impatient. He stepped from the porch into the garden, a fine figure of a man.

"I must go, I am wanted. Hugh, you mustn't be angry with me. Whatever happens, you will always be first with your mother."

She ran back to Sir James. Hugh saw him tuck her hand into his arm and lead her into the house.

Returning home in the afternoon, he took

"'DEAR SON, LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO LADY MACDONALD.'"

the path on the cliffs. A mile from the house he met Loveday.

She was gazing out on the grey sea when he saw her. Her hood was in her hand, her dress was blown round her feet, her curly hair was flying back from her forehead. One hand was clenched behind her back, the other held her hood. He thought there were tears in her wild bright eyes, and her face had lost the pink colour that outdoor life had brought to her cheeks.

"It is too late," she said abruptly.

"What is too late?"

Her eyes met his, and she laughed.

"Have you not heard? I see you have not. When you do, remember that I warned you."

She put her hood on her head, and tied the brown strings. It was of brown cloth, lined with a bit of pink. Hugh remembered hearing her coax his mother to give her that piece of pink silk; it made a charming setting to her clear dark complexion and the short black curls on her forehead. Some people might think her pretty.

"I hate mysteries. Speak out, and let me hear the truth," he said.

"Get to the house; you will know soon enough."

He walked fast, hurrying to he knew not what. Loveday stepped along by his side.

Abigail ran out to open the garden gate. She had been waiting and watching for his return. A new cap was on her head, a new dress upon her back.

"Are there visitors?" said Hugh.

He had never seen her but with an old gown, her sleeves rolled above her elbows, her cap awry.

"No, no. Come in, and you'll hear. They are back, Miss Loveday—been back an hour."

"Who are back? What do you mean?" said Hugh in a loud voice.

"Get in, get in, Maister Hugh."

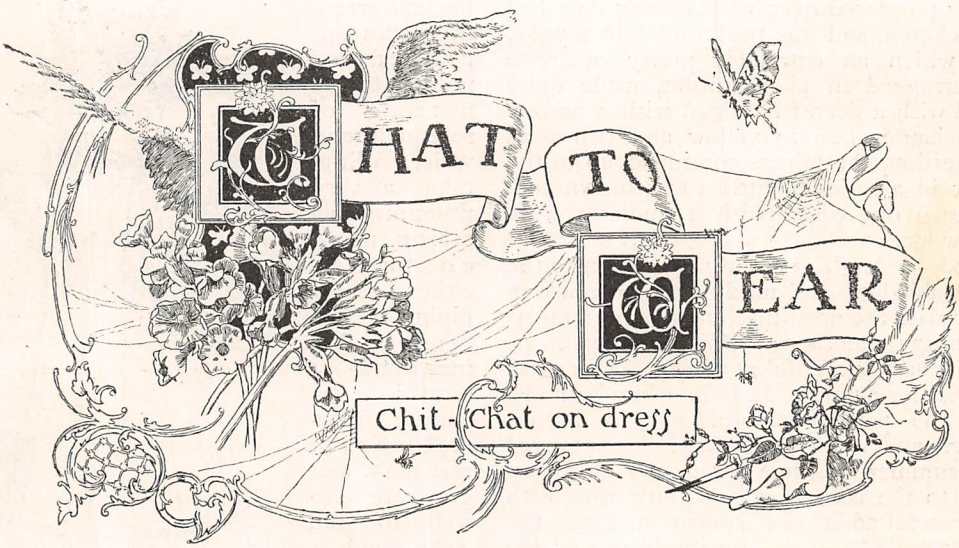
He strode in, a fear beginning to awake in his heart. At the parlour door he stopped.

His mother sat at the table dressed in a blue silk. Her veil was pushed up over her large befeathered bonnet; she held a handkerchief to her eyes. Sir James Macdonald stood leaning over her, a glass of wine in his hand. He was begging her in tender accents to drink a little. Sophia sat in the window seat, a sullen look on her fair face.

Sir James turned at Hugh's entrance, lifted Mrs. Penrose's hand in his, and said.

"Dear son, let me introduce you to Lady Macdonald. We were married in Trentham church this morning."

END OF CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.



JULY.

ON a sultry summer's afternoon what topic could be more acceptable than that of the irresistible charms of the daintily cool fichu of lace, and the enchanting qualities it possesses, whether of converting the plainest muslin frock or mediocre black satin gown into a thing of beauty and pleasure, or with its soft concealment veiling the angles of a too slight figure, and with its subdued lights and complementary tinting bestowing a semblance of roundness to throat and face?

Beautiful in design and most desirable of acquisition is the fichu here illustrated: at the back describing the fashionable square shape, forming a yoke over the shoulders, and drooping in the front to the bust in a point, with a graceful vandyke-edged gathered frill of lace outlining the design, and a pretty little stand-up collar encircling the throat. Another elegant design most favourable to a stout figure was arranged in drooping points on each shoulder over the sleeve, and one back and front, with lines of insertion radiating from these to the lace neck-band, and a soft frill of lace gathered to the edge all round.

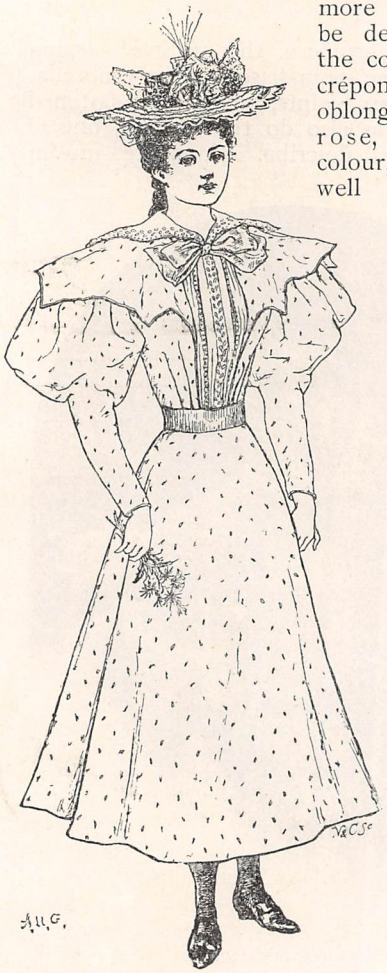
The collar or yoke of embroidered cambric or lace and muslin has come assertively to the front rank in the summer fashions, and the newest are composed of white sprigged net or muslin trimmed with lace and insertion in buttercup-yellow tint, others by contrast being tinted in golden-tan or ecru d'or, but the combined attractions of the white and yellow are decidedly the prettier. These collars are in every instance edged with frills of lace or embroidery, the outlines varying either in three points, square, or umbrella-shaped with six points, and mostly fastened at the back, as also do the blouses, one of which I must describe. A white muslin

FASHIONABLE FICHU.
(From a photograph by Walery, Ltd., Regent Street, W.)

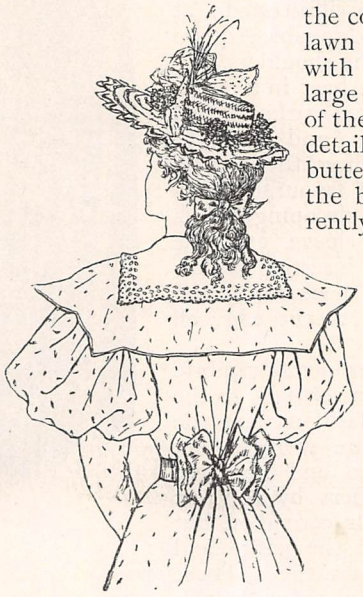
closely powdered over with oblong dots had been chosen, and was made full into a yoke, over which an extremely pretty collarette was arranged in plain muslin, made quite round with a deep frill edged with a narrow Valenciennes lace in yellow and two rows of insertion, the fulness continued up to the throat in a series of little tucks drawn full, and each one edged with a similar row of narrow lace.

Broderie Anglaise is the name given to the fashionable laces and muslins that are woven to simulate the open-hole embroidery familiar to our grandmothers. One mode of treatment is very successful as frillings, or in piece material for dresses. It is in white cambric, with the pattern embroidered in butter-colours, and would look charming arranged as a summer costume for a girl of fifteen years, to the accompanying illustration, with the graceful addition of ribbons to match the embroidery; or, if a more dressy effect be desired, one of the cornflower blue crépons figured with oblong dots in green, rose, or cream colour, might be well worn. We have now arrived at the stage of admiration for the combined colours blue and green, in shades approved of fashion, to say nothing of rose-pink and violet. White takes a very prominent position upon costumes either as a piping, ribbons, or linings, and in satin is a favourite material. Fawn, rose-pink, and grey are also well to the front, and a charming shade of golden-tan. We will consider this last colour the chosen one for our design for a young girl, made in crépon with rose-glacé silk ribbon and piping, and sailor collar and vest of fine cream lawn and tinted thread embroidery; the skirt cut with godet pleats at the back, lined to give them a pretty set; the bodice made full into a yoke over a plain-fitting lining, and elegant shoulder-cape, lined and piped, the collar and pleated vest of the lawn opening out over the bodice, with sleeves of crépon cut fully large at the armhole. Our sketch of the back of the bodice gives the details of the collars and the pretty butterfly bow of ribbon fastening the belt in the centre, and apparently clasping the fulness of skirt and bodice.

PIQUÉ COAT FOR CHILD OF FIVE YEARS.



SUMMER COSTUME FOR GIRL OF FIFTEEN.



BACK VIEW OF THE SAME COSTUME.

This design is appropriate for young ladies of seventeen or twenty, as also is the becoming hat of brown straw trimmed with tinted lace, rose-coloured ribbon, and knots of tiny rosebuds, lilies of the valley, or marguerites.

Shot chiné silk, white, mauve and pink, with white satin and lace accessories, would look charming thus arranged.

COTTON FROCK FOR GIRL OF FOURTEEN YEARS.

Coat for Child of Five Years.

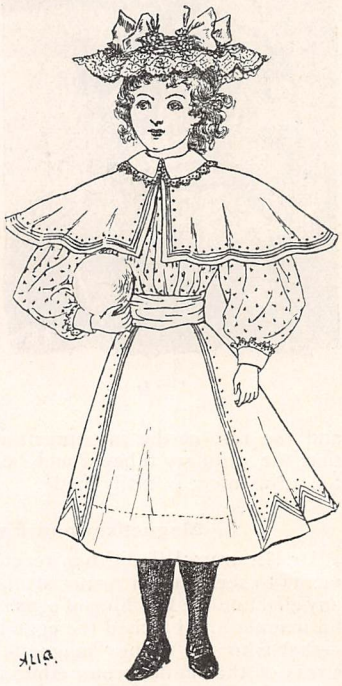
There is an apparent change in the length of the coats for tiny children; this season they are much shorter, some reaching very little below the knee, and others to within three or four inches of the instep; in this way all the pretty frills and laces of the frocks are visible beneath the plain edge of the coat, and preserve the balance of the much-befrilled shoulder collars. The illustration shows a coat in piqué, pleated in two box-pleats back and front to a square yoke fastened with mother-of-pearl buttons; the large collar and epaulettes are made of the new embroidered cambric, and pretty bows and ribbon of butter-coloured satin fastened around the neck. The sleeves are large and loose to allow of the fashionably puffed frock sleeve beneath.

Cotton Frock for Girl of Fourteen Years.

The new holland or grass muslin, coloured fancy batistes, and daintily coloured linens, supply a goodly variety from which to make wise choice for this pretty frock. For seaside wear brown holland and cornflower blue are two good wearing colours, whilst for country may be added the new shades of green, rose, and Tussore; white embroidered piqués and lawns always look well, and are becoming to young girls. Sketched is a stylish frock with skirt and sleeves in fawn batiste, embroidered in open work in white thread, and chemisette, bodice, and collar of white lawn, trimmed with valenciennes edging, sewn at the edge of the gathered frill bordering the collar, which is cut square across the back and opens up the centre of the front. A pretty turned-over neck band is made to correspond with the cuffs that give a dainty finish to the large full sleeves of the fancy batiste. The belt of rose-coloured ribbon gives a pretty touch of brightness. This design is complete without the large collar, and can thus be worn at home, and for outdoor wear adding the fichu collar.

Frock for Child of Seven Years.

Pink linen is employed for the skirt and shoulder-cape of this design, embroidered with lines and dots of nut-brown cotton; these lines are carried up the seams at either side of the front and back, and border the space between in a vandyke pattern. The cape is cut on the round, hemmed and embroidered, with the cambric collar of the blouse turning out over it. Cream tinted cambric patterned with tiny dots is the material whereof the blouse is composed, and narrow cambric embroidery edges the cuffs and collar. For a cool frock on a warm day the new shade of egg-shell green alpaca would be delightful with lines of narrow baby-ribbon velvet in black; and the blouse in white cambric, striped with a hair stripe in black, with full belt of fancy purple silk finished at the back in a fan bow without ends. The shell-shaped hat is in bright, coarse white straw, trimmed with green ribbons, shot pink and pink-tipped daisies in bunches with upright stems, this colouring for the costume in pink, substituting white ribbons for the shot when worn with the last described colourings of the frock. A. Ll. Griffiths.



PINK LINEN FROCK FOR CHILD OF SEVEN YEARS.

Cut paper patterns for making costumes from the original designs illustrated in this article may be had, cut to the sender's measurements, for one shilling each. Application should be made to the Author of "Chit-Chat on Dress," care of the Editor of Cassell's Magazine, *La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.*

The GATHERER
An Illustrated record of Invention Discovery & Science

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in THE GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

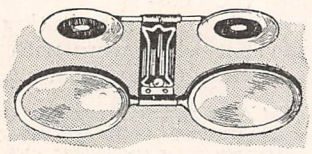
A Skeleton Field Glass.

FIG. 1.

Our engraving shows a portable field and opera glass both in use and folded up for the pocket. It will be seen that the apparatus has no tube, and that the lenses are simply turned into a plane at right angles to the plane into which they are turned for carrying in the pocket. The ocular glasses and the rest of the instrument are so constructed that the ordinary tubes would be superfluous, and the adjustment is easily made.

Magnetism and Eggs.

Dr. Bertram Windle has recently made experiments to see whether or not strong magnetism has any effect on the hatching of eggs. He took a powerful magnet and hatched the eggs between its poles —that is to say, in the "magnetic field," where the stress of the luminiferous ether is greatest. The eggs of silkworms were apparently unaffected by the magnetism or "lines of magnetic force" penetrating them, but hen's eggs thus treated were found to produce an unusual number of abnormal chicks. Dr. Windle has also submitted the eggs of trout to an electrical current traversing the water, and found it to arrest their development.



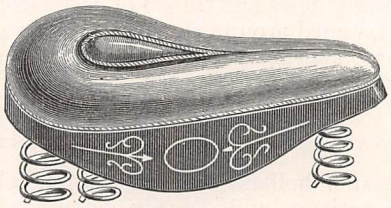
A SKELETON FIELD GLASS.—FIG. 2.

A Canning Steamer.

An American company have introduced a steamship fitted with all the appliances for canning and preserving tropical productions on board. She is designed to cruise about the West Indian islands and the "keys" of Florida to pick up fruits, turtle, Guava jelly, and other dainties, and preserve them on the spot; then deliver them at the Southern ports for transport by rail throughout the length and breadth of the United States.

The Air Saddle for Cycles.

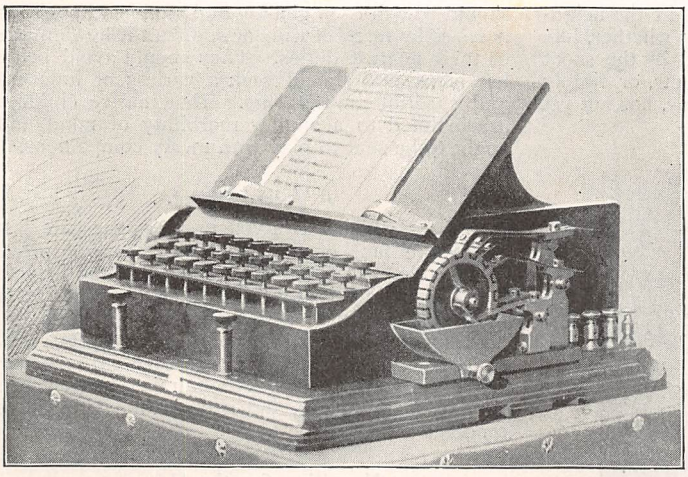
The pneumatic saddle for bicycles is virtually a compressed air cushion, and may be applied to



ordinary saddles, as shown in the figure. It gives a soft and springy seat, which is found an advantage, particularly on long and hilly journeys. The air bag can be inflated by the lungs; but if the rider is weak in the chest, a pump may be found desirable.

Air-tight Covers.

The "Limpet" is the name given to some new covers for domestic use which have recently been patented. Each cover consists of fine india-rubber stretched upon a circular metal frame. In use their action is very simple, for all that is necessary is to moisten the rim of the basin, glass, or cup which it is desirable to protect, and to slightly depress with the hand the rubber of the cover when putting it in position. On the withdrawal of the hand the rubber naturally returns to its original



A TELEGRAPHIC TYPEWRITER. FIG. 1.—THE TRANSMITTER.

position in the frame, and thus a partial vacuum is created, and the vessel hermetically sealed. As the cover may be easily removed by again depressing the rubber, the handy nature of this contrivance is apparent. Not only for general household use, in the preservation of various stores, liquid or solid, but for the sick room and the hospital, in keeping the air from medicines or lotions, the "Limpet" covers should prove a boon.

A Telegraphic Typewriter.

The Havas Agency, of Paris, have adopted the telegraph typewriter of Mr. Wright, an American inventor, for the distribution of news to their clients. Our engravings show this apparatus, which is too complicated to describe in full. We may point out, however, that the message or news is telegraphed in working the typewriter with three rows of keys, shown in Fig. 1, and printed in Roman type at the distant station on the receiver, shown in Fig. 2.

A New Microbe.

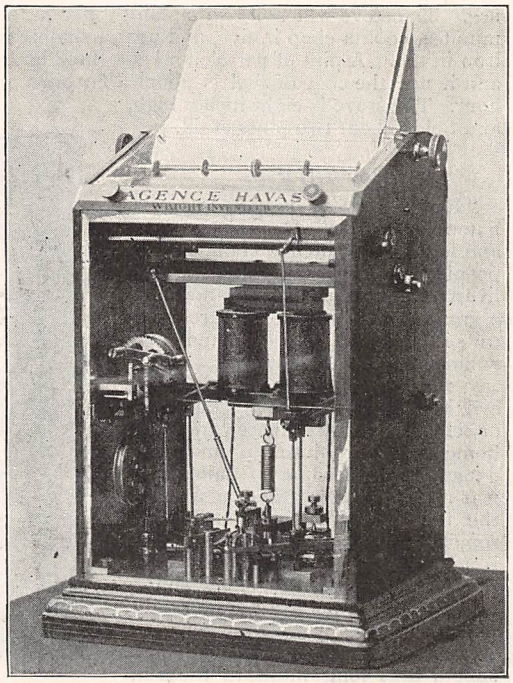
M. Physalix, a French bacteriologist, has succeeded in creating, or "breeding," a new variety of microbe by cultivation. It has been derived from the microbe of anthrax by the inoculation of guinea pigs, and the properties of the original bacillus as well as its shape have been altered in the process. "Bacillus anthracis claviformi" is the name given to it, and it has the appearance of a short rod. The experiment is a new departure in bacteriology, which may have important consequences in future. We may add that a cure for cancer by the inoculation of bacteria is reported from Paris, but it will be well to await further information as to its efficacy before descending to particulars. We may also mention here that Dr. Meade, of Bolton, has made some experiments with microbes, which go to prove that copper coins kill them; whereas coins of gold, silver, nickel, or other metals which resist chemical reagents, do not seem to harm them. The observation is valuable in connection with the spread of disease by means of money. Books from circulating libraries have been so often blamed for this evil that it would be well if they were submitted to disinfection on their return to the library. Barbers of high standing now employ disinfectors for their brushes and razors; but it would appear from experiments lately made in France that soap itself is inimical to bacteria, and that infected linen is properly purified by washing with soap and water.

A Balloon Trip to the Pole.

The Academy of Sciences, Paris, are now considering a project of M. Andrée for attaining to the North Pole by means of a dirigeable balloon. It is estimated that the balloon will require to raise and support over 6,000 pounds, including three travellers, provisions, and apparatus, and remain impermeable for some thirty days. The travellers intend to start from Spitzbergen in the summer of 1896, and expect to reach the Pole in a few days with a fair wind. After making their observations and taking photographs they would refill their balloon and return to civilisation.

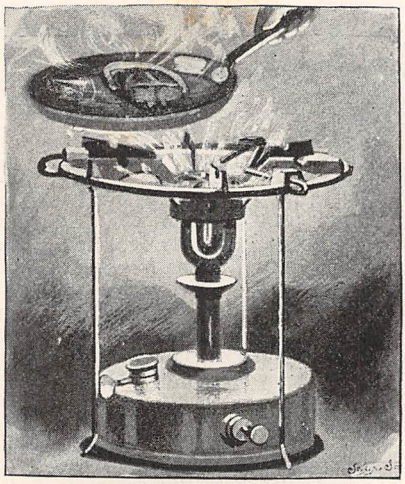
Musky Trout.

In the vicinity of Geneva there is a manufactory of musk by means of chemistry which stands on the banks of the Rhone, and the waste products are discharged into the river. As a consequence,



A TELEGRAPHIC TYPEWRITER. FIG. 2.—THE RECEIVER.

it is found that trout and other fish in the neighbourhood have a musky savour; but whether, like some other fishes, they are attracted by the scent of the musk and eat the waste products, or simply become impregnated with the perfume, has not yet been ascertained.



A WICKLESS OIL STOVE.

A Wickless Oil Stove.

The wickless oil stove which we illustrate is useful for boiling, grilling, and so on. It is claimed for the stove that it has no smell or smoke, and is quite safe, while being of neat appearance. The reservoir for the petroleum seen below is of polished brass, and therefore cleaner than the iron ones in use. The stove will boil two pints of water in four minutes, cook a chop in five, and heat a smoothing iron in ten. A pint of petroleum lasts three hours, and hence the cost of fuel is about a farthing per hour. The stove is eight inches high, and holds about two pints of oil.

House Nerves.

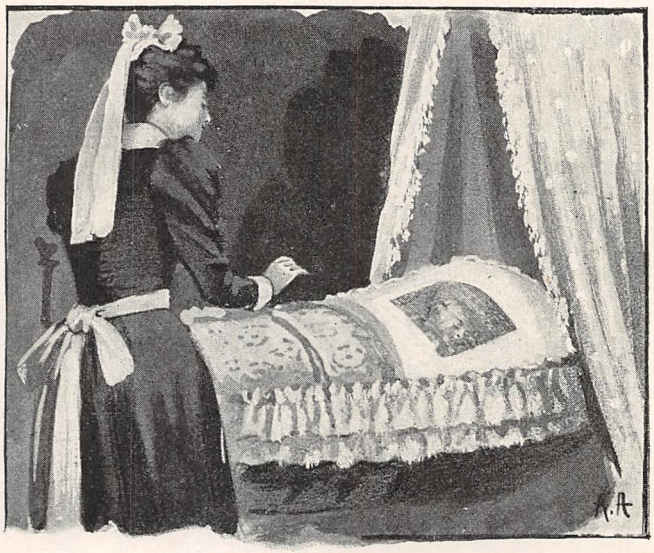
"House nerves" is an American name for a species of nervousness and low spirits which is common with people, more especially women, who live a sedentary indoor life, and brood a great deal. Such women are prone to self-analysis, and become very anxious about their affairs, not to say suspicious. They imagine that evil is likely to befall their husbands or children whilst these are from home; they conjure up imaginary dangers, and become so timid as to fear the ordinary weather outside and the usual incidents of travel. The remedy for this condition of health is, according to an American authority, not doctors or drugs, but simply exercise in the open air, and bright, pleasant company. Those who are suffering from such melancholia should take long walks in the sunshine with a friend or two, they should banish each gloomy and anxious thought as it arises by force of will, or supplant it by thinking of their nearest duties. They should avoid being left alone, and should seek a variety of innocent and cheerful amusements. Imaginative children are inclined to a similar morbidity of mind, and ought to be sent to play with merry companions.

A Veiled Sheet.

A sheet which has a veil in its upper part just where the face of the sleeper comes will prove serviceable in the nursery or the sick room in cold weather, when it is advisable to cover the head; or in summer, when flies are troublesome. The veil not only admits fresh air, and thus prevents suffocation, but permits the nurse to observe the sleeper, if necessary. In cases of ophthalmia the veil can be made of green gauze, and if desirable it might be rendered antiseptic.

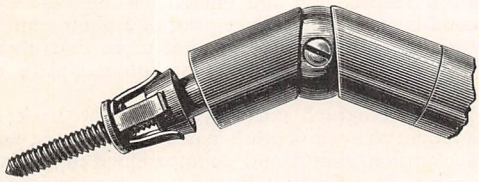
Novelties for the Home.

A new joint for cornice poles has lately been brought out, which will earn the gratitude of all householders. It has several advantages, not the least being that by its simplicity it reduces the cost of cornice poles for bay windows, and makes alterations possible to fit the poles for use in another house in the event of removal. When to these advantages is added the fact that the joint (of which the construction will be readily apparent from the illustration on p. 639) allows very free passage to the curtain rings, a strong case has been made out for calling general attention to a useful novelty.—The "People's" washing machine is the next home-invention which claims notice. The machine is intended for use with an ordinary washing-board, and consists of a pair of corrugated rollers of brass, which are mounted in a frame. The inventor claims that by the use of this machine, which has simply to be run up and down the board over the articles to be washed, thorough



A VEILED SHEET.

cleansing is speedily secured without damage to the clothes.—A disinfecting sanitary dustbin is a novelty of which many householders will be glad to hear. The cover of the bin is so contrived that



CORNICE POLE JOINT.

it may be removed bodily by the dustman when taking away the refuse, but for general household purposes a small hinged lid in the centre of the cover is employed. Beneath this lid is a perforated box which contains a disinfectant, a small quantity of which is automatically scattered over the contents of the bin each time the lid is dropped.—Another new candle-holder has just been patented, and deserves a word of commendation. To the brass plate upon which the bottom of the candle stands is firmly attached a brass upright that carries a flexible spring grip. Without danger, then, the candle may be burned to the last particle, and waste and grease are alike avoided.—Still another invention appealing to housewives for acceptance is a newly patented screw fastener for broom-heads. It consists of a double screw—that is to say, of a head with a screw on each side of it. One screw is to be first fixed in the end of the broom-handle, and then the other may be driven home in the bottom of the socket in the broom-head, with the result that a secure and lasting joint may be made. Not the least advantage of this novelty is that it renders a change of handle to a new head the matter of a minute's work only.

"Century Science."

A good many people who could not be induced to read a history of the progress made in any given science will be tempted by Messrs. Cassell's "Century Science Series," the principle of which is to tell the life-story of some epoch-making discoverer, and show from that how the science which he advanced and widened has grown. The editor of the series is Sir Henry Roscoe, who himself writes upon "John Dalton, and the Rise of Modern Chemistry" for the first volume. The discovery of the Atomic Theory revolutionised chemical study, and made chemistry an exact science. Every tyro now knows and realises the importance and value of the system we owe to Dalton, but few have hitherto known the details of his interesting story. The name of Major James Rennell, which is associated with "The Rise of Modern English Geography" in the second volume of the series, from the pen of the President of the Royal Geographical Society, is not so widely known and honoured as it should be. He was a pioneer in a field where good work has since been done, but his labours richly deserve the meed of recognition which they here receive.

New Stories.

Those of our readers who remember Mrs. Neal's pleasant story, "Worthy to be Loved," will be glad to hear that it has been published by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett in two volumes, under the title "Coming of Age." It is a pity that the identity of the story should be thus hidden; but the tale is a good one, which many readers will be pleased to meet again in this separate form.—Miss E. H. Fowler is the author of a clever little story for children, which is published by Messrs. Longmans under the title of "The Young Pretenders," with illustrations by Mr. P. Burnes Jones. The book ought to be a great favourite in nursery and play-room.

"Royal Academy Pictures."

Anyone who is in want of a permanent record of the pictures in this year's exhibition of the Royal Academy must certainly see and get the supplement to the "Magazine of Art," published by Messrs. Cassell. It does not profess to be a catalogue. Its aim is to give the best reproductions possible of the most striking and representative works shown at Burlington House. The result is a volume of more than present interest, which appeals to every lover of pictures.

"English Writers."

A pathetic interest attaches to the eleventh volume of "English Writers" (Cassell), for it is the first in which another name is linked with the late Professor Morley's upon the title-page. Professor W. Hall Griffin has, indeed, had to take up the work at the point where his former teacher's pleasant task was cut short by death. The tenth volume of the work carried the story of English literature to Shakespeare's day, and in this present volume Professor Griffin has had to complete the study of Shakespeare and his contemporaries under James I. The bibliography which he has introduced is one which no student can fail to appreciate. And in the conclusion of the volume (two-thirds of which Professor Morley left finished) there is no apparent break in the thread of the story. Concisely, the later chapters are what—so far as can be judged—Henry Morley would have wished; and higher praise than that it is not possible to give them.

GARDENING IN JULY.

FLOWERS should be everywhere now—roses, carnations, pinks, and a host of lovely sweet-smelling things spreading their fragrance around and feasting the eye with varied colour. At this summer-time those who have neglected their gardens will see their folly, when at every step one takes the beds and borders in a good garden are covered with blossom.

As regards greenhouse plants, look over them twice a day at least to ascertain whether they are dry or no, as, in the smaller greenhouses especially, the soil soon gets quite powdery. Some things, once they have flagged to any extent, never recover, ferns in some cases refusing to be coaxed back into normal vigour. The greenhouse, if fully

exposed to the sun, must be carefully shaded to prevent fern fronds from getting scorched.

Strawberries are in season, and where they have been mulched and carefully watered are very fine. This luscious fruit repays for good treatment, and is never satisfactory on poor ground. Peg down runners to form new beds. Strawberries four or more years old are never so satisfactory as young sturdy plants. Net over fruits if the birds are troublesome, fishing nets being as useful as anything; also mulch raspberries to get the fruits as large as possible. Unless this be done the fruit will most certainly be small.

Amongst vegetables there is work to be done. If the weather be very dry, the newly-planted things, as winter greens, must be watered well in, dipping the roots in a pail containing a puddle of soot and liquid manure. Plant either in the early morning or—better still—the evening. Mulch tomatoes planted outside against a sunny wall, and sow parsley for the winter. When planting celery, be careful to thoroughly well moisten the soil, otherwise the young plants will never succeed.

Window plants get very dusty in the summer, and much sponging of the leaves will be required to keep them in health. Always pick off decaying flowers before they form seed. Nothing tends more to stop the flowering season of a plant than this, as of course it weakens it, especially in the case of things that bloom with great profusion, such as sweet peas.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

HOME-LIFE COMPETITION.

THREE Prizes of *Five Guineas*, *Three Guineas*, and *Two Guineas* respectively, are offered for the best, second-, and third-best descriptions of the Home-life and surroundings of any celebrity, living or dead. Each paper in this Competition must not be less than 1,500, or more than 2,500, words in length, and special credit will be given when original photographic or other material for the illustration of a paper accompanies it. Each entry must comply in all respects with the General Regulations, and July 3rd, 1895, is the latest day for receiving entries.

POSTCARD ("CHARACTER") COMPETITION.

Three Prizes of *Two Guineas*, *One Guinea*, and *Half-a-Guinea* respectively, are offered for the best, second-, and third-best estimate (not exceeding 100 words in length) of the character of Mr. Ward, in L. T. Meade's story, "The Voice of the Charmer." The estimate is to be written upon an ordinary postcard, and reach the Editor by the first post on July 17th, 1895.

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.

This Competition will be divided into two classes—(1) Outdoor, and (2) Child-life. In both classes photographs are excluded which have previously been publicly exhibited, or to which any prize has been awarded.

Two Prizes of *Two Guineas* and *One Guinea* respectively, are offered for the best and most picturesque mounted silver print of an exterior view of any building, ancient or modern. The size of the plate used is to be half-plate.

Similarly, two Prizes of *Two Guineas* and *One Guinea* respectively, are offered for the best and second-best mounted silver print of a photographic picture of child-life, showing not more than three figures, and not smaller than quarter-plate or larger than half-plate.

Each photograph must have upon the back of the mount the competitor's name and address, and a declaration, signed and countersigned in accordance with the General Regulations, that it is the sole and original work of an amateur, and complies with all the regulations of the Competition. The wrapper of each photograph should be inscribed with the title of the Competition. September 3rd, 1895, is the latest day for receiving entries.

N.B.—The General Regulations, which govern all these Competitions, were published on page 80 of the December number.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION.

AWARD.

The general excellence and the variety of the needlework sent in for this Competition rendered it no very easy task to award the prizes; but after careful consideration these were allotted as follow:

The FIRST PRIZE of THREE GUINEAS to

E. PLEDGER,
Mill Street, Mildenhall,

for a handsome square of flannel tapestry worked in shades of blue. The variety of the stitches and the evenness of the embroidery were worthy of high praise, and the general effect of the simple colouring was excellent.

The SECOND PRIZE of TWO GUINEAS to

M. NICHOLSON,
4, Elmoor Road, Moor Oaks,
Sheffield,

for a blotter covered with flannel tapestry. This was executed in shades of gold and brown, and the mounting of the work with a plush hem round the front cover was very deftly managed, and far better done than is usual with amateurs.

The THIRD PRIZE of ONE GUINEA is divided between S. A. HALL,
Radcliffe, and

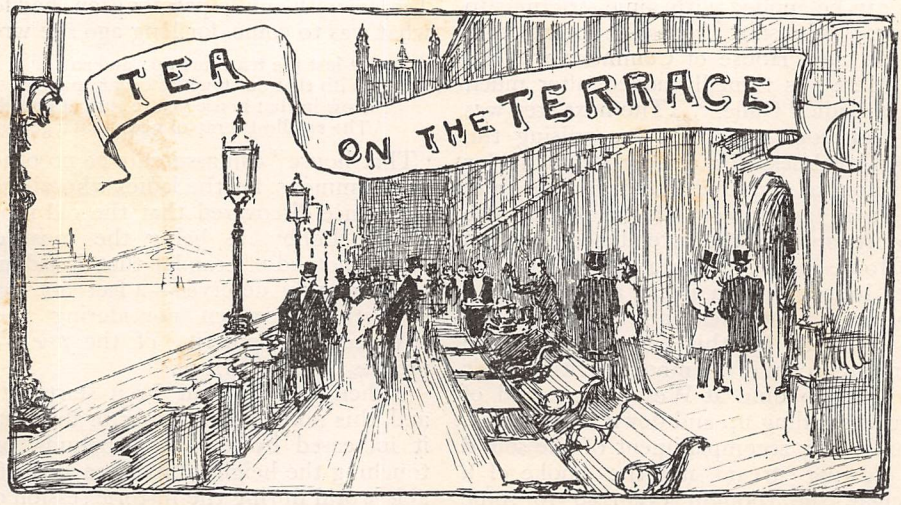
L. SPRUNT,
New Cross Road.

The former competitor sent two lengths of handsome crochet lace for trimming underlinen; the latter, a dainty little doyley.

A good many specimens of well-executed crochet were sent in, and one doyley in particular (from Miss DE JONG) would have taken a high place had it not been disqualified by the omission of the declaration which is required by the Rules.

THOUGHTS.

(*From a drawing by* PERCY TARRANT.)



SIR W. HARCOURT MEDITATES ON A POSSIBLE CHANGE IN THE TEA-DUTY.

IN that dim and distant future when both sexes shall have an equal right to pace the legislative floor of Westminster, the historian of the social and political revolution which has resulted in such a spectacle will assuredly regard the last decade of the nineteenth century with especial interest. For, broadly speaking, it has been within that period that there has been commenced an institution, the development of which has made St. Stephen's more familiar to the fair sex than since Parliament there first assembled; and that institution is what has come so rapidly to be known as "Tea on the Terrace."

Simon de Montfort and his successors among the great Parliamentarians of the Middle Ages had no anticipation of this subtle change. The House of Commons had existed, very much in its present form, for close upon four centuries before tea was heard of in England; the Terrace is a creation of the past fifty years; the combination now under notice was unknown even as lately as a decade ago. And in that very statement is contained the whole significance of an institution which has softened in an especial degree the attitude of Westminster towards women. In the days of the British Solomon, when a certain Dorothee Clayton presented a petition at the House of Commons, addressed to the Lords of the Council, it was roughly directed that "if she clamour upon Mr. Speaker, or prefer any more petitions, she is to go to Brydewell." To-day, if Mistress Clayton did the like, a member would soothe her with tea, and a visit to the Terrace would calm her every perturbation. During the turbulent stages of the great struggle between King and Parliament, Palace Yard was once and again filled with an angry crowd of women, who, in anticipation of their Parisian sisters of long later, added their share of shrieking to the revolutionary movement; how handy would the patriot have found tea on the Terrace then. And when the only chance for ladies to hear the debates in the old House of Commons, destroyed by fire in 1834, was to climb into the garret above the chamber—"one lantern with one farthing candle, in a tin candlestick, all the light," as Maria Edgeworth has recorded—and peep down through the ventilator, how grateful would have been a retirement to the Terrace and to tea!

It is, however, from the ventilator and its more dignified, but not much more comfortable, successor, the Ladies' Gallery, that our present institution is derived. In these times we are nothing if not evolutionary, and the

process can be applied with some strictness to this case. We start from the point that when the new House of Commons was designed, there was formally added, after much debate, a Ladies' Gallery. The next step was that a courteous attendant, recognising the feminine weakness for tea, procured it for such visitors as required the stimulant, and served it in an antechamber. But as the years wore on, and the attendance of ladies at the House increased, it was felt during the summer heats that tea in an anteroom had a suspicion of stuffiness not lightly to be borne. And as by this time the practice had largely grown of members inviting their lady friends to dine at Westminster, and of afterwards strolling up and down the Terrace, to the soothing accompaniment of the sound of the flowing stream and the smoke of a good cigar, the thought occurred to some adventurous legislator that the ante-dinner tea could be sipped by the river-side as well as the after-dinner coffee—and lo! a new world for fashionable enjoyment was discovered.

One might almost imagine that Jane Taylor, with subtle premonition, had foreseen what was to come, for long ago she wrote

> "At last the tea came up; and so
> With that our tongues began to go.
> Now in that house you're sure of knowing
> The smallest scrap of news that's going."

"That house" can assuredly be no other than the Commons, for the ladies who visit it have long since discovered that the old reputation of the Lobby, as being the most concentrated hotbed of scandal that London holds, is thoroughly deserved—a fact not lightly to be estimated when considering the rapid advance in popularity of the *five o'cloquer* process on the Terrace.

When once it had been started, indeed, and this no more than four or five years ago, it increased by leaps and bounds, probably touching the height of its fame in the fashionable world during the historic session of 1893, when the second Home Rule Bill was under daily discussion by the Commons. Throughout that summer, members had to be in unremitting attendance, ready for divisions at any moment. The whips of the various sections guarded every portal, prepared to pounce upon any one of their supporters who imagined he could escape; and such as sought to avoid the obligation by not coming were pitilessly "black-listed" by the party newspapers. In the midst of such constant stress our legislators keenly felt the need for comforting company, and they ministered unto it by filling the Terrace at tea-time with their lady friends. This sudden irruption staggered the old hands of the House in a fashion sorrowful to see. The misogynists, the cynics, and the bored bachelors stood it for a little while, and then revolted. They had borne much (and, according to their acquaintances, much had been borne from them); but when they found the Lobby filled with the *frou-frou* of silk and gossamer instead of the froth of gossip and scandal, when they could scarcely pass through the corridors because of the crowd of ladies sweeping hither and thither, calmly contemptuous of the mere members for whom the place had been designed, they arose in their wrath, and complained to the Speaker.

No record remains of what passed at that fateful interview; but those who remember with

THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS AND HER PARTY.

how masterful a hand he who is now Viscount Peel was accustomed to rule the Commons, and who know how signally he failed when he endeavoured to measure his strength against the ladies, take from their shelves and read Thackeray's fine ballad of "King Canute" as the best realisation of the episode. Desirous to prevent the Lobby from being over-filled with ladies, who are enabled

"From the sacred seat I sit on, I command thee to retreat;
Venture not, thou beauteous damsel, to approach the member's seat.
Woman, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet!"

Thus, slightly altering Thackeray for the occasion, did the misogynists speak; and, for their protection, two sign-boards, with

NOT A DISCUSSION ON THE EQUALISATION OF RATES BILL.

from that coign of vantage to see into the Legislative Chamber, the Speaker issued a ukase that they should not be admitted before half-past seven in the evening. He might as well have whistled to the wind, for his order lived a fortnight, and disappeared into oblivion—the only direct check he suffered during the long and honourable period of his tenure in the Chair. And yet something came of his interference. The misanthropic members who had objected to have their tea-time disturbed by the presence of brighter beings than themselves, were granted the privilege of being specially severed from the fascinating crowd.

the legend "For Members Only," and a sturdy constable, specially selected by Chief-Inspector Horsley for the delicate duty, are stationed at a portion of the Terrace, beyond which no lady, under penalty of death or excommunication, can pass. The story runs that no one of the sex has ever wanted to do so, for, unlike Blue Beard's chamber, all that is beyond the given line is visible, and the spectacle of the bored legislators on the other side does not tempt even the most curious woman to cross.

Even this incident, however, affords one more proof of a fact well known to every frequenter of the Palace of Westminster,

that, in the matter of dealing with ladies, the Lords are far more gallant than the Commons. The Terrace which runs along the shore of silver streaming Thames, as the courtly Spenser would have it, is the property of both Houses; and, if the Peers were only as suspiciously jealous of feminine interference as the Commons, a full half of it would be roped off, the Peers making it a desert and calling it peace. But, in the same pleasantly easy fashion in which, when occasion requires, they allow ladies to sit even on their own scarlet benches, the occupants of the Gilded Chamber permit their portion of the Terrace to be roamed over at will by the fair friends of the Commoners. It is not difficult to imagine, indeed, with what a snort of frenzied indignation the very legislators who secured the reservation of a section of the Terrace "For Members Only," would have witnessed the erection of a notice-board, "For Peers Only," at the other end.

Roughly speaking, therefore, the Terrace is divided into three sections. The smallest one, and that which is nearest to Westminster Bridge, is reserved for the party entertained by Mrs. Gully, the wife of the Speaker, and which had many a distinguished visitor in the days when Mrs. Rochfort Maguire (still best known at Westminster as "Miss Peel") presided at the urn. Then comes the Desert of Sahara, "For Members Only;" and after this the large part which ladies may occupy, and which, though not extending to quite the whole remaining length of the Terrace, is usually ample for all requirements. When first the institution was established, and when, with almost startling suddenness, it occasionally found some three hundred patrons in a single evening, the resources of the Refreshment Department of the House of Commons were somewhat severely taxed; and it was almost all that Mr. Crichton Saunders, its manager, could do to secure rapid service and effective waiting. Even now, and especially when strawberries are at their best and cream at its most delicious, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred visitors will make the afternoon a warm one for the score of waiters; though a re-arrangement of still-rooms has ensured an effective service, and no one on the Terrace needs to have his or her tea cold.

A QUIET GROUP.

"But who *does* have tea on the Terrace?" may be asked by those to whom the ways of Westminster remain a mystery. "Some of our most eminent personages," is the reply. As yet, neither the Prince nor the Princess of Wales has placed by their presence the final seal of personal approval upon this function. But the Duchess of York and her mother, the Duchess of Teck, have enjoyed the opportunity; Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne have followed their example; and not merely once, but several times during a session, is to be seen on the Terrace the Baroness Burdett-Coutts entertaining her friends. It has even been said that distinguished ladies, in half-imitation of a Shakespearian idea, occasionally pipe

"A merry note,
While statesmen grave do pour the pot;"

and certain it is that several among "the great, wise, and eminent," who fill the green benches, seem little loth to wash down the dust of debate with

> "The grateful flavour of the Indian leaf,"

as Mrs. Barbauld, though in utter unconsciousness of the coming glories of Assam, was pleased to term it.

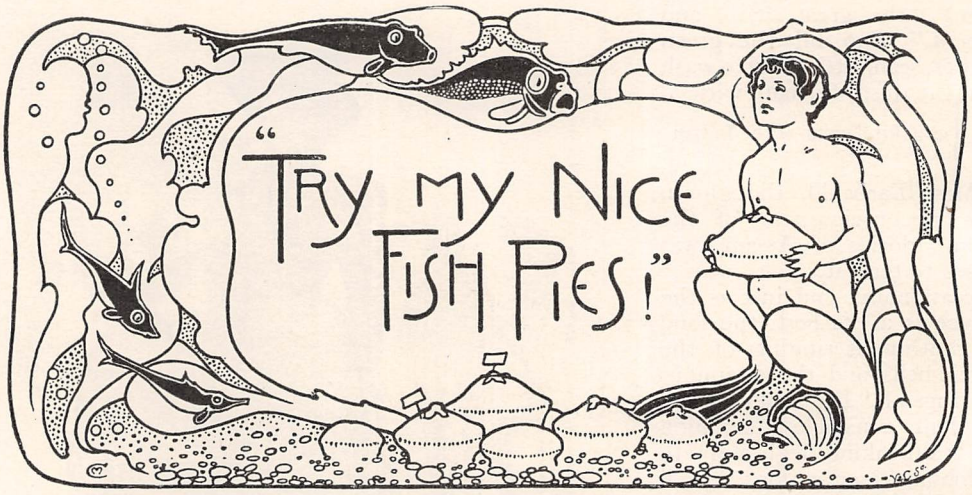
Occasionally, and just as the Terrace is at its best, the loud and continuous ringing of the electric bells, and the strenuous shoutings of "Division" by the attendant constables, summon the tea-drinking legislators to the lobbies reserved for "Ayes" and "Noes." And then it is that his mind flies back to an incident of the summer of 1893, which burnt itself upon his brain. At that time, as has above been indicated, the pressure upon members to be in constant attendance was at its height; but they were only wanted for divisions and not for debates, a condition too often forgotten by those of the British electorate who do not realise the absolute truth of Mr. Gilbert's lines—

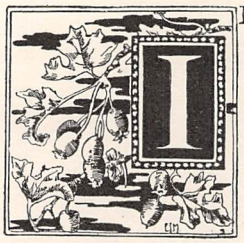
> "When in that House M.P.'s divide,
> If they've a brain and cerebellum, too,
> They've got to leave that brain outside,
> And vote just as their leaders tell 'em to."

It was at a moment when discussion was proceeding and the division bells were still, that the Terrace was thronged with legislators and ladies. A heavily-laden passenger steamer proceeded past them up the Thames, and, as it went, a stentorian voice from abaft the funnel rang forth the fateful question, "Why don't you fellows get to work?" Such contempt of the High Court of Parliament would at one time have ensured its perpetrator being laid by the heels in Little Ease: even in our own day, men for less offences have been sent to the Clock Tower: but members on this occasion were too staggered to reply. For how could they be expected to associate the very name of work with the enjoyment of tea on the Terrace?

A PARTY LEADER.

Alfred F. Robbins.





IN many houses a fish pie is a dish unknown. Almost everybody who eats pastry at all enjoys a patty of oyster or lobster; but for these a rich puff paste is usually employed. I am referring just now to dishes of moderate richness, which may form a welcome change from the family joint or piece of boiled fish; for very tasty snacks can be concocted, and, as "left overs" may be used to advantage, economy is the keynote of my subject.

At the moment of writing these lines, the oyster scare is rampant. This is not, however, the sole reason why these dainty shell-fish are not introduced into any of the following recipes. Many alternatives are suggested, and those who are used to oyster sauce, or a combination of oysters and beefsteak in the form of a pie, will know for a certainty that they will not go wrong in using oysters in fish pies, particularly with the white kinds. But a word may be said about the digestibility of the dish. It is well known that the oyster in its raw state is the best for the digestion, speaking broadly. Also, that when it is exposed to fierce heat it hardens, and the flavour also suffers.

Therefore, in pies it is a good plan to let the oysters, whether in the form of sauce or used whole, be in the centre, the fish enveloping them around. If they were put at the bottom of the dish, for example, the heat necessary to bring up the pie-crust to the proper standard of lightness would be very detrimental to the oysters. Here, as in all other blends of varying materials, common sense is wanted.

Halibut Pie.

This is worthy of praise; and there are hosts of other fish that are equally good thus treated. You may be rather generous with the butter, the depth of your pocket being a fair guide, for halibut is a fish which bears a good deal of enrichment in the form of butter or cream: should a spoonful of the latter be going begging (such things do happen), let the pie have the benefit.

After washing and drying the fish, cut it in thick slices, then in square lumps, season them with salt and pepper, a morsel of nutmeg, and a few drops of anchovy essence. Pack tightly in the dish, letting little lumps of butter find a place here and there, and half fill up with gravy; this should be made with stock from the cuttings and any inferior parts of the fish, strained, and thickened to the consistence of cream with a little flour. Or the flour can be left out, and the fish dredged with fine bread-crumbs, first browned a little in the oven—they must not be in the least burnt, or will spoil the flavour of the pie. The crust should be moderately rich only. If by chance your pie has been made of cooked fish (not to be despised, be it noted), a very thin crust should be used, and your pie should be ready for consumption after twenty minutes or so in a sharp oven.

Fresh Haddock Pie.

Take a fish of two to three pounds weight, and wash and dry it. Make a stuffing to fill it, with bread-crumbs, scraped bacon, salt and pepper, and powdered herbs, moistened with milk, and bound with a raw egg. The precise proportions of the several ingredients need not trouble you; the main thing is to get it well flavoured and rather moist. One warning:

do not add suet in place of the bacon. Sew up the fish after filling, and bake until three parts done, then let it rest until cold, when it should be cut up and packed in the pie-dish. The backbone must be removed and boiled down with the cuttings to make the gravy, a savoury kind being here called for, as the fish is both a trifle dry and insipid.

Break up and cover the bones, etc., with cold water, and simmer for an hour or two; a thickening of browned flour, a *soupçon* of onion, a pinch of herbs (or use a bay leaf), a dash of ketchup or store sauce, and the thing is done; remember the straining. One important point is to let the gravy get cold before the crust goes on, unless a potato covering be preferred, then the temperature of the added gravy makes very little difference.

This pie is quite deserving of a nice flaky crust, which should also be thin, because a short time in the oven is required; but if a thicker crust pleases you, or is from motives of economy desirable, then the moral is obvious: only half cook the fish in the first instance; in fact, it requires then but little more than thorough browning in hot fat. If the fish be too small, the flavour is not nearly so good: proper size in fresh haddock is a strong point.

Were some such treatment as this applied to homely kinds of fish, they would less often be condemned as dry, woolly, insipid, etc. The pity is that so many housekeepers regard only the expensive sorts of fish as worthy a little attention so far as variety of flavour and appearance are concerned.

As to the pies that may be made from cooked macaroni and fish mixed, there is no end to them. With a generous amount of seasoning and a sprinkling of grated cheese—Parmesan being here demanded—the pie becomes a dish for an epicure. The contents should be moistened with a good gravy or sauce—brown or white, mild or piquant, just according to the nature of the fish; with a good many sorts of fish a tomato sauce or purée will be as suitable as any. With almost all a few spoonfuls of hot cream poured into the pie at the moment of serving may well be borne in mind; for while not absolutely necessary, it makes such a difference, and adds to the cost by such a trifle that no apology is needed for naming it. A shilling goes a good way when fish is cheap, and the other adjuncts can be readily obtained.

Then there is a pie for which there is no particular name, but it is well worthy a trial. The bottom of the dish should be rubbed over with butter, and sprinkled with finely-minced ham—raw if your pie is likely to be long in the oven; but for most sorts, cooked ham is to be preferred. Then dredge with a little parsley and thyme very finely chopped or powdered, but never use dried herbs if fresh can be got; the result will well repay the little extra trouble. Let the magic bay leaf find a place either under the crust, so that it can be removed when the pie is cut, or powder a morsel and mix with the other herbs; then add pepper and a dust of grated lemon peel and nutmeg.

The sides of the dish should then be treated in precisely the same manner. Now for the filling. Just for the moment I will suppose that you have some such fish as cod, brill, or any thick, white sort, ready flaked, left over from a previous meal, and enough sauce to moisten it. Plain white, parsley, or any other of the familiar sorts will serve. Boil down any bones and trimmings for stock to increase the amount of the sauce, then proceed to fill up your dish, and if you like to season the several layers of fish with the same materials used for the bottom and sides of the dish, very little is added to the cost; as to the difference to the pie, just try it. If you do, you will for ever agree with Dickens's pie-man.

Supposing you had no sauce left; with such a foundation as I have named, a very suitable one may be had from tomato juice. A good bunch of herbs and a chopped onion should be simmered with the tomatoes until done; they simply want sieving to keep out skin and pips, and there is your groundwork. You may make it piquant with a little flavoured vinegar or lemon juice, or add a suspicion of garlic, or mix in some curry paste or powder and stock or gravy, with or without a fried onion; and here is a chance to use up any remnants of boiled rice. In all these ways and hosts of others success should await you.

But in connection with the class of pies I am here detailing, I have in my mind a crust of the flakiest, though not of necessity of the richest, and its tint is the golden brown so many aim at but fail to attain.

Many are partial to a cold fish snack, so here I may remind you that by using a tin plate instead of a pie-dish, and putting an under as well as an upper crust, you may make very good fish pasties from these recipes, which should come in handy for travellers; they are convenient to carry, tasty, and will not get dry, as sandwiches are apt to do. Those who can digest hard-boiled eggs will appreciate the following:—

Fish and Egg Pasty.

Cover a plate thinly with flaky paste, and cover that with cooked plaice or sole in small

fillets, season to taste, and brush them over with enough white sauce or cream to moisten them, coat these with hard-boiled eggs in slices, and repeat the coating; herbs may be added at discretion. Instead of the white sauce or cream, a morsel of curry paste may be mixed with gravy or stock to a thinnish paste; this is admirable if the fillets have been fried or baked. Another method is to use raw fillets of fish, then the crust should be a trifle thicker both bottom and top. There is one point that should be borne in mind: there must be far less moisture added than in a pie with a top crust only, for the simple reason that an excess of the same liquid would make the under crust heavy.

A pie that comes last on my list for the present is an

Economical Shell-fish Pie.

It is so named because it may be varied to so great an extent. Pies of this sort are very common in many parts of France. Take a small cooked lobster, cut it up and moisten it with butter, milk, cream, fish sauce, or fish stock, or either two mixed; take about the same bulk of bread-crumbs as you have fish, season and mix most thoroughly. "Season with what?" you ask naturally. There is a large choice. Salt and pepper you *must* have; lemon juice or vinegar, with chopped parsley or shredded anchovy, you *may* have; cayenne is optional, and so is a hint of onion. Scores of things occur to me as suitable. Many like the flavour modified with a dash of white fish, pounded and mixed with the rest; or, again, bring out the cheese, but don't overdo it.

The crab, when fresh and in prime condition, is often made into a pie of this sort, and shrimps or prawns may well be amalgamated. The combined materials should form a sort of moist forcemeat, and be piled high in the dish. Use a flaky covering and eat the pie hot, and unless you are exceptionally hard to please, you will vote the result worth the trouble.

DEBORAH PLATTER.

By A. E. WICKHAM, Author of "Two Women," etc.

CHAPTER IX.—HUGH'S RESOLVE.

"MOTHER!" Hugh said.

She threw her hands out to him, but seeing his face, dropped them in her lap. Her head sank upon her breast, her tears ceased.

A little silence fell on the room; the look on Hugh's face awed the women and silenced the man. The fire gave a crackle and sudden spurt of light.

"All is to be the same," muttered Sir James.

"You know nothing of him," said Hugh to his mother, "and—and, oh! mother, how could you do it without telling me?"

"I thought you would be angry, and he did not want me to say anything."

"How long has this been going on?"

"He asked me to marry him three weeks ago last Friday, and—I said Yes—and the banns were called at Trentham the next—Sunday."

"Everyone knew it but I," cried her son.

"No, they did not. Only Abigail."

"I did not know," said Sophia from the window seat; "if I had known I would have told you. To think that we are settled here for life," and she struck the wall with the palm of her hand.

"No, we thought it best to keep it from all in the house but Abigail," said Sir James.

In the dusk their white faces glimmered to one another's sight. Expression was lost in the gloom; only from the sound of their voices could the importance of the moment be known.

"All will be the same," continued Sir James; "you will manage the farm as before. Indeed, I know nothing of agriculture. You will be master; nothing will be altered."

"I didn't think you would mind so much," burst in his mother. "Hugh, I would never have done it if I'd known you would take it so hardly. My boy—my boy, I love 'ee better than the world!"

"Mother, mother," groaned Hugh.

He threw himself at her feet and drew her into his arms, pressing her wet face against his own.

"Come away," said Loveday, seizing Abigail's arm.

"We will leave them," said Sir James.

He beckoned to Sophia. The room was left to mother and son.

* * * * *

An hour later Hugh lay among the sandhills, his face buried in the soft dry sand, his hands catching at prickly reeds.

A small misty drizzle was falling. It lay, a veil of raindrops on his uncovered head and clothes. The night was dark, and the black line of sandhills but a shade blacker than the sky. The moan of the sea was soft and continuous. The wind had dropped, and no sound was made by the rain in its gentle fall.

His mother, his father's wife, had married this man, this Sir James Macdonald, married him secretly without a word to him, her son. The secrecy, the distrust, hurt him first. His own mother! He had believed that her every thought and wish were known to him; yet for three weeks and more she had kept this hidden. She had been fooled by this man, of whom they knew nothing; she was a woman easy to fool, easily led. He saw it plainly now when it was too late, and cursed his stupidity. A penniless adventurer; a rich widow; a comfortable home! Sir James would have been mad to throw such a chance aside!

After his first wild anger and astonishment it was of his mother's fate he thought.

What would become of her in the hands of such a man? His simple-minded, affectionate mother!

Then, lastly, he remembered that life was also changed for him. He had looked forward to a life at Trosa, a long, uneventful, happy life like his father before him. For generations Penroses had lived and died at Trosa Farm. He had expected, he wished for, no other career. He meant to marry some day, his son would take the farm when he was carried to Trentham churchyard, and there would still be a Hugh Penrose at Trosa. Now this was changed. His mother belonged to Sir James Macdonald, and with her went the land. Hugh did not doubt which was of the more importance in the new husband's eyes. Without Trosa she would not have been the lady which Abigail dinned in his ears.

He gathered himself up from the wet sand, stared into the darkness, his head between his hands.

What should he do? Leave Tregarron! He loved the place; he knew the people. But hard as the wrench would be and bitter as would be his regrets, he felt that it would be easier to go out into the world to make his way than stay at Trosa, the stepson of Sir James.

His face was turned to the west. He knew the dip of the headlands he could not see, the way the sandhills curved inland from the mouth of the river, the stretch of yellow sand when the tide was low. He knew the waves were lapping quietly on the yellow shore and the drizzle falling into a deep grey sea. It was infinitely dreary, this stretch of sand hills and the waste land beyond, but he was of the soil and loved it.

But his mother! How would she fare left to Sir James? What would be her fate without a man to protect her weakness? How would she do?

And the farm? The rich well-tended farm that was the pride of his heart? What would that become under Sir James's management?

A dim, clouded moon arose behind him, and a feeble streak of light fell across the sea.

He stood up and shook the wet from his head and shoulders. The rain had stopped. He walked down to the shore, and, standing with his hands behind his back, looked at the waves, at the place where the wreck had lain. Like then the tide was ebbing, but to-night quietly, with a gentle splash of waves and curve of spray.

A dark shadow was coming towards him over the sand.

It was Loveday.

"I warned you," she said.

He kept his head turned from her, staring at the sea. She plucked his sleeve.

"I suppose you hate us," she said.

"You don't expect me to love you," he replied bitterly.

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going away."

"Idiot!" she said, between her teeth.

"There is no other way. Your uncle is master, and he and I should hardly agree under the same roof. You were right in saying I should regret not sending you away."

"I warned you," she repeated.

"Why did you not speak out? How was I to tell what your warning meant?"

"I do not betray my uncle," she said, fiercely; then, in a quieter tone, "besides, I did not *know*, I only guessed. Until they drove off this morning, I was not sure."

He moved away; she followed.

"My uncle is kind," she said, behind his back; "your mother will meet with no great harm from him. Stay here and manage the farm, and nothing very bad can happen unless——"

"Unless what?" he said, stopping his walk.

"Never mind; unless something, not at all likely, happens. I tried to stop my uncle marrying your mother; I never left them alone. I begged him not to, and he laughed and half promised. But he is too clever for me." She gave a little half-bitter, half-admiring laugh.

"He will be quite good to your mother. See how kind he has been to me. He took me, and brought me up like his own child. I had not a penny or a friend in the world. He has been father and mother to me, better than a great many real fathers are to their children."

The moonlight broadened on the quiet sea. The waves fell with a pleasant, gentle splash and ripple at their feet.

"I tell you he will be good to her," she cried, catching his sleeve with sudden passion; "besides, think," a ring of mockery came into her voice, "your mother will be Lady Macdonald!"

Hugh turned to look into her face.

"Is your uncle Sir James Macdonald?" he said sternly.

Did she blench, or was it the white light of the moon as she swept into a bit of heaven, clear of clouds?

"What!" said Loveday, with a laugh. "Do you not believe, when you have heard of Dramossie Castle, Tam and Davie, and the rest?"

"Is your uncle's name Sir James Macdonald?"

"You must take his word for it that it is."

Hugh looked from her face across the moonlit sea.

"Are you what you say you are?"

"I am my uncle's niece. Does that satisfy you?"

It did not, but Hugh asked no more.

He walked away, but she again followed.

The night was clearing into bright beauty. Clouds and rain were gone; the moon was riding in a clear deep sky; small fleecy clouds of pearl colour floated in her path. Sea and shore were bathed in the dreamy light, a shining ripple was on the water, the small pools left by the retreating tide shone with her radiance.

"Stay, and all will be well," said Loveday; "go, and you will regret it."

Hugh strode on.

"Who knows how long we shall be here?" continued the sweet girlish voice. "Here to-day and gone to-morrow, that is our life."

"He will not be able to leave my mother. You are bound to this place for the rest of your lives."

"Are we?" Loveday gave a peculiar laugh. "Little you know my uncle; nothing binds him."

She spoke with a note of exultant admiration in her voice.

"Yet you tell me that my mother is safe with him; that he will be kind to her. Yours and my ideas of kindness do not tally."

The words were thrown over his shoulder with an angry scorn.

"The more reason you should stay," said Loveday.

Again he walked on, and the girl followed. They rounded the curve of sandhills, passing the bar of the river, and following its course. There was no wash of waves, the river ebbed silently, leaving patches of sandbanks high and dry. The side of Tregarron lying against the hill came into sight, a mass of dark shadows and high lights in the effulgence of the moon. Their shadows, grotesque and black, danced beside them and behind as they followed the curves of the shore.

A sudden light, deep yellow in the whiteness of the moon, flared from Tregarron quay. Someone was flashing an open lantern. It went from side to side twice, then three times up and down.

"Now look," said Hugh.

From the sandhills on their right flashed an answering light.

"'Tis to call their watcher back. There is no use waiting for wrecks, or trying to tempt a ship in with false lights to-night. The moon is too bright; the coast can be seen," said Hugh.

A moment later a man passed them. He

was Dick Polgarn, the fellow who had stabbed Macdonald, now one of Sir James's staunchest followers. He gave Hugh a surly nod.

"Your uncle is head of that business, I hear."

"He is a wonderful man," said Loveday.

Polgarn vanished in a dip of the shore; his footsteps made no sound. Like a shadow he came, like a shadow he went.

Hugh turned his back upon Tregarron.

"He has made himself master of us all," said Hugh.

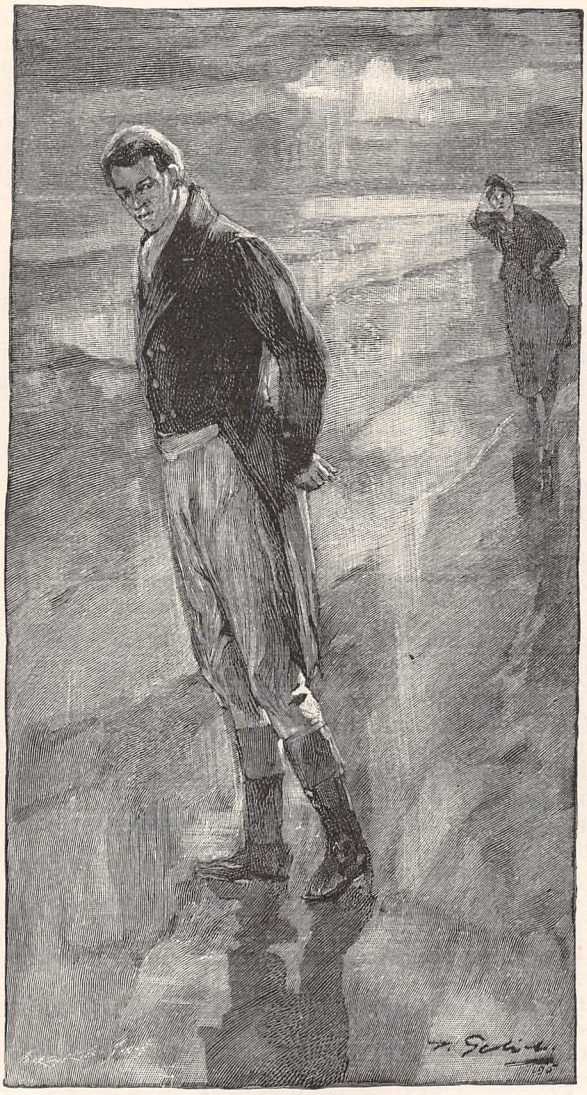
"He is not a bad master, if he is allowed to manage."

"Many are like that," said Hugh drily.

"Stay at Trosa, and all will be well."

"I must go," he said stubbornly.

"Go, then! Desert your mother!" she cried, losing her temper. "I tell you that some day she will want you. I dare say you think yourself a good son, and yet, because for once she goes her own way without consulting you, you desert her, leave her to a man whom you suspect. Is that not so?"



"A DARK SHADOW WAS COMING TOWARDS HIM OVER THE SAND" (*p.* 651).

She stood in his path, her face upturned to his. Her eyes were dark with anger, her mouth stiffened into a narrow line.

"Say! Is not that true? You have always had your own way. Abigail told me so."

"I will send Abigail——"

He stopped short. What power had he now to dismiss a servant?

"You have always had your will. Has your mother ever gone against you?"

"Never," he said truthfully.

No; he looked back over the years since his father's death, she had never crossed his will: it might have been better if she had. A word from her would have stopped boyish frolics and follies which he regretted in his manhood. She had never complained, unless a look, a sigh, could be called complaint. The memory of those looks and sighs, few as they were, came to Hugh like a judgment. Should he deny his mother what she had never denied him—her right to her own will? Looking back, he saw that she had devoted her life to him. Could he not spare a few years to watch over her happiness? If this man, this Macdonald, should be all that his mother believed him, well and good. He could then stay on at Trosa. If Macdonald should be the scamp Hugh believed him, then there was still greater need of his presence to protect his mother.

"I will stay," he said aloud.

It never occurred to him that he was not called upon to tell this Loveday Alison of his decision; neither did he realise that she showed a strange interest in his remaining at Trosa. In the shock of his discovery of his mother's marriage he forgot that to others it might not have the same interest as to him.

They walked homeward. Neither spoke until they were in the shadows of the sand hills.

"Sophia hates it as much as you," said Loveday, with a girlish laugh.

"Why?"

"She thinks it means a dull life. But I know better: we shall not be long here."

Her voice sank to a sorrowful tone.

"Does she find Trosa dull?" said Hugh, in a surprised tone.

"Yes, you see, she wants—different——"

"I thought Miss Macdonald liked a quiet life. She seems quiet enough herself."

"Does she? Well, she does not want to be longer here. Now, I suppose, you never want to leave?"

"No," said Hugh simply.

"You have never been away?"

"Only to Blundell's, to school, and a week or two at Bodmin, and once to London."

"And I have been to so many places."

"I thought you had always lived at Dramossie Castle," said Hugh suspiciously.

"I mean before I went to my uncle's."

"But he took you when you were a baby."

"Of course, I cannot remember my travels," she said lightly. "Is not this the way we went after the wreck? How wet and cold we were, and how my feet bled! Don't you regret saving us?"

Her voice took a mocking, whimsical tone.

"No; but I wish you had never come to the house."

"So do I, and so does Sophia."

They passed up the fields leading to the farm. Loveday walked before Hugh on the narrow path. He noticed that she wore no cloak; her head was covered with a red neckerchief tied under her chin.

CHAPTER X.—THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED.

SIR JAMES and the new Lady Macdonald took no honeymoon. He declared that he preferred the peace of Trosa to travelling the country in search of distraction. She, if she would have liked a wedding trip in her heart, agreed outwardly with her husband.

Hugh could find no fault with Sir James's behaviour to his wife. He stayed at the farm, visiting Tregarron only twice in three weeks; he was affable to the servants and labourers, and to Hugh, friendly and anxious to please. He would not take the head of the table, but waved Hugh into his accustomed place when the young man stood aside. He preferred his seat by his "dear madam," he said, with a smile and bow. In every way he kept himself in the background, pushing Hugh forward as still the master of the house.

The servants grinned and stared. Abigail "My ladied" his mother with energy. She was as proud of her mistress's title as a peacock of its tail. But for her, Lady Macdonald would have been plain Mrs. Penrose all her life. It had been Abigail's strong will which had kept the mother from telling her son of her coming marriage and thereby stopping it. For Hugh's rage of indignation and mistrust of Macdonald would have frightened her into breaking off the match. Abigail foresaw this, and, wild to have her mistress Lady Macdonald, kept her silent.

Sir James Macdonald had wisely won the servant's heart. Between Hugh and his mother there was an uneasiness, a stiffness which were difficult to dispel. She watched him with pitiful eyes, pleading as it were for forgiveness. But he could not forget that she had put another man in his father's place. The sight of her following Macdonald, offering him the little attentions she had given his father turned the son sick with fury. He would run from the house to escape the sight.

Yet he could but own that Sir James behaved well. There was no asking for money, no anxiety to show himself the master. He gave no orders, took no privilege. Hugh ruled the house and farm as he had done since his father's death. He offered to show Sir James the simple account books of the farm, to go over the stock, the income, and expenditure; but the elder man put on such an aggrieved look, his gaze was full of such mournful pity that Hugh blushed. He felt himself a churlish clown.

Captain Berryman hurried up to Trosa when the first hint of the marriage reached Tregarron.

"'Tis a bad business," he said.

"Ay," answered Hugh, gloomily.

"They'm laughin' fine to Tregarron. Keep a watch on 'em, Hugh."

"Did you hear of it before to-day?"

"Not a blessed word. I'd have told 'ee if I'd known. They do tell me that the passon mumbled the banns so as nobody could understand 'em."

"That was how it was kept quiet."

"I've seen he and the passon together, but I never knowed what mischief they was up to."

Hugh smoked, and Berryman chewed in heavy silence.

Sophia and Loveday had accepted the condition of affairs. Both had been silent and cross for the first week. Loveday was the first to recover. But between her and her uncle there was a something. She no longer hung upon his arm in his saunters about the

farm or ran to meet him when he entered the house. Hugh caught her staring at Macdonald, a puzzled frown upon her forehead. All allusions to Dramossie Castle and life in the Highlands had ceased. The ball of conversation which had been gaily tossed to and fro between Sir James and Loveday fell to the ground with his first mention of Dramossie, Andy, Tam, or any others of their retainers. Sophia's fit of temper lasted longer. She might have been called sulking, if such a term could be applied to the sweet person she was supposed to be by the inhabitants of Trosa. She, however, at last came out of her shell, drawn, perhaps, by her stepmother's intention of giving her and Loveday a complete set of garments.

The two girls were driven by Hugh to Byford to do their shopping. It was market day, and Hugh and his companions met with much attention and a great deal of scrutiny, partly on account of their looks, partly because Mrs. Penrose's marriage was noised abroad. The girls drew their hoods about their faces to avoid the gaze of the passers. They hurried their shopping and retreated to the private room of the inn which Hugh engaged for them. Both seemed relieved when the town was left behind and they were once more on the road to Tregarron.

"We dislike being stared at as though we were strange animals," said Loveday to explain their shrinking.

"Yes," said Sophia, "it is distasteful."

Sir James also seemed vexed hearing of the attention they had attracted.

"They must not visit Byford again. My daughter and niece must not be in the way of this rudeness," he said, his chest thrown out, a frown on his forehead.

"A great fuss about nothing," thought Hugh to himself. "I wonder what it means."

"Dear girls! they are so pretty," said his mother.

"My dearest madam, I thank you for your kindness to them."

Sir James lifted his wife's hand to his lips. She blushed and simpered with pleasure.

Hugh left the room.

At the end of three weeks Sir James began to visit Tregarron with all his old regularity.

"I will not bring my friends here as your son objects," he said at dinner.

"I am sure you can bring whom you please, James."

"No; your son objects."

He thus deferred to Hugh.

On the whole, Macdonald behaved well. He made the situation tolerable.

His visits to Tregarron became frequent, and Berryman brought word to Hugh that he was chief and leader of the fishermen and sailors. No wrecks of importance took place. That winter was long remembered as the poorest of many years. Only two wrecks! One that went to pieces, and another of a schooner that was too small to be a prize.

February brought a spell of fine warm weather.

In the crannies of the rocks sheltered from the wind it was possible to sit in comfort. Loveday and Sophia spent a great part of their days in the open air. Sophia was even more often absent from the farm than Loveday, for the younger girl was learning to make herself useful in various small ways.

Hugh found her in the dairy trying to make butter under Abigail's teaching. Her sleeves were rolled above her elbows, her face was crimson with exertion. The butter refused to come under her hands.

"Can you make butter?" she said, looking up with laughing eyes at him filling the doorway.

Hugh was a young man, and Loveday's face was like a rose. He stepped down from the stone step.

"As well as you," he said, looking at the milk in the churn, which as yet showed little likeness to butter.

"Let Maister Hugh try," said Abigail.

"Yes, yes; do try."

He looked into Loveday's dark eyes and rolled his coat-sleeves up.

"I'll make it come before ten minutes are out," he said with a hearty, boyish laugh as he rinsed his hands in the basin of water Abigail held.

He worked furiously, sending the milk flying round the churn. But still the butter did not come. Loveday laughed at his efforts; the ten minutes slipped into fifteen, and still the milk was milk.

The dairy was dark and chilly, paved with stone, a narrow grating letting in the light, but there were drops of perspiration on Hugh's brow. He would not be beaten by the butter.

"It is my turn to try," said Loveday.

She put her hand on the churn, but Hugh refused to let go.

"Another five minutes," he said.

"You'll both of 'ee put it down and let me finish my work," said Abigail. "Get along the lot of 'ee. I'm nigh mazed with your din."

She pushed Hugh and Loveday aside and seized the churn. He let it go meekly, and joined in Loveday's laugh when they were outside the dairy.

"You are nobody in your own house," she said saucily.

"Abigail always governed us all," he answered.

They laughed together.

A wall of reserve melted away with that hearty laugh. Loveday would never again be quite the same to Hugh. He could only think of her now as a merry, smiling girl; she was no longer a strange suspicious personality.

Two days later, he came upon her on the cliffs.

She was leaning forward, peering over at something below.

"What are you looking at?" he said.

She started at his voice, and drew back on the path with a quick movement.

"Nothing — nothing. Are you going home?"

She walked forward, expecting him to follow. But he was interested in her intent gaze, and he looked over the cliff to see what had drawn her attention.

"SOPHIA HAD LEFT THE ROOM WITH A SUDDEN RUSH AND BANGING TO OF THE DOOR" (*p.* 658).

Sophia sat below in a warm nook among the rocks.

"Your cousin is there," he called.

"I know. Are you not coming with me?"

"What is she doing?"

He still gazed down on the unconscious

Sophia, too interested in her mysterious actions to follow her cousin.

"What has she in her hands? Cards! What is she doing with playing cards?"

"Leave her alone. She is hurting no one," said Loveday impatiently.

She came back to Hugh's side.

"I am going down to her," he said.

Loveday called to her cousin, but her voice was lost in the sound of the sea, or Sophia was too deep in her occupation to hear. With an angry exclamation, she climbed after Hugh down the cliff side.

He waited to help her, and together they made their way over the rocks and stones. Loveday chattered in a raised voice; the stones slipped with a clatter from beneath her feet. They had climbed down the cliff at some little distance from where they had seen Sophia, and it took them some time to reach her cranny in the rocks.

She did not hear their steps or voices. Her body was bent over a large flat stone; with flushed face and eager fingers she dealt the pack of cards to herself and an imaginary player. Her mouth moved, though no sound came from the parted lips; her hands crooked into eager motions. Hugh knew the story at a glance. Sophia, quiet, amiable Sophia, was a gambler.

Loveday called her sharply. She started, and looked up to meet Hugh's face of astonishment. With a quick movement the cards were swept from the stone; the flush died from her cheeks.

"Do you want me?" she said quietly.

"We saw you from the cliff," said Loveday, "and Mr. Penrose came down to see what you were doing."

"I was passing the time with a game of cards for one, called Patience," she answered, showing the pack in her hand.

"Why do you not play it in the house?" said Hugh bluntly.

"It is pleasant here when the sun is out. But it is growing late, and I am getting chilly. Shall we be going homewards?"

She rose to her feet, slipping the greasy pack into her pocket.

"Where did you get them?" asked Loveday.

"Father gave them to me. I believe they came from the village."

They walked home in almost complete silence. Loveday lagged behind, and the few remarks Sophia made were answered by Hugh.

The sun was sinking in the sea, and the chill dusk of a February evening was beginning to gather.

Loveday shivered as she passed Hugh at the garden gate, and he saw that her face was white.

Who and what were these people who had come to Trosa? The sight of Sophia's eager face and nervous hands aroused the suspicions that for a while had slumbered. Yet what would be the use of discovering that they were not what they professed to be? Let sleeping dogs lie. His mother had become the man's wife. She was bound to him and his family. Disgrace that fell upon him fell upon her. Let him remain Sir James Macdonald in the eyes of Tregarron, the former owner of a castle in Scotland.

No letter came to him from his grand friends; no letter of any kind had been sent from Trosa by Sir James. Hugh must have known if there had been, for a man would have had to be sent to Byford to carry the letter to the mail-coach. Sir James, his daughter, and niece, might have dropped from the skies upon Trosa so far as communication with the outside world was concerned. Hugh tried to shut his mind from doubts or suspicions. He resolutely refused to himself to hear the slips occasionally made by Sir James and the girls, little allusions which did not fit in with their stories of retainers and castle in Scotland. He resolved to sleep in peace until the awakening came.

"He's no more a 'sir' than I am," said Captain Berryman.

"Why do you say that?"

"I ain't a-knocked about the world for nigh on seventy year without knowing a raskil when I see 'un."

"That is because he won't let you take pickings without standing in with him and his crew," said Hugh, who knew that Berryman had formerly contrived to get his share from the wrecks while denouncing publicly the practice.

"He's a raskil."

"He might be that and a 'sir' as well."

Berryman grunted.

"Whatever he may be, he is my mother's husband, and I'm not going to hear tales of him. You'd better keep a silent tongue in your head, and not go about making mischief."

Berryman cocked his head on one side, and looked up with a shrewd glint in his eye.

"Sophy and Lovedy ain't bad-lookin' maids," he said; "which on 'em is it?"

Hugh turned scarlet and then white. The old man saw that he had gone too far.

"There! there! Hughie, lad, I don't mean nought," he said quickly. "I was jokin'."

"I don't like such jokes," muttered Hugh.

He recovered after a while, and accepted from Berryman a pouchful of tobacco as a peace offering.

"That's the last lot," he said. "Mother Herring's sold out, and there won't be another cargo till end o' March."

"The revenue men mean to keep a sharper look out, I hear."

"They won't catch 'em; they don't want to. I do hear tell as how they ain't above a present now and then."

"Sir James is in it?"

"Of coorse! head and chief."

CHAPTER XI.—IN THE SPRING.

LOVEDAY and Hugh played backgammon in the evenings. He was not sure how it came about—whether he had offered to teach, or his mother had said the girl wished to learn. Anyhow the board was placed upon the table, and the two young people found themselves opposite one another. She quickly learnt, and in a very short time could beat her teacher. Sophia and her stepmother sat on either side of the fire, their work in their hands. Hugh and Loveday were a little way from them at a small table. Sir James was never at home now in the evenings; he went to Tregarron directly the five o'clock meal was ended, and returned late at night when all but Hugh were in bed.

The candles on the large table threw a pleasant light on the little group. As the evenings lengthened, the backgammon board was brought out in daylight. From where they sat they could see the sun sink into the sea, a globe of red light; the window held in the after-glow like the frame of a picture. The horizon and a bit of water also came into the frame. The breakers and the shore were out of sight unless they drew the table near the window, but the weather was still too cold for that. Fine or wet, the window showed a pleasant picture for the two playing backgammon. Loveday said she liked the grey sky and slaty sea after a week of rose-coloured sunsets and tinted water. Hugh agreed with her; somehow he was growing into a habit of agreeing.

His mother and Sophia sewed their seams with a word now and then to each other or to the players. A pleased smile lighted up Lady Macdonald's placid face as she watched the dark and fair heads bent over the board or heard their voices in laughing, eager discussion of some point in the game. She was always more at her ease when her husband was away; his ceremonious manners and polite sentences awed the simple woman. She was relieved though she would not own it to herself, and would have died rather than Abigail should discover her weakness.

Sophia would sometimes throw down her work and quickly leave the room. No matter what the game might be, Loveday followed.

"It is her head," she said, coming back one evening when Sophia had left the room with a sudden rush and banging to of the door.

"I will get her some herb tea," said Hugh's mother; "that is a cure for headache."

But Sophia came back into the room. A spot of scarlet was on either cheek; her eyes glittered.

"That sea!" she said in a shrill voice, "that dreadful sounding moan! I shall go mad if I have to live this dreadful quiet life with that moan, moan, moan in my ears."

She pressed her hands against her temples.

"Sophy, love!" bleated her stepmother.

She choked back her passion; dropped her hands to her sides; took her old seat and picked up her work.

"I am a little upset; I am not feeling well," she said quietly.

But no word was spoken for half an hour. Those few words of Sophia's had broken the quiet and peace of the room.

Hugh came out to Loveday one morning as she fed the fowls in the courtyard. She pushed the basin of scraps into his hand.

"Give this to these two poor little hens. These nasty big fowls won't let them have any food."

She spread her skirts and shoo'd and drove the greedy fowls into a corner.

"Have they eaten it all?" she said over her shoulder as she danced up and down before her fluttering, clucking prisoners. Her pretty feet and dainty ankles were well shown by the uplifted skirts.

"Every bit," said Hugh.

He took the red cloam dish into the kitchen and returned to Loveday among the fowls.

"I am going into Tregarron. Will you come with me?"

It was the first time he had asked her to walk with him, and he blushed like a great schoolboy. It was catching, for Loveday's face grew scarlet.

"I promised Abigail to help her," she said, "but—but——"

"Pray don't come unless you like," said Hugh, huffed by her hesitation.

"I should like to come," she cried hastily, "if you will wait a minute while I put on my hood."

Hugh whistled in a light-hearted fashion. It was a breezy March day. White clouds were racing across the blue of the sky; there was a bracing brightness in the air and heavens.

All things were right. The farm was prospering, and promised even better. His mother was happy. Sir James had not yet

turned out a scoundrel, and Hugh was beginning to think with a sigh of relief that he had been mistaken. After all, his stepfather was behaving well, and there must be good in the man to be loved by Loveday. Sophia was a pleasant person about the house, and Loveday was—well, Loveday. There was no word to express the merry girl whose laugh rang through the house, whose pleading voice and smile could win anything she wanted. She was just Loveday. She came out when he arrived at this conclusion.

"You have been ten minutes, not one," he said.

"Patience is a virtue," she said saucily.

She had on her blue serge cloak and the hood with the cherry strings. There was no one, he said to himself, who had ever worn a cloak and hood like Loveday. It hung from her shoulders in such pretty lines; it did not flap or twist like other women's.

She tripped along by his side. They talked of many things. He told her of the crops and the lambs and calves. She was growing quite clever about the farm, and discussed the prospects of the coming hay season with a suitable gravity.

The stunted, bent trees were already in bud. A light sprinkling of green covered the less exposed hedge-side, and primroses peeped out from among their leaves.

"HE WALKED ON, ANGER IN THE VERY CARRIAGE OF HIS SHOULDERS" (*p.* 660).

Loveday threw herself on her knees by the first flowers.

"Oh! the pretty things! I have never seen them growing before."

"You must have seen primroses!" he said.

"No—they——" she picked the flowers as she spoke, "they don't grow in the Highlands; it is too cold."

He knew that she was lying, that she was inventing a plausible excuse for her exclamation of delight. The old suspicions leapt up in his heart. He walked on in silence, and Loveday followed, picking all the primroses she could find. She ran up to his side when they were above Tregarron.

"See! what a large bunch!"

She held the bouquet up to his face.

"Yes," he said coldly, "they are out early."

She carried her flowers, swinging them carelessly by her side, a clouded look on her face.

"Loveday," he said abruptly, "why don't you tell me the truth?"

"Truth! What truth?"

"Where you came from?"

"We came from Dramossie Castle in the Highlands of Scotland."

"You did not."

"As you know so much, perhaps you will tell us, then, where we did come from."

"Not from the country. Come, Loveday, trust me with the truth."

She looked up in his eyes; her own were swimming with tears.

"If I might!" she said beneath her breath.

"Do you think I should mind that your uncle is not Sir James? That he is only a clerk or workman. I should not care a straw."

Her head sank down upon her breast.

"He is Sir James Macdonald; we come from Dramossie Castle," she said sullenly.

He made a gesture of unbelief.

"You always tell the truth," she said, when they were half-way down the straggling street. "How nice it must feel to be good and righteous."

He coloured beneath her sneer.

"I am sure it is better to be honest and truthful if you can," he said bravely. "I don't like liars."

Loveday waited on the quay while Hugh did his business in Tregarron. Berryman joined her. When Hugh returned, they were seated on an overturned boat and she was pinning on the old man's jersey a bunch of primroses. Two young fishermen stood by and grinned at the proceeding.

"There!" she said; "look at him. Don't the primroses look pretty on his blue jersey!"

"The gals will have their bit o' foolishness," said Captain Berryman, sniffing at the flowers.

"There are few men about," said Hugh.

He looked down the almost deserted quay. Some women knitting at the open doors, half-a-dozen children playing among the harbour pools, and the two young fishermen were all that were to be seen. The groups of men smoking about the "King's Head," others tarring their fishing-nets or painting their boats—all were gone. There was an air of silence and desolation about Tregarron quay.

"We'm busy," said Berryman, winking to Hugh. "Fishin' is begun."

But it was dead low water.

"Is that it?" he said, understanding the quiver of Berryman's eye.

They left Tregarron. Half-way home, Loveday asked Hugh a question. She had pondered it in her mind since leaving Berryman.

"What did you mean by 'Is that it'?"

"I meant smuggling."

"Is my uncle in it?"

"Yes—head of the gang."

Loveday laughed until her eyes overflowed.

"What a man he is! Only here a few months, and already he is master of these fishermen."

She wiped her eyes and looked up saucily into Hugh's grave face.

"Because thou art virtuous, shall there be no more cakes and ale?"

He walked on, anger in the very carriage of his shoulders. In a moment he heard her pleading voice at his shoulder, and out of the corner of his eye he saw a demure face and a mouth drawn down at the corners. Two hands were joined together in pleading and her eyes were beautiful.

"Forgive me," said the soft voice. "I did not mean it. It is Tregarron air that has got into my head and makes me say such things. You will forgive my wickedness, will you not? You are so good and above us poor mortals" (a gleam of fun in the corner of her eye), "you will not be hard on a poor little sinner like me. Is smuggling such a dreadful crime?" with a sudden change of voice. "I have heard—of course, I may be mistaken—but I think I have heard of someone who gets his tobacco cheaper than he should."

Hugh met her gaze, and both burst into laughter together.

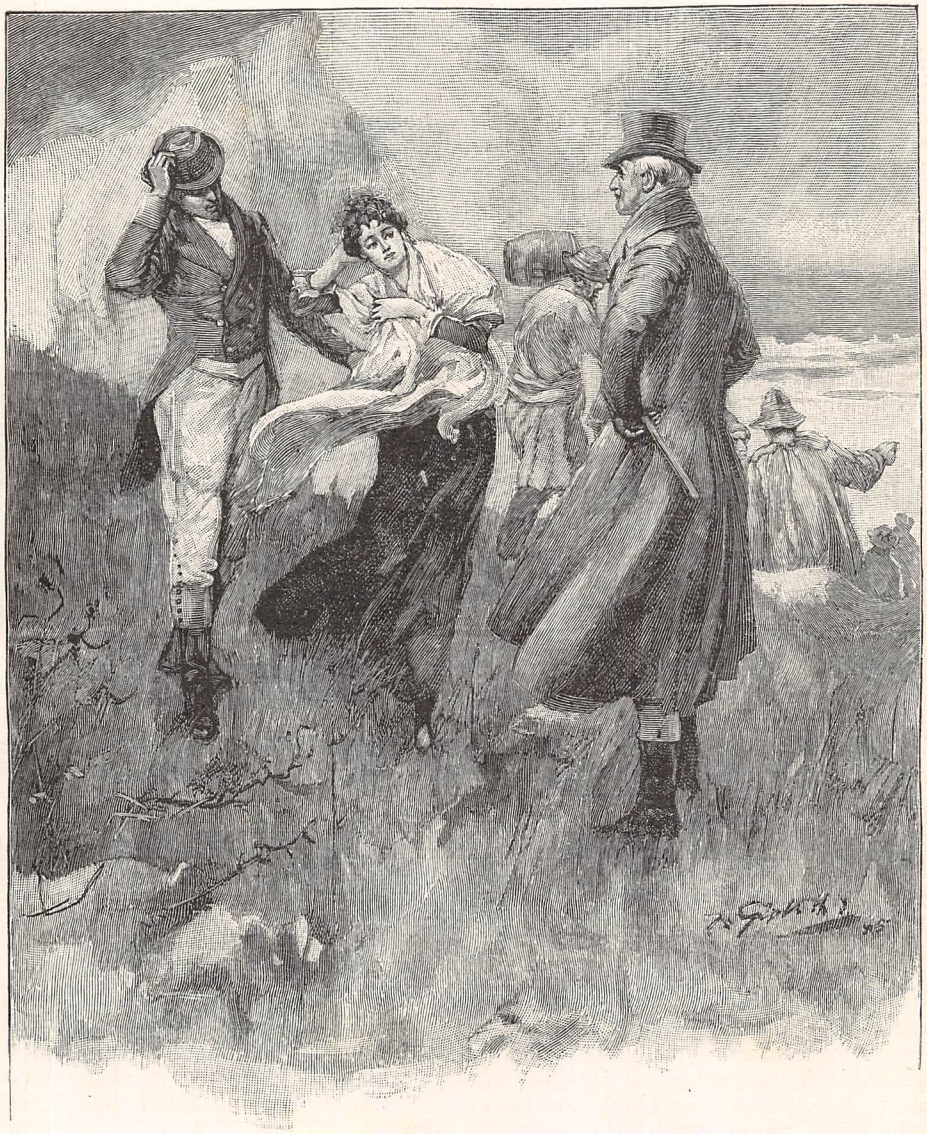
"Is that so or is it not?" said Loveday, her head cocked on one side.

"It is so."

They both laughed again, and peace was fully made.

This was the first of many walks. Hugh had much time that spring, or the farm was allowed to look after itself. He was to be seen about the house at all hours of the day. He even took Loveday one morning to show her a bird's nest, and loitered with her on the moor until the dinner-hour. Backgammon was neglected for walks along the cliff. Sometimes his mother and Sophia accompanied them, but often they went alone, Abigail and his mother standing at the door to see them off.

Sir James absented himself more and more from Trosa. He usually left the house directly after breakfast, returning in the middle of the night, sometimes staying away for two or three days together. No one disturbed them-



"HALF-WAY THERE, ROUND THE BEND OF THE CLIFF, THEY MET A GROUP OF FISHERMEN, SIR JAMES AMONG THEM" (*p.* 663).

selves at his absence. It was understood that he was at Tregarron, and with nods and smiles it was whispered why. The labourers guffawed and the maidservants sniggered at their master's stepfather taking a leading part in what their master set his face against.

Hugh looked upon things at this time with a lenient eye. Nothing seemed to him very wrong, and there were always considerations why the sinner should be forgiven. Sir James was agreeable. He could talk well, and Hugh was beginning to see where his fascination for others lay. He could now understand the affection that Loveday felt for the man who never disguised the fact that himself and his comfort were his only considerations.

"I am proud to call you my stepson," said Macdonald one night when he returned late and found Hugh smoking.

He joined him, and the two men talked into the small hours. A peculiarity of Sir James's was that he was never ready to go to bed nor ever ready to get up.

It was towards the end of the talk that he declared his pride in his stepson. Hugh felt flattered and angry with himself that he did so feel.

"You wonder why I join these men." He leant forward and placed his hand on Hugh's knee, "well! let me tell you why, because I cannot live without excitement. Excitement I must have, no matter what the price. I am a natural leader of men." He drew himself up. "I am a Macdonald of Dramossie, and fighting blood is in my veins. If I could pass my day in such calm pursuits as you, I should scorn this smuggling, but as it is——"

He waved his pipe in the air.

"By the bye, could you let me have some money? I have spent all that was in the belt, it was but a beggarly fifty pounds or so, and I have not a penny left."

"My mother——" began Hugh.

"Your dear mother would give me anything I asked for, but I come to you because you are the master, and I feel that nothing should be given me without your consent."

Hugh knew that these were but words said to please, that the old fox was cleverly getting what he wanted without trouble; yet he went to a locked drawer in the sideboard, and drew out a worn pocket-book.

"How much?" he said.

"I leave it to you."

Hugh handed him notes for fifty pounds.

Sir James carefully counted the sum, and put it into his pocket.

"I thank you," he said, making a fine bow.

"The money is my mother's; thank her."

"Be sure I will do so."

His stepfather never brought to Trosa his smuggling friends. The freedom of the "King's Head" was more to their tastes. Or Sir James was clever enough to see that the most complacent of wives would not long stand her house being turned into a bear garden. Abigail would look after that.

They were settled down into a happy family. Abigail and her mistress nodded and smiled at one another over Hugh and Loveday; the maids nudged each other's elbows. Sophia went out of doors or stayed in her room. She was rarely to be seen in the sitting-room. Her face grew thin and worn, her eyes bright and fierce. When questioned by her stepmother, she declared she was happy and contented. She was kind and gentle to all but her father. With him she quarrelled fiercely. Hugh came upon them once in the midst of an altercation. Sir James's face was black with wrath. He said loudly, before he saw Hugh was in the room—

"I tell you it is not safe. If you are recognised——"

He stopped short, seeing his stepson.

"This foolish girl wants to leave Trosa. I tell her that it is not safe for her to be alone,' he explained, trying to smooth his angry face.

"It is so dull here," moaned Sophia; "and the sea, the hateful sea!"

"Your cousin is happy. She has learnt to make herself useful. Why cannot you do the same?" said her father in a quieter tone.

"Oh! Loveday!" Sophia shrugged her shoulders. "We all know why Loveday is happy."

Hugh's heart gave a leap.

CHAPTER XII.—A VISITOR.

THEY all knew why Loveday was happy. Why? Why was she happy?

There was little doubt that she loved the life at Trosa farm. She could now make butter as well as Abigail, and doubtless would have milked the cows if she could have conquered her terror of them. As yet, she fled if one came within a hundred yards.

"Why should you be so frightened? You might be a young lady from a town," said Hugh's mother.

They were at dinner. Loveday had that morning gone with the maids to help milk the cows. She had fled when the herd was driven into the yard.

"She was frightened when only four years by our wild cattle at Dramossie," said Sir James.

Loveday bent her head over her plate; she said nothing.

"What was their breed?" asked Hugh's mother.

"Just wild cattle," said Sir James.

"What were they like?"

She was always interested in her husband's former life in Scotland, and this mention of cattle further roused her curiosity as a farmer.

"Loveday will tell you. I never noticed."

"I know nothing about them," said Loveday.

She pushed back her chair from the table.

"Nothing—nothing; do you hear, uncle? I remember nothing more of Dramossie Castle."

Her eyes were fixed on Sir James's face. He shifted his head aside to avoid her look.

"My dear niece, I regret your loss of memory."

Loveday put her hands to her face, rose from her seat, and ran from the room. They heard her steps go stumbling up the stairs.

Sir James shrugged his shoulders.

"Poor girl! Her nature is excitable. In future, perhaps it would be better to avoid mention of Dramossie."

"I thought she liked to talk of Andy Briggan and—and—Tam o' the Peat, and all

your other servants," said Hugh's mother. "I'm sure I'd never have said a word if I'd thought she didn't."

"My dearest madam, you were always kindness itself to us. My niece has taken a fancy into her head. We will humour her, and say no more of Dramossie."

"It would be better," said Sophia.

The weather suited the month, April. Heavy showers fell from the black clouds which flew from west to east. A mass of dark, heavy clouds, edged with grey, smoky mist, gathered from the horizon line of the sea; they swam upwards to the blue ether and fleecy white clouds. The sun went out, the rain came down, while across the sea appeared faint blue sky and clearest distance. Then the darkness went over the hills to the east, and the sun shone once more on wet rocks and greenish sea. The day was a continual flicker of sun and shadow, sharp warm showers, clear outlines and scurrying clouds.

Hugh walked along the cliffs thinking of the dinner scene. A shower had just come down, and the raindrops glittered in the sunlight. Clear and soft the sandhills on the other side of the bay shone through a misty haze, the distant sea lay dark and blue against a sky of faintest purple, flecked with darker clouds in broken lines. A soft glory lay upon the distance which seemed so near.

Hugh saw Loveday lying upon the wet turf at the edge of the cliff. Her face was buried in the short grass. No hood or cloak was on her head or shoulders. Her hands were thrown out, clutching the tufts of sea-thrift growing on the cliff.

"My dear!" said Hugh.

He knelt beside her, and put his hand upon her hair.

She threw it off with a quick movement, and jumped to her feet.

"I wish you would not follow me," she said with a pitiful sob.

Her handkerchief was rolled in her hand; her eyes were swollen and red with weeping.

"I did not follow you."

"Then I wish you would go on," she said childishly.

"I mean to take you back to the house."

"I shall stay here."

"Come, Loveday."

She wiped her eyes fiercely, and turned her back upon him.

"If you knew everything," she began, and then stopped with a sudden vicious bite of her under-lip.

"Tell me," he said, putting his arm round her and drawing her against his shoulder.

She leant for a moment against him, her eyes closed, breathing heavily, then she pushed him away.

"I can't—I can't. It is not my secret."

"Then nothing matters," he said gladly.

The clear, rain-washed sky had darkened again with clouds. A drop of rain blew into Hugh's face.

"Come, you will get wet," he said, taking her hand.

"Look!" she pointed to a ship whose white sails showed light against the gloom of the gathering clouds, "that vessel seems coming in to these rocks."

"Probably," said Hugh, "but she will not be in till dark."

"Why not?"

"She is a smuggling schooner. The caves are not far from here. Boats will bring the goods to shore when it is night. But never mind that; come home before you get wet."

"I wish we had been drowned," said Loveday; "why did you save us? We have brought you nothing but misfortune, and there is more to come."

"I am very glad I did save you," he pressed her hand, "for you do like me a little, Loveday, don't you?"

"I wish you would not talk of liking," she said with a frown; "if you do, I shall run away."

"Then the word shall not be said."

The clouds were black overhead. A sharp patter of rain heralded the storm. Hand in hand they ran towards home. Half-way there, round the bend of the cliff, they met a group of fishermen, Sir James among them. He stopped and spoke to the hurrying pair.

"I shall not be back until late. We have a little business on hand."

The fishermen were pointing to the schooner in the bay and talking together.

"Take her home, Hugh; the foolish girl will get wet," he looked at Loveday with a warning eye. "You get excited, niece; do not talk too much foolishness."

The fishermen shouted to him to come.

"Good-bye for the present; she is a pretty maid, Hugh."

He went with the men, a smile and meaning look upon his face. Hugh liked him at that moment.

Their hands had parted when they met Sir James and his companions. Hugh clasped again the slim brown fingers.

The rain was falling heavily, beating down with the strength of a waterspout. Loveday's hair was wet, though Hugh had insisted on her wearing his cap. They ran, laughing like children, towards the house. As suddenly as it began, the rain ceased. A rift came in the clouds, a bit of blue sky shone through. The

storm was over before they reached the garden gate of Trosa Farm. The raindrops were glistening on the bush of blossoming may; a bird began to twitter from the eaves. Loveday's hand lay hot and quivering in Hugh's. No one was in sight, and the world was very fair.

He bent his head and she looked up with a smile upon her red lips and a flush on her rain-wet, wind-blown face. His grasp tightened upon her hand, lower his head bent to hers. She gave a stifled cry, dragged her hand from his and fled from him up the path.

Hugh stared foolishly after her flying figure. He shook himself together, and followed her into the house.

His mother, talking eagerly, drew him into the parlour.

"Hugh, here's a surprise for you. Mr. Tarleton has come to stay with us a bit. He dropped in ten minutes ago and found me making cakes in the kitchen."

A young man was standing by the table, staring from Loveday leaning against the wall to Sophia seated in the shadow of the window-seat.

Hugh saw that Loveday's face was the colour of wax; her eyes were fixed on Tarleton, he returned the gaze, wonder and astonishment painted on his round red face.

"Ned, old fellow, where have you dropped from?" said Hugh, his hand on his friend's shoulder.

A pang went through his heart. What was in Loveday's face as her eyes met Tarleton's? A beseeching look, a warning, a command! Which was it?

She steadied herself, and moved from the wall.

"What is your friend's name?" she said, slowly.

Her eyes never left Tarleton's.

"This is Tarleton, Ned Tarleton," said Hugh; "we were boys at school together."

"And I am Loveday Alison," she said, holding out her hand and forcing a smile to her pale lips, "and this is my cousin, Sophia Macdonald."

"Have you never met before?" muttered Hugh.

"Never; how could we? We come from the north of Scotland, and Mr. Tarleton comes

"'THIS IS MY UNCLE, SIR JAMES MACDONALD,' SHE SAID" (*p.* 666).

from—where? How should we have met? This is the first time I have seen you, or you have seen me, is it not?"

"Yes, the first time," said Ned Tarleton, gruffly, looking from Loveday to Sophia.

Hugh's mother babbled on, an undercurrent of surprise, hospitable welcome, her dear husband, Sir James, what refreshment her visitor would take after his long ride.

Tarleton grunted replies to her inquiries, and stared at Loveday.

Sophia rose from her seat, and slipped from the room. Hugh saw a deathly fear in her face.

Tarleton looked in a dazed way at Loveday. His small eyes blinked vacantly; but he smiled when she put her hand upon his arm.

"I am going to take Mr. Tarleton to show him my chickens," she said, "while you get him something to eat."

"I will come with you," said Hugh.

Tarleton had said nothing beyond a bare greeting. He seemed too astounded by the sight of the girls to be capable of speech. He followed Loveday from the room when she beckoned.

Hugh set himself on her other side. She turned her shoulder on him, and spoke only to Tarleton; but doggedly Hugh kept his position.

The chickens were shown with much laughter, and many appeals to Tarleton to say if they were not the prettiest, finest chickens of a month old he had ever seen. She invented messages to send Hugh from her side; but he was as determined to first see Tarleton alone as was she.

His mother called to Loveday from the window. Unwillingly she went, with many a backward look at the two men.

Hugh seized the opportunity.

"Where did you meet Loveday Alison before?" he asked.

Tarleton shuffled his feet in the straw of the stable.

"I—I've never met the girl before."

"Come, we are old friends, and I saw you recognised her."

"I never met her before, and if you doubt my word——" Tarleton began to bluster.

Hugh shrugged his shoulders, and walked away. He would not quarrel. Ned's anger went; he fed his horse, and followed Hugh with praises of the cows and his favourite mare. There was farm talk, and discussion of crops and stock before Loveday's name was again mentioned.

"So your mother has married her uncle," said Tarleton suddenly.

"Yes; four months ago."

"They were wrecked, and you took them in? You knew nothing about them?"

"Nothing."

"H'm!" He looked at Hugh curiously. "You like them?"

"Yes."

Tarleton grunted again.

"Loveday's a beauty," he said.

"Sophia is pretty."

"Nothing to Loveday. They all——"

He bit his lips, and stopped the words.

"All what?"

"Nothing. Sophia is fair, and has pretty hair and skin; but Loveday—why, she's an out-and-out beauty!"

"You seem to know their names well."

"I always was a lady's man."

Tarleton winked darkly.

Hugh looked at that stout, short figure, the round, red face and oiled hair.

"I shall stay a little time with you." Tarleton linked his arm in Hugh's. "I I had to come to Byford on business, and then I thought I'd see how you were faring. I'm glad I did."

They walked into the house together. Loveday met them at the door, and Hugh knew that her glance at him was to see whether he had been told their secret.

She laughed and talked during the meal that followed, but it was always to Tarleton she spoke, at him that her laughing looks were directed. Sophia ate nothing; a sick fear was in the eyes that she lifted to Tarleton when once he addressed her by her name. Her stepmother talked, in a blind belief that all were serene and contented. She laughed with Loveday, and seconded her attempts to keep their guest amused. Tarleton accepted their efforts, and smiled around in lordly good humour.

"It has quite cleared up," said Loveday, looking from the window; "will you come for a walk with me, Mr. Tarleton?"

He was delighted with the invitation.

"We do not want you," she said to Hugh, with what she tried to make a playful smile.

He dropped the cap he had taken up.

"Very well," he said, carelessly.

She looked up at him, a piteous droop on her lips. Then she bravely smiled again, and turned to Ned Tarleton.

"'Two are company, three are none,'" she said.

Ten o'clock that evening Hugh waited at the doorway for Sir James's return. From the parlour came the sound of laughter. Loveday was playing a game of backgammon with Tarleton.

Sir James's tall figure came stepping up the garden-path,

"A friend of mine, Ned Tarleton of Taunton, has come to stay with us," said Hugh abruptly.

Sir James stopped with his foot on the doorstep.

"Who?"

"Tarleton; he comes from Taunton."

"Ah!"

Sir James stepped into the hall. He took off his coat and hat, and placed them on a chair.

"Where is he?" he said.

Loveday heard her uncle's voice. She ran from the parlour, and caught him by the arm with a merry trill of laughter.

"Uncle, I want to make you known to a Mr. Tarleton."

She drew him into the room. Hugh followed.

"This is my uncle, Sir James Macdonald," she said; "and this is Mr. Tarleton, uncle."

"Pleased to make your acquaintance," said Sir James, bending his white head.

"How do you do, Sir James Macdonald?"

Ned Tarleton stuck out an awkward hand, a grin upon his face.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

PEOPLE WHO FACE DEATH: DIVERS.

BY A. E. BONSER, AUTHOR OF "NORTHWARD HO!" ETC.

"In the caverns deep of the ocean cold,
The diver is seeking a treasure of gold;
Risking his life for the spoil of a wreck,
Taking rich gems from the dead on her deck;
Fearful such sights to the diver must be,
Walking alone in the depths of the sea."

ONE day in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, a cutter lay some four miles off Dover. It was a lovely afternoon, one of those "specimen" days, so to say, with which the clerk of the weather occasionally favours our humid islands. The eye, ranging from south-west northward, followed the white line of the bold chalk cliffs from Folkestone to the Admiralty pier, above and beyond which picturesque Dover rose in terraces from the sea, guarded by its grand old castle. Then came the South Foreland, and far off, across the treacherous Goodwins, one caught a sight of the North Foreland.

Overhead all was blue, save for a few fleecy streamers, but along the eastern horizon a light haze hung. Here and there on the watery waste a steamer, outward- or homeward-bound, cleft her busy way; here and there a sailing vessel, handicapped in the light air, was patiently beating down Channel: but none of these sights were noticed by the two men on board the cutter as she lazily rose and sank on the swell of the tide. Apparently they were lost in contemplation of the sea.

The one, a sailor, held a line in his hand, yet he was not fishing. The other, oddly dressed in the enormous trousers and breastplate which betokened him a diver, had hold of the hoisting tackle.

Some eighty feet below them lay the barque *Mindora*, whereon another diver was busily at work; but he would have to come up directly as the tide was just on the turn. Soon there was a signal from below.

"Slack away the wreck rope!" said the signalman.

It was done, and the two men waited.

"What's he up to now?" said the diver meditatively.

"Why," replied the signalman, "he seems to have gone down into the hold again!"

"No, no," cried the other; "the line's too deep for the hold; there's something amiss."

And he began to haul up quickly.

But when the diver below was brought to

the surface, the men were terribly scared, for he was to all appearance dead.

Quickly unscrewing his helmet, they laid him all unconscious on the deck, forced some brandy between the blue lips, and did what else they could to restore animation. Their efforts were at last successful; but it was, indeed, a narrow escape.

The signalman had blundered by slacking the wreck rope when it should have been kept taut, in consequence of which the diver fell off the wreck some twenty feet down to the ground outside of her, thus completely cutting off the air-supply and rendering him insensible.

The accident, which had so nearly proved fatal in its results, happened to John Edward Pearce of Whitstable—one of the most experienced divers in England, and the moral which he deducts from it is this: that signalling should be in the hands of a *diver;* which sounds like good, practical, common sense.

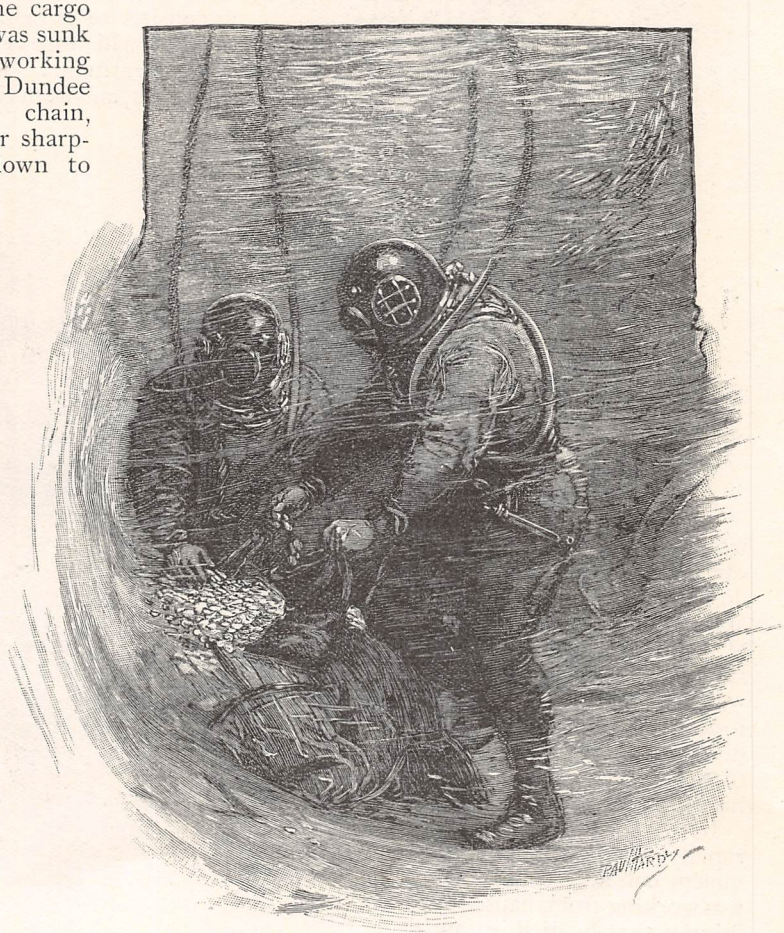
Here is another of Mr. Pearce's adventures:

"In the year 1863," he said, "I was engaged in salving the cargo of the s.s. *London*, which was sunk in the river Tay. I was working from the lighter of The Dundee Shipping Company. A chain, having at the end of it four sharp-pointed hooks, was let down to me, and it was my business to fix the hooks in the bales of cotton yarn which formed the cargo. As this was done, the bales were hauled up. I should tell you that the water was so thick below, that all my work had to be done by feeling.

"Well, having just fixed the hooks in one of the bales, I signalled for those above to try if the strain would hold. Whilst I was feeling to see if the bale had started, the hooks, not being secured sufficiently to stand the strain, gave way, tore out of their grip through the packing, and one of them caught in the palm of my hand, and dragged me from the bottom of the hold to the upper deck, where I had some difficulty in getting it out.

"I at once gave the signal to be hauled up, and in the daylight my hand looked an awful sight, for the whole of the palm had been completely torn open, and the hook had penetrated the third finger. It made me feel queer, I can tell you; and I despaired of ever being able to use my hand again. I was laid up for three months, and at the end of that time, to my great surprise, was able to be at my work as usual. As you may suppose, that hand has never been the same again since, and I always feel it a good deal in the cold weather."

On another occasion Mr. Pearce had a narrow escape. He was at work this time on board the wreck of the *Star of Ceylon*, a barque of some 500 tons, lying in thirteen fathoms of water off the South Foreland, when suddenly, without the slightest warning, a cask of gunshot fell from the deck into the hold, striking one of his feet. But a few inches more, and he would probably have been killed. In this case, as in that of the *London*, the water was so thick that the



TREASURE-TROVE.

work had to be done by feeling, which greatly increases the risk.

Another source of danger arises from the presence of marine monsters. The intrusive shark has sometimes to be cannily dodged, and the life-line may at any moment be snapped in two should the creature's voracity prompt it to such an action.

Then again, after the diver has descended,

"DRAGGED ME FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE HOLD TO THE UPPER DECK" (*p.* 667).

wherever he may wander he has to come back exactly the same way—a thing not so easy to do in semi-darkness, and when he is climbing about the hold of a wreck. The entanglement of the rope, the twisting of the life-line round the numerous impedimenta in his way, might, likely enough, prove fatal; indeed, cases have been known where the diver has become so involved that he has had to resort to the desperate device of cutting his life-line.

In one such instance, the man ascended too rapidly, and his massive helmet coming into violent contact with the keel of the vessel he was working from, caused such severe internal injuries that he died instantly.

Dangerous as the diver's calling doubtless is, it is occasionally relieved by incidents of a romantic nature. A young lady had been on a visit to the training-ship *Mars* lying off Dundee, and in returning to land lost her engagement ring.

It was gold, set with three diamonds, and, no doubt for at least four very powerful reasons, she was most anxious to recover it. First, it was highly prized on account of the giver; second, what would the giver say? third, the mishap was very "unlucky"; and fourth, the trinket was valuable in itself.

A diver chanced to be at work in the river close to where the accident occurred, and to him the lady made known her loss, describing as accurately as she could the spot where she had dropped the ring.

Down went the diver, and, as much probably by luck as wit, recovered it from the mud near one of the Tay bridge piers, to the delight and gratitude of the owner.

The diver's suit is a very expensive item, costing as much as £140 and upwards.

The *open* dress was invented in 1829, and consists of a helmet and waterproof jacket, under which are close-fitting trousers, reaching to the armpits. The air is pumped in at the helmet, and from thence circulates downwards.

"THE DESPERATE DEVICE OF CUTTING HIS LIFE-LINE."

In the year 1837 the *closed* dress was introduced, and, being an improvement on the open, is now almost universally in use. It is made up of three chief parts—the helmet, breastplate, and dress. The latter is constructed of india-rubber, which is covered on both sides with tanned twill to protect it from injury. Close-fitting cuffs enable the hands to be freely used, and india-rubber bands slipped over the wrists render the ends of the sleeves watertight.

The breastplate is made of tinned copper; to it are fastened the life-line and signal-line, and weights of about forty pounds each are attached to the back and front.

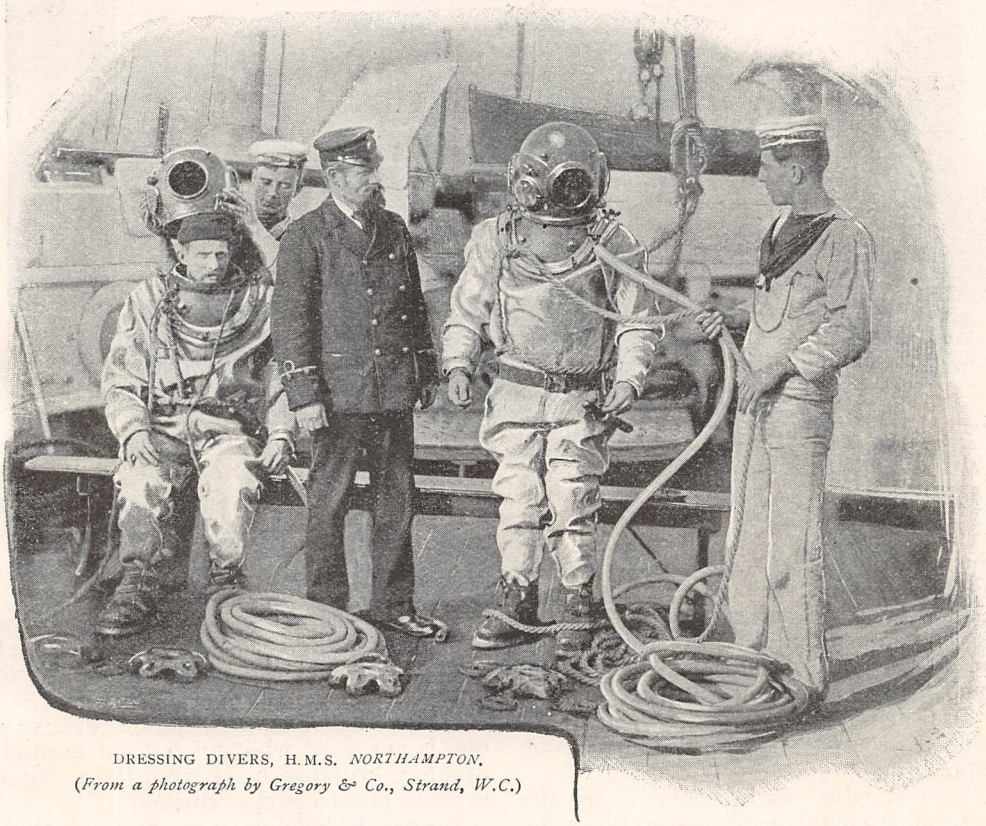
The helmet, too, is of tinned copper; it screws down on the collar of the breastplate; is furnished with three strong plate glass windows duly protected, and valves to let out the exhausted air.

Lastly, the boots are made of stout leather, with leaden soles, and weigh about twenty pounds each.

Three hundred such suits are said to be employed in the Mediterranean sponge fisheries alone.

The value of salvage obtained from wrecks is sometimes very considerable. In the year 1805 the *Earl of Abergavenny*, East Indiaman, was lost in ten fathoms of water. Ten months went by, and then two divers—Messrs. J. and W. Braithwaite, recovered nearly the whole of her valuable cargo, and £75,000 in silver dollars to boot.

Another lucky diver was John Gann, who fished up £100,000 from a Spanish galleon sunk off the Irish coast. The treasure of specie had been contained in barrels, but the wooden exteriors having long ago rotted away, the coins were gathered in lumps like figs. A part of the proceeds built a row of houses at Whitstable, which still bears the name of Dollar Row.



DRESSING DIVERS, H.M.S. *NORTHAMPTON.*
(*From a photograph by Gregory & Co., Strand, W.C.*)

Again the *Malabar* was wrecked in 1860, and from her hull was saved the treasure she carried, amounting to not less than £280,000.

Often a wreck is sold for what it will fetch, and the purchaser gets what he can as a speculation.

Thus the sunken *Royal Charter* was disposed of for £1,000, and among the salvage were a bar of pure gold weighing nine pounds and a half and a box containing £3,000.

AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

Though the diving *dress* is more commonly used for diving purposes, the diving *bell* is also extremely useful, especially in the laying of masonry under water. It is a large vessel full of air, but open at the bottom, fresh air being pumped into it by air-pumps. It is furnished with seats, and a chain passes through the centre, by which weights can be raised or lowered.

A steamer which had been built for the purpose of running the American blockade, and contained—as may be supposed—some very costly machinery, was sunk in 1865 off Lundy Island in the Bristol Channel. An engineer named McDuff went down in a diving-bell a depth of forty-two feet, and succeeded in bringing up the whole of the machinery piece by piece.

The diving-bell has this advantage over the dress, that several men can work in company; on the other hand, should an accident happen, more lives are involved.

Not many years ago the chain of a diving-bell which was being employed at the Admiralty Pier, Dover, got fouled in some way, and the occupants found themselves in a most alarming predicament. However, a diver named William Wharlow, donning his suit, descended crowbar in hand, and after some hours of hard work succeeded in freeing the chain, when the diving-bell was hauled up in safety.

There are four signals used by the diver: one pull on the rope signifies "all right"; four pulls, "haul up"; one pull on the life-line, "less air"; four pulls, "more air."

Only strong men can become divers; no one is any good who suffers from headache, deafness, palpitation of the heart, intemperance, or a languid circulation.

During the building of the St. Louis Bridge over the Mississippi, out of 352 men employed, 30 were severely affected, and 12 died. The work was carried on 110 feet below the surface of the water, under an air pressure of 50 to 51 lbs. to the square inch.

The pressure of the atmosphere increases the lower one descends, until a point is reached where life could not be maintained. The greatest depth perhaps ever reached was 201 feet, with an atmospheric pressure of 87 lbs. to the square inch. Even for 30 or 40 feet—a moderate depth—considerable practice and nerve are requisite. The lower the depth, the more acutely pains are felt in the ears and above the eyes, and symptoms of paralysis become more pronounced.

But the adaptability of man to his environment is extraordinary, and long continued practical experience blunts the susceptibility.

LOUISE.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

I HAD always maintained that Oswell was a man of genius, and that he was wasting his time and his abilities in the hack work of daily journalism. He lived only a few doors from me, and I had frequent opportunities of preaching to him from the above text. In time my sermons had their effect. Oswell began to write short stories, and these were soon recognised as among the best short stories of the day.

At first he insisted that his success as a story writer was a mere fluke; but he gradually came to perceive that he had found his true vocation. He abandoned journalistic work and shut himself up in order to write a novel. He was at all times an extremely industrious and hardworking man; but, as he became more and more interested in his novel, he worked almost incessantly, and I saw very little of him. One evening just after dinner he came into my office, where I usually took my after-dinner cigar, and said:

"Doctor, I have come to consult you. I think that I am either insane already, or in immediate danger of becoming insane."

"I can assure you at once that you are not in the least danger of insanity," said I. "When a man is sane enough to know that he is insane, he is perfectly sane."

"That is rather too much of a paradox to be convincing," he replied. "Wait till you hear what I have to tell you. You will then find either that I am insane, or that the age of miracles has returned."

"Take a cigar first," said I, "and let me assure you that you have the eye and the temperature of a particularly sane and healthy man. However, let us hear what you have to say."

"You know, of course," began Oswell, "that about six months ago I undertook to write a novel for Peters & Sons, and to deliver the manuscript on the first of May next. That gave me only eight months in which to do the work, and as I was anxious to do something that would attract attention, I have been hard at work ever since.

"Now you know I have never been a conceited ass, whatever other varieties of an ass I may have been. But I assure you that I have been doing good work. I have a plot that is absolutely new, and I have done my very best to make my characters live men and women."

"Have you succeeded in that?" I asked as Oswell paused, and seemed to be at a loss what to say next.

"Altogether too well, at least in one instance," he replied. "It is that very fact that brings me here. Can you imagine an author writing of a girl so long and so intently that he finally falls in love with her?"

"Anything is possible provided it is sufficiently idiotic," I replied.

"Of course, of course," he answered hastily. "I know that it was idiotic, but for all that, the girl grew to seem so absolutely alive to me that I ended by loving her. In the first place she is more beautiful than any woman whom you or I ever saw. I made her, and I ought to know. By the bye, did you ever try to see in imagination the face of the heroine of any novel—without the assistance of an artist, I mean? Try it and you will find that it is impossible. You may say to yourself that the girl has eyes and hair of such a colour, that her mouth is small or large, and that she has any sort of nose you choose. Do your best and you cannot make a mental portrait that will be visible to you. The utmost you can do will be to perceive that the girl is either short or tall, plump or thin. Her face will be for ever hidden from you."

"Admitting all this," said I, "what has it to do with your heroine?"

"Only this, that long before I saw her, her face was perfectly familiar to me, even her changes of expression and tricks of manner. Of all the flesh and blood women whom I have known there is not one whom I can see in memory half as clearly as I could see Louise. It was not merely her wonderful beauty that fascinated me. There was a charm about her that I cannot define, but that to me was irresistible. And then I could not but love her for her nobility of character. Doctor, I tell you that a better, more sincere, more fearless, more high-minded, more noble woman never lived. No man who knew her could have helped loving her, and who could ever know her as well as I, her creator? Now do you think I am insane?"

"I think you are very lucky in not being a married man," I replied. "If there was a Mrs. Oswell, Mademoiselle Louise would seriously complicate things."

"But," urged Oswell, "does what I have said shake your faith in my sanity?"

"Not in the least. Have I not always

maintained that you are a man of genius, and as such you have a right to indulge in little eccentricities? If that is all you have to tell me I shall still continue to insist that you are sane."

"That is not all. What would you say if I told you that I had actually seen Louise with my own eyes?"

"I should say that you had been working too hard and needed a rest. Seeing spectres is by no means a rare result of overwork. It does not mean that the man who sees them is insane, but that there is some slight insanity—in other words, derangement—of the optic nerve or the retina. If you have begun to see spectres, you will, if you keep on working, hear voices before long. Even then you will not be insane. But take my advice and knock off work for two or three months, and you will find that Mademoiselle Louise will vanish."

"I am not sure that I want her to vanish, even if that were to be the price of my sanity. But let me tell you how it is that she appears to me. Perhaps you will change your mind as to the spectral theory.

"About two months ago I was working at my book one evening. It must have been about ten o'clock. If you remember, my desk stands in the centre of the room, and there is a mirror directly opposite to it. I happened to lift my eyes and I saw a woman's figure reflected, as I thought, in the mirror. I looked hastily around, but there was no woman in the room. I looked again at the mirror, and saw the woman so plainly that I recognised her as Louise, in spite of the fact that both her face and figure seemed filmy and semi-transparent. She was looking at me, and I thought I could perceive a smile on her lips. I sprang to my feet and went towards the mirror, but the vision suddenly disappeared.

"After satisfying myself that the door was shut, and that it could not be opened from the outside without a key, I sat down again at my desk, a good deal startled. I did not for an instant suppose that the vision was anything but an hallucination, due either to overwork, or, perhaps, to indigestion. So after having convinced myself that it was a matter of no consequence, but that it would be wiser to do no more work that night, I put out my lamp and went to bed.

"The next night I glanced several times at the mirror as I was working, but it showed me nothing except my own face. After a while I got up, intending to rest myself for a few moments by walking up and down the floor. There, directly in front of me, at the other end of the room, I saw Louise.

"This time the vision seemed much less filmy and unsubstantial than it had seemed the first time that I saw it. Still, either the figure or the air of the room between it and me wavered as heated air wavers, and I could distinctly see that the outer edges of the woman's dress were transparent. I had no sensation of fear. How could I have had when I saw before me a woman whom I knew so completely, and whom I loved? I went towards her with outstretched arms, and with a cry on my lips. This time she did not immediately vanish. I seemed to be nearly touching her, and almost on the point of clasping her in my arms, when she melted away, and I found myself alone again."

"There is a steamer to the Cape next Saturday," I said, as Oswell paused again, "Take it, and don't put pen to paper for the next six months."

"Since that night," continued Oswell, without noticing my interruption, "I have seen Louise every night. Gradually her figure has taken more and more of the apparent solidity of actual life. She approaches close to me, and sometimes she puts her arms about my neck. I cannot feel them, but I can see them. I put my arms around her, and I clasp nothing that is tangible. It is only to the sense of sight that she is perceptible.

"She does not speak, but she understands what I say. In her eyes and her expression there is all the vivacity that an actual woman could show. That she loves me there cannot be a shadow of doubt. I can look through her eyes down into her soul. She stands by my desk while I write, and knows without reading it what I am writing of her. Between us there is the most perfect communion of thought. As I said, she is intangible, but, for all that, our souls have kissed one another."

The passion in the man's voice startled me. For the first time I began to think it possible that he was really insane. However, I had, through long experience, gained some little reputation in the treatment of nervous disorders, and I felt reasonably sure that whatever hallucinations Oswell might have, his brain was as yet free from disease.

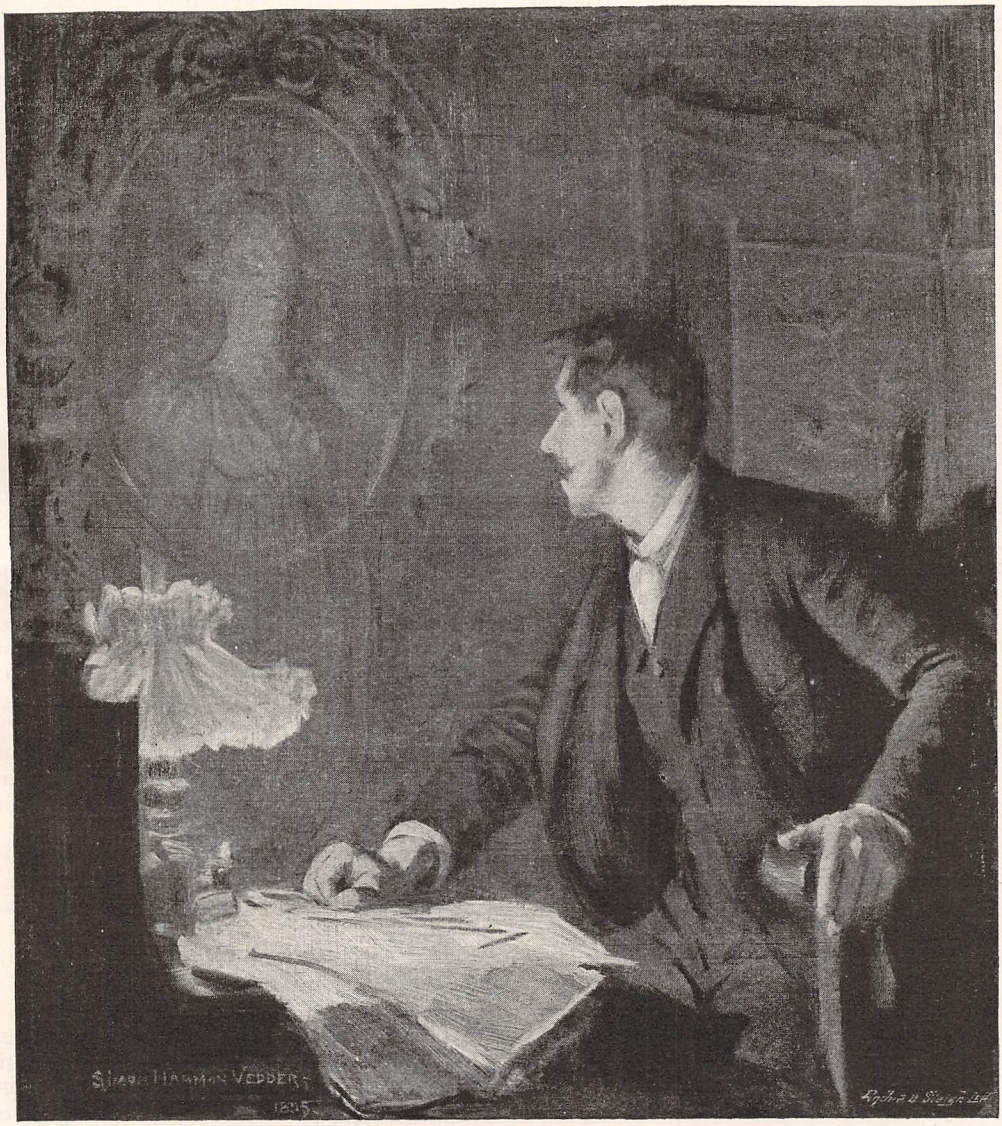
"Oswell, old man," I said, "there is nothing in the world the matter with you except overwork. Your spectre will disappear as soon as you have given yourself a long rest. Go to the Cape, or, better still, round the world. You'll come back another man. Stay here and work as you have been working, and I won't answer for the consequences."

"You still insist," said Oswell, "that Louise is what you call a spectre and not a visible spirit?"

"Certainly I do. There cannot be the least doubt as to the young person's composition. I have in my library records of a number of cases of men who have been temporarily haunted by spectres. You may read them if you choose."

"I wish I could convince myself that you are either right or wrong. I know that Louise exists and is visible to me; but at the same time I have a constant fear that she does not exist, and that I am a prey to an insane delusion. Can you understand how a man can fully believe and fatally doubt at one and the same time?"

"You are an amateur photographer, if I remember rightly," I said. "Now with the help of your camera you can easily prove whether Mademoiselle Louise is real or spectral. Have your camera ready the next time she shows herself, and make a photograph of her. If she is substantial enough to impress the retina of your eye, she is substantial enough to impress a photographic plate. If you find nothing on the plate after



"I SAW THE WOMAN SO PLAINLY THAT I RECOGNISED HER AS LOUISE."

developing it, you will be convinced that your spectre has no objective existence. Am I not right?"

"Thank you," said Oswell. "I accept the test. But what will you say if I am able to bring you a photograph of Louise? Would that shake your faith in your theory?"

"There will be time enough to discuss that question when you bring me the photograph," I replied. "I have no fears as to what the result will be. Meanwhile, take your passage for the Antipodes. I'll give you a draught that may be of use to you, though complete cessation from work is the one thing that you need."

I did not see Oswell the next day, and I felt sure that he stayed away because he did not want to admit that the photographic test had proved me to be in the right. However, on the day following he burst into my office early in the morning, and I saw from his look that something more than usual had happened.

"Well?" I said. "Sit down and tell me what your spectre thinks of photography. I am afraid that she doesn't approve of it."

"Look at that," said he, handing me an unmounted photograph that was as yet hardly dry.

I looked at it and saw the photograph of a young woman, who, I don't hesitate to say, must have been more beautiful than any woman since Helen of Troy.

"That is Louise," said Oswell. "I photographed her yesterday afternoon, and this is the result. Now what do you think of our test?"

"What do I think?" I said. "I think, or rather I know, that someone is playing a contemptible practical joke on you. Your spectre is more real than I supposed she was—that is to say, she is just exactly as real as Pepper's ghost. I was right in the first place when I said that I could see no signs of mental derangement about you. We'll unearth the young woman who poses as a ghost in your room, and find out who her confederate is. You needn't quit work after all."

"I know perfectly well how Pepper's ghost is produced," replied Oswell. "It would be an absolute impossibility to produce it in my room. Besides, where in London or elsewhere is the woman who could pose for that photograph? Do you imagine that she could exist without being famous the world over for her beauty?"

I argued with him warmly and at some length, for I was, of course, confident, now that I had seen the photograph, that he was the victim of a trick. But it was impossible to shake his conviction that Louise, as he called her, was the visible projection of his creative thought.

Other patients beginning to arrive, I was forced to dismiss him, and he went away, promising me that in a day or two I should make a thorough inspection of his room.

I went to see him the next afternoon. As he said, it did not seem possible, in view of the situation and furniture of his room, that even the cleverest trickster could have produced, without detection, the figure of the woman whose photograph Oswell had made. I felt myself completely baffled, though I still believed that the apparition was capable of explanation as the work of a practical joker.

As I left him he made a remark which did not strike me particularly at the time, but which I afterwards remembered. He said that Louise had assured him that in the other world they would be always together, and that the sense of her intangibility would not longer trouble him.

For the next three days I was absent from London, having been called away to the North for a consultation. On the morning of my return I was shocked to read in the paper that Oswell had committed suicide.

I went immediately to his rooms and found that the report was true. The coroner's inquest had already been held, and a verdict had been found to the effect that he had committed suicide by taking cyanide of potassium—a chemical which he sometimes used in his photographic operations.

Nothing could be found of the book upon which he had been working, but from the presence of ashes in the grate it was plain that he had been burning papers.

I alone knew that he had gone voluntarily to his death in the hope of joining the woman whom he believed his brain had created.

Of the absolute truthfulness of Oswell it is impossible for me to entertain a doubt. I should, of course, believe that his "Louise" was merely the result of a mental hallucination, were it not for the photograph. With that evidence before me, how was it possible for me to doubt that there was some degree of objective reality to the vision? On the other hand, the explanation which he gave of the matter was certainly incredible. I often think of Oswell's remark that he believed and doubted at one and the same time. I believe that "Louise" was born into visibility by the intense action of Oswell's brain, and I believe that this explanation is both incredible and impossible—a circumstance which goes to support my theory that a man can believe with one lobe of his brain something that the other lobe utterly rejects.

SOME YOUTHFUL REMINISCENCES OF ADELINA PATTI.

DELINA PATTI is never tired of recalling the incidents of her early days in America. At Craig-y-nos she is wont, for the entertainment of her guests, to dive into the storehouse of her reminiscences, and will laugh over each in turn with all the zest of one still a child in years; for, like many other women of Italian parentage, the great singer will ever remain a child in heart. It was not very long ago that, questioning her on those bygone times, she told me the tale in her own pretty spontaneous fashion, smiling half gladly, half sadly, as one memory after another arose before her.

"You ask me," she said, "what I can first remember. Indeed, I hardly know; but I can, at least, repeat all that my parents had to say of me from my cradle upwards. My dear mother declared that my first cry was a song in itself—a melodious call for help. But, for my part, I believe I cried just as shrilly as any other baby.

"Let me see, how can I first picture myself? I think the picture must be of a tiny girl with a pale face and very, very big black eyes, running down Broadway trundling a hoop. Oh, the pride and the fervour I put into my task! And I trundled my hoop well. Whatever I did I always put my whole heart into it. I am not sure that hasn't been the secret of my success all through life.

"After a while I can remember my father and mother taking me with them, night after night, to the opera-house, where they were engaged for a season, at New York. That remembrance is a vivid one. I used to watch their performance through a hole in the curtain, and the singers as they passed by often gave me toys and kisses, and filled my pockets with sweets. No other artist did I consider equal to my beloved mother. One great soprano who appeared for a few nights as 'star' must have thought me a strange little creature. She had just finished a long aria with a trill at the end, and was coming off the stage to the sound of tremendous applause, when I ran up to her, quite naïvely saying, 'Oh dear! how badly you did that trill! Not nearly close enough! Listen to me. There, this is the way!' I had not been taught how to 'shake,' but it came to me naturally, and I am told that trill was a very good one. After being put to my bed on my return home from being at the opera, I used to hop out again when I was quite certain that my father and mother and everyone in the house had gone to sleep. I can see myself now, dancing and singing, dressed up in all the oddest costumes I could lay hold of. I was particularly fond of death scenes. 'Norma' was my favourite of all; and if satisfied with my own performance, I cried out, 'Brava! brava, Adelina!' and threw bouquets and wreaths at my own little bare feet. Those bouquets and wreaths were made of old newspapers.

ADELINA PATTI AT THE AGE OF EIGHT.
(*From a photograph by H. A. Chapman, Swansea.*)

"After a while my mother gave me lessons in the theory of music, and, as far as I can remember, I practised a few solfeggi with her. I was only seven years old when the opera company to which my father and mother belonged began to fail. I can recall how sad and anxious they both were; how money was wanting; and how at last one day I could bear my father's troubled face no longer. 'Don't sell your beautiful turquoise pin to help us, papa,' I said. 'I will help you. Let

me be a little singer. I am sure I sing well enough.' My father's eyes filled with tears at the thought. 'No, no,' he said. 'What you say is impossible.' But the idea had taken hold of me. I gave no peace to my family, until my appearance at Niblo's Gardens as a prima donna of seven summers was a *fait accompli*. My anxiety to be dressed like a 'real prima donna' was great; and to please me my mother braided my hair and powdered my tiny brown face. I don't think I was nervous or frightened; and when I came on to sing 'Una Voce' and the 'Sonnambula,' I was full of childish faith and hope. The bon Dieu was at my side. I became a great success from that moment. Money poured in at my every appearance at Niblo's Gardens, and my father and mother were once more at ease. I don't think there was a prouder heart in all New York than when a cosy red-brick house was bought with my earnings, and my whole family installed there. Ah! that house is standing now.

MADAME ADELINA PATTI.
(*From a photograph by B. Laure, Nice.*)

"You ask if, as a child, I ever heard the prima donna of a bygone time? Yes; I once heard Jenny Lind, and dear Alboni with the grand rich voice and wonderful method, and Henrietta Sontag. She sang like an angel from heaven. I can hear her now in the 'Dove Song,' from Mozart's 'Nozze di Figaro.' It was glorious. Of me she formed the opinion that I had been too early brought out to succeed later on in life; but she was very kind to me, and when I left her she gave me a charming souvenir—a red fan which she had worn at her girdle. Then Mario and Grisi. Their *début* in New York was one of the excitements of my life. So eager was I to see and hear the King and Queen of Song, as my father and mother had taught me to consider them, that I could think of nothing else for weeks before the grand event came off. I saved up my every cent to buy a bunch of camellias, which I intended to offer to Grisi as a proof of my admiration. At length the great day arrived, and I cannot tell you with what joy, what fear and trembling, I clung to my mother's skirts as we went together to the artists' room at the close of the performance to be introduced to the gifted couple. Tightly I clutched my bunch of flowers, and, with my eyes fixed on Grisi's face, advanced to lay my little tribute in her lap. I cannot say whether Grisi, in the press of people around her, quite realised my breathless expectation. With a wave of the hand, she moved aside to speak to an acquaintance standing near by. Quivering with pride and disappointment, my fingers tightening on the precious offering, I turned away. Someone caught me in his arms. My eyes were too blinded with tears at first to realise who my champion was. But Mario himself proved the kind comforter. 'Give me the

flowers, little girl,' he whispered in his kind, gentle way, 'and I will always keep them for your pretty sake.'

"Years afterwards I met Mario and Grisi again, and we were all happy and friendly together. In my drawing-room, if you look inside my little glass cabinet, you will see a ruby brooch and a pair of long ear-rings which they gave me at the time of my marriage, and which I count among my most valued possessions.

"My childish recollections are chiefly bound up with my father and mother, whom I fairly adored. No man could have surpassed my father in courtesy and goodness, and as for my mother, there are few like her nowadays. She was always most devout, and never missed going daily to church whatever might happen.

"Years later, when I appeared at Covent Garden to sing as 'Amina,' 'Lucia,' and other characters, with the success that you know, it touches me to remember how my mother would attend each performance, and afterwards offer me a little hint here and a little encouragement there. This mother of whom I had once stood in awe as a great artist, ended by standing a little in awe of me!

"But now, you see, I have reached the period when I was eighteen years old, and a full-fledged prima donna, so I must talk of childish recollections no more."

THE ART OF WASHING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR HOME LAUNDRY."

SILKS, COLLARS AND CUFFS.

IN the good old times before this art was a lost one, we had a cook who rejoiced in washing. On my wedding-day—as I stood before the assembled household in my gown of soft, creamy silk—"the sparrow," as we always called Mrs. Jenkins, hopped round me in ecstasy. With her hands clasped on her bosom, her eyes round with admiration, and her little feet hardly able to support her, she exclaimed in a voice trembling with awe—

"Wouldn't it look *lovely* with a squeeze of blue?"

This speech was a very high tribute from Mrs. Jenkins. It has passed almost into a proverb with our family. We have all laughed heartily over it during these succeeding years.

Now that I have become an adept in the art of washing, I am afraid I often look at a pretty material or delicate dress with an eye to that "squeeze of blue." It seems such a pity that the rose pinks, the terra-cottas, and the lavenders should fade so quickly from our skirts, and ribbons, and cravats.

If Mrs. Jenkins's sight could have been prophetic, she might have seen the remnants of that soft pongee only yesterday in the wash-pot! After thirteen years of lying by, that wedding-dress has been cut up into blouses for my eldest girl and smocks for the baby.

In and out of the pot goes the erstwhile

"Raiment of maiden
Fair and fine."

Yet it has never grown dingy or yellow. Mrs. Jenkins would have had it in rags long ago, but I treat my dear old friend with tender hands. Perhaps that is the reason it has lasted so long.

I generally wait until I have a goodly number of silk things that need washing. Then in a gallon bath of pure, cold, soft water I dissolve a teaspoonful of borax; this is my bleaching mixture. In it our blouses, handkerchiefs, and smocks are left soaking for some hours. Then a squeezing leaves behind a good deal of dirt, and the silks are transferred to a tub of warm water in which some soap-jelly has been lathered. This water must not be *too* hot, or the stuff will "yell," as my daughters say. Wash by *squeezing* again, only rubbing when wrists and collar-bands are more than ordinarily soiled.

In a little bottle ticketed and kept for such occasions I have some prepared gum. This is one ounce of best gum-arabic dissolved in a jar with half a pint of boiling water. It has

been strained, and will keep—if well corked—for months.

I pour one teaspoonful from this bottle into a basin of water. The silks are given their final rinse in this. Only in the case of pure white silk Mrs. Jenkins's "squeeze of blue" is allowed.

No one knows what a difference this gum mixture makes to the look of washed silks. It gives the *soupçon* of stiffness possessed by *brand-new* silk, and prevents the limpness we almost inseparably connect with our best ties and the laundry.

The articles, after being mangled while still wet, are rolled up in a clean, *smooth* cloth. Anything in the diaper way will mark the surface, so I advise a soft towel kept for the purpose.

A short time, and our silks are ready for the iron.

That is one of the comforts in this branch of laundry work; the whole operation only takes a few hours. A tennis-blouse can be washed in the morning, and be ready for wear in the afternoon.

Between the right side of the silk and your smoother lay a piece of muslin—an old handkerchief does very well; then use a *hot* iron fearlessly. It is necessary to begin with a cloth between you and the silk; the wet materials coming in contact with your hot iron would leave a rusty mark. Yet, in order to get a gloss on the surface of your silk, the heater must pass over it *without* the intervening shield.

So finish, as you began, on the *right* side—but without the muslin.

If my readers will manipulate their things in the above way, they will be surprised how *new* and fresh their silk ties will be; what a good colour they will retain, and how seldom they will need replacing.

From soft silk to stiff collars and cuffs is a long jump; but I think we will take it in this paper. Everybody knows how difficult it is to get the neck-bands and wrists of our blousy-shirts made stiff enough to stand pressure; and yet not so stiff that they break our finger-nails.

One also remembers, by sad experience, how very many shillings have gone into Mrs. Jones's rapacious pouch, for the proper making-up of the shirt-fronts and stocks worn continually by our men-folk. In my home laundry we make up all cuffs and collars ourselves, as well as the girls' blouses. The boys' shirts, worn with their Eton suits, are rather too big a job for us to undertake. All the same, the cold starch formula given below will answer as well for the big as the little things. No one need fear attempting such if time is theirs, and economy a pressing duty.

Let us suppose we have eight Eton collars and four pairs of cuffs to make up.

Take
2 tablespoonfuls white starch.
2 teacupfuls cold water.
1 teaspoonful borax.

After dissolving the borax in a little boiling water (*un*melted it would discolour the articles) I add it to my starch, which has been thoroughly blended with *driblets* of cold water, until the whole has been used.

Into this all the collars and cuffs—previously washed, blued, and bone dried—are put. They are then actually *washed* in the starch; soap carefully rubbed on both sides, and well kneaded. It is necessary to rub in the starch very completely. Unless this is done, innumerable wrinkles and air bubbles will arise afterwards to worry and vex our souls.

The collars are then rolled up tightly in a smooth cloth and put away till evenly damp all over.

In order to iron well, your heaters must be bright and smooth. To ensure this, rub them before using on some finely-powdered bathbrick or on a knifeboard. Take your collars, and, with a rag dipped in warm water, rub over both sides. Begin to iron on the *wrong*, and finish up on the *right* side; always point your iron out towards the edge. Press heavily, and hang before the fire to air and stiffen.

If you wish for an extra china, enamel-like surface (I myself do not care for it), you must invest in a "polisher" for tenpence. After your collar is apparently finished—*i.e.* stiff and glossy—rub over once more with warm water, put on the bare table, and give a final smoothing with your bright round iron.

If this is properly done, your starched articles will look exactly as if fresh from the shop, to say nothing of them resembling celluloid.

It is wonderful how long properly made-up cuffs and collars will wear without soiling. It is also wonderful how very long a packet of starch will last!

In my next paper I will discourse upon laces and muslins.

L. O. C.

Words from an Elizabethan Song-Book.

Music by ERSKINE ALLON.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Andante, con molto espressione.

mp

Marcato il canto.

Con Ped.

p

Fain would I change that note..... To which fond Love hath charm'd me,

p poco staccato.

*

mp

Long, long to sing by rote, Fan - cy - ing that hath harm'd me. But when this thought doth come,

mp

Ped. *

mf

"Love is the per - fect sum of all de - light," I have no o - ther choice,

mf

Ped. * *Ped.* *

p poco rit.

Ei - ther by pen or voice, To sing or write.

Tempo.

p colla voce.

Con Ped.

*

mp

O Love, they wrong thee much..... Who say thy sweet is bit - ter, When thy rich fruit is such.....

mp

Con Ped.

mf

..... That nothing can be sweet-er! Fair house of joy and bliss, Where tru - est plea-sure is, I

mf

f *mf*

do a - dore thee! I know thee where thou art, I serve thee with my heart, And

mf

R. H. L. H.

p

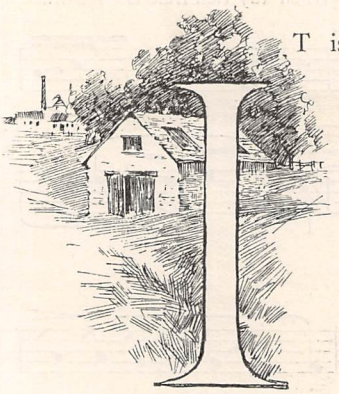
fall..... be - fore thee!

p *p*

*

THE MAN WHO ONCE MADE DIAMONDS.

BY C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE, AUTHOR OF "THE NEW EDEN," "THE RECIPE FOR DIAMONDS," ETC.



IT is a remark past doubt that Conrad Macdonald was a most wonderful chemist.

Myself, I know this, and that's why I say it. His small knot of acquaintances are, with few exceptions, entirely ignorant on the subject. Even the Hatton Garden people, who ought to know, have overlooked this talent in their awe at another of the man's peculiar attributes.

Pedantically, Macdonald was Ph.D. of Leipsic and a D.Sc. of London—which, of course, does not go for much; and he was also a B.A. of Cambridge (1st class Nat. Science Tripos, both parts), which naturally goes for nothing at all. Honours men are notorious fizzles in after-life, and so none of these things in the least prove that he was usefully and practically clever. Even the post at Burton-on-Trent, from which he derived a living during some sixteen preparatory years, was no criterion of his powers. He was merely analyst in a beer-mill. Officially, that may argue certain niceties of manipulation and an elementary knowledge of organic work; but no operations are required which are not exhaustively remarked upon in the text-books. Original research is entirely foreign to that branch of the Trade.

For the style of work, he drew good income—few journeymen analysts could boast a better—but the exoteric public failed to see how he spent it. He fared on Spanish claret, Camembert cheese, brown biscuit, and plug tobacco entirely; bought one inferior suit of black per annum, which became many-hued with bleach and acid before the day of discarding; never purchased letterpress, amusement, or new hats; and yet wore his money down to the breaking strain. The local bank manager, in sending him uncivil letters about overdrawing his account, used to wonder whether Macdonald was supporting an invalid mother in luxury elsewhere.

Macdonald knew very few people outside the beer-mill. Myself and one other man made up his list of callers. As the other man pinned himself to travel eighteen thousand miles per annum, mostly on foot or horseback, he did not often turn up at Burton-on-Trent; and—also because of *wanderlust*—my own visits rarely amounted to the bi-annual. Neither Macdonald's residence nor his *ménage* were attractive enough to draw more respectable visitors.

He inhabited then a large rectangular barn, standing by itself in a field. It had originally been a grain store, possessed no chimney, and had windows only in the roof. When necessary, Macdonald procured heat by exalting a brick over two roaring Bunsen burners; light by inducing the said Bunsens to cast forth yellow smoky flames. A canvas hammock slung across one angle and a blanket sleeping-sack saved the formality of bed-making; the floor was a seat which never required dragging into position. These things, when reported in Burton-on-Trent, were looked upon as the adjuncts of a savage. Moreover, there was usually free chlorine in the air, which, with the other stinks of the place, bit heavily into a stranger's lung.

Consequently, Macdonald became a pariah, and was left severely alone: which was what he wanted. He naturally earned the reputation of being mad, which he was not; and of being unclean, which was only true with modification. For instance, he had a tank in his barn, and dived there thrice daily.

The other attribute which I hinted at as being his, was a business talent which enabled him to bring off the biggest blackmailing *coup* of the century. So cunningly had he kept this up his sleeve, that not even I and the other man knew anything about it. He had exhibited himself up till then in all matters commercial as the most unmethodical creature imaginable.

As it chanced, I did not see him till after the blackmailing scheme had been laid before the Diamond Ring, and they were beginning to show their distaste for its proposals in violent form.

He answered my kick on the door-panel with a sharp *qui vive*, recognised my voice, and let me in.

I drew (to my surprise) an easy breath, and commented with point upon the unwonted clearness of the atmosphere. He asked if I had a pistol.

"No," I said; "never carry one. Always too much afraid of shooting myself. And

what the deuce do you want a pistol for, any way?"

"I have one for myself, but I thought you might find it convenient to be armed also—'heeled,' don't you call it in your slang?"

"But why? What bee have you got in your bonnet now? Why ever should you, of all people, take to a manslaughterer?"

"Because, my good McHinnie, as you remarked for yourself, the atmosphere of this place has changed. The day of evil smells is past, thank goodness! There's been no free chlorine on the roam round this barn for three mortal months. Here, don't light your pipe at that Bunsen: try a spill."

He tore a leaf from a valuable German work on crystallography and twisted it up. I stared at him with a puckered head. He flung the book with a crash at a rack of test-tubes, and laughed.

"I'm not mad, or anywhere near it," he explained. "But I've done with original research in chemistry and chemical physics for ever and ever; Amen. At the present moment I'm trying to levy my fee, and it isn't an easy job. There's a strong probability that I shan't earn more than a coffin and a coroner's inquest. By the way, where have you been these last eight months?"

"Collecting birds and aye-ayes in Madagascar; but never mind that. Try and tell me sanely and concisely what you've been at recently. It isn't the marrying tack, I suppose?"

"Not much. Look, it's this." He took something from his coat pocket, pulled out my watch, and scratched on the glass the word *Feci* in large, straggling, angular letters.

"The deuce you did!" I said. "Let me look. Shade of Solomon! this can't be a diamond?"

"You can't prove it to be anything else."

"An expert could, perhaps."

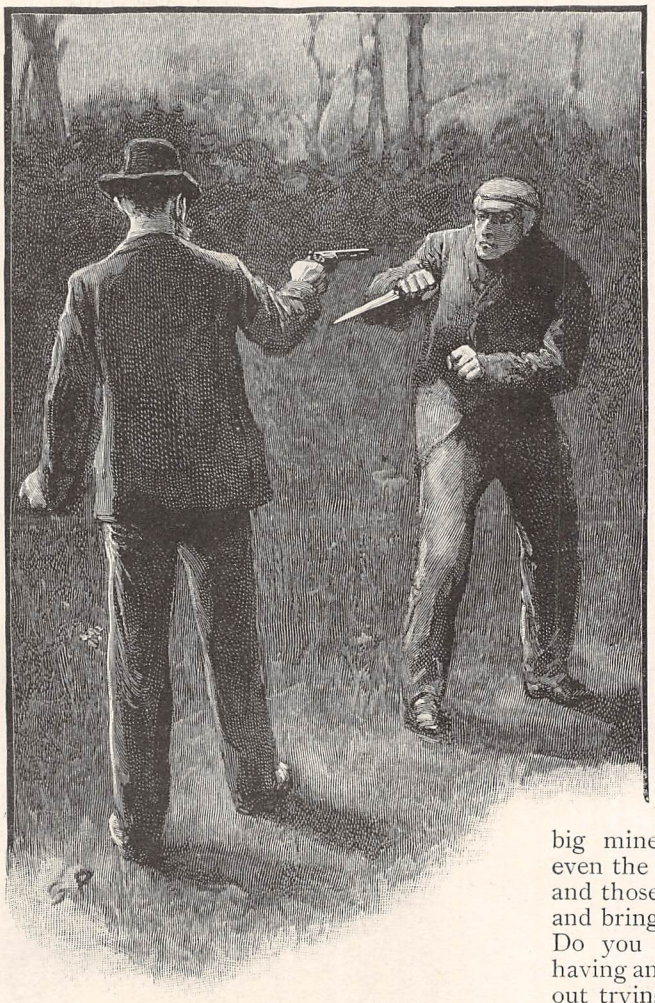
"An expert couldn't. For one reason: it happens to be a diamond—a gem like those of the mine and the shop, McHinnie, neither more nor less. That's a rhombic dodecahedron, morphologically and chemically the same as a diamond from Kimberley or Brazil. Not counting experimental labour, the actual manufacture of that crystal cost me nine pounds. On the market, as you see it now, the stone is worth fully nineteen hundred."

"And this is what you've been pegging at all these years?"

"It's what I've had in my mind all my life. It's what I've worked for ever since I could read or reason. It's been my one idea for making a fortune, just as other men try for their millions in coals or cotton. I'm there now; assets ready to realise; but I tell you, old man, the apprenticeship has been too bad to even remember in detail. The original outfit before even I touched work was enormous—chemistry, mineralogy, and the whole of physics, crystallography, geology, mechanics: all to the uttermost verge that any man had ever worked before. That took up years of ferocious labour, and almost all my capital. The balance of money went in buying diamonds to experiment upon. Then I had to work for more funds, and got this job of analyst here in Burton. It's been an awful time. You know I'm a luxurious-minded chap, fond of purple and soft living, and yet I've not spent £50 a twelvemonth on my body through all these years. Except the odd moments when I had my swim in that tank, I've been biting against the Fates from waking hour to sleeping time.

"The big mistake I worked under for a long time was in thinking with other chemists that diamonds were nothing but pure carbon. I did crystallise that, though I didn't say anything about it. Another man—Mr. Hannay, of Glasgow—also did the same thing, and published his results in 1880. He exposed a mixture of paraffin spirit and bone-oil distillate with lithium in a strong iron tube to the

"HE TORE A LEAF FROM A VALUABLE GERMAN WORK."



"A MAN CAME FOR ME WITH A KNIFE."

prolonged heat of a reverberatory furnace. He got specimens of diamantoid carbon, but they were small in size, and when placed on the polishing wheel immediately crumbled. I was about as lucky, except that, in addition, I had a bad blow-up, which cost me half a femoral muscle, and will make me limp to my dying day. Afterwards I found that there was something else in natural diamonds besides pure carbon; and working with that something else, and a mechanical contrivance with electrical adjuncts——"

"Oh! look here," I cut in, "that'll do. You make me tired."

"Greek still Greek to you?"

"Emphatically; so come to results. You say you know how to make diamonds of large size for half nothing a carat—diamonds which will stand cutting, and which are in all respects equal to the dug-up animal?"

Macdonald nodded, and rubbed his hands softly.

"And now you're going to put them on the market? Well, don't flood it, and you've got the softest thing on one man ever owned since Noah had the monopoly for live stock."

"It's highly improbable that I make or sell a single crystal."

I turned and stared at him. Was the man crazy?

"There's a much better dodge than setting up a diamond factory."

He paused again and laughed.

"Speak, you scoundrel!" I shouted. "Don't keep me in the thumbscrews here. What's better?"

"Why, not doing it, and being paid for that same. Don't you know that all the diamond people have clubbed together into the biggest Ring, or Trust, or Corner, or whatever you choose to call it, of any commercial fraternity, in all the world? This Ring either owns, or has a governing interest in, all the big mines in Africa, Brazil, and India, and even the lesser ones in Virginia, and Borneo, and those places; and it regulates the output and brings the price to what it exactly likes. Do you think that Ring would submit to having another mine opened—my mine—without trying very hard to have two fingers and a thumb in it?"

"Not much. And so you offered to trade with the Ring?"

"I wrote to two Hatton Garden fellows I knew; they were merchants I used to buy my diamonds from to experimentalise with; and invited them to come down here with an expert friend. They came, and brought a man with them who—on paper, at any rate—is one of the first chemists of the day. I treated them to a short scientific lecture, stated some facts, and showed them some specimens. Then before them I loaded up a small gun-metal cylinder with various things, screwed on the top, and sealed it.

"'Now, Mr. Levenstein,' said I to one of them, 'you put that in your pocket and take it away with you. If you leave it as it is, the thing's as safe as a paving-stone. If you try to unscrew it before a week's out you'll have an explosion which an anarchist might be proud of; and whatever else happens to the Diamond

Ring, its subsequent proceedings won't interest *you* any more. But if at the end of a week you take out the stopper—which you can do then as safely as I put it in—you'll find a colourless liquid, and rather a good diamond. I'll make you a present of the lot to do what you like with.'

"They went away then, and I heard at the end of the week they'd found the diamond all right—a gem, I guess, worth about £150—and that they sent to Amsterdam to get cut into a brilliant.

"Well, that specimen gem took its facets all right, and then I didn't hear anything more from the Diamond Ring directly for some time. They communicated indirectly. First a pyramid of beer-barrels took the opportunity of collapsing as I was crossing the brewery yard. I escaped by the skin of my teeth, and thought it was an accident. Then there was a gas explosion in my laboratory, and the place was wrecked body and walls. By the greatest miracle on earth I'd just gone outside, and the only victim was a stranger man, who was blown to rags. That made me suspicious; and when walking across the fields here to-night, a man came for me with a knife; I'd this revolver ready in my pocket, and shoved him off with that."

"Shoot him?"

"No; what was the use, poor rogue? He was only a paid tool earning his dirty pay; and besides, I didn't want to get myself into a row with the police. Nice snug place to spend the evening in, this, McHinnie, isn't it? Don't you think you'd better go and sleep at the hotel, like a sane Christian?"

"I do, most distinctly; and I'll go if you'll come with me."

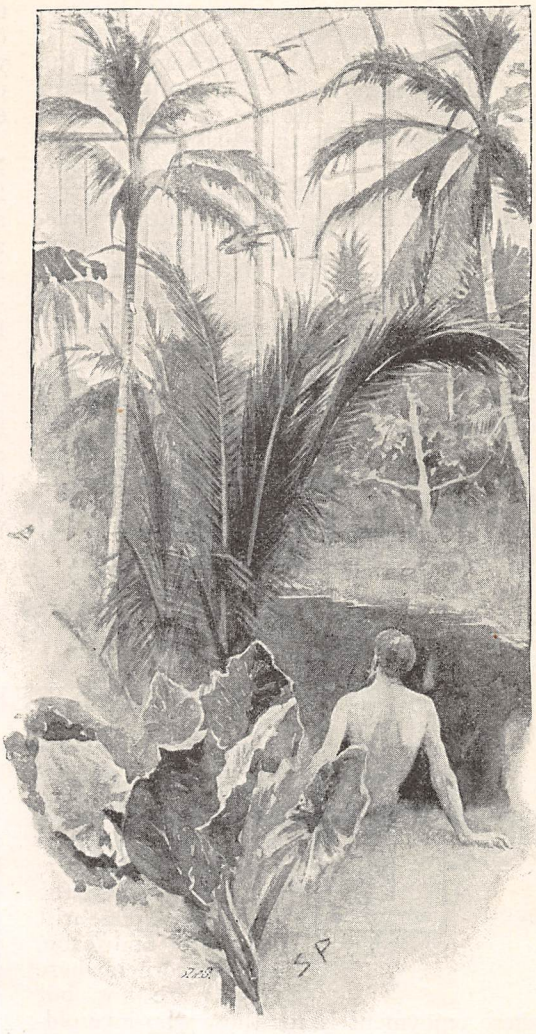
"No, I won't, thanks. Luck on the hotel, for one thing. And besides, I'm going to see it out here. I'm not going to let those scoundrels think they've scared me. Of course, they deny all knowledge of these outrages, and it would be impossible to father them on Hatton Garden. Indeed, Levenstein has at this moment a libel-suit pending against me for an open letter I wrote to him on the subject. But there's not the smallest doubt that that's what they're after."

"But, my good fool, they've oceans of money, and if they go on long enough, they're bound to bag you at last."

"My dear McHinnie, they won't go on. They'll get my ultimatum to-morrow morning. That points out that the working details of my invention are written upon paper, and bestowed in safe keeping elsewhere. In the event of my death, that pithy MS. will be forwarded to Printing House Square, and form a column of very interesting reading in the *Times* newspaper next morning. To everyone above the grade of a costermonger, that disclosure would be the sensation of the century."

"Quite so. What figure do you charge for leaving things as they were?"

"A pension of two hundred thousand pounds a year so long as I keep the recipe to myself. To-morrow morning they'll know of this, and the conditions; and they'll be bound to accept. To-night they don't know, and so assassination still strikes them as sound business. But, as I say, to-morrow there'll be a meeting of the available chiefs of the Ring, and they'll snap up my terms. I'm dirt cheap at the price, and they'll have to



"HERE CONRAD BASKS, AND SWIMS, AND DIVES" (*p.* 686).

screw that two hundred thousand pounds per annum out of the diamond-buying public for a good many years to come yet. You see, they won't cut short the pension by slaying me, because, *ipso facto*, they would smash their own trade by doing it. As a very necessary life-insurance, I naturally stick to the publication clause in the newspapers on the day of my death. So I fancy, McHinnie, I've got that Diamond Ring as nicely on toast as ever yet blackmailer——"

A crash and a blinding explosion cut short Macdonald's sentence. The further wall of the place swept bodily towards us in a whirlwind of smoke and flame; and as the blast smote me on the head, life appeared to tear itself away with a jolt and a jerk.

It was by a very marvel of marvels that in that moment we were not transmuted to the clay whereof our corporal bodies were formed. Nothing but the tank had saved us. But the advancing breath of the explosion had driven us over the brink, and the water had acted as a cushion against the shock. So violent had been the power of the bomb thrown against it, that of the building nothing remained but a scattered mound of dusty rubble.

By its agents the Diamond Ring had lifted its hand against Conrad Macdonald with lust to slay, and by its agents the same coterie drew his unconscious form (and mine also) out of the chilly haven of that water-tank. By a curious irony Mr. Levenstein was the first person to bring us assistance. He had just arrived in Burton by special train to say that the demand for the £200,000 annuity was agreed to. I have never seen an Israelite so effusively genial and civil as Mr. Levenstein made himself whilst he attended to our physical needs after that explosion.

The process of blossoming out into a man of means was one I did not see, as the French were going up to Timbuctoo just then, and I wanted to go with them to see whether the place really existed, or whether it was only a magnified joke. As it turned out, the neighbourhood proved intensely interesting, so I stayed there a longish time, and when I got back to England again, Macdonald had quite settled down to the new order of things.

That tank, the only creature comfort of his working days, was a forerunner of what is the man's abiding-place now that he has come into enormous wealth. On the flank of his more stable residence he has built him a huge house of glass, and filled it with palms, and bananas, and palmettos, and other tropical foliage-plants and ferns. There is no method or order in their placing, nor are there concrete walks about the place. Some of the floor is soft short grass, the rest water, winding in deep narrow channels in and out of the islets of foliage. The temperature stays in the eighties.

Here Conrad Macdonald, in the garb that Nature gave him, basks, and swims, and dives for six hours of the day, and meditates over an air-ship built on natural principles. He studies the flights of birds, and butterflies, and insects which skim and flutter in the warm air around him, but till now he has made no practical effort to put his observations into shape. Yet I think he will make that air-ship.

If you don't know Macdonald, and do not believe this tale, go round to Hatton Garden, and ask any diamond merchant there, Jew or Gentile, how much he pays towards Conrad Macdonald's pension. He may wax eloquent, but the odds are he refrains from giving a civil reply.

ON WESTERN ISLAY.

BY JAMES BAKER, AUTHOR OF "JOHN WESTACOTT," "BY THE WESTERN SEA," "MARK TILLOTSON," ETC.

IN Scotland, as in other parts of Europe, it is but necessary to strike away slightly from the beaten ruts of tourist travel to find calm, pleasant corners where crowds are not, but where enjoyment is, for those who love old-world manners, strange relics of the past, hospitable people, and wild scenery.

Every tourist in Scotland goes to Oban, or, at least, travels up Loch Fyne on the famous *Columba* steamer; but few, very few, comparatively speaking, stop short at Tarbet, go across to West Tarbet, and sail away westward, past lone Gigha, to halt on Islay. And yet there is much pleasure to be had on this once famous home of the Lord of the Isles.

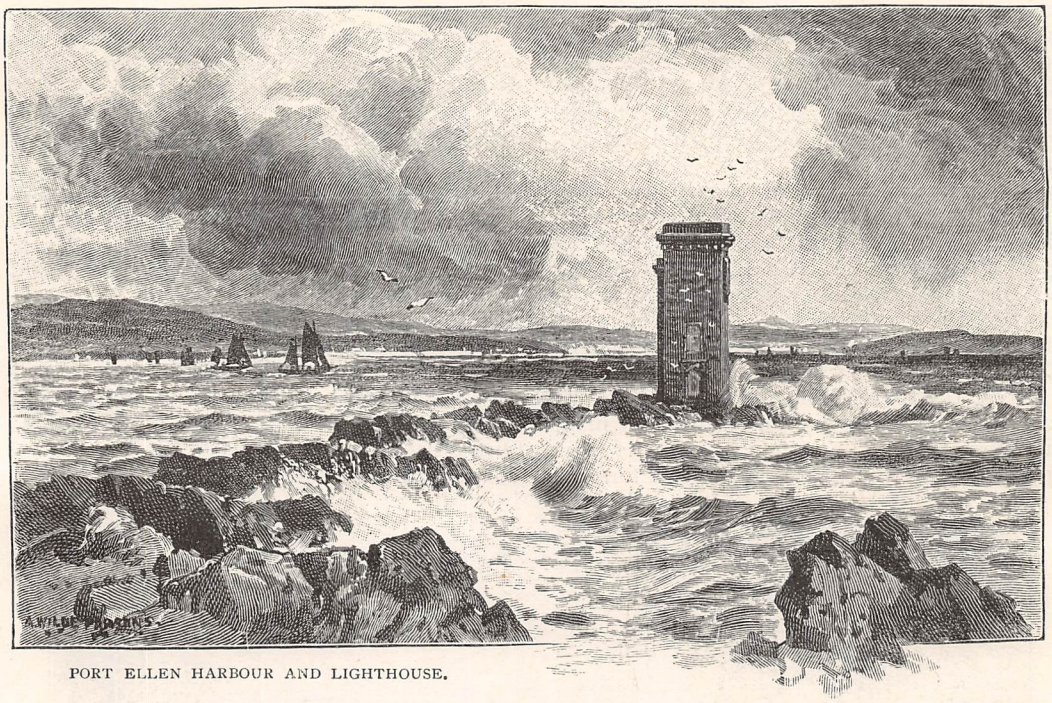
The journey thither is agreeable, but it may be rough; a very fair sea can sweep in towards Islay around the Mull.

At last the little harbour of Port Ellen opens out, and we steer in past a lighthouse, rarely having a light in it, and land under the long lines of whitewashed houses that constitute the town—an unpromising-looking town; but at its extreme west end is a comfortable hotel, with a host who soon becomes a friend; and Islay slowly proves itself to be one of those places that warns off the day tripper, but seduces the lingering tourist into loving it.

Tourists are generally recommended to make Bridgend their quarters whilst in Islay, but it surely is better to make Port Ellen—pronounced Por-Tellen—a halting-place, for from here can conveniently be visited the Mull of Oa, and Kildalton, and Slochd Mhaol Doraihd, this latter being the grandest bit of scenery on the island, and Kildalton the most interesting spot to the antiquarian, as Finlaggon, on the other side, is to the historian. But do not let the stranger attempt to find his way to Slochd Mhaol Doraihd by himself.

He should no more attempt this than he should attempt to pronounce the name, except after many lessons.

We were coached up in the route, and told we could easily find these caves, and rock piers, and wild cliffs by following on until we came to a peat bog; but luckily our host, Mr. McQuaick, gave us better advice, and on a fine, bright, warm afternoon drove us as far as Kintrog. And then with a guide we tramped on, at first along the sea-beach on the shores of the great Lochendaal bay that nearly cuts Islay in two; then on away to the left, up the soft boggy hillside, over a tiny bridge, where a brown amber flood came leaping down over dark rocks, forming a salmon pool beneath; then working out on to the headlands that were all worn and broken up, giving glimpses far down amid the rocks to the lifting foam-capped waves.



PORT ELLEN HARBOUR AND LIGHTHOUSE.

On we went, springing from turf to turf, pushing our way over boggy land behind our guide, who knew every pure spring on the mountain-side, and produced a glass to drink of their crystal waters, until we got out to Rowmoor Point, where was a grand bit of broken precipitous headland, one conical green island breaking the dash of the waves inland. From here we scrambled down to the biggest of the caves. We had been pointed out the way down to other caves, but ways too dizzy for our untrained heads.

The great bay of Lochendaal lies in front, and high over the lower moorland rises the high range of hills on Islay that blocks the view of Jura's mountains; though the rounded forms of the Paps overtop the lower Islay

Hills, the brown worn rocks beneath, above which the sea-birds wheel and cry, lead the eye on across the sunlit sea to the opposite shores of the loch, at the jutting point of the Rhinns, one of the wildest bits of the island.

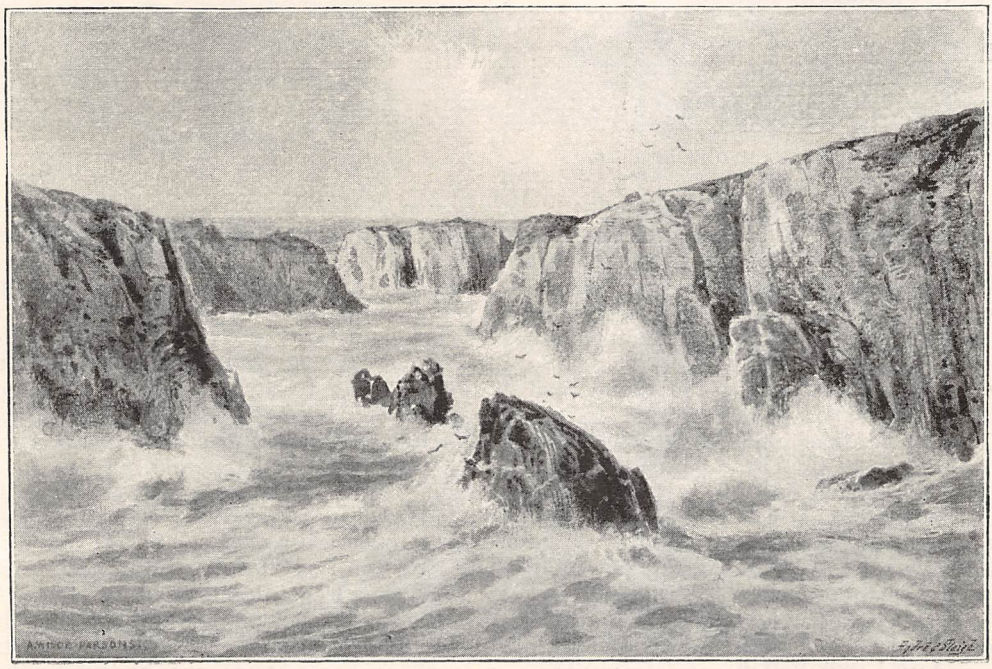
In the dim distance is seen Tory Island, out beyond the line of green and rocky headlands that stretch far away to the Mull. But we were not yet at the goal of our walk, with the—to Saxon tongues—unpronounceable name; but we shortly reached it, and learned on the spot from our guide that Slochd, or Slaog, meant leap, and Mhaol Doraihd was the giant or great Doraihd; and we were pointed out a really wonderful slit in the here black cliffs over which the giant is said to have leaped. A great natural bridge gives a narrow passage across this slit, and the extreme point can be gained, with a terrific view of the sea sweeping in around the fantastically-worn pillars of rock. One square pillar rises up some eighty feet from the swirling sea; in its centre, midway up, a line of white spar forms a belt, and this has given it the name of the Soldier; and not far off is a square chimney-like aperture in the cliff, of the same shape as the Soldier, and this the peasantry have dubbed the Soldier's Cradle.

Upon the extreme headland are two conical mounds, looking as though made by man, and near them a most lovely mass of spar appears above the green sward, and forms a point of view from whence the lines of grey, green, brown, and white rock can be studied, and the great black arch, all beautified with green moss and yellow and ruddy lichen.

We had made friends on board the Islay with a gentleman who turned out to be a post-office official, whose work was akin to that done by the late Anthony Trollope; and on the following morning, after our tramp o'er moor and fell to the western cliffs and caves, he suggested we should join him in a long day's work, visiting all the small post-offices on the shore of Lochendaal right out to the extreme western point of the Rhinns.

The day promised to be stormy, but the chance of seeing the inner life of some of the dwellers on Islay was too tempting; and so, provided with double layers of overcoats and rugs, and something by way of internal refreshment, off we started in early morning.

Our first halting-place was the strange little town of Bowmoor, with its curious church, with its eastern apse and tower of three square stages, topped by two of octagon shape and surmounted by a cupola. One striking contrast between the cottages here and on the not far distant shores of Ireland was the presence in all the windows of pleasant flowers. One may travel hundreds of miles in Ireland, and see no cottage garden or flower in a window. One great, wide, steep street led down from the church to the little harbour.

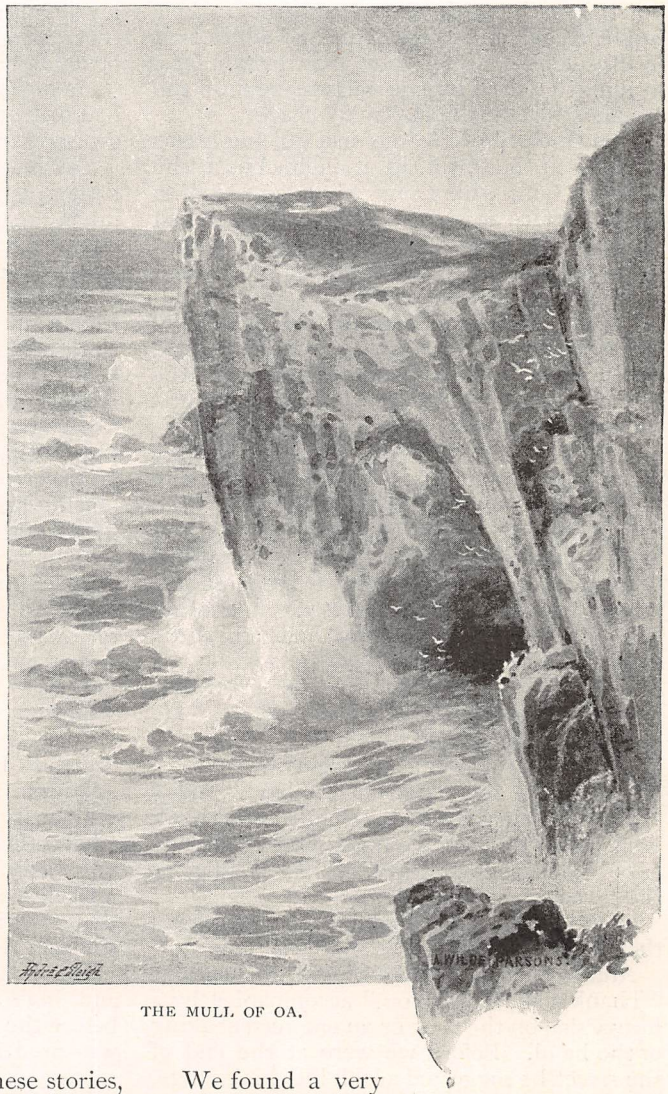


SLOCHD MHAOL DORAIHD.

A terrific squall and torrential downpour of rain came on as we stood and sheltered behind the church, and chatted with a stonemason who, like Old Mortality, was making clear a name on a tombstone; the dozen small craft and the one bark tossed and strained at their moorings, as the white waves raced into the pier.

No chance now of a boat across to Bruichladdagh, as our friend had intended: the squalls were too heavy for a boat to venture out: and so soon on we drove again towards the hills that sheltered Bridgend, along the loch shores, with a strong scent of seaweed here and there, with the wholesome peat smell that the Princess of Thule loved.

Our friend, Mr. Macdonald, knew the "Princess" and her after-life, when romance became reality to her, and hardly the reality that Mr. Black has so charmingly allotted to her. Many a story had he of distant islands and their people, of their wild lone lives; and his work sometimes entailed considerable roughing it and some spice of danger—sailing out to those remote islands, being weather-bound for days; and some tragedies had come under his notice which were full of pathos and romance.



THE MULL OF OA.

So the rain threshed against us as we drove on listening to these stories, or taking lessons in Gaelic from our driver; the striving to pronounce "calf" in Gaelic alone occupying us a quarter of an hour. At Bridgend we halted at the inn, with pleasant garden and tree-sheltered surroundings, to change horses and driver; and then again went on, now along the western shore of the loch, with constant portions of wreck sticking up in the sand, and with one abandoned schooner standing up high and dry near low-water mark.

We made no halt now till we reached the extreme end of the island, the Rhinns, or Port-na-haven. Here the low walls were strewn with fish, salted and lying out to dry; the boats were all drawn up out of reach of the waves that were thundering on the outer rocks, sending up great foam-clouds high into the air, and salt hard drops with a pinge into our faces.

We found a very comfortable, clean, newly-painted inn at the seaward side of the township, and taking some fish off the rocks, asked that it might be cooked for our tea, and then started out for the post-office; but a fierce squall drove us into a cottage for shelter, and we disturbed the housewife, who was lying in bed, and a little child that was playing by the great fire. The child's bare feet pattered over the mud floor, and it jumped into the bed, whilst the mother leaped out to put the things in order.

A table and some stools were by the fire, and a row of fish hung along over the chimney, drying in the peat smoke. Outside the door we could see the fish ranged all along the stone walls, and the boats drawn up, with two new ones just added to the fleet. A group of girls came down the hillside as the sun

burst from beneath the storm-cloud; their bright colours of red and blue and white, and healthy-looking faces, and bare brown legs, forming a characteristic picture against the scene of port, and boats, and cottages.

The landlord of the inn had quickly learnt we were in the township, and joined us at the cottage; and whilst our friend attended to his post-office work, we were enabled in an interval of rain-washed, clear, brilliant sunshine to wander away out over the green head towards the lighthouse.

On the little islet, beneath the shadow of the lighthouse tower, was a ruined church, said to have been built by Columba, but the lifting, tossing rollers in the narrow sound prevented all attempt to cross over to it.

But as we strolled on and rounded the point, we saw another one-street township ahead, and so, leaving the fisher-lad, who had been our guide, and crossing a little bridge, beneath which a tawny burn rushed down over picturesque rocks, we entered this street, and were soon accosted by another lad of the sailor type, who had very little of "the English," but whose dog, a big animal of the pointer-mastiff type, seemed to resent the intrusion of a Sassenach. He called the dog off, and asked—

"And where do ye come from?"

And at the reply, "From England," said—

"Oh! from England; thank you, thank you. And what are ye doing here?"

So we explained we were just looking at the lovely view.

"Oh! ye're just looking at the view; thank you, thank you."

And so each answer ended with this curious "Thank you, thank you," accompanied by a hearty slap on the back or an enforced shaking of the hand. Before we were at the end of the street he suggested a look into his cottage, just to taste "a wee drop," and as that was declined, he halted at the end of the street behind the gable, and invited us to a drink of "good stuff" from a bottle he had in his pocket; but on declining, he laughed, and with more "Oh! thank you, thank you," left us for a while to look out over the scene at the end of this strange little town. And an impressive scene it was—standing up on these dark, iron-like, and brown-hued rocks, with heavy volumes of dark green sea sweeping in and lifting white crests, and veiling in lace-like foam the intense iron hardness of the coast; behind was the one street, with its peat stacks, black as the rocks, its fowls and calves, and ducks and cottages, some clean and well-paved, others mud floors and dirty—a lone scene, in spite of the cottages; but as we stood, almost swept away by the wind, a lovely rainbow formed and arched the iron rocks, and the now sunlit sea and green isle beyond, with its ruined church of past ages.

As night was falling, and much more work had to be done, we inspanned our horse, and drove off from the interesting busy settlement.

Our first halt was at Port Charlotte, a dirty, straggling village. We wandered up the muddy road whilst our friend was in the post-office, but the too earnest offers of friendship from a drunken man, and the quiet declaration of war on his part upon our rejection of his friendship, drove us into the post-office, for in spite of double overcoats, the night was very cold. The numerous distilleries in Islay work havoc with the natives.

Standing in the general shop, that was also post-office, the light of a good blazing fire in an inner room suggested a seat by its warmth, and on being invited in, we found the old grandmother sitting by the blazing peat fire, with a crutch by her side—for she was a cripple from a broken leg—the children clustered round her; and on the opposite side sat a fair-haired lad of some nineteen years, whose answers to our questions and general talk was of so educated a tone that we were somewhat perplexed.

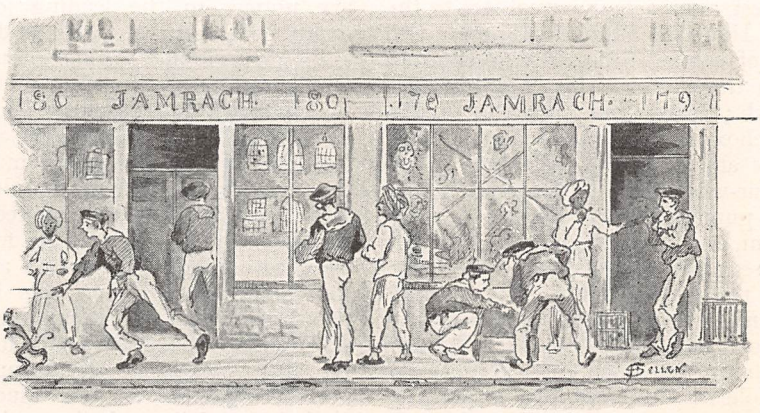
But the thing was made clear when we drove on by Mr. Macdonald's explaining that in winter this lad was a student at Glasgow University. He had another post-office, where the son was a D.D. and a professor; who had lived in Glasgow on twelve shillings a week whilst studying. These lads work on the crofts in summer, and go to "Glasgie" to study in the winter.

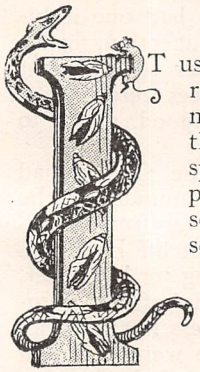
Our next halting-place was Bruichladdagh; and here we found a little pent, run out before the post-office door, and being shut in, was used as the village lads' club and smoke room. A crowd of some ten or twelve lads were always there, going and coming, and chatting in Gaelic at full tongue, one recurring phrase sounding like "One and fourpence in balk"—perhaps some Gaelic student can turn that nonsensical English into good Gaelic, with an Islay pronunciation.

At length we reached Bridgend, and were glad to go into the warm room with a blazing fire, and get some refreshment; and highly astonished were the comfortable occupants of that room when we were told our fresh horse and driver were ready, and we started out once more into the dark, stormy night.

We afterwards heard ourselves described as tourists rushing over the island at night, trying to see it in a day. A long drive we had over the upper road to Port Ellen, reaching it safely at midnight, well-satisfied with our rough, interesting day's work and pleasure.

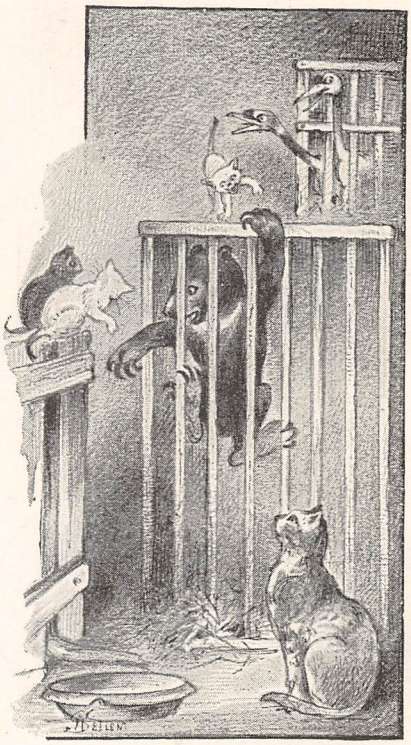
THE ARK OF THE JAMRACHS.





IT used to be said of "Old Jamrach" that if an animal, no matter how rare, existed on this globe, he could get a specimen. It was even once proposed—we do not say how seriously—to settle the vexed sea-serpent question by giving the famous animal-dealer an order for the monster. In one case his dominion over the animal kingdom was put to a severe test—Lord Lilford ordered a pair of nutcrackers—brown birds with white spots, about the size of a pigeon. Jamrach found a pair, but it took him a quarter of a century to do it in. These nutcrackers, it may as well be mentioned, are at the present time comparatively plentiful, though a few years ago thought to be nearly extinct.

Associated with the name of Jamrach are rare stories as well as rare animals; some of these stories bear marks, evident to the experienced, of being works of imagination. For instance, one may almost any time read of Hagenbeck, the celebrated lion-tamer, how he went down to Ratcliff Highway and planted down £200 for a tiger. Then arose the question, so runs the story, as to how the animal was to be conveyed to Hagenbeck's quarters. This question Hagenbeck is represented as speedily settling, by producing from his pocket a dog's collar and chain, attaching them to the tiger; so leading it from Jamrach's stables to the street, hailing a hansom, jumping in with the tiger following at his heels, and taking the vacant seat beside him as a pet dog might do. Now, when a man buys a wild animal, the question as to how it is to be conveyed never arises. The method of conveying such a commodity is as settled as the method of moving furniture, and the proceeding to the dealer in dangerous animals as prosaic. Again, when a man pays £200 for an animal that is to aid him in getting a living, he has some regard for the animal if he has none for himself and other people. Men are not so fond of attaching £200 worth

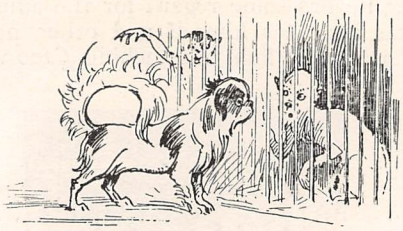


MALAYAN OR SUN BEAR.

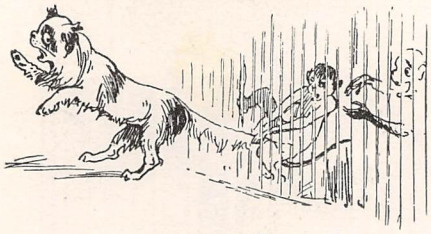
to the end of a string, and then giving it a chance of running away, of being destroyed, or even damaged.

The nearest approach in actual fact to the story of Carl Hagenbeck and the tiger is found in the freak of a spendthrift, who ran through £300,000 in three years. He bought a tiger from Jamrach; it was put into the regulation den or box—a strong packing-case with sliding doors at each end—and taken on the top of a four-wheeler to Piccadilly. There its mad-cap purchaser turned it loose in his drawing-room, and then ringing the bell sent one of his servants up to fetch something. Fortunately the servant came by no harm. On its becoming known that a tiger was in the house, consternation followed; and when the foolish freak had been carried quite far enough, a hole was knocked in the panel of the drawing-room door and the tiger shot.

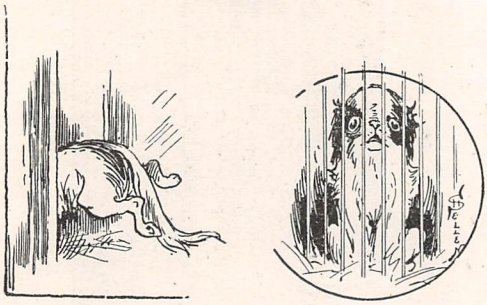
Charles Jamrach acquired his world-wide reputation as an animal-dealer from a variety of causes. For one thing he was a keen business man—nothing pleased him so much as a clean, clever deal. He was something more, however, for mere business keenness would not make noblemen and other gentlemen speak of him as their "dear old friend," and would not accord him columns of obituary notices in the leading journals at his death. He was a big man and a strong man—big enough, and strong enough, and brave enough to run after a tiger that escaped from his premises, and rescue from its jaws the little boy that it had picked up *en route* to freedom. He was a genial man, too, always the same in manner to people of high and low degree, and always smoked a big Dutch clay pipe, except between his first and second breakfasts when he smoked a cigar on his way to business. It was his habit to take two breakfasts—one at home with his family and another at his office with his chimpanzee. He had a weakness for chimpanzees—for a period regarded as the much-inquired-for "missing link"—and always had one in his office. It was an expensive affection, for his chimpanzees one after another soon caught cold and died, and chimpanzees were then at £30. However, times were good, and £30 were only an hour's makings.



"I'M A JAPANESE DOG WORTH £50."



"ARE YOU?"



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A COMPLETE STORY—IN THREE CHAPTERS.

It was the year after the Queen had ascended the throne that Jamrach, at the age of twenty-three, came over from Hamburg and opened shop in Ratcliff Highway. Till then he had been working for his father, who, besides being commander of the Hamburg river police, ran a business in curiosities and strange animals. These were acquired from sailors, and it was the son's business to travel the Continent with the rarities. His last expedition for his father was to St. Petersburg, at that time the great outlet for tropical birds, it being the fashion for the princes and noblemen, and as many others as could afford it, to keep aviaries.

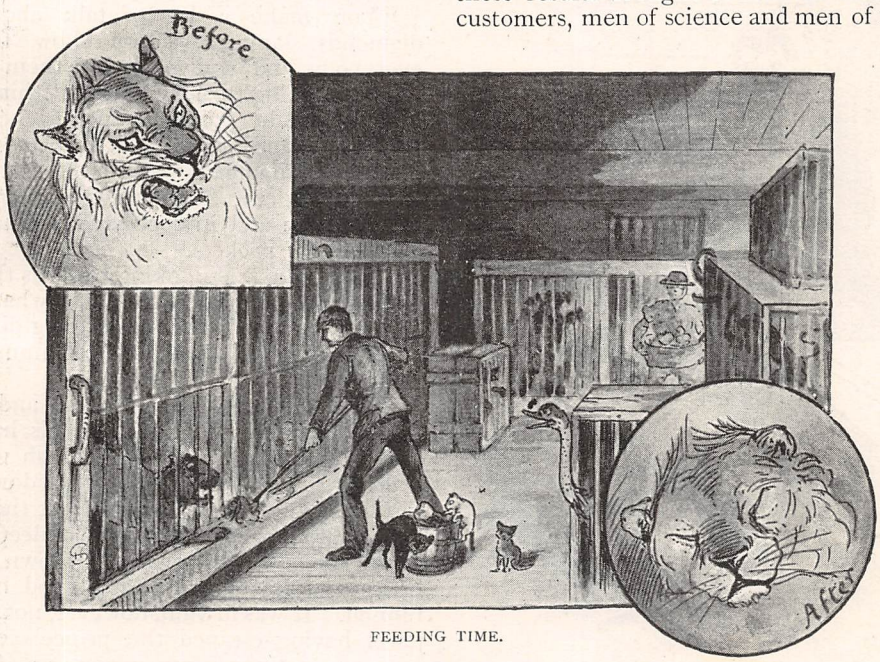
Thither, accordingly, young Jamrach used periodically to set forth from Hamburg with a stock of parrots and his father's benediction. On one of these trips no market being illimitable, he and all the other parrot travellers failed to find buyers—a serious matter for them, for live stock is apt to die, and costs something to look after and keep. To make a long story short, one after another of the travellers succumbed; Jamrach, who had no more money than the rest of them, but had a good reputation in the trade, purchasing their stock at a low figure by means of bills payable at six months. He thus practically made a "corner" in parrots. This in itself helped the market to recover; and when Jamrach returned to his father and placed eight hundred Russian imperiales in the old man's hands, he felt a little grieved, knowing the anxiety and trouble he had gone through, at his father's behaviour. The latter simply

took the money—a large sum in those days—and locked it up. This made Jamrach resolve to leave his father; and the conditions of shipping—there being no Suez Canal then, and the ports of this country being consequently the first to tap home-coming ships—pointed to England as the position wherefrom to command the trade in animals and rarities. Nor was he mistaken.

Jamrach still maintained his continental business connections. He now both bought and sold for his father, the latter doing the same for him; moreover, he knew the continental markets generally, and what they were capable of absorbing. He could thus buy what a purely English dealer, confined to the English market for customers, dare not buy.

This alone was sufficient to put him in the front rank at once. He had specially shrewd business ideas too, though. For instance, in dealing with ships' captains and sailors it was his custom not to beat them down to the lowest penny they would take, but to give them as much as he could. In this way he earned the reputation of being a liberal buyer, and was talked of all over the world by seamen. The consequence was, though there were dozens of other animal and curiosity dealers round about him, all seamen with rarities bent their steps in the first instance to Jamrach's. He thus had the pick of the market.

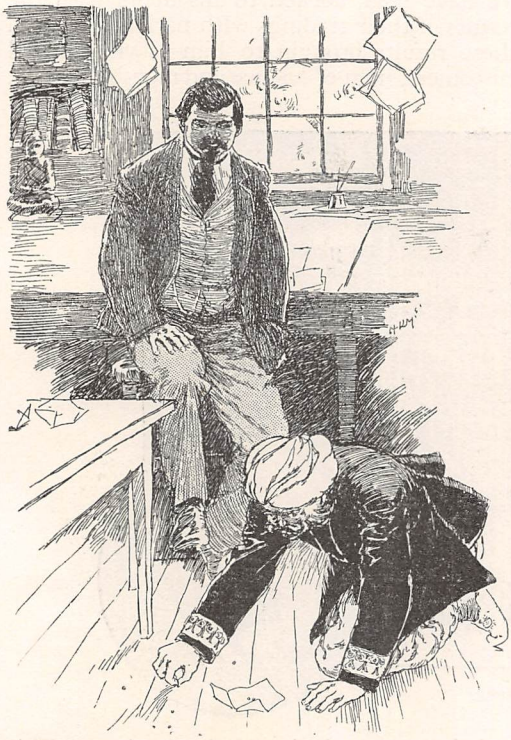
Meanwhile the modern spirit of inquiry and scientific investigation was on the rise. Museums and zoological gardens were being formed; rarities of every kind were in demand; shell-collecting was becoming a mania. In a word, the people and products of the world were being studied as they had never been studied before. What is more, an era of unprecedented prosperity had set in, and there was no lack of means to gratify the wholesome craving for enlightenment. Jamrach rose on this tide. Seafaring men, as we have seen, flocked to his doors with the results of their tradings with native races, and these results brought to him as visitors and customers, men of science and men of fortune, and the agents of scientific institutions. This gave tone to Jamrach's emporium that mere *bric-à-brac* and animal dealing, on however large a scale conducted, could never have conveyed.



FEEDING TIME.

As illustrating some of the uses that Jamrach's extraordinary collection was put to, may be mentioned the purchase of a couple of big elephant skulls by a celebrated hunter and traveller. This gentleman occasionally lectured on his travels, and among the exploits he recounted was the shooting of a couple of elephants, whose skulls he had brought home as a trophy, and which he had displayed on the lecture table. Needless to add, he had been burdened only for a very short journey with these skulls—bought in Wapping! Similarly, after their travels, many young gentlemen found a visit to Jamrach's very necessary to complete their education and their collections.

From these various causes, then, it was that Jamrach's became a resort for people of fashion, and a curious record of some of the odd things that used to go on there may still be seen on one of the office windows. The office itself is worth a word. It is a middling-sized, lowish-roofed, uncarpeted, grimy room at the back of the shop, where the birds are kept, and whose screams are shut off by a couple of glass doors. From the top of an



"DOWN WENT THE INDIAN PRINCE AFTER THEM."

old bureau, heathen idols, dusty and neglected, look down with lofty unconcern or callous grin upon the visitor, knicknacks are strewn about the floor. A few dusty books are on a shelf, and in a handier place is a copy of Debrett's Peerage. The view from the windows is distinctly slummy—a narrow passage in which some rare geese may be waddling about, a dirty brick wall, and the next-door neighbour's washing—such is the place that dukes and duchesses, and people of the highest fashion used to frequent for an hour or two in the afternoon.

Well, the panes of one of the windows of this so-called office are scored and scratched in a singular way, and thereby hangs a tale. The first of these scratches was made by the Duke of Wellington, to whom Jamrach was showing three very large unset diamonds he had become possessed of. The duke taking the biggest one, went to the window, and after looking closely at it, drew it down the pane of glass nearest him, and so tested it. After that everyone who was shown the diamonds did as the duke had done—made a cut in one of the window panes, and there to this day the various cuts remain.

When the fame of these diamonds got to be noised abroad, Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, who was a constant buyer of rare animals, especially birds, came in one day, and after seating himself began :

"You make a lot of talk about your diamonds, Jamrach. You show them to everybody and you've shown them to me. Now I'm going to show you something."

So saying, he pulled a paper packet out of his pocket, and unfolding it displayed a hundred unset diamonds—all of the finest water and brilliant cut. He placed the open packet on the table and in succession produced two more similar packets.

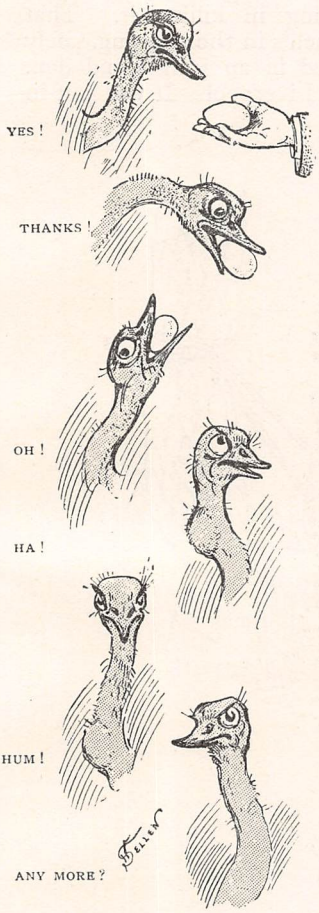
"Now," he said, looking towards the three gleaming packets on the table, "what do you think of that ? You may have big diamonds, but my diamonds beat yours in number and value."

The Maharajah was excited and as he finished speaking he extended his hand and upset one of the packets. Splash went the brilliant stones upon the floor, and down upon his knees in the same instant went the Indian prince after them. When Dhuleep Singh had gone, Old Jamrach got down on his hands and knees and had a good hunt for himself. It was in vain, however, not a single jewel having escaped the prince's eye. It was an extraordinary scene—an Oriental potentate on his knees in a back room in what was then the most notoriously cut-throat thoroughfare in London, and picking up diamonds too, in such a neighbourhood !

The Rothschilds have been frequent visitors at Jamrach's, and good customers—especially Alfred and young Walter. Respecting Alfred, a story reappears at regular intervals of a few months in the newspaper chit-chat columns. The latest form of the story is that he has roaming about his house in a state of perfect freedom a couple of lions, which he has succeeded in domesticating by having them brought up on a purely vegetable diet. Vegetarians have even pressed this story into the service of their propaganda, and have drawn the conclusion that if a purely carnivorous animal like a lion can do without meat, *a fortiori*, man can.

Now it may be a pity to stop the interesting career of this story, but Mr. Alfred Roth-

schild hasn't a lion at all, and never had one. What he did have was an idea that the ferocity of the lion was due to its eating flesh, and he communicated this idea to Jamrach. This led to an experiment with a lion cub of six months. The cub's fangs were drawn, and its claws cut. It was then fed on bread and milk with two pounds of boiled mutton a day. The intention was to gradually reduce the meat to *nil*, to give the cub a walk on the chain each day; and when he had been proved to be sufficiently docile, he was to leave Jamrach's stables for Mr. Rothschild's hearth-rug, and become a domestic pet at Halton. All these good intentions, however, were frustrated. The young cub was docile enough, and suffered himself to be stroked by the ladies who came to see him. It was the docility of decay though, and Master Leo, as he was called, drooped and died in a couple or months. Now, let us hope, he will be allowed to remain at rest, and not made to go on multiplying as he has done since the writer first described the experiment two years ago.

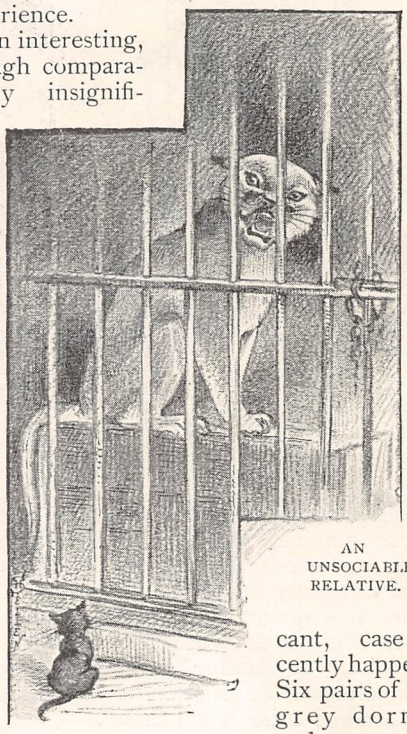


"A LIVELY SENSE OF FAVOURS TO COME."

A deal with one of the ladies of the Rothschild family is told by the reigning Jamrach, Albert Edward, the old man's son and successor. The lady came down to the animal depôt, accompanied by her sister, the late Countess of Rosebery. She wanted a pair of black-necked swans, to make a present of. Jamrach hadn't the swans, but he knew they had a pair at the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, so he wired for them, and next day they were *en route* to London. When they arrived, he wired to the lady; she came down, saw the birds, was delighted with them, agreed to the price, £40, and left the address she wished to have them sent to. That address was Paris; so they were shipped back, and to all appearance the transaction was happily ended. Some time after that Ferdinand Rothschild wanted to buy a black buck antelope, for which young Jamrach asked £15. "No," said Ferdinand, "you ask too much; I'll give you £10. You sold my sister a pair of black-necked swans for £40, and you paid only £20 for them, and they went back to the place they came from!" The swans had been recognised in Paris by someone connected with the Jardin des Plantes, and so the story of the transaction came out.

To give £20 for an article one day and get £40 for it the next is a pleasant-looking piece of business. All businesses, however, like everything else, have an unpleasant as well as a pleasant side. So great is the risk of his trade, that such animals as Jamrach deals in cannot be insured; and cases where the steamboat or railway companies can be held liable are so rare, that they have yet to occur in his experience.

An interesting, though comparatively insignificant, case recently happened. Six pairs of large grey dormice and some blue thrushes, in separate packages, were despatched simultaneously from Switzerland. The blue thrushes arrived all right, and in due time; the dormice didn't. The whole consignment had been seen and attended to, fed and watered, by Jamrach's agent, *en route*,

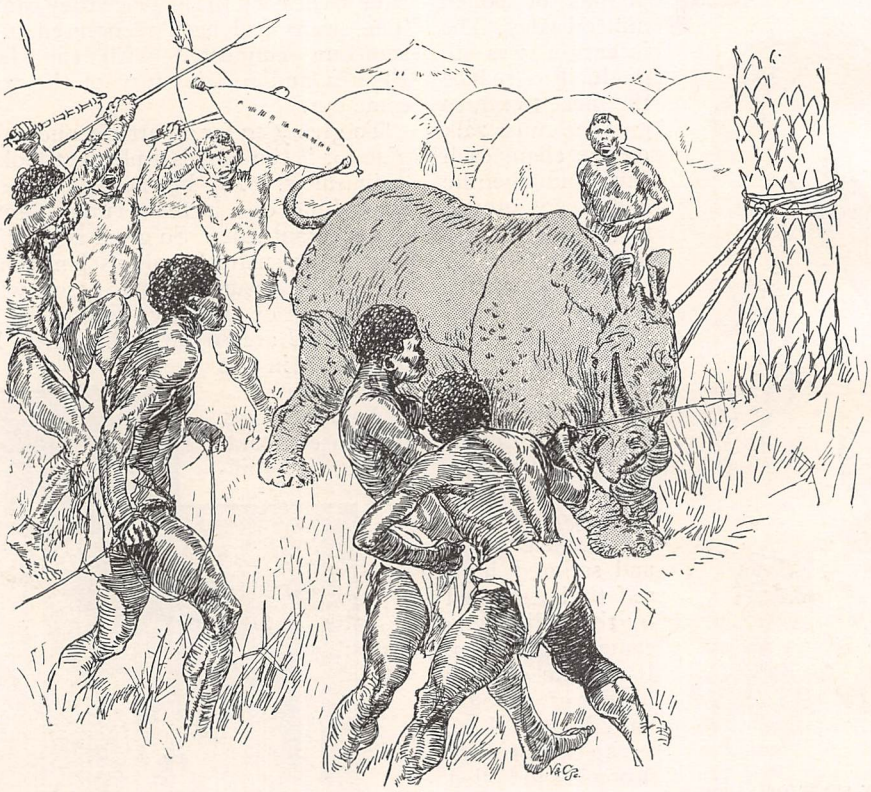

AN UNSOCIABLE RELATIVE.

at Cologne. The next point of inquiry was Ostend. Here the box was found, but it was empty; the dormice had gnawed around the ventilating holes of their box, until these holes were large enough to let them out.

Jamrach claimed compensation; the International Express Company replied that the mice should have been so packed that they couldn't have nibbled their way out. They were securely enough packed, answered Jamrach, and nibbled their way to freedom because they were starving, their food-supply having given out through the delay caused by the Company's neglect.

Here this quaint little incident has ended. It may begin a new career by the discovery of a colony of strange dormice at Ostend, and much speculation as to how in the world these strange animals got there!

Animals are found in out-of-the-way places sometimes. One summer, it may be remembered, Harry Furniss, in a letter to the *Times*, told how he found some snakes in Regent's Park, supposed to have come out of the Zoological Gardens. The most startling discovery of this kind, however, was made by a farmer at Weedon. He found a tiger amongst his sheep in a field alongside the London and North-Western line, and not being skilled in the hunting of big game, sent to the barracks for assistance. A troop of soldiers came down the line and fired at the tiger from the train, ultimately succeeding in killing it. That tiger had left Jamrach's in the morning, safely and securely packed in an iron-bound den. Its destination was Liverpool. It was put in an open truck of a goods train, and the den, by some means or another, got smashed—it was supposed by a projecting iron girder on a passing train. The liberated tiger jumped from the moving train and ran down an embankment into the field of sheep where it was discovered, and where it found a very easy dinner. The price that Jamrach had sold the tiger at was £150, which sum he claimed from the railway company. All he got was the dead body of his tiger. "There's your tiger," in effect, said the company. "It had no business to jump from the train."



"RAW MATERIAL": A RHINOCEROS TIED TO A TREE.

Apart from accidents, the losses of the dealer in strange animals are very heavy. The animals do not belong to this country,

and they are in captivity, while their natural state is freedom. Even at the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens, where the utmost care is exercised, and where everything possible is done to remind the animals of their natural surroundings, three corpses on an average are taken to the dead-house every morning.

The deaths amongst a dealer's stock figure much higher, his animals being more exposed, and at the same time less accustomed to the climate. Chill seems to be the chief cause of death to wild animals in captivity. In this way Jamrach lost eighteen lion cubs worth £30 each in a few days; in one week five giraffes worth £100 each (giraffes would now, through the closing up of the Soudan, fetch £400 a piece—not £1,000, as some reports say); and in a similarly short time four elephants which had been sold for £800, and were on the point of being shipped to America.

Another heavy loss accrued through the death of a rhinoceros, valued at £800. This animal died in so mysterious a manner that its corpse was sent to the Zoological Society's pro-sector for post-mortem examination.

The pro-sector still remembers that post-mortem. How he had to get right inside the carcass of the huge monster to perform the autopsy, and how, even so, the muscular exertion was more like what a navvy might put forth in opening a drain than the skilled operator with the scalpel. The cause of death was found to be suffocation, an abscess in the rhinoceros's throat having eaten its way into and perforated the windpipe. The origin of the abscess was due to its treatment while still in the hands of the natives. They had tied it by the neck to a tree, and its continual tugging had set up the irritation that led to the cancerous growth. Thus the real hide of the rhinoceros, unlike the proverbial one, is penetrable!

Chill has already been instanced as a leading cause of death to rare animals in the hands of dealers. In zoological gardens deaths often happen through the mistaken conduct of visitors. Recently, a hippopotamus died at the Berlin Gardens. It was opened, and an india-rubber ball was found inside it. Now the hippopotami are covered in with wire netting at Berlin. In our own gardens, overfeeding by visitors is a frequent cause of death.

At one time Jamrach had an ostrich with the run of the ground floor of his stables. In a post on that floor was usually stuck, when not in use, the butcher's knife wherewith the meat was cut for the carnivora. The knife suddenly disappeared and could not be found. The ostrich died, was cut open, and the knife found inside.

Jamrach's first royal customer was the present Emperor of Austria, whom over forty years ago he supplied with a couple of elephants. He delivered them himself at Schönbrünn, where he met the Emperor, who told him he had been seeking a lion with a long mane for some time. Jamrach told him he would bring him such a lion in a week.

"What!" said the Emperor, "you get in a week what I've been trying to get for years?"

The wily dealer said nothing, though he knew exactly where to put his hands on a long-maned lion; and setting off at once, travelled through France in search of the showman who had it. Within the stipulated time he had sold it to the Emperor. Then followed an exemplification of the truth of the astute Bacon's remark that "Dispatch is to them (kings) the most grateful of all things." Nothing was too good for Jamrach, who to his last day could recall the Emperor's Tokay wine. The present King of Italy, when Crown Prince, visited Jamrach's. His fancy was black-necked swans. Dom Luis, the late King of Portugal, was another visitor and customer, a transaction with him being in a pair of black cockatoos for £80.

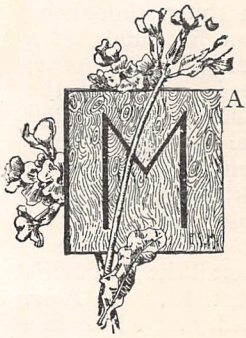
Space will not permit to tell how Abdul Azziz, the Turkish Sultan, spent the British money he got hold of on marble menageries, and filled them with lions and tigers, nor how another similarly improvident ruler, the Khedive Ismail, indulged his fancy for birds—still, too, with the assistance of British money. These were right royal times for Jamrach, as the plain matter-of-fact records of his ledger show.

Still, clever dealer though he was, Old Jamrach had a weakness. He was a conchologist. As a youth he took lessons in conchology, and all his life he was an enthusiastic collector of shells. He spent several thousands in sending men out to collect for him, not satisfied with the shoals that were ever being brought to his own doors.

At one time Old Jamrach's collection of shells was reputed to be worth £10,000. Since his death, three years ago, they were a perfect nuisance, till last September, when Mr. A. E. Jamrach found a customer for them at £100. Even so, the customer got tired carting them away and left thirty loads. These the dustman was engaged to remove at 3s. a load. Thus, what less than a quarter of a century ago was so highly valued, is to-day treated as rubbish. Let collectors of postage stamps take warning. *Sic transit gloria.*

W. B. Robertson.

By L. T. MEADE, Author of "The Medicine Lady," etc. etc.



CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE TESTIMONY OF JOSHUA DAY.

MARGOT arrived about noon the next day. Patty was up again. When she heard the sound of wheels, she came across the rose-garden to meet her friend. She was still pale from her illness of the day before, and a very faint blue tint was discernible round her lips and the lower part of her face—her eyes were somewhat languid, and there was a timid sort of yearning love in them which instantly touched Margot, and made her blame herself for ever feeling any sense of estrangement towards one whom she so dearly loved.

"Oh, Patty," she exclaimed, "you look ill still. Mr. Ward has told me of your serious illness of yesterday—I see traces of it yet in your face."

"The traces will soon vanish," answered Patty, rousing herself and speaking brightly. "I am not ill to-day, only a little tired. I know your visit will soon set me up. How glad, how very glad, I am to see you again."

As she spoke Patty put her arms round Margot and kissed her tenderly.

Margot still continued to gaze at her in anxiety.

"You mustn't look at me like that," said Mrs. Ward with a slight laugh. "Please treat me as if I were well. John considers, and I fancy the doctor agrees with him, that mine is simply a case of nerves. The best thing to do with nerves is to starve them. The more nervous fancies are thought about, the larger they grow. I am not going to talk about having been ill—I am not going to think about it—then doubtless I shall be well."

Ward stood near while his wife talked to Margot. He now drew her hand through his arm.

"It is natural that you should be weak and tired to-day," he said. "You must not exert yourself. Come into the house, and lie down. You will understand, won't you, Miss Fletcher?"

"Yes," answered Margot. "Whatever Patty may say, she requires care, and she ought to get it. Take her into the house, and make her thoroughly comfortable, Mr. Ward. I will follow you when I have had one walk round this dear rose-garden. I will come and sit with you then, Patty, and read to you, or talk nonsense, whichever you prefer."

Patty smiled. When she followed her husband into the house, she turned and looked at Margot. Margot was standing by the sun-dial.

"You are to sleep in your old room," she said; "the pretty pink room which you always liked so much."

Margot made an effort to return Patty's smile. She found it hard, however, to do so. Old memories and regrets came strongly back to her now that she found herself once more an inmate of the Red Lodge.

"How strange the world is!" she murmured. "I have returned here as a guest, who was the owner. Patty is now the mistress of the Red Lodge, who was the guest—oh, it is a queer world, and sometimes things go so contrary, that it's difficult to keep one's temper. Poor sweet Patty, it is impossible to be angry with her when one looks at her. She tries to make nothing of her illness, but that doesn't alter the fact that she is very ill. I can't but love her when I am with her. I feel ashamed of the unworthy suspicions which have visited me with regard to her. In her presence, and still more in the presence of that clever, inexplicable Mr. Ward, they always leave me, but when I am alone they invariably return. I would give the world to get rid of them. The place has gone. The dreadful plunge back into poverty has been made. If I could be a poor girl once more, with my faith undimmed, I believe I should be as happy as the day is long. Oh, God in heaven,

restore to me my lost faith. Give me back the old love I have always felt for my mother and Patty. Keep my faith in those two undimmed, then everything else will be able to be borne."

The gong for lunch sounded, and Margot went into the house. After lunch she sat with Patty in the morning room. Patty lay on a sofa—Margot sat near the open window. They talked gaily together as girls will do about all sorts of trivial matters. They kept their conversation altogether on the surface—nothing really near home was touched upon, but, as the hours flew by, each felt a sense of being soothed in the company of the other.

When tea was brought in, Ward appeared.

"You are much better, my love," he said to his wife—he gave Margot a glance of real gratitude as he spoke.

Margot brought him a cup of tea.

"I have just had mine, and am going for a walk," she said. "At what hour do you dine?"

"Not until eight o'clock," said Patty.

"I am glad of that. I want to have a long ramble all by myself in this delicious, beautiful country."

"WITH A CERTAIN WILD GLEAM IN HIS EYES" (*p.* 700).

She left the room, and Patty turned to Ward.

"Does Margot know that Sir Wilfred Dering will be with us to dinner?" she asked.

"No," answered Ward; "it is best that she should not know. Let him take her altogether by surprise; it is his best chance."

"Do you think she will marry him, John?"

"Yes, Patty—she will marry him."

"Why do you say that? Margot is not a person to give her heart away easily."

"Miss Fletcher has a great deal of character,"

responded Ward. "She has had trouble lately, and it has developed certain strength which would probably never have been apparent but for it. She is strong enough to resist what would really give her the greatest happiness for the sake of what she considers a principle. Dering has offended her, she thinks it fine to refuse him. Nevertheless she will marry him."

"I wish I could think that she would," answered Patty, "but I can't feel at all certain."

"The strength of mind which makes her refuse Dering will, when properly directed, induce her to marry him," answered Ward.

"How can this be brought about?" asked Patty.

"If necessary, I will influence her," said Ward. "On the whole, she can be useful to me as his wife, and her marriage will make you happy—two all-sufficient reasons why it should take place."

Patty raised her eyes, dilated with a queer sense of fear, to her husband's face. She gave him her hand, which he gently stroked.

"You have too much power, John," she said; "it is—uncanny."

"In our case my power means our happiness," said Ward in gentle tones.

He bent his head, his lips met Patty's. He gave her a long kiss. She sighed, and rose to her feet.

"Yes," she said suddenly, "my happiness fills my heart. When you are with me I need nothing else. No heaven can be more blissful than your presence. Oh, John, stay with me always."

"Of course, dearest, I am your husband."

"But I don't mean only during this life—I mean also in the unknown beyond. If our souls are really one, let them be one for ever."

"I feel that it will be so," answered Ward. "But this sort of talk is weakening. Come, the heat of the day is over, let us go into the rose-garden."

Meanwhile Margot was walking quickly down the long lane which led past Joshua Day's cottage. Now that she was away from Patty her restlessness returned—she was anxious to walk, and to walk far. She had an idea that physical fatigue would calm her mental unrest. The lane was a typical Devonshire one, and she wondered, as she gathered some sprays of honeysuckle, if she might be fortunate enough to find a few late brier roses still in blossom. She walked on, trying to keep her thoughts from all grave and disturbing subjects. By-and-by she found herself opposite Mrs. Day's cottage, and, looking up, she saw the old woman standing in the porch. Margot had been kind to every poor person on the estate, and she stopped now to exchange a word of greeting with Mrs. Day. In Mrs. Fletcher's time, Joshua Day had not been an inmate of the cottage, and Margot had not the faintest idea who he was, when, shaggy-looking, and with a certain wild gleam in his eyes, he came and stood by his mother's side in the porch.

"How are you, Mrs. Day," said Margot, advancing a step or two into the little garden.

"Come in, miss, won't 'ee?" said Mrs. Day. "Fy now, it's I that am right glad to see 'ee, and 'ow's Mrs. Fletcher, she mun fret a good bit at leaving a place like yon, but there, right is right, and we're all glad, iss that we are, to have Miss Patty in 'er own again. But come right in, Miss Fletcher, do—I'm glad to see 'ee, and so'll Joshua be when I tell 'im who 'ee are. Joshua," continued Mrs. Day, facing round and looking full into his surly face; "this is the young lady what lived at the Red Lodge afore our Miss Patty come into her own."

"No, fy," answered Joshua. He stared at Margot with a dull colour coming and going in his face.

Mrs. Day again pressed her to come in.

"I can't, I've not time," she answered. She disliked the look of the pair immensely. "I am glad you are well, Mrs. Day—good-afternoon."

She continued her walk up the lane. Joshua said a word to his mother, and stealthily followed her. He had got an ugly job to do, and he meant to do it as quickly as possible. Having done it, he would receive £20 from Ward, and be able immediately to leave the place. It is true that his conscience, already so heavily laden, would then be burdened with a fresh sin, but might not—might not even then a life of fervent prayer, of passionate undying zeal for the souls of others, atone for his own sin in the eyes of his Maker? It would be forbidden him henceforth to preach the terrors of the law in his native place, but somewhere else surely, he might still, as he expressed it, "rake in souls from the burning."

He felt a sense of comfort, and a return of fanatical zeal as this thought came to him. But the task now set him to do was an ugly one. He had no help but to do it. The quicker he was over it the better. He followed Margot, therefore, at a considerable distance. Her steps sounded fainter and fainter in front of him. He knew a short cut, however, by means of which he could overtake her, and she suddenly came up to him as he leant against a stone wall. She passed him without looking at him. There was a troubled and tired look in her eyes.

Joshua touched his hat to her as she passed.

"Good-evening, miss," he said.

"Good-evening," replied Margot. She gave him a quick glance in which aversion lingered.

"Might I say a word to 'ee, miss?" demanded Joshua.

"I'm afraid not this evening," answered Margot. "I am late as it is, and in a hurry."

"I'll walk with 'ee," said Joshua. "Ye mun let me, I've some'ut I want to tell 'ee."

Margot stopped and looked full into the man's ugly face.

"Say what you have got to say immediately," she answered. "I don't care that you should walk with me. I don't even know who you are."

"I'm called Joshua, Miss Fletcher. That is the name given to me by my godfaythers and godmothers at my baptism, but the Lord's name is different—the Lord calls me what I be—a brand plucked from the burning. That is my true name, and as there's a heaven above I glory in it."

"The man must be mad," thought Margot in some alarm. "I suppose I must humour him."

"I didn't know that Mrs. Day had a son until just now," she answered.

"Very likely not, miss, I wasn't to home when you and the good lady your mother lived at the Red Lodge. Iss, I be the son of that godfearing wumman, Susan Day. When I come back again from foreign countries, it was news to me, and glad news too, to learn that our maid had got her own."

"I must leave you now," said Margot. "Good-evening."

"Miss, I've some'ut to say, and it must be told. We all know your story, miss. The will were missing, and you and your good mother 'ad the place as heirs-at-law. The will wor found, and you had to quit. That's the case in a nutshell, ain't it miss?"

"I don't wish to hold any more conversation with you," said Margot, her eyes flashing angrily. "I don't choose to discuss the private affairs of my family with you."

Joshua laughed. Margot began to walk quickly—he shambled along by her side. She found it impossible to shake him off, and felt more sure than ever that he was mad.

"Fy, lady," he said. "I don't mean no harm. I know a thing, and I'd like tell it to 'ee. It's about the Red Lodge, and you and your good mother coming into the place as heirs-at-law. I were away when the old lady died. Ef I'd been to home you never would 'ave come into possession, for I, Joshua Day, brand as I be, could have put 'ee out. Iss, fy, now, you don't believe me, but it's true."

Margot, in spite of herself, could not help being interested.

"What do you mean," she said. "Speak at once—I don't wish to be seen walking with you, but if you have anything to say, say it at once, and get it over."

"You've a proud spirit, miss," said Joshua. "In the sight of the Almighty we're all nought but worms—worms and brands, and we may think ourselves lucky ef we're pulled away from the devouring flames. You're proud, miss, and it's a sin to have pride. Now, I'll tell 'ee some'ut. You thought there was no will—you got the place cause there was no will. Bless 'ee, miss, I knew there was a will, safe enough."

"You knew it," said Margot—"how?"

"For the best o' good reasons—I put my name to it—I were a witness—I writ my name at the bottom of the will. The two witnesses was Joan Clarke—her as went by the name o' Nurse Joan—and Joshua Day—that's your humble servant, miss. I remember the hour when I signed my name to that will as well as if it wor yesterday."

Joshua paused. He had got his listener's full attention at last. Margot forgot all her aversion to the man in the trembling wonder with which she now hung on his words.

"Go on; tell me everything," she said.

"I'm glad to do it, miss. Miss Rhodes was the proudest woman as ever breathed. I see her now a-setting in her morning room, and the lawyers from London a-setting with 'er, and Nurse Joan a-standing ahint 'er chair. I was 'ired at that time to do odd jobs in the garden. It wor a melting 'ot day, and I were just thinking to leave off work, and go and eat my dinner under the shade by the 'edge when Nurse Joan seen me. 'Er was as sharp as a ferret with 'er eyes, and she called out as quick and sudden as you please: 'Come right in this minute, Joshua Day. Wash your 'ands, and take off your shoes, and come 'ere, for you're wanted.' To be sure I was taken aback, for Miss Rhodes wouldn't so much as notice me most times, and I'd never set foot inside the house afore. I burned with curiosity, and you may be sure I wasn't long slipping my boots off, and coming right in. When I stepped into the room, the old gentleman what was the principal lawyer, I make no doubt, stood up and said, 'Can you write your name, my man?' 'Iss,' says I, 'and a good plain fist, too.' 'Well, then,' said the lawyer, 'you stand back there for a minute, and use your eyes. Now, then, madam,' he said, turning to Miss Rhodes, and bowing as low as you please, 'will you have the goodness to put your name here in full, in the presence of these witnesses?' You may be sure, miss,"

"MARGOT . . . TURNED A CORNER, AND SAW A DOGCART COMING TO MEET HER."

continued Joshua, "I stared with all my eyes. I guessed what was happening, and I felt proud to witness the signing of a will. Miss Rhodes writ her name on the paper as bold and firm as anything you ever seen. Then it comes to Nurse Joan's turn, and then the lawyer turns to me and says, 'You take this pen now, my man, and put your name, your full name, mind you, on this line.'

"'Is it a will I'm signing?' says I, looking up 'cute like, for my courage was coming back to me.

"'Iss,' said the lawyer. 'It's a will, sure enough.' He says it strong, and my heart leaped up in my mouth with pleasure at being called to witness a will. I signed my name, and put a flourish under it, and then Miss Rhodes said 'Thank you, Joshua Day, you can leave us now,' and I went out again. I didn't tell anyone what I'd done, but I thought over it many and many a time—and bless 'ee, miss, ef I'd come back from foreign parts and found 'ee and Mrs. Fletcher keeping our maid out of her own, I'd soon have told 'ee and all the world beside what I knew."

"Well, you have told me now," said Margot. "Thank you, I won't detain you any longer."

"You will take a verse of Scripture with you, miss," shouted the man.

Margot suddenly put her fingers to her ears, and ran swift as the wind up the lane. She did not quite pause until she had reached a turnstile which led into a field.

Chapter XXXIV.—A Fortress Won.

THERE was a narrow path across this field which led direct to the high road from Sidminster. Margot now walked down this path feeling breathless and agitated. She had put a considerable distance between herself and Joshua. It was no longer necessary for her to run to get away from him, but breathless as she was, she still walked quickly. In her agitation she had taken the wrong turning, and was now going away from the Red Lodge. This fact scarcely troubled her. She had much to think over, and did not care to meet either Ward or Patty until her thoughts were arranged, and her brain ceased to swim in dizzy wonder. Presently she reached the high road. It lay white and dusty to right of her and left of her. A breeze had sprung up that stirred the dust, and blew it into her face. She was too much excited to notice this small discomfort.

"At last," she said to herself, "my fears may really rest. At last all is made plain, and Patty, my dear, my darling friend, is completely and for ever exonerated. I suppose I am glad—yes, I am very glad. It was dreadful to be told the truth by such a horrid personage as that Joshua Day; still I must look upon this chance meeting with him as a direct interposition of Providence. Yes, of course, I'm very glad to know the truth. All my suspicions must now die for ever. When I see Mr. Ward I must apologise for having doubted him and Patty, and I must sue to him—yes, I must humbly sue to him to keep my secret, and never to tell Patty of my doubts. How bitterly I regret now that he drew some of my real feelings from me two days ago."

Margot still walked fast; she turned a corner, and saw a dogcart coming to meet her. A tall man in a tweed suit was driving, the groom sat behind. Margot felt her heart give a glad bound. At sight of her Dering pulled up quickly, he flung the reins to the groom, jumped off the cart, and came at once to her side.

"How lucky this is," he exclaimed. "Is it possible that you have been coming to meet me?"

"No," answered Margot. "I had not an idea that you were expected."

"You don't mean to say that Ward never told you. I have come down to the Red Lodge to-night on purpose to see you."

"Your name was not mentioned to me," answered Margot.

She leant against the hedge as she spoke. Her interview with Joshua had tired her. Some of her defiant spirit was laid low. The contrast between Joshua and Dering was so great that she could not help experiencing a sense of pleasure and safety in the presence of the latter. The feeling in her heart was reflected on her face. Dering saw it; something emboldened him to seize the opportunity, and, if possible, to take the citadel by storm.

"It doesn't greatly matter whether you knew I was coming or not," he said. "I am here, and so are you. Now you have got to hear me out."

Margot coloured.

"We have no time for conversation now," she said, "if we mean to get back to the Red Lodge for dinner."

"Dinner is not of the slightest consequence," said Dering. "I want you to come for a walk with me. We are not far from the pine wood. Come with me there, I have something to say, and you must hear me."

"I would rather go back."

"But I should prefer that you stayed with me for a little. Please remember that I have come to the Red Lodge for the express purpose of talking to you. You may as well listen to me first as last."

Dering had never been so bold before. Margot raised her eyes and looked at him timidly; something in the gaze he gave her caused her to lower her black eyelashes.

"Come," he pleaded. "We shall have shade in the wood, and be alone."

She turned with him without a word.

"Why did she do it—what was the matter with her?" she asked herself this question many times. Several times she halted, too, and opened her lips as if to speak, but a glance at Dering kept her silent. There was an altogether new look about him; his lips were set in a hard, firm line. The determination in his blue eyes gave them a quality and depth which Margot had never before noticed in them.

When they found themselves in the shade of the wood, Dering turned abruptly and faced Margot.

"You are not well," he said. "What is the matter?"

"I am quite well," she answered.

She pulled herself together with an effort.

"You are very pale," he replied. "I say again that you are not well."

"Yes I am. I have been working hard lately, and—I have been in considerable trouble."

"I thought as much," said Dering.

His tone took a deep note. He came a little nearer.

"But my trouble is over," said Margot bravely; "only the getting rid of it has

startled me. I met a disagreeable man just now; he frightened me rather. That is probably why I look pale and tired."

"Who can have dared to frighten you?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter. It was only a rough person of the name of Joshua Day. He persisted in walking with me, and he talked disagreeably. I wanted to get rid of him, and had just done so when I met you. I was glad to meet you."

Dering's eyes flashed. Margot noticed the look. Again she glanced down uneasily.

"We ought to go home now," she said, speaking without her usual decision. "Patty said they were to dine at eight. They will be surprised if we do not appear."

"What does that matter? Ward and his wife are happy people—intensely happy. They can live through an anxious half-hour, even if we cause it them, which I doubt. Now, Margot—yes, I will call you Margot—you have got to hear me out."

"If I must, I must," answered Margot. She turned a little away.

"I want to know if you will marry me."

"I told you some time ago that I would not."

"Some time ago is not now. I ask you now again—again, for the last time. If you reject me now, you must give me your reasons."

Margot was silent. Dering looked at her.

"Do you reject me?" he asked.

"I wish you would not speak to me on this subject, Sir Wilfred. I told you some months ago that my mind was fully made up."

"That has nothing whatever to do with the present moment. Is your mind now fully made up to reject me?"

"I——"

Dering interrupted her eagerly.

"No, it isn't," he said, and there was a joyful sort of conquering ring in his voice. "You need not say any more. I defy you to say to my face that you do not like me a little; I defy you to look full at me and tell me, that because of what I did last year you are implacable and unforgiving. What I did, I did out of consideration for you. I have apologised fully: I do not intend to apologise any more. My father and your father wished us to marry; I met you, fully aware of the fact; I thought to spare you embarrassment by acting as I did. The sequel proved that I did wrong. Well, we've spoken enough about this. I did wrong—I acknowledge it. Let us now drop that part of the subject for ever. I love you, Margot—do you love me? That is the question of questions—answer it. Look at me while you answer it."

"I never knew that you loved me," said Margot.

"Didn't you? Well, know it now. I love you with all my heart and soul. I have loved you for months. I am your lover. Will you have me for your faithful lover and husband for all the rest of my life?"

"You are very good," said Margot.

"Don't say that. I am a man pleading for the dearest thing in all the world. If you reject me I shan't die, nor do anything extraordinary, but I shall be miserable. If I love you and you love me, why should we both be miserable?"

"I never said I loved you."

"I think you do—nay, I am sure of it. You do love me—yes, I know it. Tell me so with your own lips."

Dering put his arm round Margot's waist; he drew her close to him.

"I am poor; I am unfit for you," she said, making a struggle to keep back the fast-yielding citadel.

"What does that matter? Who cares about money in a supreme moment like this? Say 'Yes' or 'No,' Margot. Remember"—here Dering removed his arm, pushed her away, and looked intently at her—"remember that if you say 'No' now I will believe you. I will never ask you again—never. I love you, and you love me. Can you dare to make us both wretched?"

"No, no; only——"

"You love me, Margot?"

"I—yes, I think I do."

"You will marry me?"

"If you wish it."

"Do *you* wish it, Margot?"

"Yes, yes, Wilfred"—here she laid her flushed face against his arm—"yes, yes. I am weak, I am overcome. I yield—I yield utterly. Yes, I do love you—I have loved you for a long time. I would not dare say it even to myself until now; but I know it now."

"My darling! Margot, you are the sweetest girl in all the world. When shall we be married?"

"As soon as you like."

Chapter XXXV.—A Confession.

No one made any remark when Margot and Dering returned to the Red Lodge quite an hour late for dinner. They were received by Ward and his wife as if nothing in the least extraordinary had happened. Margot ran up at once to her room. She shut the door and locked it; then she flung off her hat, pushed back her hair from her brow, and stood for a moment by the wide-open window reflecting on the change which had suddenly come into her life.

Yes, she acknowledged it now. A beautiful thing had happened to her. She was crowned by the love of a good, a very good man. The love he gave her she fully returned. All the harsh, hard thoughts—all the futile struggling against an unkind fate—had departed. She was happy; she loved and was beloved.

"I loved him all the time, but I was too proud to say it—I was too proud to admit it," she murmured to herself. "Yes, I loved him all the time. I am the happiest woman in all the world now."

In the golden light of love Margot had no time yet to think of the strange reversion which this half hour in the pinewood had wrought in her worldly circumstances. She and her mother had lost the Red Lodge; but Sir Wilfred Dering was the richest man in his county, and Margot as his wife would have more money than she knew what to do with. Margot's mother would have the dream of her life fulfilled, and be happy and victorious and gracious and sweet as of old. When the cloud was lifted from Margot, it would also be lifted from Mrs. Fletcher; but Margot thought of none of these things just now. Her heart was singing a song, and she could think of nothing but the air to which the song was set, and the words of the melody itself.

She changed her dress for a white one, and went shyly and softly downstairs.

Dinner was waiting for the lovers in the great dining-room, but Margot had little appetite to eat.

When she took her place at the table, Ward, who had been standing by the open window, turned and looked at her. He hadn't asked Dering a word as yet, but he knew perfectly well what had happened. He also was quite contented, and did not want to hurry the young folks into telling him what he already knew. He left them after a time, and went back to Patty, who was lying on a sofa in one of the drawing-rooms.

"Well?" she said, looking up at him eagerly.

"It is as I expected," he answered. "They are the happiest pair of young fools in the world. We won't bother them with questions to-night."

"I want to kiss Margot, and bless her," said Patty.

"Say nothing to her to-night, dearest," answered Ward, "unless she happens to speak to you. She is lifted up into a sort of lovers' paradise, and her feet scarcely touch common earth. This is a very delightful sensation to her, but it is uninteresting to bystanders. Wait until she has slept on her bliss. Then you may say anything to her that you like."

Patty promised somewhat reluctantly. She was most anxious to give Margot that sort of kiss which one woman will give another whom she dearly loves, on an occasion like the present. She and Margot were the same age, but she felt motherly towards her to-night. She could not help judging from her own past experience, and feeling certain that Margot was longing to pour out her heart to her. The evening passed away, however, in the ordinary manner, and Patty being tired and weak, went up to her room rather earlier than usual.

She had scarcely done so before a knock at the door announced the arrival of Margot.

Patty instantly guessed that she had come to confide in her. She told her maid that she would not want her services again that evening, and called to Margot to come in.

"'I WILL NEVER ASK YOU AGAIN.'"

"Have you come to brush your hair here?" asked Patty. "I am very glad if you have, for although I have come up to bed in obedience to John's mandate, I do not feel the least bit sleepy."

Margot had put on her white dressing-gown,

and her rippling black hair fell far below her waist.

"I have come to see you on the excuse of brushing my hair," she said. "In reality, I want to tell you——" Here she paused and coloured vividly. "You have guessed?" she exclaimed, eagerly.

"Oh, yes, Margot darling," exclaimed Patty. "I have guessed. You don't know how glad I am. Come here, Margot; let me kiss you. My dear little sister, you have indeed made me happy to-night. God bless you, Margot. Yes, He will bless you; for you are very good."

"No, I am not good," answered Margot; "but I am very happy."

"Sit down on this hassock at my feet," said Patty, "and tell me all about it; and first of all, answer a question which I am burning to ask: Why did you not make yourself happy long ago?"

"Because I didn't know my own heart."

"But you know it now?"

"Yes, I assuredly do."

"You love that dear fellow as much as he deserves to be loved?"

"I don't know as to that, Patty. I love him very much. I love him so deeply that I can't even talk about it. The wonderful and extraordinary thing is that I didn't know that I really loved him until he spoke to me to-night in the pinewood."

"The pinewood!" said Patty, with a queer sort of a sigh. "So you came to a decision there? It has been destined of late to hear many lovers' vows. Well, you are going to be very happy, Margot; and I say again that I congratulate you from my heart. How delighted your mother will be! Now, of course you will give up that preposterous idea of going as a nurse to St. Thomas's?"

"Don't speak of it like that, Patty. It would have been a very good life for me, had it been my duty to enter upon it. Now, of course all that sort of thing is at an end."

"When are you going to write to your mother, Margot?"

"I am going back to her to-morrow morning, Patty."

"Oh, that is cruel!" exclaimed Patty. "Won't you stay with us? There couldn't be a sweeter place for lovers than the Red Lodge, with a pinewood close by."

"I must go back to-morrow," said Margot. "We shall probably be married soon."

"That is delightful."

"I can't realise all these details yet," said Margot; "but the main facts must, of course, be told to mother, and I should like to tell her myself. I am the happiest girl in the world. Yes, I fully admit it."

Here she stood up, went close to the window, clasped her hands tightly together, and looked out.

"I don't deserve my happiness," she said, looking full at Patty. "I wrapped myself in my pride like a cloak, and I made mother miserable."

"You have puzzled me a good bit too, Margot," answered Patty. "But, never mind, it's all right now. I think we both are especially lucky. I am already married to the man whom I——" She paused. She did not go on; her face suddenly paled; her eyes grew misty; her full red lips trembled.

"What is it, Patty?" asked Margot, with anxiety.

"I have a pain here often," said Patty, pressing her hand to her heart—"an extraordinary pain, not physical (I have had that, too. I don't want to think of it); but I have a pain, an ache, just here, just by the breastbone, which depresses me. It feels like a sort of haunting fear. It tells me that love like mine—like *mine*—so deep, so passionate, so terribly self-forgetful, cannot last, and I have staked my all on its lasting. Take warning by me, Margot. Don't ever love Sir Wilfred as I love John—but there," she added, "you couldn't. It isn't in you."

"What do you mean?" answered Margot, startled and half-offended. "I think I can love as well as anybody. Why do you hint that my love must fall short of yours?"

"Dearest, not because I disparage you," exclaimed Patty, laying her long white hand on Margot's arm; "but because, though good, your circumstances are different. You will be bright and happy. When I think of the saint-like sort of life you and Sir Wilfred can lead, I almost envy you."

"There you are again, Patty, as mysterious as ever," replied Margot. "Why can't you and your John take your happiness quietly like other mortals? Oh, yes; I know you are quiet enough before people. I never saw anyone with so much self-repression as Mr. Ward. But you are neither of you really natural."

"Natural!" answered Patty. "Do you notice that we are not natural?"

"Of course I do. How could anyone who really loved you as I love you, Patty, fail to notice that all too patent fact? You, at least, are always in a state of strain. It must be dreadful to love in your way. I wouldn't do it for all the world."

"And I wouldn't change with any human being," exclaimed Patty. "I glory in the love which gives me pain. Who wouldn't, who really knew John as he is?"

Patty lay back in the deep chair into which she had thrown herself. Her face was

as white as the white dressing-gown which she wore; her eyes looked big and dark, there were black shadows under them; the lower part of her face looked slightly worn, pathetically old, as though her life was lived twice as fast as most people's.

"You look feverish and ill," said Margot. "You must not agitate yourself. But the fact is I have never understood you."

Patty looked up and smiled at her; there was something infinitely pathetic in the smile.

"I expect to be misunderstood," she said; "it doesn't matter. You are going to be as happy as May sunshine. Your weather will always be the fresh bright weather of June, but I, I dwell in late August, when the earth is languid with heat, and the world is drowsy because it has had so much happiness. We are different, and most people would prefer your lot to mine, but I wouldn't change with you nor with any human being that ever breathed."

"Well, well, I can only say again that I don't understand you," said Margot, "but I love you; I love you with all my heart, and now that I am beginning a new life I want to say something to you—I want my soul to be purified by confession to-night."

"What can you possibly have to confess?" asked Patty.

"Ever since the day we lost this property," said Margot, "I have been sinful, hard, and wicked. My cloak of pride covered me from head to foot, and slowly and gradually the hand of pride began to ossify my very heart itself. A few hours ago I didn't think anything would induce me to tell you what I now mean to say; but now, as I look at you, I feel that I dare not deceive you, Patty. Patty, my darling, beautiful sister, my loving friend to whom all my heart has gone out, I thought badly of you. I thought shame, shame of you, Patty; I must confess to you, and you must forgive me before I lie down to-night."

Margot now knelt by Patty's chair. She lowered her head until it rested on the arm of the chair; her hands were clasped.

A curious startled look of alarm filled Patty's eyes.

"I don't want you to confess to me," she said. "Thoughts which have never been spoken——"

"But they have been spoken. I told Mr. Ward."

"You told John? What did you tell him?"

"That I suspected you."

Patty suddenly pressed her hand to her heart; she gave a faint laugh. Margot started upright, and faced her.

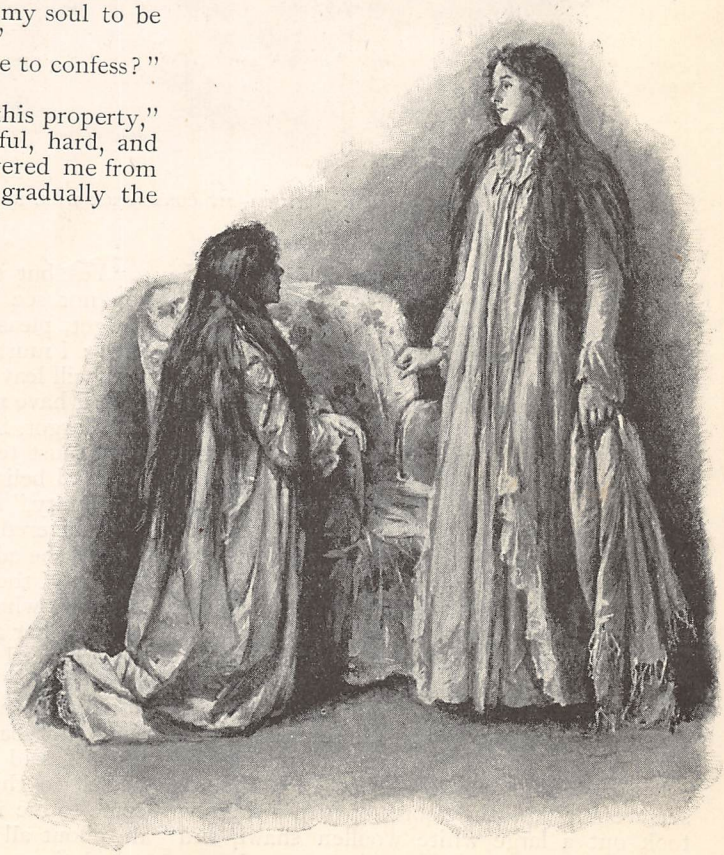
"I'll tell you," she said. "If you were another you'd never forgive me, but being yourself you will, and I must wash my soul white. I was guilty of a base, base thought. Patty, I will tell it to you."

"Dearest, believe me, I don't wish to hear it."

"It is dead," replied Margot, "and it must be decently buried; I will bury it for ever in your presence. Patty, do you remember the night when you walked in your sleep, when you went up the secret stairs to the octagon room, and when you took the will out of its resting place?"

Patty did not reply; her eyes, wide open and almost fixed in their stare, were raised full to Margot's face. Margot, intent on her humiliating confession, did not even notice them.

"I followed you," she said. "You knew



"'HE TOLD YOU THAT?' SAID PATTY" (*p.* 709).

that before, didn't you? That part was told you at the time."

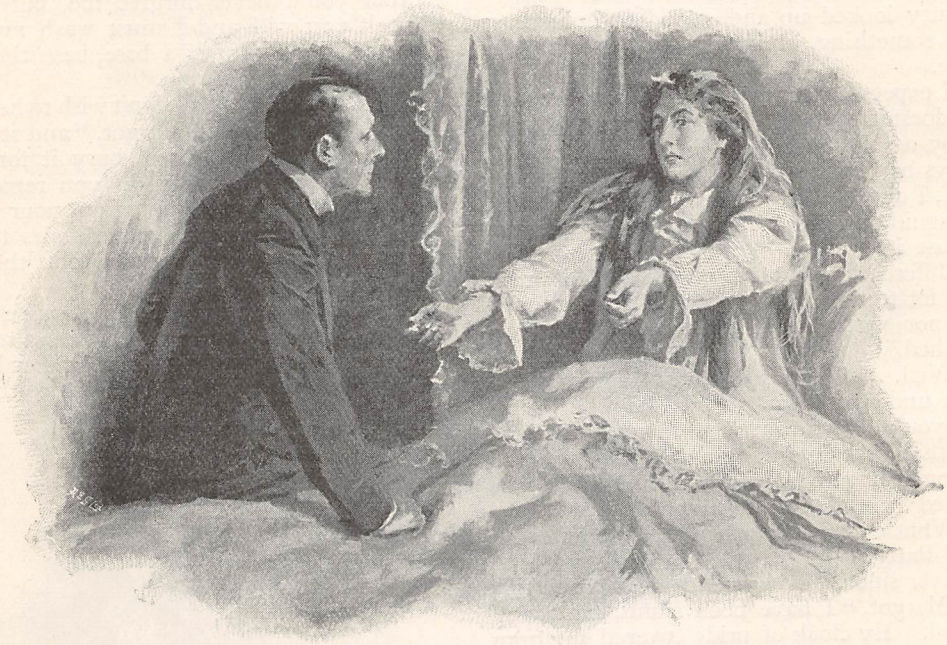
"Yes, yes. Why should we rake up that old story?"

"Because I must tell you all. When you came back to your room, Patty, you threw your hands above your head, and you said,

"Your teeth are chattering. Have you really got a touch of ague?" said Margot.

"Oh, no; I am only cold. It is the fog coming on."

"Patty, darling, there is no fog. Look out at the summer night. Could anything be sweeter or clearer?"



"'OH, JOHN, I AM IN TORTURE—MY CONSCIENCE WILL NEVER DIE!'" (*p.* 710).

oh, with such passion, '*The will is false; I have sold myself to the devil!*'"

Patty suddenly sprang to her feet.

"How cold it is," she said. "Let us shut the window."

"Cold," interrupted Margot. "The night is intensely hot."

"No, I shiver; there is a fog coming on, one of our dreadful Devonshire fogs—a fog that chills to the bone, that gives you a sort of ague."

Margot looked out of the window in surprise. The moon was shining brightly in the dark blue summer sky. The air that came in was soft, warm, and balmy.

"You are ill, Patty," she said. "I oughtn't to trouble you with all these details."

"You repeated something that I said in my sleep," said Patty. "How I hate the thought of that night, and all the dreadful time before I became John's wife!" Her voice shook; she went across the room, opened a drawer, took out a large white woollen shawl, and wrapped it round her.

"Yes, but the fog will soon be on us. Do you not see how motionless the trees are? Margot, please say 'good-night' now. I am tired; I must go to bed."

"I will leave you in a minute," said Margot, "but I have not yet confessed."

"Margot, I hate being confessed to."

"I must tell you. You must know me as I am. I believed you guilty, Patty."

"Guilty," said Patty, with a ghastly smile. She shivered. "How I wish we might have a fire," she added inconsequently.

"Yes, I thought the will was false."

Patty, who had half risen, slipped down again in her armchair.

"Try as I would," continued Margot, absorbed in her own reflections, and not specially noticing her friend. "Try as I would, I could not banish the thought. 'The will is false,' I said to myself, 'and Patty has sold herself to the devil.' The thought used to come to me in my dreams; it used to follow me about all day; it turned me into a cold, calculating, cruel woman. I could not forgive;

I did not want to look you in the face. Oh, Patty! no wonder you look white, no wonder you can't glance at me. Oh, my darling! how could I doubt one like you? But I did, I did. Two days ago I could not help telling Mr. Ward what I thought."

"And what did he say?" asked Patty. She wrapped her shawl tighter about her as she spoke.

"He was pained and shocked; no wonder. He said that your face—your sweet, sweet face—would best kill these cruel doubts. He warned me not to mention them to you. I promised."

"You ought to have kept your word."

"I meant to keep it; I would have done so, but all is now completely changed; the doubt is dead for ever. Listen to me, Patty. When I went out this evening I little knew how much was to happen. My cruel doubt was to be slain, my cloak of pride torn to tatters, and love, beautiful love, was to crown me and fill my heart with rejoicing. In the first part of my walk I had an unpleasant and yet a delightful experience. I met a man of the name of Joshua Day."

"A man; I didn't quite catch the words," said Patty, in a faint voice.

"A man, a queer man, called Joshua Day. Do you know him?"

"Yes."

"Patty, are you faint?"

"No; go on, Margot."

"I met Joshua Day, and he told me that he witnessed the will."

"He told you that?" said Patty, suddenly rising to her feet, flinging back her white shawl, and gazing full at Margot. "*What* did you say he told you?"

"That he witnessed the will. He described the whole scene—the morning room, Miss Rhodes, your old nurse Joan, and the London lawyer. He spoke as such a person might speak, but he set my doubts at rest for ever. What did you say, Patty?"

"*The scoundrel!*" cried Patty, with passion; then her voice broke and changed. "Oh, Margot, I can't see; the room is turning round; hold me, I don't want to fall."

"What is this?" said Ward's authoritative voice. He entered the room quickly at that moment. "What is the matter? What have you done to Patty, Margot?"

"Do take her, Mr. Ward," said Margot, terrified in her turn. "She wants brandy. See how white she is."

"But what have you done to her?" said Ward. "Have you been saying anything to upset her?"

"I was only confessing to her—confessing my doubts."

Ward's face, in spite of all his self-control, wore an ugly look.

"Leave us now," he said abruptly.

Chapter XXXVI.—Result.

WARD helped Patty to get into bed. She was trembling exceedingly. He had to stay with her for some time before she became at all calm or in the least like herself. At last certain restoratives produced the usual effect—her face lost its rigid, white lines, the colour returned to her lips and cheeks, and the light to her eyes. She yielded herself up once again to the fascination of her husband's presence.

"Hold my hand," she said, giving it to him as she spoke.

He took it between both of his, and sat down on the edge of the bed.

"I want to tell you what Margot said," she began, after a long pause.

"I don't wish to hear what she said, Patty. I know all about it."

Patty gave a faint sigh, and turned her head slightly away.

Ward held her hand firmly. It was as hot now as it had been cold. He could feel the full pulses bounding in the slim wrist. He gave a long and anxious glance at the face on the pillow. Wearing lines of care and sorrow were already discernible upon it.

"Have I made a mistake?" he said to himself. "Is she in reality not strong enough for my purpose—not great enough to be magnificently wicked? Is goodness too much for her? Is it really and truly so completely her native element that she cannot live outside the pale? Poor sweet woman! Mine, too—all mine. Am I to lose her in the end? Is she too good for me? Can she love as she loves, and yet really be too good for me?"

Patty had dropped into a doze: she uttered a heavy sigh.

"I must mesmerise her into calm," said Ward to himself. "My power over her must not be weakened by such a futile thing as goodness. We are on the high road now to a long life of perfect joy: that is, if Patty doesn't spoil it. She shall not. I will make her more completely one with me than ever."

As these thoughts came to Ward, he bent forward and touched his wife's brow and cheeks with that light, magnetic movement which his fingers always possessed.

She opened her eyes at the touch and smiled at him drowsily.

"Look at me for a moment before you sleep, dearest," he said to her.

She obeyed him, still drowsily. Suddenly

a full wave of intensely bitter thoughts swept over her. She roused herself with energy on her pillow, threw out her arms, and said in a voice of despair—

"Oh, John, I am in torture—my conscience will never die. It is true what Margot told me to-night—I have sold myself to the devil."

"Hush, hush!" said Ward. "You know how bad all this excitement is for you. If you don't take care, Patty, you will become one of those detestable creatures—a woman all nerves and aches and fancies. Do you think that is the sort of wife I want to help me in my career? Is that the sort of wife who will help to gather at our feet—at *our* feet, Patty—all the good things of life—riches, power, fame, love."

"Love is sufficient," said Patty, her eyes beginning to shine as she once again submitted herself to his power.

"Not without the others," he answered; "not enough to me without all the others. I have staked everything on one grand *coup;* you have joined me in the stake. You dare not fail me: you must keep strong for my sake. You must keep calm for my sake; all untiring for my sake; and for my sake also, my poor, tired, beautiful darling, you must now *sleep*. See, I will you to sleep soundly, dreamlessly. Look at me, Patty; take my hands. Now, hush! hush! Obey me—*go to sleep*."

Ward looked intently into Patty's blue eyes. At first they returned his gaze with a bright, feverish intelligence, then the eyes assumed the misty, dreamy, half-blind expression which they had worn when she came to him in his London lodgings. When they looked like that, Ward put out one hand and gently closed the lids. He passed his hand once or twice across the white brow. Patty had sunk into a deep mesmeric sleep.

"She shall rest for at least twelve hours," Ward said to himself.

He covered her over gently, turned down the light, saw that her face was in shadow, and left the room. As he did so, he glanced towards the window.

The fog which Patty had prophesied about had come on; it folded the world like a heavy blanket. The air was stifling: there might be thunder by-and-by. But even a thunderstorm would not awaken Patty now from this sleep which she was enjoying.

Ward left the room and went downstairs. Dering was waiting for him in the smoking-room.

Dering was impatient to tell his news. The moment Ward entered the room he flung a half-consumed cigar into the grate, and came to meet his friend.

"Spare me," said Ward, putting out his hand. "I know all you would say—you are engaged to Miss Fletcher."

"Yes," replied Dering, astonished at his friend's tone. "The news seems to displease you," he continued. "How have you heard it?"

Ward, who had been suffering from a considerable amount of irritation, recovered himself on the instant.

"Forgive me," he said, "my thoughts are much occupied with Patty just now—she is ill and nervous. But enough of my fears. You ask me how I heard the news, old man. Are you not aware of the fact that a face like yours resembles the open pages of a book? Your rapture was legibly written on brow and lip; it shone in your eyes, and was reflected in the tones of your voice. Of course, I knew all about it when you came home with Margot Fletcher this evening. Of course, I congratulate you. When is the wedding to be?"

"It is all wonderful, Ward," said Dering. "She has yielded absolutely. She confessed to-night that she had loved me all the time; nay, I must not repeat her words."

"I hope you will not," muttered Ward to himself.

"She has yielded on every point," continued Dering. "The whole thing is so amazing that I can scarcely realise it. I pressed for an early wedding, and she agreed to it. I think she would have named the very day if I had not forborne to presume upon her softened and gracious mood."

"Her mood," said Ward, with a half sneer. "She is in love. She has been in love with you almost from the first. Well, take my congratulations. I believe Miss Fletcher will make you an admirable wife."

"Does Mrs. Ward know?" asked Dering.

"Yes, Miss Fletcher went to her room to-night and told her."

"And she rejoiced, doubtless?" said Dering.

"She rejoiced," replied Ward; "and in her weak state, the rejoicing was too much for her. I found her faint and terribly exhausted—oh, yes, she will be all right to-morrow. Now let us talk of other things."

"You look worried, Ward. I don't often see that expression on your brow."

"You mistake, I am not worried. I don't allow small frets to affect me. I should grow old before my time if I did. I am a man not only of theory, but of practice. I believe that nothing exhausts the tissues of life like worry, therefore, I never indulge in it. Anxiety about Patty would not cure her:

I am not anxious. She has gone through a considerable time of strain, and will be better presently. She has longed for your marriage and the preparations for it, and the actual event, when it does take place, will do her infinite good. Now, Dering, I should like to say a word or two with regard to your own future. Doubtless, when you are married, you will take up life seriously."

"What do you mean?"

"You will become a public man; no citizen fully does his duty who, if the means are his, does not take part in the government of that city to which he belongs."

"I belong to the Hind," said Dering after a pause; "and the government of that small city is doubtless as much as I am fit for. With you, Ward, things are different; you are meant to govern—in fact, you govern, without helping it, every man and woman whom you come across."

"I mean to govern in the larger sense," said Ward. "At the next general election I mean to stand for Sidminster."

"In what interest?"

Ward looked up.

"In my own," he replied with a light laugh.

"What an extraordinary fellow you are! I never thought you had any politics."

"Nor have I in one sense, but I shall stand in the Conservative interest when I do stand; for I thoroughly believe that each man most completely fulfils his duty in life, when he does the best he can for himself."

"And that is your idea of Conservatism," said Dering, his eyes flashing somewhat angrily.

"Undoubtedly; the true Conservative conserves all possible rights to himself. He upholds the old traditions; above all things, he clings firmly to the lands of his forefathers. Upon this creed, as old as time, I shall graft some peculiar ideas which will arouse the interest of certain men of influence in the House. You may be quite certain of one thing, Dering, that when I do take my seat, I shall not be a silent member."

"'HOW COULD SHE KNOW?'"

"I believe you have splendid oratorical powers," said Dering. "Well, of course, I wish you luck, old fellow."

"Thanks; the elections are almost upon us. Sidminster returns two Conservative members. Why should you not be the other?"

"Because the thing is not the least in my line; but your cause is my cause, Ward, and if you want money, command me."

"Thanks," said Ward; "I will accept your offer, if necessary."

The two young men talked a little longer, then they bade each good-night.

As Ward went upstairs, he saw Margot standing by one of the windows on the first landing. Her long hair was still streaming down her back; she wore a white dressing-gown, and looked ghostly in the light which struggled through the thick fog.

"There," she exclaimed, when she saw Ward; "there is the fog that Patty prophesied about. How could she know it was coming?"

"Most Devonshire people know the signs of their own climate," answered Ward in

his cold incisive tones. "Do you know it is very late, Miss Fletcher? You ought to be in bed."

"I waited up to see you," said Margot. "You were angry with me just now for talking to Patty."

"I was more than angry, I was amazed; I fully believed you to be a woman of your word. You had passed your word to me not to speak to Patty on the subject on which I found you conversing."

"That is perfectly true. I didn't altogether forget my promise; but I admit, had I been sufficiently thoughtful, I would have spoken to you before I broke it. My reason for breaking it, however, was this—the doubts of which I complained to you were, I thought, slain for ever. I was very happy, and I had the wish to confess my past injustice to my dearest friend to-night."

"You were just like all other women, and I gave you credit for more control," muttered Ward.

Margot's dark eyes flashed angrily. She turned fully now and faced the master of the Red Lodge.

"I don't repent of what I have done," she said; "my impulse was in the main correct. I will tell you quite frankly why I spoke to your wife on the subject of the will to-night. When I went out to-day I was followed by a very repulsive and disagreeable man, who called himself Joshua Day. He was a profane sort of person; he quoted religion at every turn, and appeared to me to be in the fullest sense a Pharisee. I tried to shake him off, for his presence was most distasteful to me, but I found that he was determined to stay with me until he had unburdened his mind of a certain story."

"Yes," said Ward. He was interested, intensely interested, in spite of himself.

Margot, who was standing very upright, gave him a glance as keen as any she had ever bestowed upon him.

"I listened to this man," she continued, "and soon the subject of his story aroused my fullest attention. He spoke of the will under which Patty inherits this place. He told me about the day when the will was signed, and described graphically his own position as one of the witnesses. His story seemed to bear the impress of truth upon it, and when I left him, I was ashamed of the doubts I had entertained towards my friend."

"I am glad you met the man," said Ward "I told you—did I not?—that your doubts had no foundation, and that the time would come when you would be oppressed by a sense of shame for having entertained them?"

"You did, Mr. Ward; I was ashamed, I felt my shame bitterly. When I sat with Patty to-night and told her of the happiness which was to be mine in the future, the memory of the old doubts rushed over me; I forgot my promise to you, and confessed fully to her. What do you think happened?"

"I cannot say," answered Ward; "my wife was in no state for any exciting conversation; I should have told you that, had you had the grace to consult me."

"On the whole, I am glad I didn't consult you. Patty received the news in the strangest way; she was visibly agitated from the first, quite out of proportion to the occasion. When I mentioned the name of Joshua Day, her agitation became excessive; and when I had told her what he had said to me, her surprise and indignation were too real to be feigned. 'The scoundrel!' she cried, and then she nearly fainted away."

Here Margot paused, and looked full at Ward.

Ward had folded his arms after his invariable fashion when he did not wish to express the least emotion. He was absolutely silent.

"Do you know what Patty has done?" said Margot.

"How can I answer you?" he replied briefly.

"Well, she has revived my doubts."

"How so?"

"Because she spoke the truth when she spoke of Day as a scoundrel; because the truth was too great for her, and she could not control her emotion. Yes, my doubts are revived; I wish to tell you so quite frankly. I will do nothing to injure Patty, but I wish you to know what I really feel. Now, I will say 'Good-night;' I waited up to tell you this."

"Good-night," said Ward.

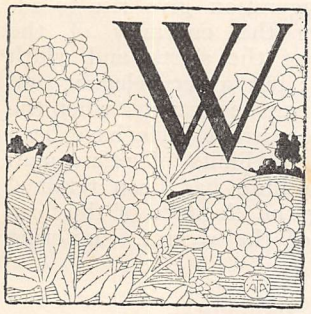
He held out his hand; it was cold as the hand of a dead person.

When he reached his wife's room he had made up his mind on one point.

"After all, Dering shall not marry that girl," he said to himself.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SIXTH.

AUGUST.



WEALTH and profusion characterise the millinery of the present hour, and flowers of the most beautiful and realistic form, and natural in colour, with dewy foliage and thorn-defended stem, ornament the graceful hats and bewitching toques. As autumn advances fruit also will take a prominent part in these adornments: plums of luscious appearance, and sun-kissed grapes just warming into purple are even now to be seen nestling amongst the crushed masses of the pink petals of Gabriel roses. Very charming was a toque of green tulle, pink heather, and shaded poppies, with their crimped petals and black centres forming a lovely scheme of colour; and in another the orchid had been chosen for the key of colour from which to work out a harmony of green, brown, and purple. As opposed to the enormous hats worn during the summer season, the one in black crinoline here portrayed, with its profusion of roses in shades of pink and red, is both stylish and in perfect taste; the flowers are supplemented by fine black lace, crimped and kilted, as is all the lace and lisse employed by our milliners at the present moment. Those who decree our fashions have given us choice of two shapes in hats, this one with brim gracefully raised at the left side, or one with broad brim shading the face, and narrow at the back, turned up short from the hair. Such is the shape of a rush-green straw, with the wavy outline of the brim softened beneath the edge with a narrow quilling of black tulle, and the original little crown encircled with an outstanding pleating of finely kilted black lisse, and three handsome black feathers and an aigrette beautifully arranged at the left side. But of more practical moment to us are the charmingly designed bonnets for middle-aged and elderly ladies. Most becoming was one with soft pleatings of black lisse, coronet shape, centred in front with an elegant lace ornament lightly jetted and studded with tiny metallic séquins, and a paradise bird osprey rising from the centre, the star shaped crown similarly jetted. At the back were placed two lovely poppies in a delicate shade of rhododendron pink, and the bonnet was tied with narrow black

STYLISH HAT TRIMMED WITH ROSES, FROM MADAME LILLIE, CONDUIT STREET, W.
(From a photograph by Walery, Ltd., Regent Street, W.)

DINNER GOWN BODICE.

velvet strings. Rhododendron is one of the leading colours in flowers—be they what they may—ranging through all the various shades of reds and pinks of the blossoms of those familiar shrubs. Another bonnet, refined and suitable in style, had a waving line of netted jet, bordered with a fringe of jet drops terminating at the back in two crushed bunches of pink roses, dainty loops of lace and ribbon filling in the crown. Differing in style was another of fine black straw, ornamented with jet and amber hued velvet.

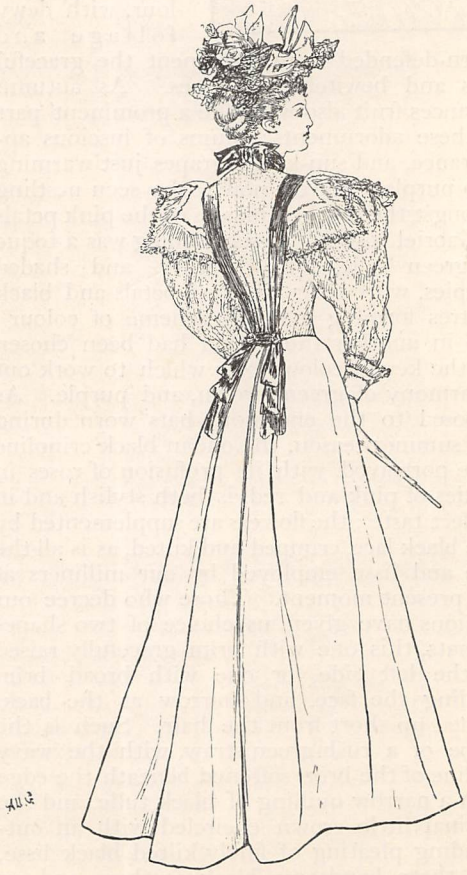
Velvet and Crépon Bodice.

"One black gown" has been the acknowledged item of practical use in a well-stocked wardrobe from the days of Evelyn to the present hour. It may be in dull black with jet trimmings, or satin veiled with lace and relieved with a few touches of colour for variety's sake; either is becoming and capable of endless variety in trimmings, or additional up-to-date vest, collar, or fichu. In the sketch above I have presupposed a plain skirt, either trained or short, as the taste of the wearer decides, and the passing mode is indicated by the width and shape of the collar-vest, and the tucks on the sleeve puffs, each with its ornamental line of jet. At the back the collar is square, opening up the centre fastening, and is put on separately, forming an elegant finish to the simply-gathered bodice. The little fulness and frill at the wrist prettily complete the sleeve.

Should this gown be required for table d'hôte or home dinner-party, the richness may be enhanced by having this collar-vest made in green or rose-coloured silk covered with black lace of a handsome bold pattern, jetted or séquined and studded at intervals around the edge with large cabochons of jet. White satin thus ornamented is also very effective.

Fashionable Costumes.

The fastidious may have just cause of complaint of the fashions of the present day, that in their exaggeration give rise to adverse criticism, in the enormity of the sleeves, extension of the skirts, and width of the head gear; but a very elegant and wearable costume can be arranged when the good points of the current style have been restrained within the limits of refinement, and the general outline has been retained without sacrificing the elegance of the form and deportment of the wearer. Ignoring



CLOTH AND SILK COSTUME.

the violent contrasts of colour that dazzle the eyes and appear almost to eclipse the face and personality of the one by whom they are worn, there are many materials and beautiful colours whereon good style has set its mark. Such are the lovely fawn-grey of cloth, with embellishment of pervenche blue velvet, the light brown of grass muslin, with silk of rush green tint, dove's wing cashmere embroidered in silver, and the changeful sheen of satin shot in mauve and gold, or green and rhododendron red, with the ever successful and becoming black and white, or rose and black. In sketching a representative costume I have accentuated one of the good points in to-day's fashions that merits note. Whereas, time was when all the ornamentation was placed in front of the hat, on the front of the bodice, ceasing at the shoulder seam, and the front only of the skirt was draped, now we have a hat so trimmed that it would please the eye when seen from any position, a bodice as charmingly decorated at the back as in the front, and a skirt set in graceful pleats apparently clasped at the waist in orthodox style.

A light cloth in green stone-grey, with bodice of green silk striped with hair stripes in black, and tinted muslin collar epaulettes, or a green cloth and mauve and black striped silk, with white muslin edged with black lace. Either combination is adaptable for the sketch on page 714. The braces are in green ribbon, and are worn back and front alike, with the slight exception that in front they terminate in a short loop and jet stud-button at the waist. The sleeves, of moderate size, are tastefully finished at the wrist with a gauntlet cuff of muslin and lace, and the plain skirt may easily be imagined. It would appear a necessity that with these simply plain skirts the under-petticoat of lawn or silk should be fancifully trimmed with lace, insertion, ribbons, or pinked out ruches, and pretty silks, shot or striped, check or plaid, are sold for these skirts.

HANDSOME COSTUME FOR ELDERLY LADY.

A Costume for an Elderly Lady, as represented in the accompanying sketch, was well worn at a recent fashionable function, and represents a good type of the style that will obtain this autumn. The skirt was in dove-coloured rich silk, with hem ornamented with a pleated frill and wing-like bows of the same silk. The plain bodice with square revers had finely-cut jet bordering, as shown around the sleeve. An exceedingly handsome brocade in black was employed for the mantle, with yoke and stole ends of velvet with radiating lines of fine jet, the neck ruche, and shoulder pleating of silk; the mantle was lined throughout with a beautiful shade of metallic green silk. A most becoming bonnet of jet, black lisse, and shaded heartseases, with osprey, completed the charming toilette.

Blue veiled with black, and grey and black, with dull purple, are apparently favourite colours chosen by elderly women of good taste, with jet or silver accompaniments.

There has been a decided effort made to revive and improve the pretty fashion of an ornamental apron of satin or silk for home wear, and some very good designs in black are trimmed with lace and embroidered with flowers in natural colourings, either by hand or machine. One particularly successful in effect was embroidered at home with the aid of one of Singer's machine "Art sets" in sprays of dog-roses in delicate colourings; whilst another, also machined, had a handsome border of jasmine with its pretty green foliage. When really well-made, no one can deny the decorative qualities of these pretty accessories brightening up a simple home dress.

Child's Frock in Silk and Wool, with primrose silk pin-spotted, in black and white serge, fine and light, embroidered in

black, or rose-coloured batiste sprinkled with black dots, and grass muslin, embroidered in

CHILD'S FROCK IN SILK AND WOOL.

black with white cambric edging outlining cuffs, collar, and vest. Very childlike and pretty is the shape of the loose bodice and simple skirt with a belt embroidered and sewn to skirt to make impossible the unsightly separation that would otherwise be imminent. Another blouse with a similar skirt in mauve linen finely striped with white—the skirt in white serge—with a wide shoulder collar turning out from an inner vest and large, full, short sleeves and fitting cuff is a practical and charming style that will be much worn during the autumn.

For little children the popular style is loose smock ungirdled at the waist, with large square collar tucked and lace-edged falling over the yoke, the loose freedom of this style being "restrained" with braces or girdle for the older children. Linen and brown holland piped with white, or a pretty colour in contrast is made into loose long, outdoor coats with deep collar capes, and fastened straight up the front or to one side in Russian fashion. For seaside and country wear these take the place of the ordinary overall pinafore, as, being a washing fabric, the child's playful freedom is no wise retarded, and the simplicity of the make and inexpensiveness of the material allows of a good supply of these useful garments.

A. Ll. Griffiths.

Cut paper patterns for making costumes from the designs illustrated in this article may be had, cut to the sender's measurements, for one shilling and sixpence each. For the bodice on page 714, and the child's frock on this page, patterns will be supplied for one shilling each. Application should be made to the Author of "Chit-Chat on Dress," care of the Editor of Cassell's Magazine, *La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.*

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

We would again remind our readers of the Photographic Competition, the date for which has been extended to the 3rd of September, in order to allow intending competitors to take full advantage of the light of the summer months.

Photographic Competition.

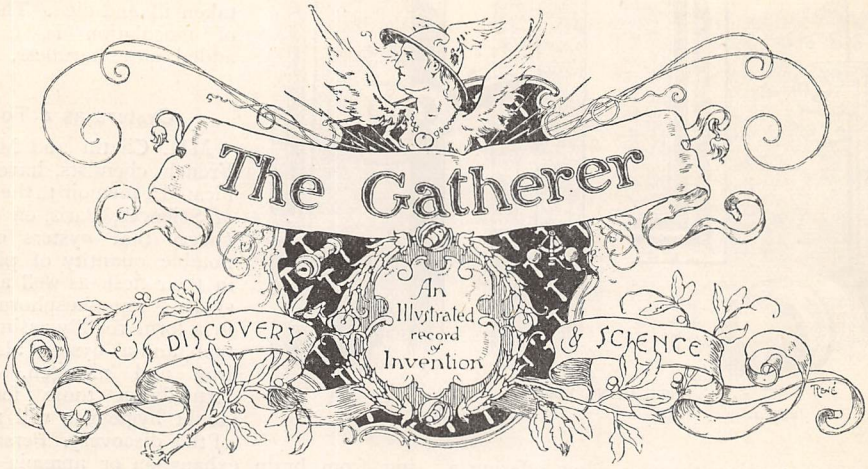
The Competition will be divided into two classes—(1) Outdoor, and (2) Child-life. In both classes photographs are excluded which have previously been published or publicly exhibited, or to which any prize has been awarded.

Two Prizes of *Two Guineas* and *One Guinea* respectively, are offered for the best and most picturesque mounted silver print of an exterior view of any building, ancient or modern. The size of the plate used is to be half-plate.

Similarly, two Prizes, of *Two Guineas* and *One Guinea* respectively, are offered for the best and second-best mounted silver print of a photographic picture of child-life, showing not more than three figures, and not smaller than quarter-plate or larger than half-plate.

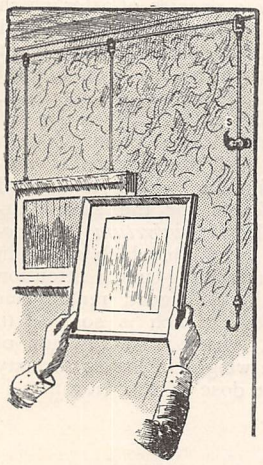
Each photograph must have upon the back of the mount the competitor's name and address, and a declaration, signed and countersigned in accordance with the General Regulations, that it is the sole and original work of an amateur, and complies with all the regulations of the Competition (which were published in detail on page 80 of the December number). The wrapper of each photograph should be inscribed with the title of the Competition. September 3rd, 1895, is the latest day for receiving entries.

We hope to be able to announce next month the awards in the "Drawing," "Character," and "Home-Life" Competitions, all of which are under consideration as we go to press.



Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in THE GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

An Adjustable Picture Hanger.



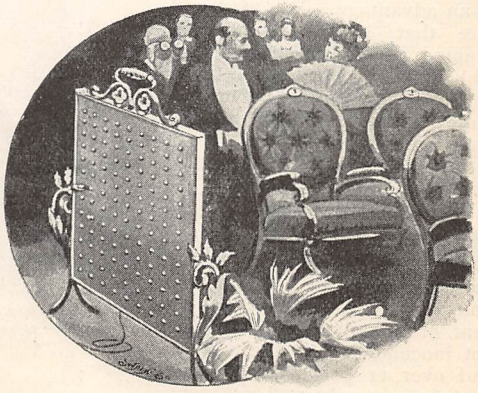
The wire used in hanging pictures is apt to give way in course of time, hence the durable and safe hanger which we illustrate will recommend itself to many. The hanger is made of brass in eleven sizes from 6 to 36 inches in length, and still longer ones can be made by means of a union joint. More than one picture can be hung on the same rod by sliding hooks like that shown at S in the figure. Two hangers are preferable for each picture, unless it is very small, as they divide the weight. The hanger is adjustable to any length, and can be brought to a level by a turn of the screw while in its place.

Colour Music.

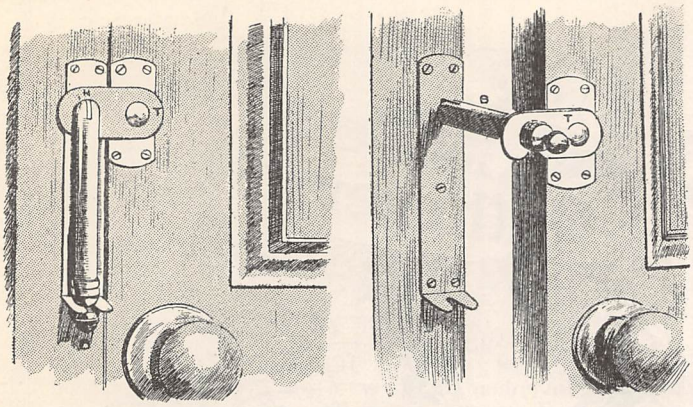
Some years ago Professors Ayrton and Perry, the well-known physicists, on their return from Japan, read a paper before the Physical Society of London, in which they proposed the introduction of a new art into civilised Europe. This consisted in throwing coloured lights on screens or even on the clouds, and compounding or harmonising the colours in an artistic manner, so as to excite an emotion of pleasure similar to that which we derive from hearing fine music. They had borrowed the idea from the Japanese, amongst whom this visual art is practised; but they conceived that it might be further developed in the West with its scientific resources. The idea fell on unresponsive ears at the time, but the electrical fountains of Sir Francis Bolton, in which coloured lights were projected on the rising and falling spray were virtually a realisation of it. Quite recently Mr. A. Wallace Rimington has brought out another illustration of the art. It has long been known that a certain analogy exists between the spectrum of light and the octave of sound, and that both are based on rates of vibration—light of the ether, and sound of the air. Mr. Rimington's plan is to throw harmonious beams of coloured light on a screen by playing a keyboard, and thus produce what he calls "colour music."

An Electric Radiator.

Electric heating has begun to take the place of hot-water pipes in buildings supplied with the electric light. Our illustration shows an "electric radiator" of the kind adopted in a public auditorium in London. The heat is generated by the



AN ELECTRIC RADIATOR.



VENTILATING BOLTS.

FIG. 1. FIG. 2.

electric current passing through wires offering a high resistance to its passage, and thus transforming its energy into heat. These wires are behind the radiating surfaces which are seen in the figure. The current is led to them by the flexible conductors seen below. It can be controlled at will by switches, and the temperature at once raised or lowered, without danger of fire.

Ventilating Bolts.

Our illustrations represent new fasteners for doors and windows which permit of ventilation with security. In Figs. 1 and 2 the door is fastened, when shut, by turning the latch, T, over the hinged end, H, of the bolt, B, and when partly open, by catching the milled end of the bolt. In Figs. 3 and 4 a similar hinged bolt is shown locking the two sashes of a window, and also permitting them to remain open a few inches in order to admit the air.

The Bamboo Cycle.

In the "Bamboo Cycle" the frame is made not of steel, but of bamboo, which, as a wood, combines lightness with strength; but there is no special improvement in the mechanism or wheels. The general substitution of aluminium for iron in the framework of cycles would no doubt be an advantage. We may add here that leather has been adopted in preference to india-rubber for the tyres of army cycles in Germany, as the leather can be more easily repaired when ruptured on the road.

Inoculating for Cholera.

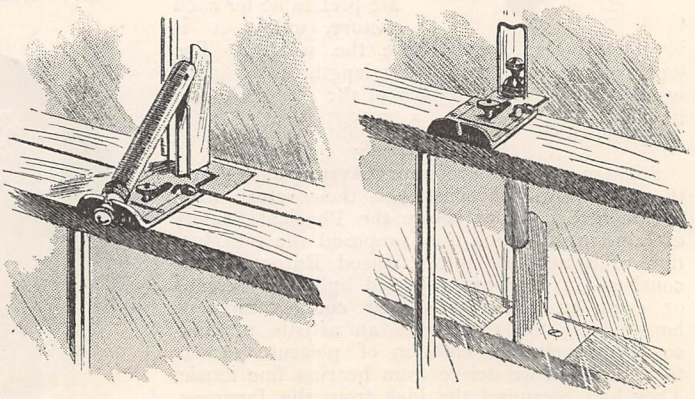
Dr. Haffkine has tried the effect of vaccinating over 32,000 persons for cholera in India, more especially in Calcutta, and finds that whereas over 15 per cent. of the population who were not inoculated took the disease, and over 11 per cent. of these died from it, only 1·18 per cent. of the immunised persons were taken ill and died. The process of inoculation is, it may be added, quite harmless.

Oysters as a Tonic.

MM. Chatin and Müntz, two French chemists, have communicated a memoir to the Academy of Sciences, Paris, on their discovery that oysters contain a notable quantity of phosphorus in their flesh as well as in their shells. The phosphorus is there in a form readily assimilated by man, and as oysters also contain iron and nitrogen, they are virtually a tonic food. No doubt hygienists will make use of this discovery. Persons suffering from brain exhaustion or anæmia might do well to try the remedy. Portuguese "natives" contain more phosphorus than French, but it has not yet been ascertained whether they are also superior to British oysters in this respect.

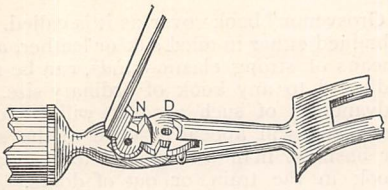
New Drugs.

"Baylahuen," the leaves and stems of the *Haplopappus Baylahuen*, a species of aster which grows in Chili, has been introduced into England as a stimulant for weak digestions. The plant is remarkable for having a kind of natural varnish, highly odorous and viscid, on its stem, which turns a beautiful red in a solution of alkannin in proof spirit. The plant is also applied externally to heal the wounds of animals, just as the Grindelia, which is related to it, is used in California for the same purpose. The "kinkelibah" (*Combretum glutinorum*), a bush about ten feet high, which grows in tropical Africa, is also attracting much attention in medical circles as the only good remedy for the hematuric bilious fever which is so fatal to Europeans in Western Africa. An infusion of the leaves is made (one weight of leaves to sixty weights of water), and a dose of 250 grammes is



VENTILATING BOLTS.

FIG. 3. FIG. 4.



A NEW GUARD FOR CARVING-FORKS.

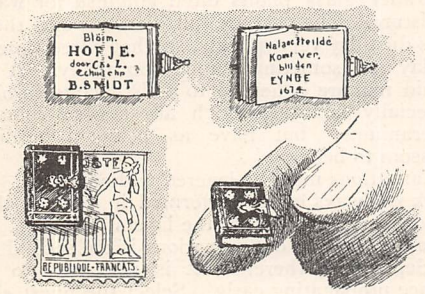
administered every ten minutes. The tea is also drunk as a preventative of this deadly fever, especially during the rainy season.

A New Guard for Carving Forks.

The woodcut shows a guard for a carving fork, which is not liable to fall down, but is fixed or locked in its position. This is effected by a locking disc (D), which is turned round until the slot in it allows the guard to be raised; then, by turning the disc yet more, the rim of it enters the slot or niche (N) in the base of the guard, and fastens it, so that it can neither go further back nor drop down.

The Smallest Book.

Quite a library could be formed of the lilliputian books which have appeared from time to time. They are admirable specimens of the printer's art, and treat of many subjects, grave or gay. Amongst the smallest known are some French devotional works, German almanacs, and Irish albums. The French "Chemin de la Croix" and "Livre de Prières" has a print only 13 by 6 millimetres (about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $\frac{1}{4}$ in.) in size. The "Blöem Hofje" ("Court of Flowers"), which we illustrate in facsimile, is believed, however, to be the tiniest book in existence. The print is only 10 by 6 millimetres (nearly $\frac{2}{5}$ in. by $\frac{1}{4}$ in.), and the entire page with margins is only 17 by 8 millimetres (about $\frac{7}{10}$ in. by $\frac{3}{10}$ in.) in dimensions. It contains 49 pages, and was produced in Holland in 1674. The author's



THE SMALLEST BOOK.

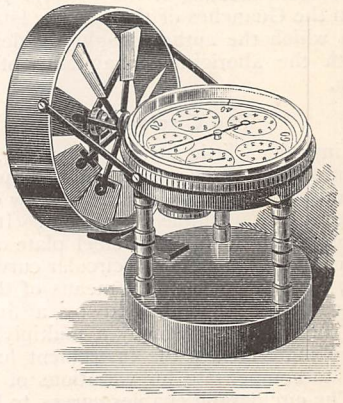
name is Carl Van Lange, and the publisher's B. Schmidt. It is elegantly bound in calf, gilt, and furnished with a clasp in gold filigree. A comparative idea of its size will be got from the figure which shows it lying on a French postage stamp. The book is now in the possession of M. Georges Salomon, a foreign collector.

A Portable Anemometer.

The device which we illustrate is intended for measuring the speed of air currents, especially in mines, ventilators, flues, and so on. It is virtually a portable anemometer, the wind turning the small mill at the side, and working the counters which tell the velocity on the dial.

Dyed Photographs.

MM. Lumière, the well-known Parisian photographers, have brought out a process of colouring—or, rather, dyeing—transparent gelatine photographs with the tints of Nature which has some title to novelty. Following Mr. Ives, of Philadelphia, and others, the Frenchmen take three several views of the object by means of its blue, red, and yellow rays, all on the same plate. Each view,



A PORTABLE ANEMOMETER.

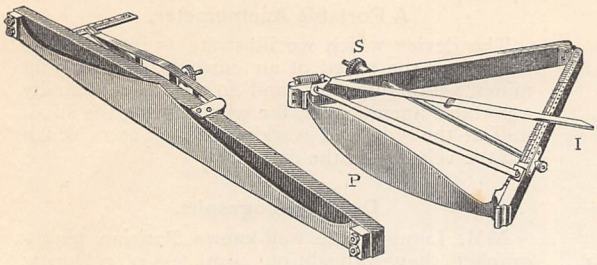
after being taken, is separately treated with a solution of aniline of a colour corresponding to the rays with which it was taken—blue, red, or yellow. The aniline fixes itself in the parts of the plate affected by the light. When held against the light, or placed upon white paper, these colours are blended to the eye, and reproduce the natural tints of the object.

Diamond Wells.

On the coast of Sweden there are granite islands bearing lighthouses, which were ill-supplied with water, as there were no natural wells in the ground. Thanks to the diamond drill, however, water has been found in most cases at a depth of 100 feet, and there is no fear of drought in future. The idea of boring the granite in this way was suggested by Herr Nordenskjold, and may be useful in other countries where the crystalline rocks abound and water is lacking at the surface.

A New Race in Egypt.

Professor Flinders Petrie, the well-known Egyptologist, has discovered the remains of a new race in Egypt, who appear to have flourished there in ancient times. The figures which represent them on the monuments of the country show them to have been a tall blonde race with high noses, and of a type similar to the blonde or rufous race of Palestine and the Atlas range. He traces the type



THE CIRCLOGRAPH.

along the north of Africa to Egypt, but it is not quite clear whether they originally crossed from Europe by the Straits of Gibraltar or the Hellespont. While upon this subject we may mention that at a recent meeting of the Victoria Institute a paper on the Guanches of the Canary Islands was read in which the author sought to identify this race with the aboriginal inhabitants of Eastern America.

The Circlograph.

This ingenious little instrument of Mr. Thomas Clarkson, C.E., will be very useful to draughtsmen of all kinds, as it enables them to draw curves of different radii by a simple adjustment. It is based on the property which a thin steel plate of a particular form has of bending in circular curves. The drawing plate (P) is bent by means of the frame, the curvature being adjusted by a fine screw (S), and the radius is given by a multiplying index (I). The materials of the instrument have been selected to compensate for variations of temperature. The circlograph enables curves to be drawn of every radius from 9 inches to infinity, and saves much time to the draughtsman. It is light and handy, covers less paper than a set square, and folds up into a small space, as shown in the figure. The steel blades are made in lengths of 12, 18, and 24 inches, and may be used as standard measures or as straight edges.

Pictures in Dead Eyes.

The eye has a striking analogy with the photographic camera, and it has been supposed that a picture might be found on the retina of a dead person, which in a case of murder might lead to the identification of the murderer. According to Dr. Ellerslie Wallace, however, this result is not to be expected, because a certain time is required for the picture to make a lasting impression on the retina, and the difficulty of photographing it is great. He mentions an actual experiment in which a man on the scaffold, whose eyes had been kept in darkness, was told to fix them on a certain object before the drop fell; and a microscopical examination of his eyes showed an inverted image of the object in each, but of vague appearance. Perhaps something might be done to photograph such an image with a microphotoscope.

A Slip-cover for Books.

A new book-cover has recently been invented for the protection of books whilst in use. The "Grosvenor" book-cover, as it is called, can be obtained either in oiled silk or leather, and, by means of strong elastic bands, can be readily adjusted to any book of ordinary size. The advantages of such a cover will be quickly seen, and will appeal at once to the student or business man who wishes to read a good book in the train, or out of doors. In appearance the cover is neat and elegant, and it is impervious to rain and grease. Fastened to each cover is a small piece of ribbon to serve as a book-mark, which will also be found useful.

GARDENING IN AUGUST.

MANY people in this month of golden corn and poppies leave their homes for sea-breezes, the farmhouse, or the mountain side. The plants are left to the care of friends or servants, who must be told that two of the most important details of management during this month are to give plenty of water and keep the surface of the leaf free from dust.

Window plants usually have hard, smooth leaves, as those of the palms, aspidistra, aralia, and many other things we have recommended in these notes. Early potatoes may be lifted, and you should earth up celery, first removing offets and small leaves. Plant out coleworts for the winter, and continue to sow lettuces, radishes, mustard and cress, and such like things to replenish the salad bowl, which one delights in on a hot summer day. Grapes are ripening in small houses, and the air must be kept dry. Pick out with the scissors any berries showing the least sign of decay.

Towards the end of the month "geraniums," which are strictly "zonal pelargoniums," may be propagated by cuttings which will strike readily outdoors in light soil. Gather seed of perennial flowers as the larkspurs, but it is better not to encourage seed formation on anything, as it stops the succession of flowers that one so eagerly desires.

Under glass plants often languish for want of moisture. The pots are full of roots, and the soil gets dust-dry very quickly, so that three waterings a day are sometimes none too many. A little liquid manure is helpful to assist plants in bloom, especially fuchsias, which are not so robust as "geraniums," but have as heavy a burden of blossom to bear.

Carnations must be layered without delay. This work is always better performed in July, as then a good season is given for the layers to root in. The time for planting out carnations is the second week in September, therefore it is necessary to commence propagating early. Select the finest shoots for layers, and make a shallow basin round the plant, filling in with fresh soil, prepared by mixing together loam (two parts), leaf mould (one-half part), and silver sand. Take the layer and make a cut with a very sharp knife through one joint. This will form a "tongue." Then peg down into the soil, covering the cut portion with some of the prepared compost. Water carefully, and in September lift the layers for transplanting to the places they are to beautify the following year.

A COSY CORNER.

(*From a drawing by* G. NICOLET.)

THE FOURTH ESTATE IN LONDON.

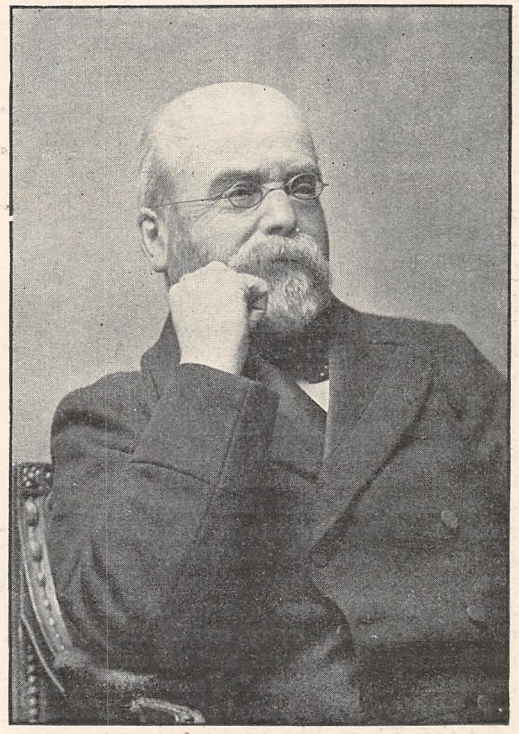
BY ALFRED F. ROBBINS.

LTHOUGH constitutional historians of the most unimpeachable dulness and accuracy dispute as to precisely what are the Three Estates of the Realm, it is only the most arid of pedants who would argue as to what is embraced within the Fourth. Blackstone, it is true, ignored its existence; De Lolme was sublimely unaware of its growing power; Hallam was not concerned to trace its progress; and Stubbs has failed, in Saxon deeds or Norman charters, to find its origin. But, though the term was probably earliest applied in irony, it is said to have been adopted by no less an authority than Burke, while it was certainly used by Macaulay; and there is no doubting that in these realms and in these days the Press is the Fourth Estate. Some knowledge, therefore, of those who manipulate the representative parts of that mighty machine can scarcely be unacceptable to the community which profits by their labours.

We live far removed from the day when Dr. Johnson, not long himself emerged from Grub Street, could calmly record the opinion that "a newspaper writer is a man without virtue, who writes lies at home for his own profit. For these compositions is required neither genius nor knowledge, neither industry nor sprightliness; but contempt of shame and indifference of truth are absolutely necessary." The Great Cham of Literature afterwards modified this view, but it was the one which long continued to prevail.

Charles Abbot, before he became Speaker of the House of Commons, early in the present century, summarised his impression of journalists by comprehensively describing them as "blackguard news-writers"; and the Duke of Wellington once told Sir Robert Peel —"I hate the whole tribe of news-writers, and I prefer to suffer from their falsehoods to dirtying my fingers with communications with them." There was little, indeed, that "the Duke" more detested on the part of public men than the practice of "newspapering," as he called that of appealing to the public prints. But that prejudice long since died away, and no man did more to destroy it than Benjamin Disraeli, who, though once expressing to Lady Blessington his horror of journalising of all descriptions, proudly told the House of Commons—"I am myself a 'gentleman of the Press,' and bear no other escutcheon."

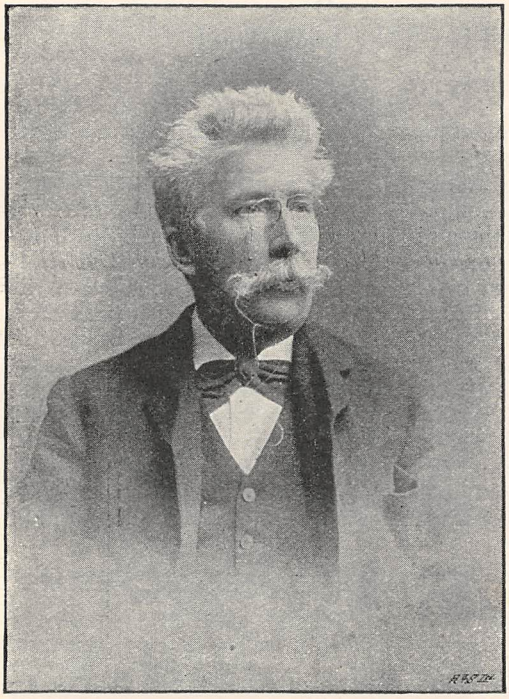
To-day, when not only was the House of Commons led but recently by one who was known to the thinking world as "Historicus" of the *Times* long before a Sir William Harcourt was dreamed of, but the chief of the Conservative party is he who, as Lord Robert Cecil, was a constant and caustic contributor to the *Saturday Review* in its palmiest weeks, there is no need to labour the point that journalism affects all departments of the State. As little necessity exists to insist upon its intimate connection with literature. That connection will be told in regard to various newspapers which have to be considered; but



SIR JOHN ROBINSON.
(*From a photograph by Walery, Ltd., Regent Street, W.*)

it is one which the nineteenth century has in marked degree developed.

It is for a daily journal which for forty years or more has passed into oblivion that there can be claimed such a succession of writers as Coleridge and Lamb, Thomas Campbell and Hazlitt, Sir James Mackintosh and John



MR. H. W. LUCY.

(*From a photograph by Russell & Sons, Baker Street, W.*)

Payne Collier, Charles Dickens and Albany Fonblanque. But though the *Morning Chronicle*, which Mr. Gladstone always regarded as a model Opposition paper, has long vanished into the silences, there are newspapers to-day with a literary, as well as a political, record of which they have great good reason to be proud.

The first name that naturally rises to the mind when this is said is the world-famous organ of Printing-House Square, the *Times*. More true to-day even than when Thackeray wrote them are the words Warrington used to Arthur Pendennis:—"There she is, the great engine; she never sleeps. She has her ambassadors in every quarter of the world, her couriers upon every road. Her officers march along with armies, and her envoys walk into statesmen's cabinets." For over a hundred years, and from the period of John Walter I.—for the *Times*, like many a lesser power, has its dynasty—this newspaper has put forth a sustained strength never equalled in the history of the Press; and to-day, after what seemed a temporary eclipse, its reputation for fearless expression of opinion and early publication of important news is as high as ever.

Some of the greatest personalities in politics have been glad to help the *Times*. Under the editorship of Thomas Barnes, Brougham communicated the secrets of the Cabinet and Disraeli contributed his "Runnymede Letters." Under that of John Thaddeus Delane—Cobden's pet aversion and Bright's "Gentleman in the Mask"—Lord Aberdeen intimated Peel's intention to repeal the Corn Laws, Mr. Vernon Harcourt discoursed upon international law as "Historicus," and Mr. Leonard Courtney, through the medium of leading articles, sought to prove the existence of political economy.

There was a breach in the continuity of great things during the brief period that the chair, by some strange freak of choice, was filled by Thomas Chenery, who, as Professor of Arabic at Oxford, was best known for his edition of Jehudah Ben Shelomo Alkharizi's "Machberoth Ithiel." But when "Tiglath-Pileser," as the Society journals unkindly nicknamed him, was succeeded by the present editor, Mr. George Earle Buckle, the *Times* began to revive its older glories. It was to Printing-House Square alone that the late Lord Randolph Churchill drove on that memorable night in December, 1886, when he had determined to resign the Chancellorship of the Exchequer; it was the *Times* only among London newspapers that was able but a short while since to announce the impending withdrawal of the present Viscount Peel from the Speakership of the House of Commons.

Chosen editor when only thirty (though even then six years older than was Delane at his appointment), Mr. Buckle has infused fresh energy into every branch of the literary side of the paper; but it speaks much for the absolutely anonymous character which continues to attach to English journalism that not one in a hundred thousand of the readers of the *Times* has ever heard the names of Mr. Capper and Mr. Moneypenny, who are its editor's chief assistants. The same, however, cannot be said of Mr. Moberley Bell, who, succeeding to the managership at probably the most critical period in the recent history of "the Thunderer," has, in remarkable degree, aided its reinstatement in its former uniquely proud position.

Although Fleet Street is the thoroughfare traditionally associated with the production of all the leading newspapers, it is to Bouverie Street and the *Daily News* that we pass from Printing-House Square and the *Times*, and it will be to Shoe Lane and the *Standard* that next our steps will be bent. The light-hearted fashion in which Dickens, in 1846, became the *Daily News*' first editor, and the equally light-hearted fashion in which, after only seventeen days in the chair, he left it in the lurch, are among the commonplaces and yet the curiosities of journalistic history. The

commencement, intended to be specially propitious, was thus unpromising; but the *Daily News*, under the original managership of Charles Wentworth Dilke, first baronet of the name, and the successive editorships of John Forster and Eyre Evans Crowe, Frederick Knight Hunt and William Weir, Thomas Walker and Frank Hill, Henry William Lucy and Sir John Robinson, has secured for itself the position it has long claimed for the Irish tenant—that of not merely being able to live but to thrive. It has had upon its staff men of high and varied distinction. Only recently it has lost the services of the late Mr. Edward Smyth Pigott, for many years Examiner of Plays, whose fine literary sense was never deadened even by the appalling duty of reading "problem dramas," three-act farces, and "go-as-you-please" comedies, and, by dint of assiduous use of the blue pencil, making them fit for reception by ears polite. The accustomed client of the Liberal organ of Bouverie Street needs never to be told which article has proceeded from the pen of Mr. Justin McCarthy or Mr. Andrew Lang: a reference to some utterly unknown novel by the one, or to a recently-discovered New Zealand myth by the other, tells him all as to the authorship. In similar fashion, there is no secret as to the fact that Mr. Herbert Paul is held responsible by "the man in the street" for such leading articles as deal with the House of Commons' proceedings of the previous night; that Mr. Lucy is the "H. W. L." who contributes the Parliamentary sketch; and that Mr. Moy Thomas is the author of some of the sanest, the most felicitous, and the best-informed dramatic criticism that London journalism knows. There was a time when the expert could detect which were the contributions that flowed from the ready pen of Harriet Martineau; while such literary artists as Mr. William Black and Mr. George Saintsbury are credited with many an article for the *Daily News*. And yet, among them all, no name will be more associated with the success of this journal than that of Mr. Archibald Forbes, who, during the Franco-German War, placed it in the same pre-eminent position, because of its correspondence from the battle-front, as Sir William Howard Russell had the *Times* during the Crimean War some sixteen years before.

The *Standard*, with the sober appearance that befits Shoe Lane, does not suggest to its readers any association with romantic history, and yet its career has been one of vicissitude touched by fancy. Established as an evening paper, and close upon seventy years ago, its first editor, according to tradition, received, because of an article against the Roman Catholic claims, a present of £1,200 "in notes"—a touch which gives, as Mr. Gilbert would say, an air of verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative—from that Duke of Newcastle who was the earliest political "patron" of Mr. Gladstone. Such a gift was enough to sour every drop of the milk of human kindness possessed by the other London editors. One of them, indeed, was sufficiently rude to say of the *Standard*, then only a year old: "It is a journal which has lately crawled into existence, and is fast hastening towards dissolution." The prophet, which happened to be the *Morning Chronicle*, has long disappeared; the *Standard* remains, and even thus early it always gave its opponents as good as was brought. Those who bewail what they are pleased to consider the degeneracy of the modern newspaper, would scarcely contend that the prophecy just quoted was "good form," but it was only "pretty Fanny's way" in the Thirties. No paper of the position of the *Standard* would to-day describe the *Times* as a "'brick-bat and bludgeon' journal, the filthy libeller of the late and present Kings, the apologist for rebellion, the adviser of assassination." Similarly, the *Times* nowadays would not

MR. A. J. WILSON.

refer to "the scoundrel Whig-Radical Press," or to a rival as "Grandmamma's Journal." It is occasionally worth while, indeed, to read specimens of the older journalism in order to truly appreciate the new.

In the development from the old to the new the *Standard* has played a noteworthy part. For a long time after it became a morning organ it was in troubled seas, emergence from which is mainly due to the tact, the energy, and the quiet resolve of Mr. William Henry Mudford, who has long been its editor. For one in that position it is better to have been cradled near a waste-paper basket than born in the purple, and Mr. Mudford, as son of the editor of the now defunct *Courier*, had the advantage described. Though the leading organ of the Conservative party, the *Standard*, under its present editor, has displayed a marked independence, which has more than once exposed it to misapprehension and even threats; but neither the one nor the other could cause it to swerve. Mr. Mudford, like all the best editors, recognises that newspaper readers do not live for politics alone; and he has surrounded himself with a staff of special excellence, at the head of which is Mr. George Byrom Curtis, who has long been the editor's right-hand man. It has sometimes been unkindly said that the *Standard*, like the *Daily Telegraph* and the proprietors of a famous blacking, keeps a poet on the premises, the fine Roman hand of Mr. Alfred Austin being as distinguishable among the sons of Shoe Lane as that of Sir Edwin Arnold among the young lions of Peterborough Court. But, though Mr. Austin may roar as gently as any sucking-dove, the *Standard* can furnish those who cause the welkin to ring with more strenuous purpose. Mr. A. J. Wilson, who loves to make the timid financier's flesh creep in the *Investors' Review*, acts as its City editor, which is equivalent to saying that he is held in awe rather than affection by the "guinea pig" and the prospectus-monger; and the traditions of Cameron and Henty as war correspondents are worthily sustained whenever special work in this direction is demanded.

SIR GEORGE ARMSTRONG, BART.

(*From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, Baker Street, W.*)

The *Times*, the *Daily News*, and the *Standard* are types of the London morning press, every organ of which would deserve an article to itself if detailed description were to be attempted; and the same may be said in regard to the metropolitan evening press, of which the *Globe* and the *Echo*, in their diverse phases, are representative, the former as the oldest of all those existing and the latter as the earliest of the halfpenny papers, the successive production of which has almost revolutionised that department of journalism.

The *Globe*, which commenced its career almost contemporaneously with the century, was so decidedly Whig for more years than it has been as decidedly Tory that it was long, but erroneously, thought to number Lord Palmerston among its contributors. Lovers of literature will more appreciate the remembrance that "Father Prout" was its Paris correspondent; while those who regard an evening paper simply as a convenient aid to killing time after the daily work is done have reason to be grateful to Sir George Armstrong, the late editor of the *Globe* (whose present successor in the chair is his son, an ex-naval officer, not yet thirty), for the consistently high level of the many original contributions to its columns, and especially of the well-known "turn-over," or front-page article, on some social topic, which is the brightest "feature" of the paper.

The *Echo*, earliest of all successful evening journals, came upon the scene just as house-

hold suffrage had been given to the inhabitants of our towns; and Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin, to whom the inception of the idea was due, thus seized the psychological moment to launch it. Under the editorship of Sir Arthur Arnold (now Chairman of the London County Council), it became a political power: in the proprietorship of Mr. John Passmore Edwards it probably wields more of a social influence. Rivals to it have sprung up in many a direction since. Of some of them, as attached to the Fourth Estate, one is inclined to use the words of Shakespeare, "The estate is green and yet ungoverned"; but the *Echo* has held its way successful among them all, and its circulation to-day may be believed to be little affected even by the white heat of competition to which it is subjected.

If public influence were in exact proportion to circulation, the evening papers would wield a far greater power than the weekly journals, but probably not even their editors would claim to do so. The dominant fact is that, while the former are scanned, the latter are studied; for it is not possible to conceive the man who would attempt to assimilate the contents of the *Spectator*, the *Saturday Review*, or the *Speaker* by hurried glances under a flickering lamp in a London railway carriage, or by furtive peeps on the top of an omnibus. Such weeklies as those named have an influence, indeed, of a specially far-reaching kind, for they affect those who affect others; and many a man who knows nothing directly concerning them is thus led to imbibe their ideas.

The *Spectator* is the *doyen* of these; and from the later days of the Fourth George, when it started upon a philosophical Radical career, until these closing years of the century, when it is the leading Liberal Unionist weekly, it has had a constituency of its own. Under its present editor, Mr. Richard Holt Hutton, it has developed into a system the super-subtle, half-theological, semi-mystical style of criticising men and manners, which is the delight of those who are always in a state of wonder at their own and other people's mental processes. It has ministered to the emotions by giving space to the most astonishing stories of fidelity and other virtues as displayed by animals; and, although the irreverent have scoffed at some of these and have demanded stronger journalistic meat, the *Spectator* pursues the even tenor of its philosophic way; and, having long survived John Bright's criticism that it was "conceited," it remains a standing monument of all that the true Briton considers respectable.

The reader must possess a singularly varied taste if he can honestly say that he equally enjoys the *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review*. The latter, it is true, is not what it once was —the *Saturday Reviler*, which, with bitter expression of uncompromising Toryism, stung its opponents into fury. But, even when it was most noted for its adherence to the Johnsonian tenet, never to let "the Whig dogs get the best of it," its purely literary columns were open to all comers. Sir William Harcourt, Mr. John Morley, the late Sir James Stephen, and the late Mr. Freeman have been numbered among a brilliant band of contributors, which has included also the Marquis of Salisbury, when, as Lord Robert Cecil, he was for years a knight of the pen. Since the death of Mr. Beresford-Hope, whose "Batavian grace" was immortalised by Lord Beaconsfield, the *Saturday* has seen many changes. Mr. Walter Herries Pollock, swordsman and dramatist, is no longer its editor. Mr. George Saintsbury, critic and essayist, who seemed likely to be his successor, is not seated in the chair. The position is now filled by Mr. Frank Harris, once of the *Evening News*, and next of the *Fortnightly Review;* and, under his *régime*, the tradition of a Toryism which is nothing if not independent is evidently to be maintained.

When the *Spectator* ranked itself as an opponent of Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy impossible of conversion, the Liberals had to

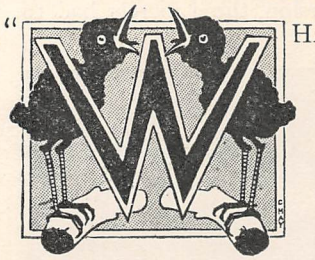
SIR WEMYSS REID.

create a mouthpiece in the weekly press; and this task, necessarily one of delicacy and difficulty, was undertaken by Sir Wemyss Reid. The amount of success that has attended the *Speaker* has been owing in eminent degree to the editorial faculties of its founder, who has gathered around him a staff which includes some of the brightest among the younger journalists of our time. Measured by years, the life of the *Speaker* has been short: measured by careers, it might be considered long. Into the secrets of the editorial room no outsider can presume to penetrate; but, even if the writers of the leading articles are to remain veiled in judicious anonymity, no one is likely to doubt that he who, under the modest pseudonym, "A Mere Outsider," contributes the week's gossip is Sir Wemyss Reid himself; while that the "A. B." who furnishes an occasional and the "A. T. Q. C." a frequent literary *causerie* are Mr. Augustine Birrell, of "Obiter Dicta" fame, and Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch, of "Troy Town," is as open a secret as that the "A. B. W." of the dramatic criticisms is Mr. A. B. Walkley. And these far from exhaust the eminent contributors to the *Speaker*, the identity of one of whom—he who writes from Constantinople—might even become an international question if it could be discovered by the Sultan, who recently prohibited for all time the entrance of this journal into his empire because of its outspokenness on the subject of the Armenian atrocities.

But here one must take pause. It is not London alone that furnishes splendid specimens of all that is best in the Fourth Estate. In the regions without—"the provinces," as they are collectively called—there are newspapers to be considered which wield much power. Even as far as the metropolis is concerned, the subject cannot be fully indicated, and far less exhausted, in so brief a space; but another paper of at least equal length is needed for the barest comprehension of the varied forces of British journalism.

THE PROFESSOR'S EXPERIMENT.

BY G. B. BURGIN, AUTHOR OF "HIS LORDSHIP," ETC.



"WHAT a good thing it is that there *are* snakes in England," said the professor meditatively. "Imagine, Sybil, if we had been condemned to pass our lives in Ireland, how much innocent recreation and scientific research would have been unavailable! If you look at the matter altogether from a scientific point of view, the statement, unsupported by evidence, that St. Patrick or any other Irish gentleman could get rid of all the Irish snakes in a few hours, is utterly untenable. Now, the English adder——"

Sybil looked up from a somewhat thick piece of bread and butter.

"Do you allude to that blunt-headed and blunt-tailed thing—that loathsome death-dealer in yonder little basket, papa?"

The professor looked pained.

"Don't insult the poor thing, Sybil. Its poison fangs are only a means of self-protection. The true English viper seldom wantonly injures anyone, although it is very vindictive and never forgets an enemy. If someone trod on you, wouldn't you bite?"

The girl gave a little shiver.

"But think of it, daddy!" (She had left her place at the tea-table and was tenderly rumpling the professor's hair, greatly to his annoyance, for he did not bear fondling very well.) "To be full of the joy of life one moment, and then a prick—a cry—and life fades away. Everything turns grey; a film comes over one's eyes, and—death!"

"Death," said the professor philosophically, "is a price often paid by men of eminence for the good of others. I have met with several accidents myself at various periods of my scientific career. You observed this morning that I provoked the adder to strike a piece of meat, although the wretched thing seemed to prefer hurling itself at the stick, which must have hurt it a good deal more than if it had attacked something soft."

"I wondered why you were stirring it up with the stick," said Sybil.

"Don't speak of a viper as if it were a pudding," said the professor testily. "I was exciting it to get rid of its poison. George Borrow and other authorities do not say how often the viper renews its poison. I am trying to discover this glorious fact for the last chapter of my great work on British snakes."

The professor was becoming excited, and rose from the tea-table, his long, iron-grey

hair floating round a fine yet somewhat full red face, his dulled blue eyes lighting up with enthusiastic fire.

"And when it *is* done?" queried Sybil, doubtfully.

She had heard a great deal about this famous book for years. It never seemed to progress beyond the last chapter but one.

"Then it will be published," said the professor magnificently. "Every man who is born an Englishman owes a solemn duty to his country—the country which has nourished and reared him—and that duty is to, in some slight measure, however feeble, leave it all the better, wiser, and happier for having given him birth. I shall write the concluding chapter of my book on snakes to-night—to-morrow seek out a patriotic publisher."

"I have heard," suggested Sybil, "that it is very difficult to get things published. Hadn't you better ask Alan Wyse to——"

The professor was visibly annoyed.

"You know how much I object to that young man, Sybil, and that I only tolerate him because of his position in the county. If it weren't for the kindness of his rat-catcher I should miss many valuable specimens. That hedgehog was——"

Sybil shuddered. She remembered how the prickly monster had escaped from the kitchen one night after a monotonous meal of beetles, and crawled upstairs to her room, only to lose its footing and fasten on to the cat, which was peacefully sleeping by the mat in the hall. The professor imagined the house was attacked by burglars, and refused to appear. He did not care to remember the episode, but returned to the scientific dissection of Alan Wyse's character.

"Wyse's lack of enthusiasm is distressing—positively distressing, and—and indecent. Only the other night he had the impertinence to tell me that I was working you too hard. Too hard! 'Look at me,' I said to him. 'Do I spare myself? Do I wallow in purple and fine linen?' And then——" The professor paused indignantly. "That's a very pretty frock, isn't it?" eyeing Sybil's somewhat shabby gown with a critical eye.

"Yes, dearest," said Sybil.

"I thought so," answered the professor, indignantly. "That young man had the impertinence to tell me you were also suffering for the good of your country. He said I might make you a dress allowance, instead of spending all my money on books. When I told him that vain attire had no attraction for you, he, vulgarly speaking, snorted, and said such a sweet flower as yourself should be suitably clad. But I overcame him. I did not argue. I was not rude, but gently pointed out that flowers were not dependent on their clothing for beauty. Then—upon my word, Sybil, he was monstrously rude. He said that I had no heart, and was a mere scientific curiosity myself. Me! a scientific curiosity! Monstrous! wasn't it? As if I hadn't been immolating myself on the altar of duty for the last twenty years. By the way, Sybil—you burnt my toast to-night. I don't like it burnt. A man who owes a duty to his country must keep up his strength for the struggle with such Philistines as Wyse; and when I had my nap this afternoon, you didn't pull down the blind. Really, Sybil, I do not wish to blame you, but I am pained, pained beyond expression. You must not be so careless when you know how every trifle tells in such a stupendous struggle as that which is employing all my energies. You must be more thoughtful, my child, more careful. But I have said enough. Don't let the remembrance trouble you. It is so sweet to forgive."

Sybil smiled faintly. She was accustomed to sweet forgiveness of this nature, for the professor had the appetite of a cormorant, without that bird's lack of discrimination. Everything must be done exactly as he liked it, or Sybil and her "only general" were sure to hear of it for days to come. No one had the courage to tell the professor that he was a selfish old fraud, who ate and drank far more than was good for him—no one, that is, with the exception of Alan Wyse, who did not mince matters at all. This was the gist of the professor's dislike to that energetic young fellow. There was no high-minded forgiveness for him—a fact which he greatly appreciated.

Sybil put her arms round the professor's neck. Her mother had bequeathed the professor as a precious legacy which must be paramount to every other consideration. The professor had been sweetly forgiving to his wife when she gently broke the fact to him that she was dying.

"I am hurt. I will not deny that I am hurt at your leaving me to continue the struggle alone," he had said; "but I am willing, quite willing, to believe that you would prefer it to be otherwise. Let us hope you are mistaken. However, it is a shock to me—a shock which will hinder my work. Let us not dwell on so painful a subject, but talk of something else."

The professor unwound Sybil's arm, and looked fatigued.

"I couldn't leave you to sleep in the darkness, dearest, with that horrid thing"—she pointed to the viper's basket—"so close to you."

"Pooh! nonsense," said the professor testily. "If you'd like to go and stay with your aunt, Sybil, and leave me to struggle on without an amanuensis—go; I do not object. It would be kinder to stay, but I do not object. Never mind me. I have no wish to interfere with your enjoyment. By the way, your handwriting is not so clear as it used to be. You spelt 'characteristic' to-day with four 'r's,' instead of two. But I am not complaining, dear. Only, when a man is engaged in a really grea- ——"

"Yes, daddy, I know," said the girl caressingly. "I must be more careful. But the sunshine was so bright outside, and the roses smelt so sweetly, that I felt I—don't be angry, daddy, dear—should like to be a little more with girls of my own age, and see something of the things which other girls care for."

"There is Wyse," said the professor indignantly. "I am informed by the vicar that he is one of the things which other girls care for, though I'm sure I don't know why. I allow you to see him, to listen to his nonsense, which seems to me to be of a supremely frivolous character, and to consist of many words which are not to be found in an ordinary dictionary. The other day the man actually wanted to know when you could be married to him. I said——"

"THE VIPER HAD ESCAPED FROM THE BASKET" (*p.* 732).

"Yes, daddy. Oh, daddy!"

The girl's face was aglow with shy happiness. What if her father had really consented to her marriage at last!

"Oh, I said that his selfishness amazed me, and declined to hear him further on the subject for at least two years. It's a curious thing," meditatively continued the professor—"it's a curious thing how inconsiderate young people generally are. Now, your poor mother was always wanting to go to those absurd assemblies which have their origin in the

dancing of naked savages to the rude music of the tom-tom. Of course, I pointed out to her how thoughtless this was when I wanted her at home to minister to my slight requirements. Somehow she never could see it in that light, although I believe she tried to do so as much as her somewhat limited intelligence would permit. But she was very useful to me when I was collecting information on the subject of 'Monotremes.' 'Monotremes' seemed less monotonous to her than most subjects."

He sighed heavily, and walked away in a much injured yet forgiving spirit.

Alan Wyse came in to see Sybil during the evening, whilst the professor sat in the library endeavouring to sustain exhausted Nature with the aid of a bottle of '44 port. The professor's attitude in regard to questions of this sort was quite unimpersonal. The port had to be taken simply as a means to an end. He looked upon it as fuel. He was but the channel of communication between it and the work it had to do—the fire which required stoking in order to keep the engines at high pressure. Thus, argued the professor, what in another man might be considered gross personal indulgence, when regarded with an eye to motives, admitted of quite a different and all-sufficing interpretation. And so the professor had a bottle of port, and some coffee afterwards, with a dash of curaçoa in it, as a slight concession to that spirit of worldliness which he had renounced when entering upon a scientific career. It was not to be wondered at that he slept like a log after dinner. Sybil herself had a momentary feeling that her father's motives were capable of being misunderstood by people who did not know how good and great and self-sacrificing they were. Had she seen Alan Wyse furtively shaking his fist at the professor, she would never have spoken to her lover again. But she did not see him going through this somewhat useless performance; which was just as well, for it relieved that choleric young fellow's feelings, and did the professor no harm whatever.

"I am quite ready to wait for you a reasonable time, dearest," said Alan Wyse when they had moved to a safe distance from the professor's snores, "but this kind of thing may go on for ever. He has actually put off our wedding for another two years in the most arbitrary manner, and simply to suit his own convenience. I would cheerfully pay for someone to look after your father, if he would allow me to do so, rather than you should have all this unhappiness to put up with. I'm not going to say a word against him to you, only——"

Sybil put her hand on his lips.

"You don't know, Alan, how helpless he would be without me."

The lamp burned dimly as they bade each other adieu. Sybil had turned it down, in order to conduce to that repose which the professor so greatly needed after the arduous labours of the day. But Alan's wrath exploded in a fit of irrepressible disgust.

Irritated by the sight of the professor's placid yet empurpled countenance, he flung down his stick with a crash in a corner, hoping to cause a cessation of the stertorous snores which proceeded from the other end of the room. Unmoved by such a trifle, the professor still slept on, though with a somewhat pained expression; whereupon the angry Alan so far forgot himself as to kick a small brown basket which his stick had knocked off the divan beneath the sofa. Alan's look implied how sorry he felt that the professor's age prevented his being treated in the same way.

Sybil indignantly refused to listen to his apologies. Seeing that he was only making matters worse, Alan reluctantly departed, blaming his own hastiness for having robbed him of his *tête-à-tête* with her. He would go down to the vicarage and spend an hour with the Twembleys. Laura Twembley, at any rate, would be glad to see him, and appreciate the state of his somewhat strained relations with the professor.

Sybil sorrowfully returned to the room and curled herself up in the armchair beside her father, as Alan went angrily down the road towards the vicarage, which was about a quarter of a mile away. He would be sorry for his hastiness to-morrow, and come back again. Meanwhile, she cried a little, pressed a tender kiss upon the professor's purple cheek, and forgot her sorrow in sleep. Sybil was very tired. The labour of hauling down huge books of reference all day had exhausted the poor girl. Her blue eyes closed like twin forget-me-nots tired of the daylight. She nestled more cosily up against the professor, her head upon his breast, and dreamt that he had finished his book on snakes and could spare her to Alan.

Just at this time Alan, as he sat on the vicarage sofa—yellow daffodils with a blue ground—felt a sudden twinge of pain across his temples. He turned faint and giddy, stopped in the middle of a sentence, and could scarcely speak.

"What is it?" asked Miss Twembley. "Aren't you well, Mr. Wyse?"

Wyse sat upon the sofa, incapable of rising.

"I—I don't know," he said faintly. "I—I—have a—a horrid presentiment. I feel——"

He stopped again. The vicar rushed to his

"IMMEDIATELY APPLIED HIS LIPS TO THE WOUND."

side with a restorative. He knew Alan's story, and sympathised with him.

"Drink this," he said. "Can we offer you a bed? You'll be all right in the morning. What is it? The professor a little more trying than usual, eh?"

"I feel as if something had stung me to the heart," said Alan faintly. "In the heart or—or the temples. If you'll excuse me, I'll go home. Something has happened—something terrible. I know—I feel—I'm certain of it!" and he hurriedly made for the door.

When he had reached the open door, Wyse began to laugh at his folly. Something cut short the laugh, and he suddenly set off running in the direction of the professor's.

"I can't help it if Sybil does think me an ass," he muttered. "I oughtn't to have been so harsh with her to-night. A tragedy has happened. I never felt like this before."

At this moment Sybil stirred uneasily. There was a slight rustling noise as something glided from under the divan across a newspaper which lay upon the floor.

The viper had escaped from the basket kicked across the room by Alan. It halted for a moment on the newspaper, and raised itself half off the ground with an angry hiss. The professor had been so occupied in satisfying his own gluttonous instincts that he had kept it in confinement for two days without food. The adder's large, broad head waved angrily about; the vertically elongated pupils of its eyes were like two tiny specks of baleful fire as it glided over the carpet in the direction of its unconscious tormentor.

The viper reached the professor's chair, and crawled up into Sybil's lap. Her quiet breathing tranquillised the angry snake. Soothed by the warmth of her body, it coiled itself up drowsily. Unfortunately, Sybil stirred. The viper's anger quickened. It glided upward to the professor's chest, and, as Sybil restlessly raised one arm, buried its fangs in the girl's soft white flesh.

Wyse burst into the room with a despairing cry and broke the viper's back with one blow of his stick. He made a resolute effort to pull himself together, turned up the light, carried Sybil to a couch, and immediately applied his lips to the wound in her arm.

She smiled gratefully up at him.

"Alan, you have come back?"

Wyse motioned to the horrified servant to run for a doctor. The professor crossly sat up. He was genuinely alarmed, and refused to stop in the room lest he should by any chance tread upon the viper's writhing body.

"You are utterly regardless of the interests of science," he said crossly; "and Sybil is only frightened. It couldn't hurt her. There was no necessity to kill it."

Sybil held her lover's hand, and looked up at him with big, frightened blue eyes. Suddenly she gave a little cry of horror.

"Alan! Alan! What are you doing? You will die too!"

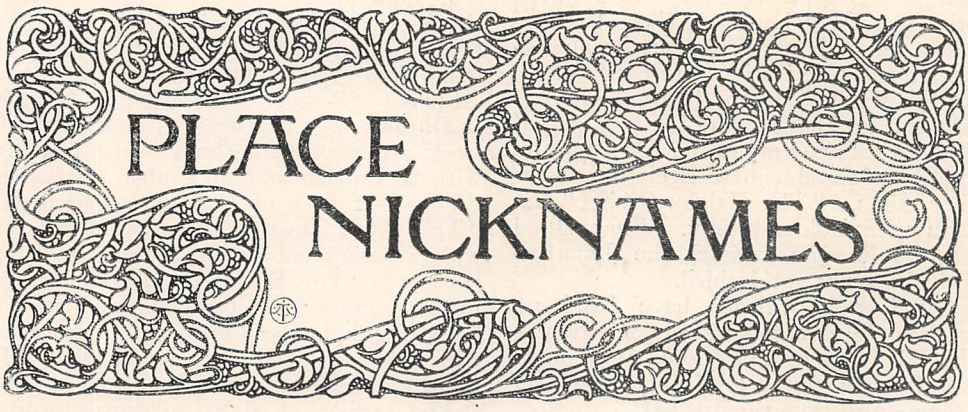
"I hope so," said Wyse fiercely. "But, my dearest, you shall not die if I can prevent it"; and he again applied his lips to the wound.

When the doctor came, half an hour later, he was puzzled, and presently took Wise aside.

"She's little the worse for the bite," he said reassuringly. "There are none of the usual symptoms—such as numbness of the limbs and coldness of the extremities. A viper bite generally solidifies the blood; after a time the heart ceases to beat. She's had a slight shock to the system, but the poison doesn't seem to have done her much harm. Perhaps it wasn't a viper at all."

Wyse eagerly explained that the professor had probably exhausted all the viper's venom for the time being. A careful examination of the dead snake's mouth showed that the channelled tooth with which the poison gland communicates had been broken off short, in all probability while the professor, with his customary disregard for the feelings of others, had been prodding the adder with a stick.

The professor's experiment had saved his daughter's life. Somehow, he has never written that last chapter of his great work, but is still revising the earlier portions. Wyse permits his father-in-law to dwell with him on the sole condition that if the professor wishes to experiment with snakes, he is to lock himself up with them in the garden tool-house, and bear the brunt of any mistakes which may happen. Consequently, the professor's ardour has died a natural death, and he declines to take any risks which might involve such an irreparable loss to science as his own premature decease.



PLACES as well as individuals have their nicknames, and people have nicknames bestowed upon them not only individually, but by right of inheritance as natives of particular places. The custom of bestowing such began so long ago that the origin and meaning of many is lost sight of; and it is still being continued, although modern attempts are commonly poor and unimaginative compared with those bestowed by our forefathers. In days when local peculiarities are fast being swept away, and English folk are rapidly amalgamating into a homogeneous mass, devoid of rough edges and specific character, the fashion is scarcely likely to last long, and it is not uninteresting to glance at some of the chosen epithets, old and new.

Sometimes it is the qualities of the people which have gained the *sobriquet*; in others, the natural situation, geographical features, or local productions of the place originated them. Some are complimentary, and some are not.

"Silly Suffolk," "Witless Wilts," "Berkshire Dogs," "Hampshire Hogs," "Kentish Hogs," "Isle of Wight Calves," "Suffolk Dumplings," "Lincolnshire Louts" (or "Yellow-bellies," after the frogs which once haunted the marshes), and "Yorkshire Tykes" were generalisations arrived at in the first instance by the unfriendly outsider, in times when each man was jealous for his county and inimical

to his neighbour's. But, on the other hand, it is fair to conclude that Manchester in its own person set going the self-satisfied aphorism, "What Manchester" (sometimes "Lancashire") "thinks to-day, England thinks to-morrow," and the equally conceited assumption, "A Manchester man, a Liverpool gent, and a Birmingham chap." Yorkshiremen are commonly understood to have a fair opinion of their own astuteness, and may have given currency to the saying, "Give a Yorkshireman a halter, and he will find a horse"; but his enemies read another meaning into the boast, and vary the words to "Shake a bridle over a Yorkshireman's grave, and he'll rise and steal a horse." Another allusion to Yorkshire occurs in an ancient quatrain :—

"Oxford for learning,
London for wit,
Hull for fair women,
And York for a tit,"

the charms of the Hull ladies being long celebrated. Less flattering to the port on the Humber is the pious addition to the Litany by the Roundheads, "From Hull, Hell, and Halifax, good Lord, deliver us." To the Civil War times and the loyalty of those towns it is, at least generally, ascribed; but antiquaries give it an older derivation. In the fifteenth century, they tell us, when the woollen trade was started in Halifax, an Act was passed giving a separate gallows to the town for the punishment of those who stole cloth, and for no other crime. "The Halifax Gibbet" had hence an unenviable notoriety. What caused Hull to be likewise avoided, the Jonathan Oldbucks have not yet decided.

Certain Norfolk villages have fared no better than the counties already mentioned, and the old rhyme may be quoted as a sample of several fragments of local doggerel which have come down from the past :—

"Halvergate hares, Reedham rats,
Southwood swine, and Cantley cats,
Acle asses, Moulton mules,
Beighton bears, and Freethorpe fools."

There is a similar verse respecting certain Hampshire localities, but it is pretty evident that the ecclesiastical foundations rather than the towns themselves are in this case alluded to :—

"Romsey in the mud,
Southampton on the stones,
Winchester eats the meat,
And likewise picks the bones."

And it was probably a palmer of old who was the author of the curious lines respecting the abbeys of the eastern shires :—

"Ramsey the bounteous of gold and of fee,
Crowland as courteous as courteous may be;
Spalding the rich, Peterboro' the proud.
Sawtrey, by the way, that poor Abbaye,
Gave more in one day
Than all they.'

A Yorkshire village was the subject of the couplet—

"A thatched church, a wooden steeple,
A drunken parson, a wicked people."

While a Norfolk parish boasted the variation :—

"Hoveton Church with never a steeple,
Sickly parson, ungodly people."

In a Lancashire parish, and again in Hampshire, it becomes less offensive :—

"Poor parson, proud people,
Thatched church, and no steeple."

With regard to town nicknames, Scotland stands forth even more prominently than England; but it is the Scotia of the Lowlands, inhabited by the same race which in northern England has ever displayed a rough wit and a blunt, outspoken tongue. Possibly there is sufficient significance in the Gaelic nomenclature of Highland place-names—for those who understand it—to render further descriptive epithets needless; and the Sassenach finds it abundantly satisfying without the addition of qualifying adjectives other than his own.

If London has taken the place of Rome, the Mistress of the World, as the Metropolis of All Nations, is not the heart of Midlothian still more widely known as the Modern Athens? Glasgow is St. Mungo's City, just as Durham is St. Cuthbert's; and Dublin and Cork are associated, though less familiarly, with St. Patrick and St. Finbar respectively. "The Fair City of Perth" is matched by "The Brave Town of Aberdeen," yet more widely designated "The Granite City." Inverness is "The Key to the Highlands," and in every guide-book to that region is to be found the undeserved badge of Cockneydom, which impertinently labels lovely Oban "The Charing Cross of the Highlands."

The tourist, indeed, has to answer for many a high-sounding designation, invented to "boom" the localities, and set forth in the guide-books for his allurement. "The Garden of England" and "The Garden Isle," applied to the Isle of Wight, are older and better merited than most of these designations; the former, by the way, is the property also of the smiling valleys of Kent, a southern set-off to the "Fruitful Clydesdale" of the north. But the trail of the tourist is unmistakably over "The English Madeira" *sobriquet* of the Undercliff, and the "English Mentone" of Ventnor. Similarly we have "The English Switzerland" and "The English Pyrenees" in North Devon, a comparison which is not especially favourable to the locality inviting it, and likewise "The English Naples" (Weymouth), "The English Riviera" (both Ventnor and Torquay), "The Queen of the English

Riviera" and "The English Arcachon" (Bournemouth), "The English Etretat" (Cromer), and "The Montpellier of the North" (Southport). Scarborough more modestly proclaims herself "The Brighton of the North," and many people may be disposed to think that any compliment conveyed by the comparison is to Brighton's advantage, particularly when they recall the saying—

"Land without a tree,
Seaside without the sea,"

by which "The Queen of English Watering Places" has been defined.

Simpler still is the application of the alliterative adjective, responsible for "Sunny Southsea" and "Delightful Dover." Equally appropriate as regards sound, and yet more so as regards sense, there is much to recommend the variation, "Dear Dover." Following the same fashion, we might have Merry Margate, Elegant Eastbourne, Lovely Lowestoft, Imperial Ilfracombe, Winsome Whitby, Beautiful Bournemouth, Rollicking Ramsgate, and so on. Bournemouth is, however, abundantly provided with epithets, for, in addition to shining as an Anglican version of Arcachon, Mentone, and San Remo, she scores with better grace as "The Valley of Pines," "The Winter Garden of England," and "The Evergreen Valley."

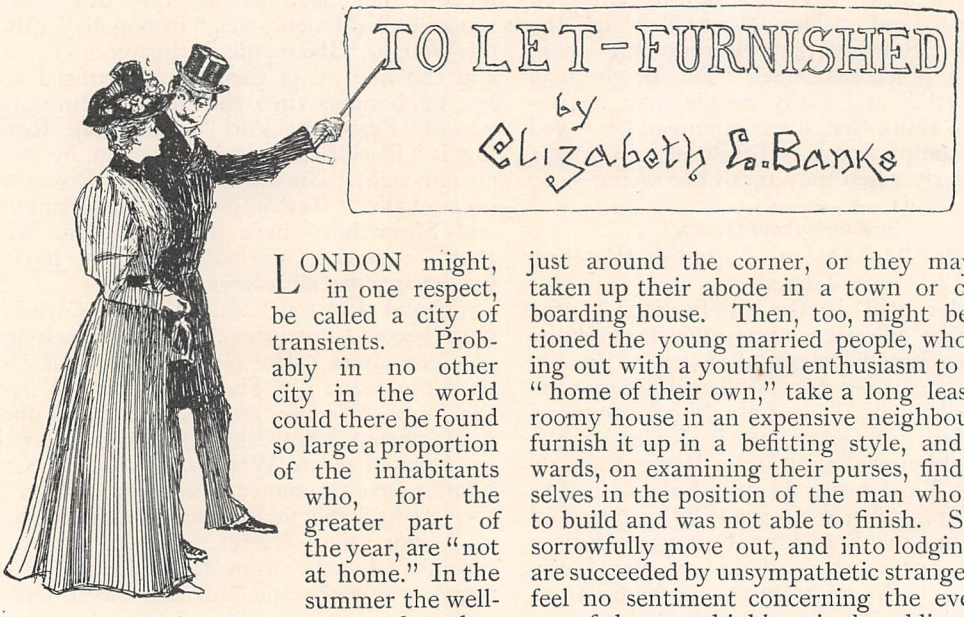
Another Riviera claimant, Torquay, seeks fame likewise as "The Queen of Southern Watering Places;" Bath has a well-established reputation as "Queen of the West," while Brighton, not satisfied with her regal honours, poses also as "London-super-Mare." A distant competitor in this line is "Seven-Dials-on-Sea," the precise locality of which we will not mention. Great Yarmouth is suitably and affectionately designated "The Bloater Metropolis" and "Bloaterland;" and its quaint tree-planted quay, extreme flatness, and ancient and fishlike smell have given it the *sobriquet* of "The English Rotterdam." But it is not Norfolk, nor even the Fens of Lincolnshire, with their dykes and windmills, which constitute "The English Holland," that title being reserved for sleepy and low-lying Essex.

In the same county as Bloaterland is "Poppyland," "The Garden of Sleep," a slumberous agricultural district with grassy cliffs and flowery, ferny downs, of which Cromer is the metropolis; and around and about Cromer, too, is "Fernland," a name sometimes granted to Devonshire, while on the picturesque borders of Herefordshire and Wales is "The Golden Valley of the Dove." Similarly descriptive, but less alluring, is the appellation, now fairly ranking as a geographical definition, of the Walsall and Wednesbury district as "The Black Country;" and to modern manufactures we owe also "Cottonopolis" (Manchester), "Ironopolis" (Middlesbrough), "Beeropolis" (Burton-on-Trent), and the like, all of them more artificial and less euphonious than the pithy picturesqueness of "Periwinkle Port" (Southend). Reading is "Biscuit Town," Macclesfield, by more ancient right, "Gingerbread Town," Doncaster occasionally "Toffee-town;" but Banbury and Shrewsbury have to be content with their reputation for cakes without having gained any special *sobriquet* thereby.

"Proud Preston" and "Merry Carlisle" have become proverbial. Peterborough was in olden times "The Golden City;" Exeter took the name of "The Faithful City" from the motto "*Semper Fidelis*" bestowed upon it by Queen Elizabeth; and the same title has been affixed to Worcester, to which King Charles gave the motto, "*Civitas in bello et in pace fidelis*," and to Taunton, for its devotion to Monmouth. Exeter, again, is, or was, "Monks' Town," from the number of its religious houses; and Norwich has a double distinction as "The City of Churches" and "The City in an Orchard." St. Sennen in Cornwall is "The Church Town;" Coventry, "The City of Spires"; Oxford, "The City of Colleges;" Winchester used to be "the White City," from a mistaken translation, supported by its chalk soil, of its Celtic name, Caer Gwent.

Plymouth, Stonehouse, and Devonport are "The Three Towns" *par excellence;* Brightlingsea, offspring of Sandwich, is proclaimed on the mayoral badge "The beautiful daughter of a beautiful mother." Birmingham is dubbed "The Metropolis of the Midlands," and also "The Forward Town;" and in its turn has given nicknames to Pittsburgh ("The Birmingham of the States"), and St. Étienne ("The French Birmingham"). In contrast to "The Forward Town," we have the dead and buried one of Silchester, which appeals to popular as well as to antiquarian fancy as "The English Pompeii."

The list might easily be lengthened; or we might diverge to the names of rivers—the Divine Dee, the Crooked Dee, the Silver Thames, the Coaly Tyne, the Sullen Mole—or to such pleasant fancies as have christened the graceful spires of Lichfield "The Ladies of the Valley," and Bath Abbey Church, "The Lantern of England." But there remains space only to allude to the proverbial and prophetic repute which legend and rhyme have attached to certain towns. To take one example, "Lidford law" is the short shrift by which a man is "hung first and tried afterwards."



LONDON might, in one respect, be called a city of transients. Probably in no other city in the world could there be found so large a proportion of the inhabitants who, for the greater part of the year, are "not at home." In the summer the well-to-do classes go away to escape what they call the "heat" of July and August—a time of the year when Americans, at least, consider that London is to be seen at its very best; in the autumn they wish to avoid the rainy weather, and in the winter they feel that nothing but distance can lend enchantment to the fogs. Only in the springtime, during "the season," do many of these people look upon London as a suitable dwelling place. The owners of the most magnificent residences occupy them only for a few months during the year. Then the furniture is draped with dust-sheets, the blinds are drawn, the crevices of the doors and windows stopped with newspapers, and the great gloomy mansions stare down blankly at the occasional passer-by.

But not all of those who desire to leave London can afford to leave unoccupied houses as well, for the keeping up of two establishments would be too great a drain on their financial resources; so from the drawing-room window is suspended the sign: "To Let—Furnished." Then someone else moves in—perhaps an American, who has come over to study London in all its different phases, and, in the end, learns to love London in spite of, or perhaps because of, the rain and mud and fog.

And then there are so many other reasons for exhibiting the placard—"To Let—Furnished." There are the people who make a business of the furnishing of houses simply for the purpose of sub-letting them, having no other income than that which thus accrues. They may live in another house themselves, just around the corner, or they may have taken up their abode in a town or country boarding house. Then, too, might be mentioned the young married people, who, starting out with a youthful enthusiasm to have a "home of their own," take a long lease of a roomy house in an expensive neighbourhood, furnish it up in a befitting style, and, afterwards, on examining their purses, find themselves in the position of the man who began to build and was not able to finish. So they sorrowfully move out, and into lodgings, and are succeeded by unsympathetic strangers, who feel no sentiment concerning the every-day use of the most highly prized wedding gifts.

And here I am reminded of the story of a youthful married pair in a certain small American town, whose neighbours were always able to keep themselves informed of the state of domestic felicity that reigned within their dwelling by the occasional appearance and disappearance of various placards on the front of the house. Both the house and the land were their own property. About six months after their marriage, the sign "For Rent—Furnished," was noticed to be hanging in a conspicuous place near the highly polished brass bell. They had had a misunderstanding, which sent the bride to her mother and the husband to his club. The misunderstanding, however, was settled, as were several others; until, later on, the simple legend: "For Rent" appeared, and the neighbours knew by the storing of the furniture that something more than an ordinary quarrel had taken place. Yet this also was satisfactorily arranged, when the furniture was returned in the storage vans and distributed about the house as formerly. But at the end of a year, an auction sale was announced. Then the inside shutters were tightly locked against the windows, the double doors were bolted, and a shingle nailed up which announced to passers-by that the house was "For Sale." I believe this was followed by divorce proceedings on the ground of "incompatibility of temper," and the house went into the hands of another and more permanent owner.

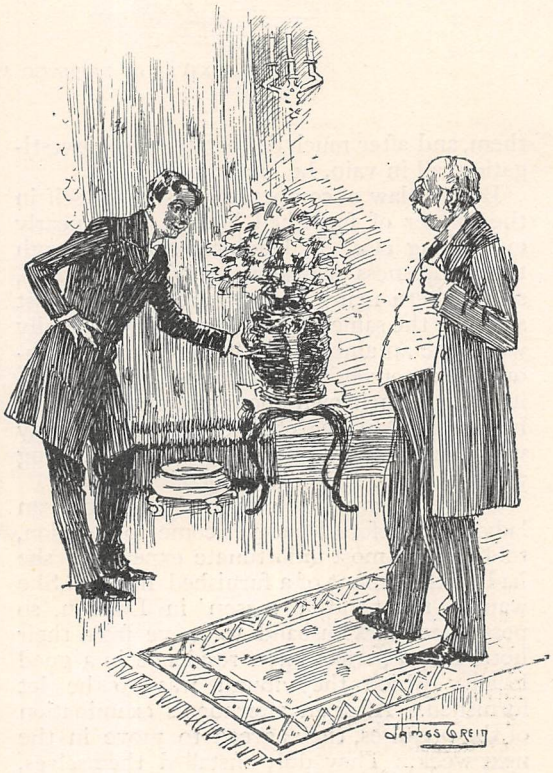
There are many advantages and disadvantages for both the landlord and the tenant

connected with the letting of furnished houses. The subject of "wear and tear" is one of the chief causes for dispute between the two parties, for it is rather difficult to decide to a nicety at just what point "wear and tear" ends, and gross carelessness and wilful damage begin. In New York, where all the household linen is included in the furniture and so left for the use of the new tenant, there are frequent expostulations on the part of the owner when, at the end of the term, it is discovered that numerous sheets, towels, and table-cloths are missing, which the tenant explains are "worn out," and thus come under this very elastic provision.

In London, where the linen is not usually left for the use of the tenant, this particular cause for contention is avoided, but there is still the trouble of a disagreement concerning the matter of breakage; and who shall decide whether or not the complete demolition of the best china tea or dinner set or the huge cracks and chips in costly drawing-room bric-à-brac shall be simply explained as the result of "wear and tear"? I think that in matters of this kind the tenant usually has the advantage, for in spite of the very complete inventory that is usually taken by the owner, there are frequently many things that are not particularly specified, and not everyone would care to appeal to the courts to settle a claim concerning broken dishes. And there are the carpets, all brilliantly clean when left by their owner and all stained and discoloured with coffee and ashes or neglected dust when the tenant moves away. If approached on this subject there is but one answer, which is put in the form of a question as to whether a carpet may be expected to look as clean at the end of a year's usage as on the day it was first laid on the floor.

Some tenants are good enough to make an attempt at replacing certain articles of furniture which they have injured or destroyed. I have heard of one case in London where such replacing was done, much to the loss of the owner. A large vase of the costliest Dresden ware was broken or said to have been broken. The tenant informed the landlord that he had bought another exactly like it, which, to all first appearances, was the case. Yet afterwards, when the tenant had gone away, it was discovered that any number of "replacements" of that particular kind might be bought for twenty shillings each! It also came to light that various other things about the place had been "replaced" in this same way. Wool mattresses reposed on the beds where hair mattresses had been left the year before. The covering was precisely of the same pattern and colour, and no one knew the difference until it was made manifest in the small amount of comfort to be obtained from a night's sleep. Many of the pillows, appearing to have none of their wonted downy softness, were ripped open, when matted "flock" was disclosed to the horrified gaze of the housewife. In such a case, of course, the temporary tenants had left no address behind them. They were probably in another city, even another country, and were no doubt enabled to start housekeeping in a most comfortable, if not luxurious manner, with the "damaged" furniture which they had so thoughtfully "replaced" with new goods.

Another landlord who had let his house to a "most respectable" tenant, returned from his foreign travels to find that he was very much in debt to tradesmen of every description. They were not the tradesmen whom he had hitherto patronised, but they had always been most anxious to obtain his custom; so when they finally got a few orders from this long-coveted address, they took it for granted that Mr. —— was still residing there. Mr. ——'s successor did not disabuse their minds, but he gradually made his orders larger and more frequent. He moved away before the bills were sent in, and Mr. —— returned to receive



"HE HAD BOUGHT ANOTHER EXACTLY LIKE IT."

"A MIXTURE OF EMPHATIC AMERICAN ACCENT AND TEARS."

them, and after much deliberation and investigation, all in vain, he finally paid them.

But the law of compensation shows itself in the matter of furnished houses as in nearly everything else. If landlords suffer through the carelessness or dishonesty of their tenants, so are there many cases where tenants must suffer in the same way. More than one family who have an ambition to "keep house" without the inconvenience of possessing and moving about their own goods and chattels, have had reason to regret and deplore the day when they were tempted by that glittering placard: "To Let—Furnished."

I have in mind the case of an American lady, who, before I had yet come to London, told me of a most unfortunate experience she had as the tenant of a furnished house. She wanted to spend a season in London, so persuaded her husband to move from their hotel into a perfect bijou residence in a good locality which they found was to be let furnished. After an afternoon's examination of the premises, they agreed to move in the next week. They duly installed themselves, paid four months' rent in advance, and the family who up to that time had been in possession went away to a far country. On the very first night of their arrival it was discovered that there was some difficulty with the gas. Turn and twist as they would at the fixtures, no illumination could be obtained when they applied the lighted match. They ate dinner and spent the evening by lamplight, and the next day when a personal visit was paid at the gas company's office, the state of things was explained by the information that the gas had been turned off on account of a two quarters' bill being unpaid. It was decided that on the whole it would be better to pay the bill than to move out. The American tenant thought he could hold the furniture if the owner refused to reimburse him for this expenditure, but when, a few days later the proprietor of an establishment that furnished houses on the hire system, made his appearance to collect either money or furniture, not apparently particular as to which he did, there was a mixture of emphatic American accent and tears on the part of the occupants of that house. It is needless to say that no trace of the "landlord" could be

found, and the Americans returned immediately to their own country, sadder and wiser, and very much the poorer.

It is, of course, not usual for houses to be sub-let when they are furnished on the hire system, or when the furniture is encumbered with a bill of sale. Indeed, I believe that this is generally forbidden by the agreement in such cases; yet there is always a chance for dishonesty in matters of this kind which those who would live in furnished houses would do well to investigate thoroughly.

Then there are the beautifully-furnished houses in such excellent neighbourhoods that are "so very cheap." Sometimes the present incumbent is willing to let them for the mere rental, without charging anything for the use of the furniture. There is always some unpleasant reason for these low terms. It is often to be traced to the drainage facilities, which, being bad, make the house unhealthy, or it is possible that the house may have the reputation of being "haunted." This latter reason, however, would only deter superstitious persons from taking advantage of the low price, and the "haunted" house is far preferable to the one that is badly drained. The cheapness of such houses may also be due to the fact that some great trouble, either death or disgrace, has fallen upon the occupants, who, wishing to be rid of the unhappy associations, are willing to let the house and furnishings without a profit to themselves. Very often tragedy and despair are hidden behind the sign "To Let—Furnished."

It is no small or convenient matter to start out with a list of furnished houses in search of a suitable habitation among them. Only occasionally is the lady of the house herself to be seen on the first inspection of the property. She usually delegates her servant to show off the advantages, and skip the disadvantages, of the establishment. I remember going through one such house with a friend, who, noting that all the chairs and sofas were covered with dust-sheets, desired the servant to remove them that she might see what was underneath.

"Oh, no, ma'am!" exclaimed the servant in an awestruck tone, "they're never taken off, only to be washed—and then others are put on."

"But they would be off all the time if I rented the house. I wouldn't like the drawing-room to look like a graveyard—all in white," said the lady.

But the girl was not to be persuaded. She insisted that anyone who took the house must keep the furniture always covered. Whether this was because it was so very beautiful or quite the contrary, we did not discover.

Every servant who shows one through a furnished house confidently expects sixpence, sometimes a shilling, for the trouble she is taking, notwithstanding the fact that she is left in charge for that very purpose, so that a house-hunting expedition of this sort is often a rather expensive affair. In some cases the servants "go with the house," the owner insisting that if you rent the house you must hire the servants as well. This is especially the case when the house is to be let only for a short time and the mistress desires to retain her favourite servants. Under such circumstances the temporary occupant is much to be pitied, for the servants so left behind become little less than spies and private detectives, reporting to their retainers the minutest detail concerning the housekeeping and private affairs of the new family. Indeed, they are sometimes left for that very purpose, and though the fact that they "know the house

"'OH, NO, MA'AM!' EXCLAIMED THE SERVANT IN AN AWE-STRUCK TONE."

and the work" may be a recommendation in favour of taking them as part of the fixtures, it is usually a good policy to refuse combinations of this kind.

When lodging and boarding houses are to be let furnished, not only do the servants often "go with the house," but the lodgers and boarders as well. This system is much in vogue among landladies, though it often brings about disastrous results to all the parties concerned.

There are large numbers of people in London who spend their whole lives in moving about from one furnished house to another. Theirs is not the case of those persons who wish to live in London only for a short period during the year, and so find it inconvenient to fit up a house for their habitation. They move into furnished houses when they are married, and henceforth their lives become a general knocking about "from pillar to post." They have no permanent abiding place, and some of them appear to desire none.

Their position is, in a way, a delightfully irresponsible one, but there are many disadvantages attached to it. They are continually changing their address on their cards and letter-heads, and each successive Post-Office Directory locates them differently. One of the great drawbacks to this way of living is that they are looked upon with a certain degree of suspicion by shopkeepers and tradespeople, and are usually requested to pay cash for what they buy. Besides the knowledge that they have no household goods to attach in case of debt, the tradesmen also have the feeling that it would be very easy for them to pack their boxes and move away, leaving the furnished house and their debts behind them.

When I was engaged as an apprentice in a laundry, I soon discovered that the rule of the proprietor was to allow no quarter to customers who rented their houses furnished. When, in such houses, there happened to be no "change" for the payment of the weekly washing account, the carman was directed to return the hamper to the laundry.

This is also the custom in the dressmaking business, and only scant credit is given to ladies who rent furnished houses. It is sometimes a cause for wonder in the minds of customers as to just how tradesmen happen to know whether or not the house furnishings belong to them or to somebody else. They forget that a few questions diplomatically put to the servants will usually satisfy the tradesmen's curiosity on this point.

This is only one of the several disadvantages connected with spending one's life in houses fitted up by other people. To those fortunate persons who from youth to old age have lived under but one roof, among the same associations, there is something almost pathetic in the position of these homeless wanderers, who have never lived in one house or one neighbourhood long enough to take a genuine interest in it.

In New York and other American cities, the number of residences that are to be let furnished is small compared with those in London. This is perhaps due to the London custom of requiring a tenant to lease a house for a long term of years, while in America the one year system is the rule, so that there it is quite as convenient and almost as inexpensive to hire a house for a year and furnish it on the hire system, if necessary, as it would be to take a furnished house in London.

THE VOICE OF THE CHARMER.

By L. T. MEADE, Author of "The Medicine Lady," etc. etc.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—MARGOT'S SECRET.

MARGOT went back to town, confided her happy secret to her mother, and preparations for the wedding began. Dering wished it to take place immediately, but Margot opposed him in this. She was content to be engaged, but did not wish for an immediate marriage. She suggested that their wedding might take place about Christmas; they could then start immediately for the south, and escape some of the dreary winter weather. Her manner towards Sir Wilfred was full of great and real affection, and although he was annoyed at her not yielding to his wishes for an immediate marriage, he could not very well refuse to accede gracefully to her desires.

The wedding was at last fixed for an early date in January, although even then no day was absolutely named for the auspicious event.

In January, however, delay came from an unexpected source—the whole country was in

the whirl and excitement of a general election. Ward, according to his intention, stood as one of the Conservative candidates for Sidminster. Dering was deeply interested. He helped his friend with all that influence and money could do, and Margot found it easy to drop the subject of the wedding for yet a little longer.

She owned to herself in the privacy of her own room that she was glad of this. She was happy, but not quite happy. Much of the old laughter, the old brightness, the old sweetness had come back to her, but she knew that somewhere behind it still lurked a shadow. She carried a secret in her heart which she dared not look at. Her real objection to marrying Sir Wilfred lay in the fact that, dearly as she loved him, she could not confide to him her secret dread. Mrs. Fletcher was a very happy woman again, and Margot was loving and gentle as of old to her mother, but even to her mother she could not talk of the shadow that stood between her and absolute contentment.

Dering spent most of his time at Sidminster, and Margot was glad to remain quietly in London. Ward had by no means overrated his powers of fascination. He was a stranger to the Sidminster people; nevertheless, he appeared amongst them with a certain *cachet* which induced them to receive him well. His wife was the owner of the Red Lodge. The Rhodeses had always been popular as landlords, and among them all no one had been more beloved than Miss Rhodes and her beautiful niece. Patty Neville took hearts by storm wherever she appeared, and Ward, as her husband, carried the best of good credentials. When he made his maiden speech to his supporters it was listened to with profound interest. Soon the powerful voice, the personal note in the man aroused enthusiasm; before his first speech was over it was unnecessary for Ward to bring any credentials to win him favour but those which Nature had given him. The power in his eyes, the depth and richness of his voice, the sarcasm mingled with kindly humour, the incisive argument which never missed a point, and above and beyond all this the magnetic influence which the man himself possessed so strongly over all with whom he came in contact, told mightily in his favour. On the day of the election he was returned by a large majority, and took his seat in the House early in February.

"And now I can get married," said Dering, on the day he saw his friend and his friend's wife duly installed in a beautiful house in Mayfair. He was in high spirits at the result of the election, and went off to see Margot, feeling wonderfully light of heart.

Margot greeted him with smiles and loving words. He spoke at once of their marriage.

"We are in February," he said; "all preparations have been made. Let us have a special licence, and be married next week."

"I should like to wait until March," she said. "Mother finds the long evenings dull; let me stay with her until the spring really comes, Wilfred—it is only a few weeks off now."

"'MARGOT, ARE YOU WELL?'" (*p.* 742).

"There you are, making an excuse whenever our wedding is spoken of," said Dering impatiently.

She coloured, sighed, and looked down.

"Is it possible that, after all, you don't love me?" he said, gazing at her gloomily.

"I love you better every day," she answered, and this was true.

He put his hand suddenly under her chin, and lifting up her pretty dark face, looked at it attentively.

"Margot, are you well? You look old for your years."

"I am perfectly well," replied Margot, a faint irritation coming into her voice.

"You don't look it," replied Dering. "Why have you got those black shadows under your eyes, and these lines here?"—he touched the neighbourhood of her pretty lips as he spoke. "You are a happy girl, Margot; you are going to marry the man you love, and who loves you, God knows how dearly. You ought not to look careworn."

"No lot is without its worries," said Margot, "but I didn't know that I showed mine in my face."

"Tell me your worries, dearest; let me smooth them away for you."

"I have nothing that I can tell you, Wilfred."

"But something worries you?"

"Well, perhaps, but don't let us speak of it."

"Have you a secret that you won't tell me, Margot? Is it possible that you are really hiding something from me?"

She coloured when he said this. The shadow which clouded her seemed to gain substance and press against her heart; her heart stirred rebelliously, giving her a sharp sense of pain.

"I can't tell you a lie," she said.

"Then you are hiding something from me; you have a secret, a secret which makes your face look old? Is that the reason why you constantly defer our happiness?"

"Wilfred, I will confess something; I have a sorrow—it troubles me now and then, but it has nothing whatever to do with either you or me."

"Nevertheless, darling, it makes you pale one moment and red the next; it worries you and adds to your years. You ought to tell it to me; a husband and wife should have no secrets one from the other."

"I know," she answered in a low tone, "and——"

"That is why you hesitate to become my wife?" said Sir Wilfred.

"Yes."

"Well, get rid of the objection by making a full confidence to me now."

"I cannot. The matter which vexes me does not concern us. It would do you no good to know. I can't tell you; you must not press me."

"Margot, my darling, do you really mean this? Do you really mean to say that in the end you will marry me and keep something deliberately from me? You say it is of no importance, but it worries you, it ages you. I love you far better than I love my own life. I have vowed solemnly before Heaven to devote all the best that is in me to your service. Tell me your secret care, dearest; let us bury it together."

She looked up at him when he said this. He was all that was lovable and beautiful in her eyes; he was her perfect ideal of young manhood. She believed him to be, what in truth he was, one of the best of men. He was surrounded at present, too, with that halo of romance with which most good and innocent girls invest their heroes and lovers. The worry of her secret, the worry of her strange intolerable doubt, was eating like a canker into her soul, and for a brief moment the thought of confiding in Dering—of getting Dering, who was strong, manly, noble, to help her to bear her burden, of letting him see deep down into her inmost heart was a sore temptation—but a moment's quick reflection told her that it would never do. Dering was Ward's friend. Could he be really his friend in the future if he knew of this? A woman, even the best woman, has a curious power of disguising her real feelings; Dering had no power of concealing what he really felt. Margot dared not tell him. Ought she, after all, to marry him? As his wife she might some day be tempted to reveal to him her secret fears.

"There is treachery, there is treachery," she might cry to him some day, and then that which she would die rather than tell would be noised abroad.

"It is true," she said gently, putting her hand into his, and looking up at him sadly. "It is true that I have a secret. I will never tell it to anyone; I have vowed to be silent, and I will keep my vow before Heaven. As such is the case, am I the fit wife for you?"

The sweetness of her manner, the pathos in her voice completely melted the sense of annoyance in Sir Wilfred's breast for the time.

He kissed her with passion, and told her that secret or no secret she was the only wife for him.

"I won't say any more now," he answered; "perhaps before the ceremony really takes place you will confide in me."

Margot smiled without replying; her smile was through tears. The wedding was fixed for the tenth of March.

Soon afterwards Dering took his leave, and went to see Ward in his little house in Mayfair.

Ward was not in, but Dering ran up to the drawing-room, where he found Patty.

"Well," she said, coming eagerly to meet him; "what news? How soon are we to prepare for the wedding?"

"We are to be married on the tenth of

"SHE DESIRED THE DRIVER TO TAKE HER TO SEE DR. POWER" (*p.* 745).

March," he replied. "After some difficulty I have got Margot to fix a date at last."

He sank down into a chair as he spoke, and looked gloomily in front of him. The knowledge that Margot held a secret which fretted her was returning to worry him.

"What is the matter?" said Patty. "You ought to be the happiest man in the world. What is vexing you?"

"You know Margot very well, don't you?" said Dering.

"I think I do."

"Well, she is fretting about something, and won't tell me what it is. Do you believe in a husband and wife starting a long life together, and the wife keeping an important fact from her husband's knowledge?"

"In Margot's case I should not mind," said Patty. "Margot is imaginative; she may not really have a secret at all; she may imagine something which does not exist."

Patty's lips turned white as she said these words; and as her fashion was when the least bit agitated, she pressed her hand to her left side.

"There! I have upset you," said Dering.

"I don't believe you are a bit strong yet, although Ward says that you are miles better than you were last summer."

"I am really quite well," said Patty. "But to return to Margot; if I were you, Sir Wilfred——"

"What would you do if you were me?" asked Sir Wilfred.

"I should ignore the fact that Margot confesses to a secret; it is in all probability a shadow which she has conjured up to cloud her great happiness. Will you entrust the matter to me? I will go and see her to-morrow; I will talk to her, and get her to confide in me. Oh, she will make you the noblest of wives, the most loving, the most true. Perhaps that which worries her may be dissolved into air after we have had a little conversation. The cloud may pass, the secret may no longer exist. Yes, I will go and speak to her."

Patty's words were uttered to the accompaniment of kindling eyes and flaming cheeks. She looked lovely, with the ethereal beauty which those not destined for a long life so often possess. At this juncture Ward came into the room.

Dering jumped up and came to meet him.

"We are to be married on the tenth of March," he said.

"I congratulate you," answered Ward in his inscrutable fashion. There was not a scrap of feeling in his icy voice; his grey eyes, cold in their expression, were fixed on Dering's glowing face; his thin lips wore a faint, almost imperceptible, sneer.

Patty turned away and began to arrange some photograph on the mantelpiece.

Dering continued to stand.

"Won't you sit down?" said Ward. "You'll stay to dinner, of course?"

"No, thanks, I must be off; I have a great deal to see to. Are you going to the House to-night, Ward?"

"I shall look in later—after dinner; there is nothing special on this evening. I will walk with you to your diggings if you like, Dering."

"A moment later the two young men found themselves in the street together.

"What do you think of my wife?" was Ward's first remark to his friend.

"She is the most beautiful creature I ever saw," answered Dering with enthusiasm.

"Bless you, old man, I don't ask you about her looks. You have not seen her for some weeks. Do you think she is in better health?"

"I'm not sure; she flushes easily, and a trifle upsets her. Frankly, Ward, I don't think her strong at all. Have you consulted a doctor about her?"

"I have not," answered Ward. "Doctors can't help a case like Patty's. You are right, Dering, she is not strong. I will give you a confidence: Patty, if she lives, will be a mother in a few months' time."

"I congratulate you," answered Dering.

Ward frowned.

"Don't," he interrupted. "This is not, in my opinion,

"'OH, WHAT AM I TO DO? HOW AM I TO LIVE?'" (*p.* 746).

a matter for congratulation. I don't know that I'm at all fitted to play the *rôle* of father. But to turn from this matter to your own personal affairs. I am glad your wedding-day is fixed. Miss Fletcher has shown strange reluctance in coming to the point. By the way, what were you saying about her to my wife when I came in? I saw by Patty's face that she was a good deal excited."

"Your wife is full of sympathy," answered Dering. "That which concerns others gives her immeasurable interest. I was only telling her that Margot's and my wedding-day is finally fixed."

"Well, I hope you won't put it off again. Take my congratulations. You, Dering, are the sort of man who ought to make a good thing out of the vast lottery called marriage."

"I hope so."

"Why do you speak in that desponding tone? Have you any doubts on the subject?"

"I ought not to have any; and yet I am doubtful. Margot is the best girl that ever lived; but at the present moment something is worrying her, and she won't confide in me."

"I thought as much," answered Ward.

"You thought so? You perceived that something was making Margot hipped and good for nothing? Has she spoken to you on the subject?"

"By no means, my dear fellow. I looked at her when last I saw her, and perceived by her face that she possessed a secret."

Dering turned and stared hard at Ward; Ward's expression was wooden.

"Would you marry a wife with a secret?" asked Dering suddenly.

"Undoubtedly," answered Ward, "provided she revealed it to me."

"But Margot positively refuses to tell me."

Ward shrugged his shoulders.

"Women are unfathomable," he remarked. "Perhaps Miss Fletcher has really nothing to confide. Some women are fond of mysteries. Imagination with them conjures a shadow into a solid and terrible mountain."

"Margot is not one of those girls," replied Dering.

"Perhaps not; well, I can't advise you. Here's my club. I will say 'Good-night,' I want to look at the last edition of the *Pall Mall* before I go to the House."

Chapter XXXVIII.—The Devil's Bargain.

PATTY slept badly that night—the thought of Margot came between her and her repose. Dering's words had made the fear which had never quite slumbered into a very real certainty. Margot's suspicions were on the alert. Patty herself was to blame for this. She did not possess her husband's marvellous self-control. In a moment of strong emotion she had allowed Margot to get a glimpse at her troubled heart. The thought now kept Patty awake. Her night was bad in every way, her heart suffered physically. As the hours dragged by, she lay as motionless as she could, fearing to disturb Ward, who was a light sleeper, and made up her mind to two things. She must see Margot, and do something to blind her friend's eyes. Margot must marry Dering on the 10th of March—there must be no further postponement of this great event. If Margot were really mistress of the Hind, restitution would be made, and Patty's heart might rest in peace. Yes, Patty would see Margot, but first of all she would go on a mission on her own account. She rose early, breakfasted alone, told the servant to let Ward know that she would be back to lunch, and then went out.

The day happened to be especially fine and spring-like; the balmy air revived Patty's drooping spirits, and removed the headache which added to her troubles. She began to walk briskly, and soon reached a post-office. From there she despatched a telegram to Margot. "Will call to see you between eleven and twelve o'clock," she wired. She then hailed a passing hansom, and desired the driver to take her to see Dr. Power, in B—— Street. She arrived in good time at the great man's house. The footman who opened the door asked her if she had an appointment.

"No," answered Patty, "but perhaps Dr. Power will see me if you will kindly give him my card."

The servant asked her to walk into the waiting-room. Patty was the first patient to arrive. In about ten minutes' time she found herself in Dr. Power's presence.

The well-known physician was accustomed to seeing fresh faces every day of his life, but he had the wonderful gift of never forgetting anyone. Patty's visiting card had conveyed no special meaning to him, but the moment he saw her face, he gave a start of surprise and pleasure.

"I am very glad to see you again," he said. "How are you? I trust you are better." Here he glanced at her card. "I see that you are married," he said. "Perhaps you took my advice and made yourself happy. Pray sit down on that chair and tell me all about yourself."

Patty obeyed—she was trembling a good deal. She was easily influenced by natures stronger than her own—this partly accounted for Ward's extraordinary power over her—she glanced now at the doctor, and found it impossible to tell him a lie.

"I trust you are happy," he said, giving her a keen glance, which seemed to read her through.

"I am not," she answered; she suddenly, and to her own dismay, burst into tears.

Dr. Power moved to one of the windows; he drew down the blind in order to place his patient in shadow. He then filled a glass with water and gave it to Patty to drink.

"Take your own time," he said, "your tears will relieve you. I am not specially pressed this morning."

Patty drank a sip or two of water, and with an effort recovered her self-control.

"I am ashamed of myself," she said. "I see that you are kind—your glance upsets me. I took your advice, I married the man whom I passionately love—I am not happy. The fact is I have sinned against my conscience. I thought my conscience would die, but it won't; it gives me no peace. My restless mind affects my body. I have come to speak to you now, not on the subject of my happiness or unhappiness, for that matter is absolutely hopeless, but on the subject of my health."

"I am deeply sorry. Of course, anything you tell me is under the seal of absolute secrecy. You come to me to cure your physical ailments—how can I do so if your mind is not at rest?"

"If my conscience were to die, my mind would have peace; perhaps it will die presently. I married with the hope that this would be so; now I begin to doubt whether it is at all in my power to kill conscience. I feel that I have undertaken what I can't fulfil."

"Don't you know that you are saying a very terrible thing?" said Dr. Power. "Conscience is the Voice of God. Do you want the Divine Voice really to be stilled?"

"I can't speak of it, Dr. Power," said Patty rising restlessly. "I can't tell you all. There is no living being who could understand my story; I don't look for sympathy. I have made a bargain and I must abide by it. If the moment of death came I would shrink from it with terror. I have bargained for a happy life in this world. I want my life to be happy, I want to have health to enjoy it. I know very well that there is no future for me beyond this life. You see how necessary it is for me to live a long time."

"You puzzle me very much," said Dr. Power. "Yours is a case for a clergyman, not for a physician."

"A thousand times no! I would not see a clergyman for the world."

"And you want me to do something to make you live?"

"If you can. If it is at all within your reach."

"I greatly fear," said Dr. Power, "that what you tell me with regard to your mental state will shorten your days; it would not be right for me to say anything else. I said to you before, Mrs. Ward, 'Get happiness.' No one is happy who has a mind ill at ease. You earnestly crave a long life, you are not going the right way to obtain it."

"When conscience dies, I shall be happy," said Patty.

"That is a very terrible thing to hope for. It is only right to tell you frankly that you are very unlikely to obtain your wish. Yours is the sort of nature which must suffer acutely when conscience is tampered with. It is my firm conviction that in your case the Divine Voice will never be still."

"Oh, what am I to do? How am I to live?" moaned Patty.

She covered her face, and groaned aloud.

Dr. Power looked at her with great pity. A case like this was new to him. With all his vast experience he had never before met anyone who deliberately sought to stifle good. He gave a glance of tender compassion at the face, so young, so sweet, at the girlish hands, the sunny hair.

"God help that poor young woman," he said to himself. "What devil has got possession of her? it surely can't be her husband."

A sudden thought occurred to him.

"By the way," he said abruptly, and speaking in a brisk tone, "do you happen to be any relation to the new member for Sidminster? I was in the House last night, and listened to his maiden speech. He is an extraordinary person. He has a very marked individuality."

"I know," answered Patty; "he is my husband."

She looked a miserable woman before; now a beautiful and proud light leapt into her eyes, her face was transformed, colour filled her cheeks and lips, she sat no longer huddled together, but upright. Dr. Power gazed at her fixedly.

"Your husband will make his mark," he said, after a pause. "I can see that you are proud of him. I am not surprised, he has considerable oratorical powers. His party have gained a powerful ally in such a man. I have never listened to more clear, incisive, withering sarcasm in my life. I belong to the opposite side, but I was impressed by your husband's well-chosen words."

"All that know him feel the same," answered Patty, "he is irresistible—that is, when he chooses to put out his strength."

"But to return to your physical sufferings,"

said Dr. Power, after a brief pause. "I remember when I last saw you that you were under the influence of a severe heart attack. Do you still suffer from your heart?"

"I do; it is never still; it is about my heart I want to consult you. It beats too hard. I am always conscious of it; its great throbs tire me inexpressibly."

"Will you unfasten your dress, and let me listen to it now?"

Patty did as she was told.

Dr. Power applied the stethoscope, and listened to her heart-sounds attentively. When he had concluded his examination his face looked grave.

"It is difficult for a doctor to prescribe who does not know the state of the case all round," he said. "You will not confide in me?"

"I cannot."

"Well, I must take my patient as I find her."

"What is the verdict?"

"Your case, Mrs. Ward, resembles many others. You are a finely-made young woman, but you have little or no staying power. I have known thin, nervous women go through almost any strain without breaking down. It is my duty to tell you frankly that you are not one of those. Your heart suffers because of the mental strain which you have alluded to."

"The mental strain must abide with me until I have strength to cast it off," said Patty.

"Then, honestly, my verdict is not reassuring."

"Is my heart worse?"

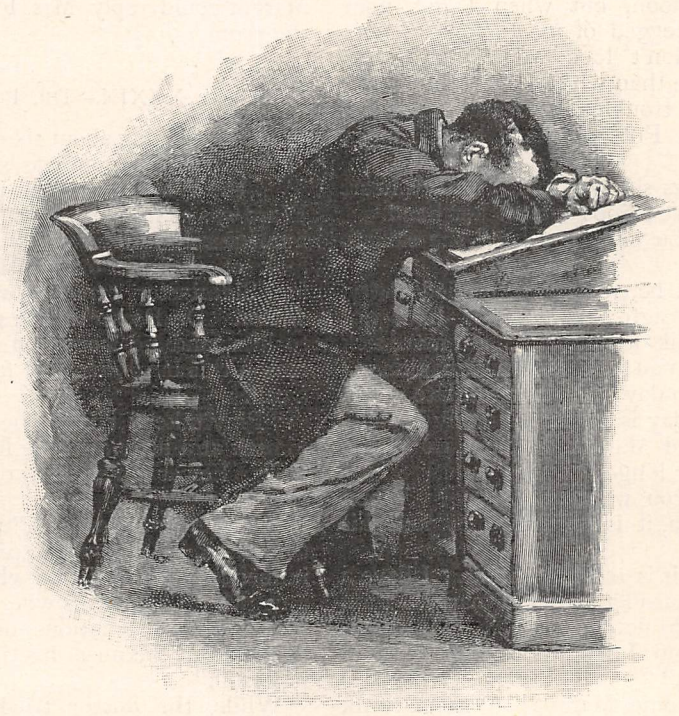
"It is certainly no better. At the same time your case just now is not incurable. Even now, with absolute rest of mind and body, your tired heart might regain its tone; in short, you might in a few years' time become fairly strong."

"But never quite strong? I dread death. Death to me would be shorn of all those comforts which religion can offer. I can only think of it as silent, cold oblivion—that is the very best the future can offer me. I dread it inexpressibly. Can you not save me? Is there no narcotic you can give me to deaden my mind?"

"I cannot. Your real cure is altogether outside my province. I am not surprised that you love life. You are young—you have a husband of whom any woman may be proud; and by-and-by, if you take care of yourself, you will know the bliss of motherhood. You have much to live for, and yet——"

"I must live—I dare not die," said Patty. "I dread the unknown."

"And yet," continued Dr. Power, "those live best and happiest who are also willing to die. Those live most peacefully who don't speak of the future as unknown. The state of silence, cold, and oblivion to which you have just alluded does not exist to them. Such people see something very rapturous in the future life."



"BURIED HIS HEAD ON HIS OUTSTRETCHED ARMS" (*p.* 750).

"Yes, but the rapture is not for me. Now, I must not take up any more of your time."

"I will write you a prescription which ought to strengthen you," said Dr. Power.

He did so, and a moment or two afterwards Patty left him.

She got into another hansom and drove to Mrs. Fletcher's address in West Kensington. Her interview with the great doctor had by no means reassured her.

"Be happy and you will live," she murmured to herself. "How can I be happy? By what possible means can I forget the sin which I have sinned? I have sold myself. By what possible means can I forget the

master who will claim my soul by-and-by? Well, I dare not think. I will do what I can to deceive Margot, and the future must take care of itself."

Patty reached the humble little house at West Kensington. She ran up the steps, and a moment or two later was in the presence of her friend.

Her own face looked feverish and over-excited, in strong contrast to Margot's. Margot greeted her friend affectionately.

"I am delighted to see you, Patty; mother will be in by-and-by. She meant to call on you this afternoon, but when I got your telegram, she begged of me to keep you to lunch. You don't look well, Patty; you look even worse than when I saw you last."

"Oh, it's this troublesome heart of mine; it beats too hard. Put your hand here, Margot—feel."

Margot did as she was told. Patty's heart bounded in great throbs against her hand.

"How can you endure this?" she said to her friend.

"What must be, must be," replied Patty, with a restless sigh. "Margot, I have not come here to talk of myself. I am more sick of myself than you can possibly imagine. I have come to-day to congratulate you. Your wedding-day is at last definitely fixed."

"Yes," replied Margot. "I had no excuse to put it off any longer."

"How can you want an excuse? When you love a man, it is unfair to postpone his happiness."

"In my case it is scarcely unfair. I have a great deal to consider before I marry. I am determined to do nothing rashly. The day is at last fixed, and I hope that nothing may come to alter it."

"What can come, Margot? When I think of you and Sir Wilfred, I feel that the only shadow to your happiness will be the sort of humdrum life you will have to lead. Why, you literally won't have a cloud."

"Perhaps not," replied Margot.

She went over to the window, which she flung open—a spring-like air filled the little room. A window-box full of gay flowers, crocuses, snowdrops, and hyacinths was just then lit up by a brilliant flash of sunshine.

"Yes, I ought to be happy," she said. "Still I have a care."

"You have a care?" said Patty, her lip trembling. "I don't believe it."

"It is a fact."

"Tell me what it is. Perhaps I can dispel it for you."

Margot gave Patty an earnest glance. In spite of herself, Patty had pressed her hand against her beating heart.

"No," said Margot, "I can't worry you to-day, Patty. Some day, perhaps, I will tell you, but not to-day."

"I have come here to say something to you," said Patty. "I know you suspect me."

Margot turned crimson.

"What do you mean?" she said.

"I know you do," said Patty. "I wish to tell you—I don't mean to go into the thing, but I wish to tell you emphatically that you are mistaken."

Patty's eyes were now raised with a full, defiant, inscrutable stare to Margot's. Before Margot could reply, Mrs. Fletcher came into the room.

Chapter XXXIX.—Dr. Power and Ward.

THAT evening about six o'clock Dr. Power's private hansom was seen to draw up at the Wards' pretty house in Green Street. Ward was at home, and Dr. Power was shown immediately into his private study. With a look of surprise on his face, the member for Sidminster came forward to meet the doctor. Dr. Power's name was slightly known to him, and he wondered for what possible reason this busy man had favoured him with a call.

"Pray take a chair," he said. He stood himself at a little distance from his visitor.

Dr. Power gave him one or two keen glances.

"A man in a thousand," thought the doctor to himself. "A man of tremendous personal influence. He could do what he liked with any girl. That man's wife is certain to give him dog-like devotion—not because he is lovable but because his individuality is so powerful."

While the doctor tried to read Ward's character, Ward was making mental notes of him.

"That man has not come here for nothing," he said to himself—"it is unpleasant to be looked through, and he is looking through me—I wonder if he could do anything for Patty—I have a great mind to speak of her, now that he has called."

Power's voice suddenly breaking the silence startled Ward.

"Your wife came to consult me with regard to her health this morning."

Ward muttered a startled exclamation under his breath.

This news was so unexpected that it took him completely off his guard. A wave of red dyed his face—his grey eyes leapt with sudden light, but putting his usual restraint upon himself, after uttering the one word, he closed his lips tightly.

"Mrs. Ward called to see me this morning," continued Power; "she wished to consult me—she had consulted me once before—at that time she was not married. May I ask if you knew of her visit of to-day?"

"No," replied Ward.

"I thought not, that is why I have come to see you. I should wish you to regard the few words I have come to say as strictly confidential. It would be best for Mrs. Ward to know nothing of my interview with you."

"I will keep it from her if you think it desirable," replied Ward.

"I do—it is important not to shock her in any way."

Ward bowed.

"The fact is," continued Dr. Power, again fixing his bright eyes on the other man, "Mrs. Ward is in no condition to stand a shock—she suffers from an affection of the heart which at any moment may become dangerous."

Ward did not say anything.

"I will tell you how I first came to know your wife," continued Power. "I happened to meet her in an unconventional manner. I saw a young woman leaning against the railings in B—— Street in a fainting condition. She had just gone through severe physical torture. Drops of dew stood on her forehead, her lips were white. I gave her my arm, and conducted her at her own request to a chemist's shop near by. To my surprise, half an hour later she entered my consulting room, having been sent to me by the very chemist to whose door I had led her. She described the nature of her seizure. I examined her heart, and found that she had just suffered from an attack of angina pectoris. The heart was functionally affected, but there was no organic disease. It was, however, in such a condition that organic disease might manifest itself at any moment. I ordered her a tonic and spoke to her very plainly. In making my examination I discovered that she wore a wedding ring fastened to a ribbon round her neck."

At these words of the doctor's Ward gave another perceptible start. Dr. Power waited for him to speak, but his thin lips only took a harder, straighter line. He folded his arms and stood motionless.

"I did not allude to the discovery I had made," continued Dr. Power, "but I asked my patient quite frankly if she were unhappy. She replied in the affirmative. I told her that her unhappiness would kill her. I gave her to understand quite plainly that if her mind did not soon get relief, she would have organic disease, and would in all probability die young of heart disease. She thanked me and went away. I have heard nothing of her since until she came to see me this morning. She complained of her heart, and I gave her a careful examination. I looked at her, and asked her the question I asked her before. She confessed that she was still unhappy. She would not confide to me the reason of her grief, but there is not the least doubt that she is undergoing a terrible mental strain of some sort. Of course, it is impossible for me to tell whether you know anything of the state of your wife's mind or not; but I feel that I am only doing my duty by telling you, her husband, that if the strain of sorrow or guilt——"

"Guilt!" interrupted Ward. "What do you mean?"

"What I say—sorrow or guilt. She herself spoke to me to-day of a conscience ill at ease. If that conscience does not soon get relief, she is extremely likely to die of failure of the heart's action. I did not like to say this to her; but it may be possible for you, whom she so faithfully loves——"

"Oh, that is true," said Ward. "All her trouble is caused by love of me."

"I felt certain of it, or I would not have called upon you. This being so, you must know about her secret cause of unrest."

"I do."

"Then, Mr. Ward, it may be possible for you to remove the secret strain which is bringing your young wife to an early grave."

"I don't think so."

Dr. Power started.

"Do you really say that?" he asked.

"I do," replied Ward. He went across the room and deliberately locked the door. "Physicians often get confidences," he said. "I can't make you a full confidence; but now that you have broached the subject, now that my wife has herself broken the ice, I wish to say to you quite frankly that she and I, before we accepted the burden which we both carry, fully counted the cost. It was one of the possibilities of our strange case that what is going to happen might happen. I cannot confide in you, Dr. Power, nor can my wife; but if you can't help her to carry her burden, she must go to the grave with it."

"Is there no alternative?"

"None whatever."

Dr. Power sat silent for a moment, then he rose.

"I thank you for hearing me out so patiently," he said, "and for giving me even your partial confidence. Your case is very peculiar. I have no past experience to guide me in the matter. Some women might stand the strain to which your wife is being subjected."

"To which I am subjecting her," corrected

Ward. "I don't mince matters," he added. "I am the cause of her suffering and failure of health. It is a terrible position. I am a man not easily influenced by tender feelings—by that which is called love, but I love my wife. I can't alter matters, nor lighten her sufferings."

"That being the case," said Dr. Power, "I fear that she will not be long with you. I can't conceive any circumstances in which it can be necessary for a man to act as you are doing; but, as you say, I don't know the case. It seems to be connected with wrongdoing."

"It is."

"You cannot disclose it to me, nor allow me, as a stranger and a man of vast experience, to give you my advice in the matter?"

"I am obliged to you, Dr. Power. I am sure you would give me wise advice, but I cannot confide in you, nor could I take your advice if it were offered to me."

"Then I have no more to say. I pity you both. You have got under the power of evil. Whether you have done this deliberately or not, I cannot say. It is my firm opinion that nothing is worth evil. Good-bye. Remember, in conclusion, that your young wife inexpressibly dreads the death to which she is hastening."

"Would it be possible for you to attend my wife in her approaching illness?" asked Ward.

Dr. Power hesitated.

"Under the circumstances, I could not do it," he said. "You had better have a physician who does not know so much about her as I do."

Ward said nothing more, and in a few moments Dr. Power went away. Having seen him to his carriage, Ward returned to his study. He locked the door, sat down beside his writing-table, buried his head on his outstretched arms, gave one groan, and then sat silent. He remained in this motionless position for over an hour. At the end of that time he raised his head. His face looked grey, fresh lines of sorrow and age were perceptible, his thin lips were even more tightly compressed than usual.

"Is the game worth the candle?" he muttered to himself. He gave a harsh laugh, pushed a lot of papers out of sight, locked his writing-table, and went upstairs.

He entered his beautifully-furnished drawing-room. Patty was sitting by the fire in her dinner dress. She was looking brighter

"'NOW REST; I WILL SING TO YOU'" (*p.* 752).

and better than she had done for some time. Ward came quickly in, and stood at the opposite side of the hearth, not appearing to watch her, but giving her at intervals some keen, anxious glances.

"Are you going out to-night?" she asked, looking up at him.

"No; I intend to spend the evening with you, my love," he replied.

She gave a happy sigh, and sank back luxuriously in her comfortable chair.

"I will run upstairs now and change my dress," said Ward. "Then we can have dinner all by ourselves; afterwards we will sit here and talk."

"Delightful," said Patty. "We have not had a quiet evening for a long time."

"We will have one to-night," answered Ward.

He left the room, hastily changed his dress, and came downstairs. Dinner was announced. Patty went into their dining-room hanging on her husband's arm. A *récherché* little dinner was served, of the sort which pleased Ward's fastidious taste. The light was soft and shaded, the servants moved noiselessly about, the wine was of the best. After dinner Ward and Patty returned to the drawing-room. During the meal which they had just finished Ward had roused himself to put forth the best part of his very rare intellectual powers. Patty had a great deal of brain power herself. She had been well educated, and, although with her heart must ever preponderate over mind, she could in her husband's case so fully understand him that no one could be a more delightful companion, nor a more keen sympathiser in his many plans and projects than she was. As they dined together she listened with kindling eyes and smiling lips. For the time her trouble slept, and her animated words and keen wit proved themselves quite equal to the test to which Ward was subjecting them.

When they returned to the drawing-room, however, he ceased to talk about his more immediate plans and projects, and drawing a chair close to his wife took one of her hands in his.

"Patty," he said, a hoarse ring in his voice, "you must not desert me."

"Desert you, never," she replied. "Why do you say anything so queer?"

"You may die and leave me," he replied; "that would be desertion."

She turned pale, but the firm pressure of his hand seemed to give her strength.

"You know how earnestly I wish to live," she said in a low voice.

He didn't reply at all for a moment, then he said slowly—

"I wish to speak quite frankly; yours is a peculiar organism; you are endowed with heart and conscience to a dangerous degree; if you don't make an effort soon—a strong effort—you will die, because heart and conscience will have killed you. If you can bring yourself to be happy, Patty, you will have a long and a very brilliant life. You and I can become more absolutely one day by day, and year by year. You are quite a young woman; you are not yet even of age; your full powers are not reached; for years to come you may grow more beautiful, more talented, more completely soul of my soul and life of my life. Each year we shall amass greater and greater treasures. Having chosen the good things of life, it will be within our power to enjoy them to the full. Without you, Patty, I should be the loneliest man in the world. Successful, great, powerful, I should and could be without you, but I should also be miserable. Of what use is power, and what men call success, without happiness? Patty, you are essential to me; don't leave me; try to be happy."

"I have tried," replied Patty.

"But you have not succeeded. Why?"

"I don't know," she answered; "it is perhaps because my soul won't die."

"Forget your soul," said Ward. "Think of me. Be great enough to place me above your soul."

"But that is wrong—that is wrong, John."

"Don't thing of right or wrong; remember our compact. We are all-sufficient to each other; we live for each other. I never mean to forsake you; you must not forsake me. You must live to be my happiness—to be the best part of me."

"I will try," she answered; "your words give me strength. Speak to me often like this, and I may succeed."

"You will succeed," replied Ward, "that is, if you will bring your power of will to act in the matter. As to my talking often to you as I have just done, you must not expect it—it would be a waste of emotion, and good for neither of us. You must remember I am a man of few words; the love I show you this evening is always there, although I don't speak of it. Do you believe this?"

"I do; yes, I do."

"You will try to be happy?"

"I will."

"That is bravely spoken; that makes me proud of you. No woman has done more for a man than you have for me. Live for me now, be happy for me, and balance that overstrained heart of yours by using the intellectual powers with which you have been endowed."

"What do you mean?" she asked of him.

"Help me with your intellect as well as your heart. I have a great career before me; help me to take, if possible, the highest place. My ambition soars to any height; I have daring enough for anything. I see a path of honour and renown before us. Let us walk together up that path, Patty, step by step. By-and-by we will try to establish a *salon*, of which you will be the head. At our house men and women of the strongest intellects, of the greatest ambitions, shall meet to kindle each other's wits, to gain strength and courage from contact with each other. You shall be the beautiful queen of this *salon*—its centre, its life."

Patty sighed.

"You still my fears," she answered, after a pause. "I can do anything under your guidance. If I have intellect, it is yours; my heart is all yours; you fill my entire horizon. At the present moment my cup of bliss is full."

"Again I say that is bravely spoken. Now rest; I will sing to you."

Ward went to the piano, opened it, played a soft and brilliant prelude, and then it seemed to Patty as if the full flood-gates of the most exquisite melody had been opened, and that the angels themselves had entered the room. Ward sang as few but he could sing—his mellow and wonderful notes, the expression which he was able to convey in the simplest words, moved Patty's heart inexpressibly.

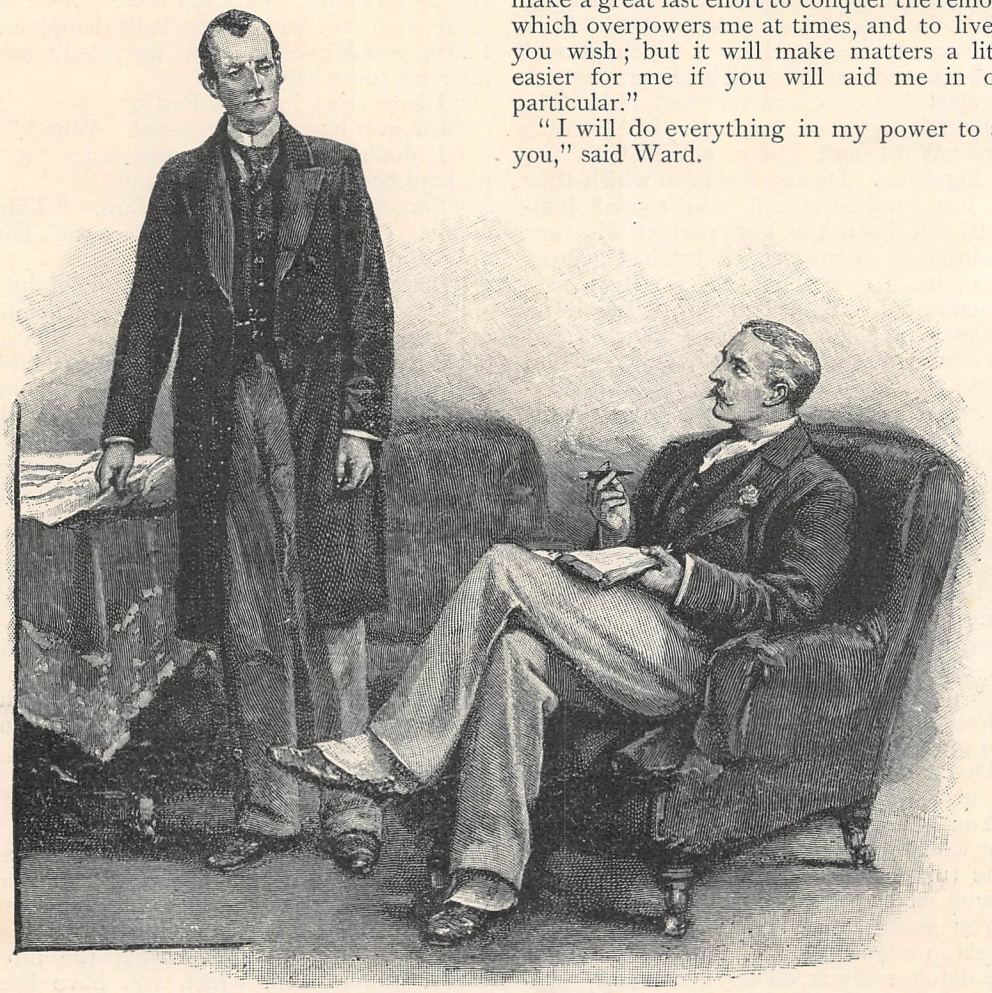
"He is worth losing my soul for," she said to herself with a sort of gasp.

She did not feel the horror of her own thought.

After Ward had shut the piano, and returned to her side, Patty asked him a question.

"I have made up my mind," she said, "to make a great last effort to conquer the remorse which overpowers me at times, and to live as you wish; but it will make matters a little easier for me if you will aid me in one particular."

"I will do everything in my power to aid you," said Ward.



"'IF I WERE YOU, DERING.'"

"I want you to promote Margot's marriage with Sir Wilfred."

This reply was evidently unexpected, and Ward's face slightly fell. Knowing that Margot still suspected Patty, it was his last wish that she should become Dering's wife. Patty noticed his hesitation.

"I have guessed your thoughts," she said. "You do not wish for this marriage?"

"Frankly, dearest, I do not."

"Why?"

"Because Margot Fletcher has a secret. If she marries Dering, she may confide her secret to him. Such a confidence would mean catastrophe."

"I don't think she will ever speak of it."

"But, on the other hand, she may."

Patty sighed.

"It is a pity," she said. "The marriage would comfort me—it would mean restitution."

She did not add any more. After a time her eyelids dropped over her tired eyes, and she slept. Ward sat by her side and watched her.

"She is beautiful!" he said to himself. "Her love is magnificent. I have conquered her great soul—it was meant for Divinity but it has stooped to me. Yes, I must keep her—I dare not let her go. She keeps that alive in me which makes me, with all my sins, not wholly a devil. She must live for me. Suppose I yield to her on that one point? Suppose I run the risk for her sake? She is haunted with this idea of restitution—let her have it. Yes, I will do what I can to promote the marriage which I have hitherto tried to hinder."

At an early hour the next day Ward met Dering at his club. Dering was not quite the man he used to be. There was a slightly careworn expression about his face, and now and then a faint irritability in the tones of his voice. This perplexity improved his appearance, and gave depth to the expression of his fine face. There was not the least doubt that he had fallen honestly and passionately in love with Margot Fletcher. His love was essentially human, and such love must always be mixed with jealousy. He was troubled by a vague fear that after all he should not win the desire of his heart.

The knowledge that Margot had a secret tortured him. What could she know that he ought not also to be made acquainted with? Margot possessed a secret sufficiently great to make her anxious from time to time to postpone her marriage, and yet she would not tell it to him. Their wedding-day was now fixed for the 10th of March; but Dering, as he lay and tossed about at night on his restless bed, and as he attended to his many duties by day, resolved that no marriage should really take place until Margot's secret was also his. He could be firm, almost obstinate, when he liked. He was firm now with a vengeance.

Ward, who had hitherto in a subtle manner fanned Dering's annoyance, was now anxious to undo his own work. He had no very high opinion of his friend's intellectual powers, and did not anticipate much difficulty in turning him as he willed. Since the date of the engagement it had been his pleasure that Dering should go to the left; it was equally now his pleasure that Dering should turn round and go to the right. The fact that Dering himself might have a will in the matter and refuse to be so turned by his quondam master never occurred to him.

When he liked, Dering could be absolutely undemonstrative. He was in a very undemonstrative mood on this special morning; his mind, therefore, was a shut book, even to the man he cared most about in the world.

Ward was clever enough to notice this, and after his usual fashion, resolved to take matters easily. The two men happened to be alone in the reading-room.

"Where are you going to spend your honeymoon?" said Ward presently.

Dering raised his brows in slight irritation.

"I don't know," he answered abruptly.

"But your wedding-day is not a month off?"

"Perhaps," replied Dering.

"Why do you say 'perhaps'? Is it not definitely fixed?"

"My wedding-day has been fixed before now," replied Dering. "You know the old proverb, 'There's many a slip——'"

"Yes," said Ward, standing up and flinging a paper on the table which he was pretending to read. "Yes, but not in your case. Short of death, nothing is likely to prevent your marriage. If I were you, Dering, I would stick to the date now arranged. Long engagements are hateful things. You blamed me severely because my engagement lingered. I am surprised that you deliberately place yourself in the same position."

"Our cases are not the least similar," said Dering. "It was your own wish to postpone your marriage; in this case, Margot is the obstacle."

"Why?" asked Ward.

"I don't know that I care to say. It is a lovely morning. Shall we go into the park?"

"By all means."

The two young men started off together. Ward linked his hand inside Dering's arm

"You are hipped about something," he said presently. "You had better out with it."

"I think you know what is the matter," said Dering. "Margot has a trouble which she won't tell me."

"A trouble! Did you call it a trouble?"

"Well, a secret—it is all the same: she won't tell me."

"Let her alone, then."

Dering stared at his friend in astonishment.

"What do you mean?" he said. "You, more than anyone else, have impressed upon me how inadmissible secrets are in the matrimonial state."

"Grave secrets, undoubtedly," answered Ward; "but this is probably only a girlish fad."

"I don't think so. Margot is not a girl to worry herself over trifles. Her secret makes her careworn; it must be of a grave nature. I repeat that I ought to know it. I don't see much happiness for either of us while Margot has a care which she will not confide to me."

"You are wrong," said Ward. "I did beg of you to counsel Miss Margot to give you her full confidence, but Patty, who knows her better than any other creature in the world, has assured me that Margot is full of fancies, and that when she is really happy, her over-vivid imagination will calm down, and what worries her will vanish like smoke. If I thought, even for a moment, that her secret was of a grave character, I should counsel you not to marry until she has explained it. A man's life, of course, cannot under ordinary circumstances be explained to a woman, but in the case of a wife it is different."

"I don't hold with that a bit," said Dering. "I believe that man and woman each in his and her way are equal. If the one is to give full confidence, the other ought to do the same. But we need not waste time going into this vexed question."

"Certainly not," replied Ward. "I will only repeat what I said just now, that in all grave and important matters the wife should give the husband full confidence. On the other hand, she need not worry him about trifles, and the husband must use his discretion as to what he chooses to reveal to his wife."

"Have you told all your past life to Mrs. Ward?" asked Dering.

"I have. But my wife is one in a thousand."

"There is something killing your wife," said Dering, suddenly. "Can it be the knowledge which you have taken such pains to impart to her?"

"Perhaps," answered Ward, in a dry voice. His heart beat with a queer sort of terror when Dering spoke. "Even this unobservant fellow notices it," he muttered under his breath. But he was not going to betray himself. "To return to the point at issue," he said: "I think it would be well, Dering, to consider Miss Margot's want of confidence as something not worth fretting over. If I were you, I would allude to it no more. If you take my advice, you will marry her on the 10th of March, and prepare for a happy life with the best of girls. You will doubtless find that after a month or two your wife has no secret to impart to anyone."

"I wish I could think that you are right, Ward," said Dering; "but," he continued, "I can't help my own views in the matter. I must act as I think well. I can't tell what will be the issue."

The two young men had now reached Stanhope Gate. Ward loosened his hand from Dering's arm.

"You had better take my advice," he said, as they parted.

Dering thought hard for a moment.

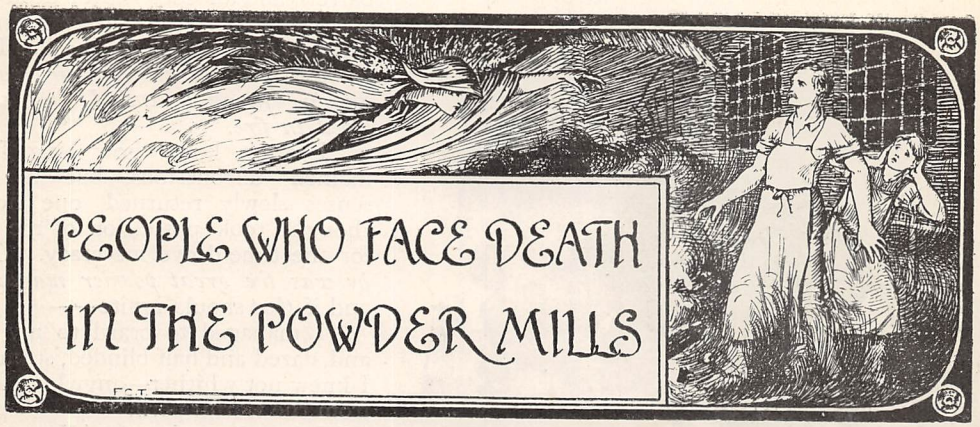
"I have made up my mind," he said then. "I will not marry a wife with a secret."

"Then, after all, your marriage is to be again postponed?"

"I hope not; Margot may tell me her trouble between now and the 10th of March."

"Well, you know best," replied Ward, as he turned from him.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRTY-NINTH.



BY A. E. BONSER.

WITHIN easy access of a university town, and at some distance from the nearest railway station, lies a beautiful village.

Branching off from the main highway is a most enticing lane. It leads by the side of a clear stream and beneath the spreading branches of overhanging trees. Like a mirror lies the placid water, its reflection only broken, it may be, by the leap of a fish or the plunge of a water-rat from the sedgy bank. A lark sings as it rises from the green meadow to the right, and, far away, the pearly-grey hills melt into a cloudless sky.

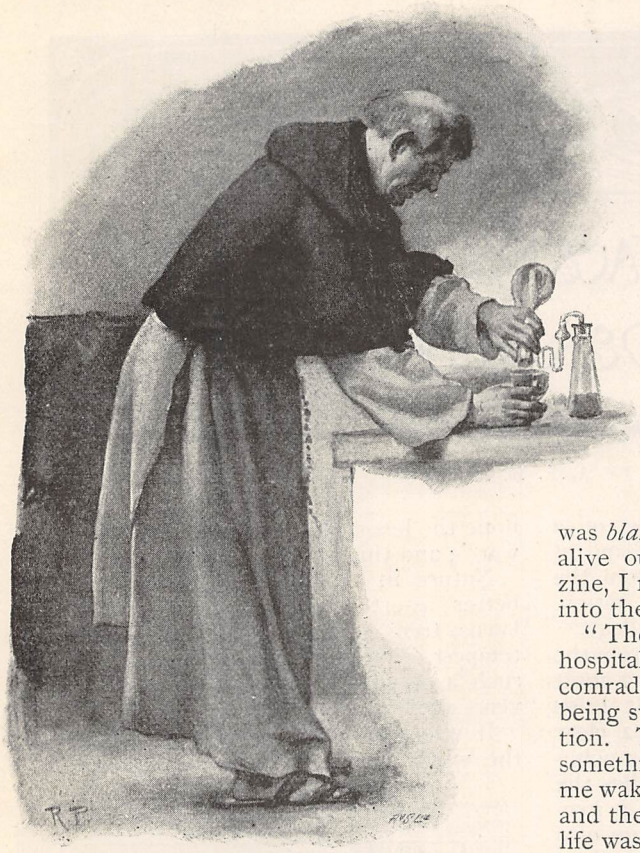
It is hot, but not oppressive—such a day as gives a feeling of great gladness to all living things. In the quiet enjoyment of the scene the discords of earth are forgotten, and "peace on earth" inspires "goodwill toward men."

By-and-by a massive gateway is gained, and, peeping within, one sees a long avenue of stately poplars, with well-kept lawns to right and left. A butterfly flits across the path, a thrush sings on yonder bough, and the drowsy hum of a bee is heard busy among the lilacs whose perfume fills the air.

This delightful retreat is so jealously guarded that few indeed are the strangers who enter; nor can any do so without strict preparatory search and interrogation, and the close accompaniment of an escort thereafter. The beautiful trees that you so much admire are planted as a necessary *precaution*. Within the low, isolated buildings, whose roofs rise picturesquely here and there amongst the foliage, Death lurks in his most awful form—death, sudden and swift, or death by lifelong lingering moments of unspeakable agony, none the less sure, for here "sleep the dogs of war"; and this is a gunpowder factory!

Nature in her most savage aspects would better assort with the place—verdureless lawns, trees gaunt and bare, lightning and tempest, winter and darkness, and a storm such as occurred on a night not so many years ago.

It was pitch dark, the rain fell in torrents; the wind, shrieking like some lost spirit in



THE INVENTOR OF GUNPOWDER.

anguish, tore the branches from the trees and the slates from the house-roofs. Now and again a blinding flash of lightning showed up the landscape, and gave a momentary glimpse of the lurid laboratory of the sky. The thunder crashed and rattled, and was reverberated from cloud to cloud in booming echoes. A wild night, truly!

It was about half-past two in the morning, and ten men and an overseer were busily at work in the cam-room, or building where powder was crushed. The room was divided by a water-wheel—some men working on one side, some on the other.

Suddenly, above the roar of the tempest, a sharp report was heard. The man who was at work nearest to the door saw a bright tongue of flame leaping above the water-wheel, and made a dash for his life.

"Marvellous to tell," said he, "I got outside unhurt, though bricks and stones were flying in all directions. Close by the cam-room ran the canal, and here a barge with a cargo of gunpowder was moored. She was partly unloaded, but the flames ignited the remaining barrels, and another fearful explosion was the result. *A red-hot blast as from an oven* struck me, and as I fell to the ground *all the air was a flaming furnace, and I was enveloped in fire.*

"I don't know how long I remained unconscious, but as my senses slowly returned, one horrid thought took possession of me and for the time drove me crazy. *Close by was the great powder magazine*, and if *that* should ignite——

"I managed to crawl to my feet, and, dazed and half blinded, stumbled I knew not whither—anywhere away from the fearful peril.

"I heard a voice cry, 'You are on fire!' Actually, such was my terror that only then was I aware that I was *blazing;* and the horror of being burnt alive outbalancing the horror of the magazine, I rushed to the canal bank and plunged into the water.

"The next that I remember I was in the hospital ward with the rest of my unfortunate comrades. Their faces were a sickening sight, being swollen and distorted beyond recognition. Their groans and piteous cries were something awful to hear, and even now haunt me waking and sleeping. Day by day one died and then another in merciless torment. *My* life was despaired of; but thanks, I suppose, to my youth and strong constitution, in six months I managed to pull through, and here I am—*the sole survivor* of eleven.

"My former work is, of course, out of the question. I am only fit for light jobs. My hands are blistered and drawn as you see them; my back is injured; and my nerves have suffered such a shock that whenever I hear the slightest explosion the old horror returns, and I quake and tremble with apprehension of I know not what."

It seems a far cry from these scenes to the quiet cell of Schwartz, the monk of Cologne, who, in 1340, invented this fearful engine of destruction. One wonders how far he realised what widespread misery would follow. There are various kinds of gunpowder for various purposes. English gunpowder, as used for war, is composed of seventy-five parts of nitrate of potash, ten of sulphur, and fifteen of carbon; but, enormous as is its explosive power, it is by no means the most *deadly* explosive. Gun-cotton has about six times and pure nitro-glycerine ten times its explosive effect.

Gun-cotton was invented by Professor Schönbein, of Basle, in 1846, and consists of purified cotton steeped in a mixture of

equal parts of nitric and sulphuric acid, which is afterwards dried, and has the appearance of cotton-wool. Its deadly character may be appreciated by the fact that on August 11th, 1871, nearly the whole town of Stowmarket was destroyed as if by a bombardment, by an explosion of gun-cotton. Twenty-four persons were instantly killed, whilst sixty were fearfully injured. This catastrophe was caused by the culpable addition of sulphuric acid to the gun-cotton.

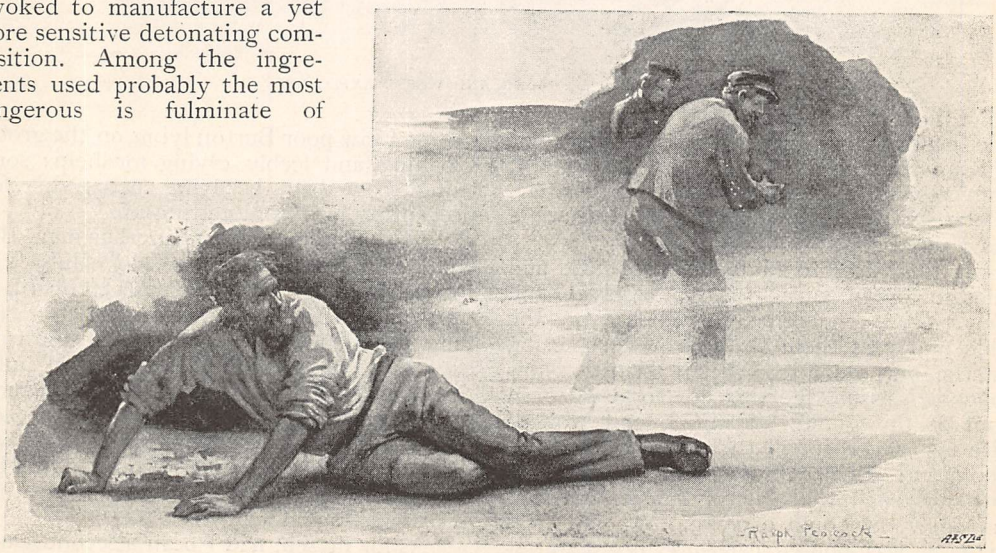
Dynamite is still more deadly. It is made of twenty-five parts of silicum earth saturated with seventy-five parts of nitro-glycerine. Its effects may be instanced through the diabolical wickedness of a man named Thompson. This fiend in human shape forwarded a cask of dynamite to Bremerhaven by the North German Lloyd's steamer *Mosel.* He had connected an infernal machine with the cask, and the clockwork was timed to go off in eight days and explode the dynamite, thus blowing up the ship. By some unforeseen circumstance the machine went off whilst the vessel lay in dock, killing eighty and wounding two hundred people—these latter mainly emigrants and their friends. This occurred on the 11th December, 1875. Thompson's *only* object was *to get the insurance on his goods.*

The danger of these fearful explosives lies not so much in themselves, for many of them may be handled with impunity, and some of them even may be safely burned in the open air—it lies in their *compression* and *sudden expansion.* The more sudden the expansion, the more deadly is the result, and the aid of modern science is continually invoked to manufacture a yet more sensitive detonating composition. Among the ingredients used probably the most dangerous is fulminate of mercury, which, being too risky to handle, is kept in bags under water.

A good idea of the way in which detonating mixtures are made, and of the perilous nature of the occupation, may be gained by visiting one of these factories, such as that of Messrs. Joyce and Co., of Waltham Abbey. The firm are manufacturers of percussion caps, cartridges, and gun wadding, and their works give employment to upwards of two hundred hands. The buildings are all detached, and there are ten "danger" buildings still further apart, and standing amid trees, which serve to mitigate the effects of a possible explosion.

Within these "danger" buildings only one workman is allowed at a time, and each room is licensed to contain five pounds only of explosive compound. Before a man starts work he changes his clothes under supervision, dons a suit of non-inflammable garments, and puts on felt slippers. Then he is carefully searched and felt all over, to see that he has no matches or anything else dangerous about him. The room or building he works in is carpeted with felt, over which a white cloth is laid, so that any black grains falling on it may be at once detected. Overhead are skylights, but no windows.

The table he works at—say, four feet by five—is of three-eighths-inch deal, covered with half an inch of felt, and upon that several thicknesses of paper. The man's body is protected by a thick shield of gun-metal, which reaches from the middle of the face to within eighteen inches of the ground. In this shield are armholes, through which the arms are put, and the workman can just



"I MANAGED TO CRAWL TO MY FEET."

see what he is doing over the top of the shield.

On Friday, the 22nd December, 1893, a man named Burton was at work in one of these "danger" buildings. He had been examined, as usual, before entering, and had been re-examined, as usual, by the manager of the works about a couple of hours later. He was an "old" hand, having been in the employment of the firm eight years: indeed, all his life—and he was forty-seven—he had been engaged in the manufacture of explosives.

His present occupation was the mixing of a detonating composition, the ingredients for which he himself fetched from the laboratory. They consisted of fulminate of mercury, chlorate of potash, sulphide of antimony, and ground glass.

His duty was to take the glass dust and chlorate and mix them by themselves, and then to put the other ingredients on the table and pass them through a sieve, using for the purpose a camel-hair brush. This done he carried the mixture to a sieve in front of the gun-metal shield, and worked with his arms through the holes as described. The nature of the composition he was dealing with was such, that merely rubbed between the fingers it would explode. When it was mixed it was poured carefully into a gutta-percha bottle, which would hold two pounds. One lot had probably been mixed and placed in its bottle on a shelf behind him, and he was now engaged in mixing a second lot. What followed may be best described in the words of Mr. R. C. Courtman, the manager of the factory:—

"It was about ten minutes to twelve, as near as I can judge, and I was standing in the middle of the yard, when I heard a sharp explosion. At first I could not localise it, but then I saw that it must be at No. 45, and ran as fast as I could towards the building. I noticed that half the roof had been blown off, and that the walls were leaning; and as I got nearer I saw poor Burton lying on the ground groaning and feebly crying for help: something seemed to be lying across his feet, preventing him from getting up.

"THERE WAS A SECOND AND WORSE EXPLOSION."

"At this moment I saw another man, Bird, coming in from the other side, whilst Lawrence, the engine-driver, and Hubbard ran up from the right. I was in the act of stepping in when there was a second and worse explosion, which met the man Bird full in the face, and drove him backwards, shattering his right arm and inflicting other dreadful bodily injuries. The two other men were driven completely through the hedge, Hubbard being blinded, whilst Lawrence lost four of his fingers and an arm.

"As for myself, had I been a second earlier my head would have been blown off; but

as it happened I was standing on one foot, the other being raised in the act of stepping, and was fortunately only knocked down and struck by some of the flying *débris*, receiving slight injuries in the leg and back.

"Picking myself up I jumped across the woodwork, and, fearing another explosion, tried to drag poor Burton out.

"Well, we got him out at last, and carried him to the laboratory. One of his arms had been blown off, and he was so fearfully mutilated that I snatched up a cloth that I saw lying near, and covered him up as well as I could. He was still sensible.

"Then the doctor came and examined him.

"'Is there any chance of saving his life?' I asked.

"'No,' he said, 'not the slightest—it is impossible that he can live: he will last out his strength, but he is a doomed man. Just feel his back; you will then judge for yourself.'

"Under the circumstances the only thing that could be done was to inject morphia. But there! it didn't seem to do a bit of good. For five long hours the poor fellow lingered in agony, and then came the end. It was not the first explosion that mortally wounded him, though it shattered one arm and part of the other: it was the second explosion that just did for him, and that was caused, I suspect, by his struggles on the floor in trying to extricate himself.

"The other poor fellow, Bird, died too; in fact, he was worse hurt than Burton, although I did not know it at the time.

"Some of the effects of the explosion were very curious. For instance—Burton was blown clean out of his shoes, for they were left standing together side by side. The table he was working at was riddled all over with holes, just like a colander. Lawrence, who had on ordinary clothes, had all the nap taken off the surface of the cloth, and his coat was crammed all over with tiny splinters of wood.

"I can't tell you the cause of this explosion—Burton was a most experienced hand; but I suspect that he had too much in his sieve. Men get so accustomed to danger that they *will* run risks; and when one hand gets killed, another is always ready to take his place. Why, I have no doubt that they would go about in their ordinary boots, and even smoke, were they not so carefully supervised."

We who follow peaceful callings are inclined sometimes to quarrel with the humdrum nature of our daily tasks. Let us rather be very thankful that our lines have fallen unto us in pleasant places, when we remember the incessant peril to which those are exposed who face death in the manufacture of explosives.

TWO PRIZE RECIPES.

I.—The Mother's Friend.

TIME of preparation—twenty minutes.

Time of cooking—two hours.

Cost—about 1s. 3d.

Sufficient for six persons.

Introduction.—The dish about to be described is not only economical as regards its cost, but, in addition, requires but a small portion of time for its preparation, and this latter is often of the greatest importance to a cook when she happens to be the mother of a family, or the head of a household in which money is not plentiful, and where, in consequence, much work falls to the share of its members. But to the matter in hand:—

Ingredients.—Two pounds of leg of beef, one large carrot, one moderately large onion, one tablespoonful of tapioca, one tablespoonful of bread-raspings—the family baker would always supply the latter with the daily bread if so requested, and they should be kept in a dry tin ready for use—and half a tablespoonful of vinegar, or a small glass of claret. Cold water. For seasoning, use the following:—Three cloves, six allspice, a quarter of a nutmeg grated, and a teaspoonful of salt; also a liberal sprinkling of pepper.

Method of Cooking.—Into a large brown earthenware jar, with a close-fitting lid, place the beef, after having carefully washed and cut it up into convenient sized pieces. Next pare the onion, and prick into it the three cloves. Scrape the carrot, and cut into dice or long strips. Let the vegetables be put into the jar, and now sprinkle over all the seasonings. The bread-raspings are next put in—they are intended to give colour to the dish. The tapioca is added just before the cold water, of which sufficient should be used

to nearly fill the jar. Cover all with the lid, but do not put that on in the usual way. Reverse it, and be cautious in removing it, or else hands may be burnt. The best way is to raise it up with an old knife or fork. Place the jar in a very hot oven, and then the meat will quickly boil. Directly boiling-pitch is reached, gentle simmering is quite sufficient, so the oven may be allowed to cool down. Gentle simmering should continue for two hours, and the jar need not be touched during that time.

When the contents of the jar are dished up, the meat will be deliciously tender, and the dark brown, thick gravy will be very enjoyable.

II.—Arabian Stew.

Ingredients.—A small shoulder or neck of mutton, two teaspoonfuls of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of chopped thyme and marjoram mixed, three or four eggs, some vegetables that are in season (these vary according to the month), salt and pepper, two pounds of flour, three-quarters of a pound of suet, chopped very finely, and some water.

Method.—Mix the suet with the flour, add half a teaspoonful of salt, and mix into a stiff paste with some cold water.

Bone the mutton ; place the bones in a saucepan with some water to stew for the gravy ; wash the parsley and herbs, and dry them well in a clean cloth (this makes it easier to chop them finely) ; boil the eggs hard, place two yolks on a plate, and set them aside for garnishing ; chop the remainder roughly, and mix with the parsley and herbs, and season with salt and pepper, place this mixture in the mutton, and roll into a good shape. Prepare the vegetables (for September) : half pound of mushrooms peeled, one small vegetable marrow, peeled and the seeds taken out and cut up ; two or three carrots scraped and cut in rounds ; one and a half pounds of scarlet-runners, remove the strings, and cut into diamonds ; one onion *if liked*, this must be peeled and placed in a small basin and covered with boiling water for five minutes before slicing up finely ; place the pastry on a well-floured board, and roll it out until large enough to enclose the meat and vegetables, tie it loosely in a cloth which has been wrung out in boiling water and floured lightly ; have ready a saucepan of boiling water, place the meat in it, and let it boil gently for four hours ; at the end of this time take it from the saucepan, take off the cloth carefully, and place it on a very hot dish, grate the yolks of the eggs over it, and serve quickly, pour the gravy round. To make the gravy, place two ounces of dripping or butter in a saucepan, add to it one and a half ounces of flour, salt and pepper to taste, mix well over the fire until brown, stir in the stock (made from the bones) by degrees, boil well to cook the flour.

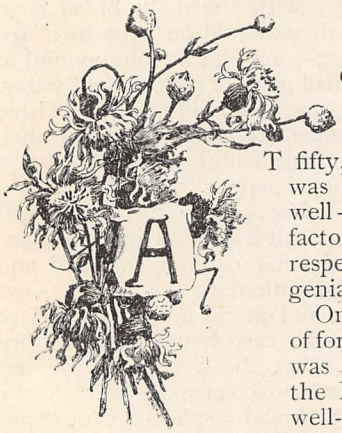
The above is a very economical dish, as none of the goodness of either the meat or vegetables escapes, and the meat will be found remarkably savoury and tender.

If the meat should be fat, cut off any fat that is not required, to render down for dripping.

Mary Roebuck.

MRS. PITKIN'S PEDIGREE.

BY HILTON HILL.



Chapter I.—"Vaulting Ambition."

At fifty, Jacob Pitkin was a moderately well-to-do cheese factor, as well as a respected, contented, genial old bachelor.

On the shady side of forty, Lavinia Drip was a governess in the Earl's family ; a well-preserved, prepossessing, haughty-spirited, discontented spinster.

It is the custom in the Staffordshire village of Mope to give a dinner every midsummer to the poor and needy, as well as the sly and greedy. At these feasts the better-off folk delight to assist as carvers, waiters, and stewards.

On one of these gormandising occasions, Jacob was a carver and Lavinia a waiter at the same table. Jacob was naturally slow, Lavinia, intuitively quick ; with the result that Jacob could not carve as fast as Lavinia could serve. She repeatedly urged him to make haste with his carving. He grew red in the face, became more and more nervous, and finally gashed his thumb.

With many profuse and sympathetic apologies for unduly hurrying him, Lavinia bound up Jacob's wound with her dainty cambric

handkerchief, and for several days after called at the factor's, with tender solicitude, to inquire how the injured thumb was getting on.

It may be the gentle sympathy and tender words of a fine-looking woman like Lavinia Drip was a new sensation to Jacob, and the one thing wanting to complete his happiness. It would seem so, for, before the next charity dinner, Lavinia Drip became Mrs. Pitkin.

For five years they resided in the old-fashioned dwelling beside Pitkin's warehouse, in the High Street, seemingly happy and contented.

Then Mrs. Pitkin's uncle died, and, to her surprise, and that of everybody else, left her fifty thousand pounds. John Drip was recognised as being a well-to-do miser; a morose, niggardly recluse. He was known to have received a legacy some dozen years before from a relation in Australia, who had died intestate; but Mrs. Pitkin never dreamed of inheriting such a plum as fifty thousand pounds. However, when that sum—judiciously invested—had been duly transferred, Mrs. Pitkin said to her spouse—

"Jacob, you must give up the warehouse."

"Give—give up the warehouse, my dear! What do you mean?" asked the mild little man, who loved his warehouse and its aroma as a curate venerates his chancel.

"I mean, my dear, that in our changed and exalted station we must abandon trade."

"What am I to do with myself, Lavinia? I have never been an idle man."

"Do as the other gentry do; interest yourself in public affairs, politics, and local charities."

"But, my dear Lavinia, I—I fear I am hardly suited to a public career."

"Ah! yes, you are, Jacob. You only need to rouse yourself. You have ability, which, my dear, you hide from a false modesty."

"And the business—what is to become of that?"

"Ah! that you can leave in the hands of your nephew, Peter."

"But Peter is a very young man."

"Still, he has been with you five years. He is three-and-twenty. Surely he is old enough to conduct the business?"

"In time he might; but, at present, Peter is no judge of cheese. His palate is improving, I'll admit. It takes years and years of patient testing to be able to distinguish with certainty the quality required by our London customers."

"We can't consider customers any longer, Jacob."

"My dear, we have to in these deceptive times, when the market is flooded with spurious Cheshire and Stilton made in America. Made in America, my dear! Just think of it!"

However, Jacob was ultimately wheedled into retiring, and his nephew, Peter Jope, took charge of the business.

The old-fashioned house, with its delightful mingling of quaint eighteenth and nineteenth century furnishings, was abandoned. Then Tristock Hall, which had been vacant and in the market for many years, was purchased,

"'JACOB, YOU MUST GIVE UP THE WAREHOUSE.'"

and Mr. and Mrs. Pitkin went to reside there, and took their place among the county gentry.

Mrs. Pitkin was indefatigable among parochial almsgivings, for charity oft covers a multitude of social schemes as well as sins. Poor Jacob was dragged about to every political gathering, and forced into seconding motions, and moving resolutions for which he had as much liking as a rabbit for swimming. But a clever woman often makes a man, and Jacob obtained a reputation for eloquence, founded solely on the little speeches which his ambitious wife wrote for him, and which a phenomenal memory enabled him to deliver with some show of fluency. But he could never be lured into a debate.

"I dislike controversy," he would say when challenged by some sceptical political opponent. "I have stated my views: I will listen to what the gentleman has to say with pleasure; but I really cannot enter into debate—our time is too limited."

Thus Jacob artfully avoided the quagmire of extemporaneous eloquence.

Mrs. Pitkin was a charming, well-bred, fine-looking woman, and had no difficulty in making a position in society. But, like Alpine climbers, the higher she mounted, she still aspired to scale greater peaks.

Some two years after they had become domiciled at Tristock Hall, Mrs. Pitkin came across the following advertisement in the county paper:—

"Pedigrees Compiled. And all matters relating to Family and Parochial History elucidated.—Address: Pelig Gum, Solicitor, Stoke."

"Jacob, my dear," said Mrs. Pitkin one morning at breakfast, "read that."

Her spouse, in his slow and deliberate way, took the paper, adjusted his spectacles, read the announcement, and observed—

"Well, my dear, what of it?"

"This is what I make of it, Jacob. I have decided to have my pedigree compiled."

"My dear Lavinia, what for?"

"Because when I was a girl, I frequently heard my father say there was no doubt our family was a branch of the noble house of Sudley."

"Dear, dear, Lavinia, you never mentioned this before."

"No, Jacob; because it never occurred to me until now."

"But I could never see the use of a pedigree."

"People, as a rule, don't until they have gained a certain position in society; that we have now attained, so that a pedigree is essential. It is the corner-stone to every good family in the county."

"But, my dear, what good is a pedigree? I wouldn't bother with it, my dear. I—I really wouldn't."

But Mrs. Pitkin had her way, as she generally had; and Mr. Pelig Gum was duly instructed to prepare her pedigree.

Chapter II.—"Which O'erleaps Itself."

Though it displeased his wife for him to do so, Jacob never drove into the village alone but he would call at his old place to ramble through the warehouse, chatting with Peter, and sniffing and sampling, with the same refreshing gusto and delight that a child finds in wading barefoot in a brook.

One afternoon, soon after Mrs. Pitkin had ordered her pedigree, Jacob called as usual. With some confusion and hesitation, his nephew observed—

"Uncle, I—I wish to consult you before making—that is, taking a very important step."

"What is it, Peter, my lad?"

"Well, uncle, I—I'm thinking of getting married."

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed the genial old fellow, with a roguish twinkle in his eyes.

"Yes, uncle; I've fallen in love."

"Well, my lad, we all do, sooner or later. Who is she?"

"The new telegraph girl at the post-office."

"Oh! What's her name?"

"Grace Marlow. She comes from Stoke."

"Is she pretty?"

"Very pretty, very bright, very clever and ladylike." Then, after a pause, "Do you think I ought to get married, uncle?"

"I see no reason why you shouldn't. Have you asked her?"

"Not yet, uncle; but I have wanted to, and have come very near to it."

"If you are sure she is a good girl, do, by all means. But bring her up to the Hall and let your aunt see her."

So Jacob went his way. But on passing the post-office, he couldn't resist going in to have a look at Peter's sweetheart.

Under the pretext of ordering a variety of stationery (which he didn't require), sly old Jacob had quite a chat with Grace Marlow. On returning homeward, he called again on his nephew, and encouragingly said—

"Bring her up by all means. I'm sure your aunt will like her. I do very much—she's a charming girl."

Peter was delighted to have his uncle's confirmation of his own sentiments. So the next evening he proposed, and was accepted.

Grace Marlow was a pretty, spirited, self-reliant brunette of twenty, without a relation in the world (that she knew of) except her aunt, who had reared her. From the age of

fourteen, when she was the "top girl" of the board school, her one ambition had been to obtain a position in the postal service. This she had recently accomplished, in spite of the brain-crazing problems which the wise men of the Civil Service conceive at their leisure, and expect to be solved off-hand.

It was a delightful Sunday afternoon in June, when Peter and Grace strolled up to the Hall; they were as serenely happy as the ancient lovers of Verona the night before the secret marriage.

Mrs. Pitkin received Grace with a gracious smile; and at dinner questioned the girl about her work in a condescending, patronising tone that stung her sensitive independent nature. After dinner, Grace found herself alone with Mrs. Pitkin in the drawing-room, when, after some general conversation, that lady remarked—

"I understand, my dear, you are engaged to my nephew, Peter."

"Yes, Mrs. Pitkin."

"He hasn't known you long, I gather?"

"Not very long; about three months."

"It is rather hasty; but I can understand it—your beauty has fascinated him; for you are unquestionably pretty, my dear."

"Thank you for the compliment, Mrs. Pitkin."

"Has he met your people?"

"My people?"

Grace's face grew pale and cold at the question.

"Your relations."

"My aunt is the only near relation I have. Peter has not met her."

"Oh! indeed. Who is she?"

"Perhaps you mean, *what* is she?"

"Well, perhaps I do, my dear."

"She is a laundress at Stoke."

"Dear me!" gasped Mrs. Pitkin, unable to conceal her dismay at this revelation.

"My aunt was never married. She has devoted her whole life to bringing me up, and I love and honour her as much as though she were my own mother."

"A laundress! Have you told Peter of—of your aunt's position?"

"Yes. Why shouldn't I? I am not ashamed of her occupation," cried Grace, her large black eyes glowing with resentment.

"Perhaps not, perhaps not, Miss Marlow. But I hope you appreciate the honour my nephew is doing you."

"In what way?"

"In marrying you—a girl quite beneath his social position."

"No, I can't say I do," replied Grace bluntly.

"'I SHALL NOT CALL AGAIN, MRS PITKIN'" (*p.* 764).

"You must be aware that Peter will inherit all we have?"

"I was not aware of it."

"I *hope* you were not, and trust you really love Peter, for——

"Mrs. Pitkin," cried the exasperated girl, "I cannot endure your sneering manner any longer. I hope you will allow me to go home."

"Oh, certainly," replied Mrs. Pitkin with chilling serenity. "And," she added, when Grace re-entered the room, ready to go, "when you call again, I hope you will have acquired better manners than to affront one who meant kindly by you."

"I shall not call again, Mrs. Pitkin," said Grace, scornfully, and took her leave alone.

Peter overtook her before she reached the lodge gate.

"What is the matter, Grace?" he asked in alarm.

"I have quarrelled with your aunt."

"What about?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter. But you might have told me of your expectations," she said with disdain.

"Expectations? I have none."

"So I thought; but it seems you have, from your aunt."

"Nonsense; that is very remote——"

"Not so remote but she could twit me with my unequal position. Peter, I detest your patronising aunt. So I think for your own welfare you had better give me up."

"How absurd, Grace! You really don't mean it?"

"I do."

"Seriously?"

"Seriously. Let us say good-night, and good-bye, for I could never enter a family where I should be constantly reminded of my early struggle—which I am proud of—for your aunt would——"

"Come, Grace, you are angry now; tomorrow you will feel different."

"No, I shan't. Good-bye," she said, offering him her hand.

"No," said Peter, "I shall only say good-night." And with this they parted.

The next day his aunt sent for him, and said—

"Peter, if you marry that insolent upstart telegraph-girl, you must never bring her here."

"I won't."

"Won't marry her?"

"Yes; but will not bring her here."

"If you marry her, you must risk the consequences. I shall never own you."

"Very good, aunt, I shall risk it," said Peter calmly, and went back to business.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Pitkin's pedigree was progressing apace. Mr. Pelig Gum came over to consult her about it.

"I find, madam," he said, "one branch of your family, Geoffrey Drip to wit, migrated to Australia in the early part of the century."

"Yes, I believe so, for my Uncle John inherited a small fortune from a relation there."

"Ah, that was just what I wished confirmed; for I believe, madam, that branch of the Drips were an off-shoot of the fourth Earl of Sudley."

"So I have heard."

"Ah, then no doubt I am right. Now, madam, we must trace out that Australian branch, and, to do this, I shall require the assistance of my friend, Mr. Gresham, of London, who makes a speciality of Colonial practice."

"Secure his assistance by all means."

"Mr. Gresham is thorough and reliable, but is—is somewhat expensive. Ahem!" And Mr. Gum coughed into his hand inquiringly.

"Expensive?"

"His terms are—ahem!—a hundred guineas."

"You absolutely require his aid?"

"To be thorough I do, for this Australian branch is worth looking into. So far as I can see, we shall unquestionably establish a pedigree to be proud of. And, after all, a hundred guineas is——" Mr. Gum shrugged his shoulders.

"A mere trifle. Engage Mr. Gresham by all means."

So Mr. Pelig Gum went to London to consult the great Chancery solicitor.

Chapter III.—"And Falls on the Other."

When Peter Jope told Jacob of his aunt's threat, the kindly old fellow was greatly distressed.

"Your aunt, my lad, is a very clever, spirited woman. I—I'm puzzled how to advise you. But really, if you love the girl, and you are quite sure she is—is—well, all you believe her to be, why, it's perhaps best that you should marry her."

"But she won't have me now, uncle," said Peter.

"Oh, dear, dear me! It's a case of the flint and steel—one's as fiery as the other, it seems. Dear me! What's to be done?"

"She believes you hold the same views as my aunt in regard to her position."

"No, no, I don't. Your aunt is a woman of rare judgment, but really she may be mistaken in this case. I fancy she is; I fancy she is."

"Uncle, Grace utterly refuses to listen to me. Will you see her and—and tell her you have no objection to her, for I fear she will never consent unless you do."

"Certainly, my lad, I will."

And so he did; with the result that in September, Mr. and Mrs. Jope were domiciled in Jacob's old home, where he was a frequent and welcome visitor; but his arrogant spouse utterly refused to recognise Peter and his pretty wife.

Mrs. Pitkin led her submissive husband about from one social function to another, until Jacob was heartily sick and weary of society, and often sighed for the peaceful days he used to spend in his warehouse.

One morning in October, Mrs. Pitkin received a note from Mr. Gum, saying he had completed the pedigree, and would call the next day, "as I have something of the greatest importance to communicate."

"Jacob," cried Mrs. Pitkin exultingly, handing the letter to her husband, "you may depend upon it, he has proved my connection with the Earl of Sudley."

"Do you think so, my dear?" observed Jacob placidly.

"What could be of greater importance? I'm positive of it. I feel it! I've always known the time would come." All that day the ambitious lady was in a jubilant state of excitement

The next morning she received Mr. Pelig Gum with the greatest cordiality. They retired to the library, and Mr. Gum gravely unfolded his document, and deliberately began to read, when Mrs. Pitkin interrupted him to say—

"Pray do not keep me in suspense, Mr. Gum; tell me at once. You have established our connection with the Earl?"

The solicitor coughed dubiously, and replied, "Well, no, madam, I—I——"

"No! Then what is your important communication?"

"If you will permit me, I will explain, The Geoffrey Drip who went to Australia in 183- was undoubtedly a connection of the Sudleys; but, unfortunately, madam, Mr. Gresham finds that neither your father nor your uncle were relations of his."

"But my uncle received a legacy from him."

"Ah, that is where the important, and, I may add, grave communication comes in."

"Grave?" gasped Mrs. Pitkin.

"Yes, grave, I regret to say. For your uncle appears to have obtained a legacy of £50,000 by—ahem!—a slight misrepresentation."

"Oh, no, no, no! There must be some mistake," she said, with such a smile as one puts on with the toothache.

"I assure you, madam, there is no mistake, for we have gone into the matter thoroughly."

"You don't mean to say my uncle obtained this legacy by—a—a——?"

"A false claim to relationship, which circumstances greatly aided him to establish."

"What were the circumstances?"

"In 183- Geoffrey Drip emigrated from Stoke to Australia. There he bought some farming land, which at the time was of little value. But many years later, owing to some unexpected development of a neighbouring town, its value for building purposes rapidly increased. But by this time Geoffrey Drip was dead. He had one child, John, whom it appears followed him to the colony in company with your uncle in 184-. This son never claimed the farm, perhaps thinking it of no value; and was ultimately lost sight of. In time your uncle heard of the property seeking an heir, claimed it as a son of Geoffrey, and in time his claim was allowed. Then he had the property converted into cash, and sent home to him."

During this explanation, Mrs. Pitkin's visage had assumed a death-like pallor. Jacob looked at her pityingly.

"Then if I had not employed you to—to prepare my pedigree, this might never have been discovered?" she asked, with a harsh, broken voice.

"Possibly not, madam."

"Och! Why was I ever such a fool! Jacob! Jacob! Why did you ever let me do it?"

"My dear, I tried to dissuade you."

"You did, you did. Oh, that I had listened to your advice!"

"Shall I explain your pedigree?" asked the solicitor.

"Pedigree! No! Hang the pedigree! Burn the pedigree! What good is it now?" cried Mrs. Pitkin with vulgar passion, which well-bred ladies will sometimes fall into.

"I suppose I shall have to give up all my uncle left me?" she observed, as Mr. Gum was leaving.

"I think so. Mr. Gresham has placed the matter in the hands of the Colonial Office, and you will doubtless hear from them in a few days."

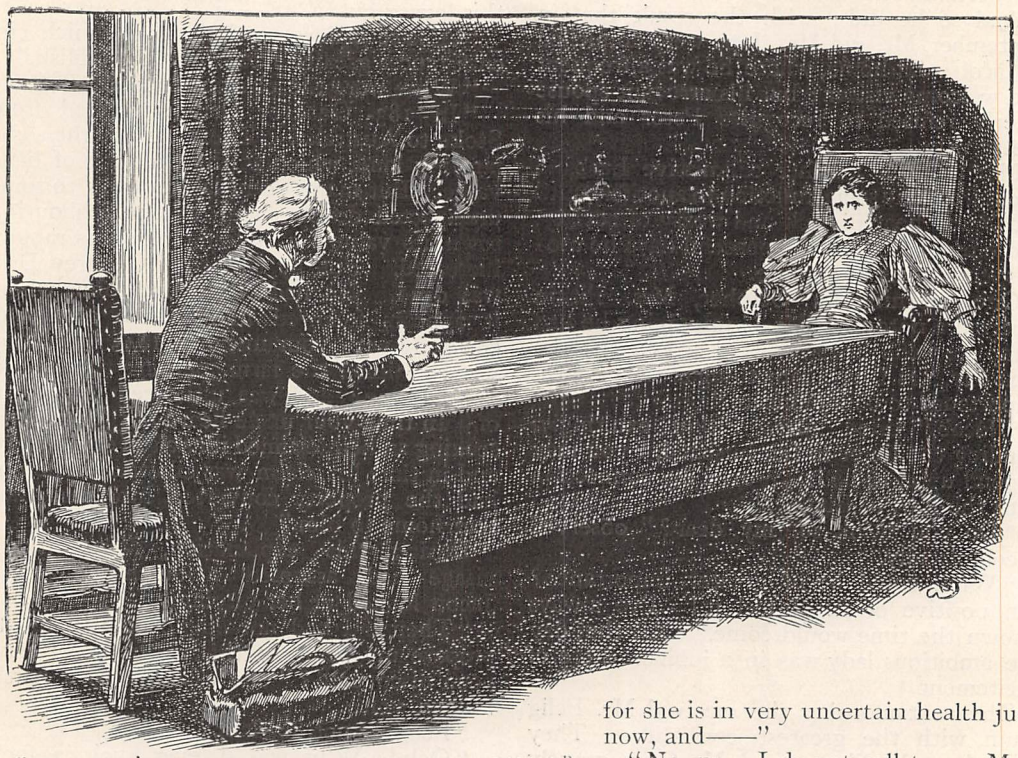
"Do they take charge of the property?"

"Until a genuine heir is found."

"Which may never be."

"I'm not so sure of that. I shall look into the life of the rightful John Drip; possibly he may have married." With this, Mr. Pelig Gum departed.

In due time, Mr. and Mrs. Pitkin were requested to hand over the Hall, and the residue of her uncle's legacy, to the constituted authorities. They would have been without a home, had Peter not generously



"MRS. PITKIN'S VISAGE HAD ASSUMED A DEATH-LIKE PALLOR" (p. 765).

offered to give up the old house, which his uncle had presented to him on his marriage with Grace. But Mrs. Pitkin, for her part, declined the proffered kindness, and went to visit some friends in a neighbouring town, while Jacob took up his abode with his nephew, and assumed his place in the old business, far more contented than while making political speeches for his wife's edification. Mrs. Pitkin's proud spirit was utterly broken by the social blow which had befallen her, and she gradually failed in health. This troubled Jacob very much, so one day he took Grace with him to bring her home, and, after much delicate gentle persuasion by Grace, she consented to join the family group. A long and dangerous illness followed, during which her dark, glossy hair became perfectly white, and the two spirited women learned to appreciate each other.

In the following spring, just as Mrs. Pitkin was convalescent, Mr. Pelig Gum one day presented himself at the warehouse.

"How do you do?" said Jacob.

"Very well, sir, very well indeed, thank you."

"I—I hope," said Jacob anxiously, "there has been no mistake in my wife's pedigree, for she is in very uncertain health just now, and——"

"No, no. I do not call to see Mrs. Pitkin."

"I'm relieved to hear that, Mr. Gum."

"I have no doubt you are. I have some business with Mrs. Peter Jope. Will you introduce me to her?"

"Certainly, certainly, with pleasure." So Peter led the way into the house and presented the solicitor to his niece.

When they were seated at the table in the old-fashioned sitting-room, Grace asked her uncle to remain with her.

"My dear Mrs. Jope," began Mr. Gum, "it is my great pleasure to inform you that you are sole heir to the estate of your great grandfather Geoffrey Drip."

"Who was he?" asked Grace. "I never heard of him."

"Probable enough, Mrs. Jope; but I find by Danly parish register, John Drip, son of Geoffrey, before leaving for Australia, married one Agnes Pounce, and had issue a daughter, Susan Drip, who in time became Mrs. Reuben Marlow, and your mother. Miss Marlow, your aunt at Stoke, confirms this."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Jacob, "and does she inherit all Mrs. Pitkin gave up?"

"Everything."

"Gracious goodness!" cried Jacob, "this is an odd turn. Are you quite sure there's no—no blunder this time, sir? for I would

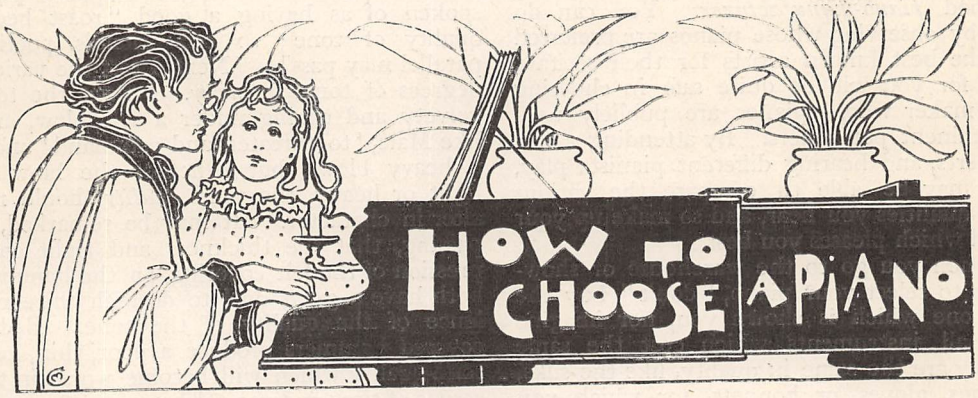
not like my niece to pass through the disappointment my wife has done."

"Not the slightest. With Mrs. Jope's instructions, I shall place my evidence with the Colonial Office, and the estate will be transferred in due course."

"I don't know what to do," said Grace, bewildered with this sudden revelation. "What do you advise, Uncle Jacob?"

"If I were in your place I would let Mr. Gum act as he thinks best for your interest, my dear."

So Mr. Pelig Gum was instructed to make the claim, which he did, with the result that, in a few months, the property was again transferred and the two women were living together at Tristock Hall, as tenderly devoted as a mother and daughter.



BY CHARLES W. PEARCE, MUS.D. CANTAB., PROFESSOR AND DEAN OF TRINITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

POSSIBLY there may be some people who would prefer an article on the above subject to consist of one word only, and that to be the famous monosyllable oracularly given as the best advice to those about to marry—DON'T! For in these days one has indeed to go far away from the "busy hum of men" in order to get out of ear-shot of the "ubiquitous piano," as Sir Alexander Mackenzie once termed that most popular of our household gods. Compelled, as most of us are, to have our sense of hearing perpetually assailed by all sorts of playing upon pianos of every kind and condition, a few homely words of advice on how to choose a piano may perhaps be found useful, if the less musical portion of the piano-playing public can be instructed how to select instruments which will not only satisfy *their* requirements, but which will also offend as little as possible the highly-strung sensitiveness of their more musical neighbours.

Let us take the negative side of the matter first. "Don't" choose an old second-hand instrument, however strongly tempted to do so. An aged piano is not what a violin or organ of similar maturity is popularly supposed to be—a "thing of beauty" mellowed by the hand of time. It has no such poetry in its composition: it is the dearest thing you can buy, because it will always need expensive repairs, etc., if it is to be of any real use whatever. And "don't" expect any child to become even a moderately good player if you give him or her an instrument with worn-out mechanism to practise upon: you will expect the impossible. "Don't" be misled by the attractive advertisements of the newspaper "widow" or any other unknown person in "distressed circumstances" who may have a magnificent "bargain" to dispose of at a "great sacrifice." If you are so misled, it is *you* who will be sacrificed—not the piano.

How should you choose a piano? "Don't" choose it yourself, if you can possibly help it, but place yourself in the hands of a properly qualified professional friend, upon whose judgment you can rely, and let this friend make

the necessary selection. If you have no such friend, or prefer to exercise your own powers of taste and choice, we will do our best to help you, by detailing the chief points which characterise a really good piano; avoiding as far as possible all dry technicalities, and only supposing that you can play sufficiently well to be able to test the capabilities of the various instruments which may be submitted to you for selection.

As a general rule, first-rate articles can only be purchased at the best shops, and the cheapest thing to buy is that which is the best made, because it will stand the greatest amount of wear. Begin, then, by choosing a good *piano-manufacturer*. You can do this by observing whose pianos are preferred by the best known artists for their recitals, etc., for you will be quite safe in choosing *any* maker whose pianos are publicly used by eminent performers. By attending a few concerts, and hearing different pianists play, you may be able to compare the various tone-qualities you hear, and so make up your mind which pleases you best.

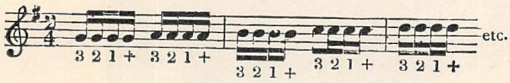
When you go to the warehouse or show-room to select your piano, "don't" buy the first one which is shown you, nor imagine that all instruments which cost the same money are the same in quality, like the silks, ribbons, gloves, or bonnets, for which you may pay respectively the same price. There are often great differences observable even in the tone and mechanism of pianos of the same "class" by the same maker; it is well, therefore, to see and try several before you finally decide which particular instrument will suit you.

The two chief *points* you have to consider are these:—(1) Does the *tone* of this piano satisfy my ear? and (2) does the *mechanism* or action answer sympathetically to my touch?

With regard to the first of these points, "don't" forget that the tone of the piano may be somewhat less brilliant when played upon in your own drawing-room, with its carpet, curtains, hangings, etc., than it is now as you try it in the large, resonant warehouse. Then you have to remember the size of the room in which you intend placing the new piano, in order to judge of the amount of tone you require: it being manifestly absurd to choose a small piano for a large room, or *vice versa*. Nor is this all; some instruments possess a tone-quality which is better for the purposes of accompaniment than for solo use, and, if you are a singer yourself, this will be an important point to consider. You would do well in such a case to select what is sometimes called a "Vocalist's Piano"—an instrument of which the back is not sufficiently high to impede the free passage of the voice as you sing over it. Now for testing the *evenness* of tone-quality throughout the piano. One of the best manufacturers we know once described to us his method of testing every piano before it left his factory to be passed on to the warehouse or show-room. "I want," he said, "the treble register to be silvery, bright, and clear; the tenor wooing and fluty; the bass deep, sonorous, and rich; and the middle register full and plummy as a Christmas pudding" [one has often heard the best organ diapason pipes spoken of as having a good "roast beef" quality of tone; so our friend's poetical parallel may pass]. "Next, I test the various degrees of tonal *intensity*. I want the tone velvety and cooing under a soft blow, and, like Mars, 'to threaten and command' under a heavy blow; but, whether the blow be light or heavy, the tone *quality* should not alter in character." It may be remarked, in passing, that the thickness and tight compression of the felt covering on the hammers both have a great deal to do with the excellence of the quality of the tone. Badly-covered hammers produce a poor, thin, *wiry* tone-quality which will become worse in the course of time and use. The *sustaining* capability of the piano should now be tested. Play a few smooth, slow melodies in the various registers—treble, tenor, and bass—accompanying them with light staccato chords or soft arpeggios, and observe how, under such treatment, the piano *sings*. Then play a hymn-tune in slow, sustained four-part harmony—first *pp*, then *mf* and *ff*, and hear whether anything like the effect of a church organ, or the sustained singing of a choir can be obtained. Now (if it has not been done before) have the front of the instrument—supposing it to be an "upright" one—removed. When the strings are thus exposed to view, you will notice (1) that those to the left have the appearance of *copper*, whilst those to the right have the appearance of *steel;* and (2) that there are wide *spaces* in the stringing, caused by the position of the bars of the iron frame, or by "over-stringing." Notice between which notes these divisions (or *breaks*, as they are called) occur, and then play in succession a few of the notes above and below these breaks, in order to hear that there is no inequality or difference in the tone caused by these divisions in the stringing.

We have next to critically examine the *touch* of the piano, after being satisfied with its tone. There must not be (1) too much resistance offered to the finger by the key,

nor (2) too great a depth for the key to be depressed before the hammer hits the string. A pressure of about $2\frac{3}{4}$ ozs. should be enough for the bass keys, $2\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. for the middle of the key-board, and $2\frac{1}{4}$ ozs. for the treble. There should be no lumpiness nor drag in the touch, no feeling that the finger has first to overcome a decided resistance and then to fall limply by its own weight—a piano which has the least lumpiness in its touch is one to be avoided. Three-eighths of an inch is about the usual *depth* of a good touch. This will ensure quick and perfect *repetition*—a great desideratum. Try a few rapid scale passages on repeated notes in several portions of the key-board, so :—



The rapid and effective *damping* or silencing of the strings after the fingers have left the keys, should be carefully seen to. The dampers should come into contact with the strings without the least noise, even when a chord or single note has been struck *ff*. A piano which has a *double-damper action* is to be preferred. The long, heavy strings in the bass often generate high ringing *overtones* (or harmonics, as they are sometimes called) ; a double-damper action prevents or silences these. Good judges always try if the hammers will "kiss" the strings—*i.e.* whether they will cause the strings to sound under the softest possible touch when the keys are merely stroked or caressed by the fingers. (Another romance of the keyboard !)

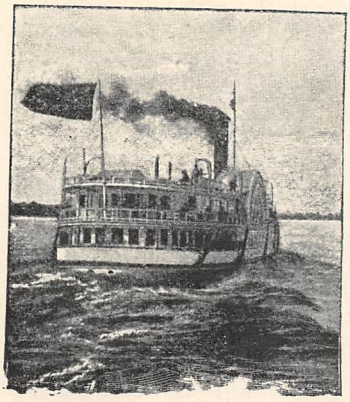
Our examination of the piano is nearly finished, but not quite. We must see whether the two pedals act effectively and noiselessly, and we must observe also the height of the keyboard from the ground. Twenty-eight and a half inches is a good height, measuring from the upper surface of the keys downwards to the ground. See that there is a conveniently-arranged music-desk. In some upright pianos the desks are so badly contrived, that no book of any size (such as a volume of Beethoven's Sonatas) will remain standing open, but will come tumbling down "over the noisy keys" unless it is held in its place by a second person.

It is also a matter of considerable importance that the wooden back which carries the iron frame should be of the strongest construction possible. This back not only gives support to the iron frame, but prevents that frame from being fractured when the piano is being jarred and jolted during its transit by road, rail, or sea.

Enough has been said to show that it is really a difficult task to successfully choose a piano, and one which is decidedly better left to the experience of a skilled professional musician. Sometimes even good judges may be deceived in an instrument.

ON THE CANADIAN LAKES AND CANALS.

BY MARGARET POLSON MURRAY, MONTREAL.



ON THE LAKES.

THE praises of a Canadian winter have long been sung. Who shall sing us those of a Canadian summer? It must be known and felt to be appreciated. In few countries in the world is there anything to equal it, and in few are there such facilities for enjoying it.

Not a river or a lake that has not tempting steamers. Not a province that does not abound in charming and varied tours. Those who "rush it" have the whirling train. For pleasure, we take the water, the canals, the lakes, with their wayside life and traffic.

A steamer puffs and waits for us at the dock in Montreal on a September morning. The saloon is bright with mirrors and flowers, and our state-rooms are clean and comfortable. From the galley comes an odour of roasting and broiling that telephones to us a pleasant anticipation of breakfast. Freight has been piling on all night, with its noise and bustle. Now all is quiet for the passengers to embark. In the freshest of mornings we step on, and the gangway is shoved ashore.

There is a screaming too-too-too from the engine, and we are off. The captain looks

A DISTANT VIEW.

sociable. The sun is playing round the wavelets. We have an excellent party. There is no mistake about our holiday this time.

The most formidable of the rapids in our course are escaped by a series of the most magnificent canals in the world. Through one after another we pass quietly and systematically, here and there jostling with the traffic of the upper lakes on its way to the sea—long streams of barges with grain for hungry Europe. We pass mill after mill, dock after dock, till at Lachine we strike out into Lake St. Louis. The locksman, pipe in mouth (the French-Canadian smokes from sunrise to sunset of his life) waves us good-bye as we steam away from the bustle of trade. At the extreme end of the lake, with its yachting clubs, its regattas, its canoes, its songs, its tents and camp-fires, we come upon another canal, at whose further end we pass Valleyfield, with its huge cotton and paper mills, and enter Lake St. Francis.

There is the parish church, and by it nestles the house of the curé. All around cluster the cottages of a happy and contented peasantry. Out on the lake we meet the ceaseless traffic of barge and tug, with the "puff-puff-puff-puff" so familiar to denizens of our inland waters. On the barge the family wash is out in the wind. The bargeman smokes his afternoon pipe, his brawny children romp on the deck, and his thrifty wife husks the corn for supper.

At Cornwall another "too-too" wakes up the drowsy locksman, but we are comfortably in dreamland and hear it not. No more hear we the chatter of midnight stoppages. Our sleep is that of wearied limbs in grateful and inviting berths. But very early we are coaxed out of bed by the sun and the air. Suggestions of broiled fish, the morning's catch, and crisp toast from a French oven, come in whiffs from below. Flocks of birds are blown about in every direction. Lighthouses are dotted here and there. The keeper and his wife steal a glance at us as we pass by. A trifle lonely they seem, poor souls, cut off for seven long months from the chatty village green or the evening news-room.

Geese swim out to cackle us good-morning. The farmer's boat lies idle on the beach. Lazy cows turn their heavy heads to wish us *bon voyage*, with a specially friendly whisk of their tails. French dogs bask in the autumn sunshine. In pretty bays tiny feet wade after polliwigs, while "gran'pa" sits watching them and drops his line in quest of shiny bass.

In the saloon the morning sweeping is over, and breakfast is smiling for the captain and his guests. All file in and sit down, and with little formality the meal is commenced. Cans of milk have been brought on board, and the Scot has his oatmeal, John Bull his beef-steak, Mossoo his onions, and Pat his stew. Everybody is hungry and everybody

is pleased. A heavy noise below tells that we have lain-to for wood for the fires.

Huge piles, in measured cords, lie waiting on the dock. Men with wheelbarrows keep up the procession out and in, and with a loud "hilloh" drop their cargo down the hold. Sometimes a score of sticks are pitched into the furnace at one stroke, and a cord per hour is quickly gobbled up. The "hands" are mostly French, picturesque in carpet shoes and cow-breakfast hats, with strong arms and iron muscles.

The wood once in, we are off again. We steer out and in to avoid the heavy currents of the great river, now making good speed against them, and sometimes hardly holding our own. Here a market waggon rumbles along on shore, its driver half-asleep among melons and cauliflowers.

There a flat-bottomed skiff tosses in the surge of our good ship. Here a stream or "creek" has started a successful grist or saw mill. There the village postmistress drives a roaring trade in boots and shoes, flour and peppermints, tweeds and hairpins, cakes and syrup jars, all sweetened with the gossip of the neighbourhood.

"The innocents," too, are abroad. A very lonely old lady keeps a constant eye on her satchels, every one of which is in momentary fear of bursting. A grumpy dyspeptic shakes his tonic as he slips along to the filter for iced water. A young matron with six sturdy boys makes an effort to tide over between meals by a chronic supply of apples and doughnuts, and a demure spinster is agonised over the crumbly mess on the carpets.

Everywhere "Mossoo" makes himself at home, his attention to his pipe being occasionally relieved by a thought of madame. But the trees; the wild flowers; the greenness; the busy autumn life; the horses dragging their loads to the brown barns; mamselle training her vines and feeding her chickens; children romping in the fields, and granny knitting in the sunny doorway swaying to and fro to the music of the autumn air—how can it all be told?

Through the Lake of the Thousand Islands we sailed on an afternoon and evening, enjoying the scene by daylight and moonlight. The islands, of which there are more than a thousand, are being rapidly bought up and used as summer resorts. Pretty cottages with flower gardens accommodate more than they can hold of campers and friends, but as the chief requisite is sleeping room, verandahs and hammocks play their part in the economy of the household. Canoes in artistic colouring are in attendance for cargoes of dainty

AMONG THE ISLANDS.

white-and-blue-bloused maidens. Here and there a tent peeps out from the trees, and anchors, moorings, sails, and masts all tell their happy tale of charming outdoor-life and glorious weather. Steam launches scud in and out with merry parties to exchange visits or drink afternoon tea. Wherever we turn we find the same idyllic life, the same embodiment of beautiful summer days and summer nights, and of a people who know how to enjoy them.

Passing up towards Gananoque and old historic Kingston we counted and counted the islands, but gave it up. We stuck at nine hundred and failed to get beyond. We took to pencil and paper to invoice them. No use. You can't. But a thousand is good enough for most of us.

THE COUNTLESS ISLES.

Kingston is a quaint old city, and our captain gave us a few hours to ramble about. We took a peep at the ancient barracks, the funny old market-place, the park, the University, and were on our way to the penitentiary (figuratively speaking) when the well-known "too-too" recalled us to our ship. Back we hurried to our tea, and such a tea as I believe can only be provided on these lakes: such eggs and bacon; such broiled fish; such omelette; such rolls and butter; and as the weather is still exquisite, and the moon still seconding all our proposals for enjoyment, we are at peace with mankind.

As we head for Lake Ontario we are not only a happy but a merry party. Our fun bursts out over the piano. We should have carried it out bodily on deck but for a crusty musician, who nearly fainted at the thought. But the windows of the saloon are open. We sit in the starlight.

The great lake lies before us, the smallest of the chain, but large enough for the morning bath of a good-sized continent. Steamers and schooners are scudding about on the offing. Our own good ship is ploughing on bravely. We should reach Toronto by daylight.

With lights above and watch below we have but ourselves to think of, and we abandon ourselves to the welcome task. Song after song rolls out over the water, and, long after the piano has gone to sleep, keeps echoing in our drowsy ears.

Our last excitement is "The Rapids." Long have we heard of them, and often pictured to ourselves our first view of them. Loose spars are made tight. We choose a good stand.

Nearer and nearer we fly. Here we are. In. Down. Along. Hissing. Roaring. Darting. Leaping. Staggering. Clutching. We are "through" — through the Rapids of the far-famed St. Lawrence. Barrels of apples, boxes of cheese, sacks of grain, and tubs of butter behaved bravely in the hold More Rapids?

Yes; the afternoon brings us to the Cedars, where a few weeks before a steamer was beached in the current. But we flew on with the wild waves, and as we held our breath we had jumped out safely.

As a grand *finale* to our trip we cannot run the last Rapid. The water is too low. But we do not regret the canal instead. The sun is setting behind the mountain, with Montreal at its feet. Lights of many colours from ship, tug, and barge are floating on the bosom of the water, "floating double, light and shadow."

Signals at the locks trail long streams of red across our course. Church spires and domes stand out boldly against the moonlight. Luminous city clocks are set in the sky. One long final "too-too-too," and we are home.

I HAD fallen into a heavy sleep for the first time since my husband died. I was alone in the room. The servants and my little girl were on the floor above me. The sick nurse had left that morning, as there was nothing more for her to do. Jem lay in his coffin. I only needed rest, they said. Rest! with Jem dead downstairs. And yet I fell asleep.

At first I dreamed of Jem in his last illness, pale and thin and weak. He had not suffered much. He had slept out of life while I stood by him wondering miserably why I could not take him in my arms and hold him here. In my sleep I saw him die; in my sleep I felt my heart break with unbearable pain. I must have spent half the night in this state, and only fallen towards morning into a numb, dreamless doze. At any rate, I am sure that I was not dreaming when I roused with a sudden start. I had heard a single loud knock. I lay still and listened, but no one stirred either in the house or outside. I persuaded myself that a coal had fallen from the grate, and that through my sleep it had sounded like a knock.

I soon fell asleep again, but not so heavily. I dreamt that I was on a river with Jem by moonlight. I could smell the meadowsweet on the banks. I heard the splash of oars on the water. Then Jem turned the boat, and we began to drift down stream, slowly and lazily at first, and afterwards with the insane hurry that is common in dreams. The banks flew past, the boat slid on. I grasped its sides as we shot to the edge of a weir, and with a sudden lurch sank down—down—down, until Jem and the boat and the river vanished from me, and I was sitting up in bed with a beating heart, wrapped round by the very spirit of terror, and in my ears the sound of that clear peremptory knock.

This time I turned on the light and found my watch. It was nearly four o'clock—a pitch dark freezing December night. I put on a dressing gown and went upstairs. The servants, when I looked into their room, were fast asleep. So was my little girl and her nurse. At the street doors there were only electric bells. Nevertheless, I opened a window in my room and looked out. Absolute silence everywhere. I got into bed again, convinced that I had dreamed.

After being twice disturbed I felt wide awake. I do not know how long I lay there open-eyed and wretched, thinking of Jem, but I am sure I did not fall asleep. Old memories crowded forward pell-mell and bitter sweet. I saw the lane at home where we had walked together; I remembered his first kiss; I felt his arm round me; I saw his eyes on our wedding day; I heard his voice as he called me wife; I heard it shout to me from the garden below. All the memories were happy ones, and my heart ached; my eyes brimmed over as I looked back. I dared not look ahead.

I am sure that I was still awake when every thought in my mind was driven away and every nerve set throbbing again by the third knock. This one seemed to hurl on me with a crash like a thunderbolt. It stunned me for a moment, and then sent me flying out of the bed, out of the room, and downstairs, with no clear intention, but only with a blind desire to get to Jem. I switched on the light. I saw the coffin as the men had left it on the library table. Without reflection, almost without effort, I removed the lid. There lay Jem, my dear husband, looking much as he had looked in life, only rather white and thin. For a moment I stood motionless. Then I bent over him. The Christmas roses I had put on his breast were fallen to one side. His

hands were no longer crossed. Then—then—as I stood there—Jem slowly opened his eyes.

I was not afraid. How could I be afraid of Jem? But I felt faint with fear lest this little flicker of life should not grow stronger, should fade away again instead.

Yet I dared not hesitate. I got brandy, and administered it drop by drop. I got warm wraps and lighted the fire. I roused a maid, and sent her post-haste for the doctor. Until he came it was uphill work, and each moment the strain grew greater. I felt afraid to move or harass Jem. I felt afraid to leave him alone. He did not open his eyes again until the doctor had used stronger remedies than I had at hand, and even then we could not venture to move him. For hours we stayed there together, nursing him back into life. In the end we put a bed into that room, and lifted him gently on it. He did not know what had happened until six months later, when he was strong and well. I asked him if he could remember anything before he opened his eyes. But from the hour when that death-like sleep fell on him to the moment when he woke in his own bed his memory was blank. Who, then, had given him back to me? Who had knocked?

BY A. H. JAPP, LL.D., F.R.S.E.

THAT dogs are good beggars is universally admitted. It may be said that they, as well as some other of the domestic animals, beg by nature. To beg on system and by rule, however, is a very different matter. Dogs—especially some breeds of dogs—are expert in this, and exceptional members of these breeds have even carried it to the level of a fine art. Not seldom the dogs of blind men are as expert beggars as the blind men themselves, if not more so. I could show you half a dozen blind men's dogs in London who most completely understand the outs and ins of the business; and because of that demure quietude and earnest look of solicitation, do as much to draw the pence as the fact of the master's blindness. Two little blind men's dogs I never pass without anew realising the conviction of that.

That look of wistful pathetic inquiry and appeal always suggests the wonder what the animal would say if it could speak. It is full of the pain of dumbness, and makes one think of legends of the transmigration of souls, of enchanted princes, of Undine, and of the little sea-maiden who gave her tongue that could sing so divinely in exchange for a soul that could love and suffer.

But the dog's power, perhaps, lies in the very fact that he cannot speak. Looks are ever so much more than words, unless they go as commentary upon them. We remember George Eliot's remarkable reflection upon Gyp's conduct in "Adam Bede," which ends with the question why so often we love our dogs that cannot speak better than we do those of our own kin who can? The answer is all-sufficing—perhaps it is simply that they never bore us with their words.

Surely that instance of the Inverness dog, the truth of which is attested by Professors Fountaine and Perchon, of the Lycée, Paris, who were travellers in Scotland, shows perfection in the art of begging. He had a

little box tied round his neck, but he did not let the pence pass into it, but held his head down over it to prevent that, as he would have found it difficult to get them out. His box was a ruse to excite sympathy. And then he had a nose for scenting out the strangers, and persistently following them, knowing that his character and ways were too well known by the townsmen. Having got his pence he bought rolls with them at the bakers' shops. He is the professional beggar to a T; in some things there are few human beggars who could surpass him.

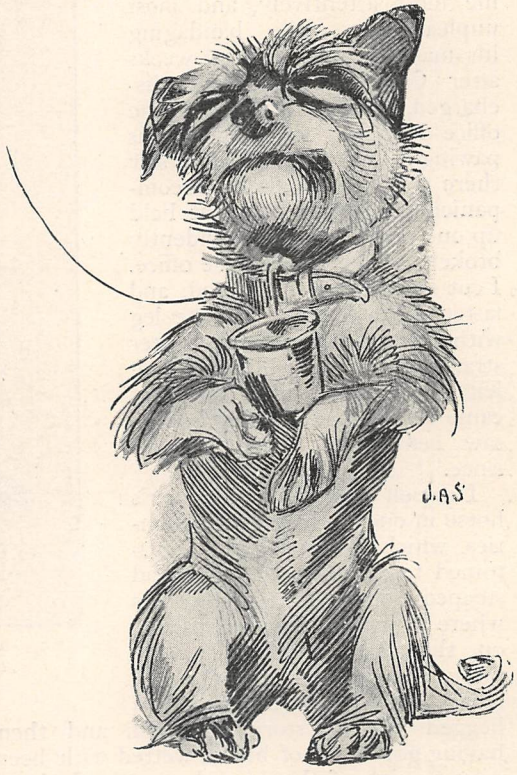
These stories of dogs who, having been aided and healed by the surgeon, themselves have taken other dogs with broken legs, etc., to the surgeon, and make mute appeal on their behalf, surely give us a very good canine representative of the class who are beggars for distressing cases, and so on.

Here is a very good instance, well attested, from *The Mirror* of March 29th, 1873:—

"A dog, having been run over by a carriage, had his leg broken, and a humane surgeon passing had the animal brought home, set his leg, and, having cured his patient, discharged him—aware that he would return to his old master; and the dog, whenever he met the surgeon afterwards, never failed to recognise him by wagging his tail, with other demonstrations of joy. One day a violent barking was heard at the surgeon's door, which was found to be occasioned by this dog, who, it appeared, was striving to procure admittance for another dog who had just had his leg broken."

Many instances of similar benevolent canine beggars are told, but hardly so well attested as the above—among them the reported case of a dog bringing another dog to Charing Cross Hospital which went the round of the papers some years ago.

"In a letter recently received from Lancaster,



THE BLIND MAN'S DOG.
(*A sketch from life.*)

where my father resides," writes Dr. Walter F. Atlee, "A queer thing occurred just now. Father was in the office, and heard a dog yelping outside the door; he paid no attention until a second and louder yelp was heard, when he opened it, and found a little brown dog standing on the step upon three legs. He brought him in, and on examining the fourth leg, found a pin sticking in it. He drew out the pin, and the dog ran away again. The office of my father, Dr. Atlee, is not directly on the street, but stands back, having in front of it some six feet of stone wall with a gate. I will add that it has not been possible to discover anything more about the dog.

"This story reminds me of something similar that occurred to me while studying medicine in this same office nearly thirty years ago. A man, named Cosgrave, the keeper of a low tavern near

COSGRAVE'S DOG.

the railway station, had his arm broken, and came many times to the office to have the dressings arranged. He was always accompanied by a large, most ferocious-looking bull-dog, that watched me most attentively, and most unpleasantly, while bandaging his master's arm. A few weeks after Cosgrave's case was discharged, I heard a noise at the office door, as if some animal was pawing it, and on opening it, saw there this huge bull-dog, accompanied by another dog that held up one of its front legs, evidently broken. They entered the office. I cut several pieces of wood, and fastened them firmly to the leg with adhesive plaster, after straightening the limb. They left immediately. The dog that came with Cosgrave's dog I never saw before, nor have seen it since." *

"PAWING THE EXPECTED DONOR" (*p.* 775).

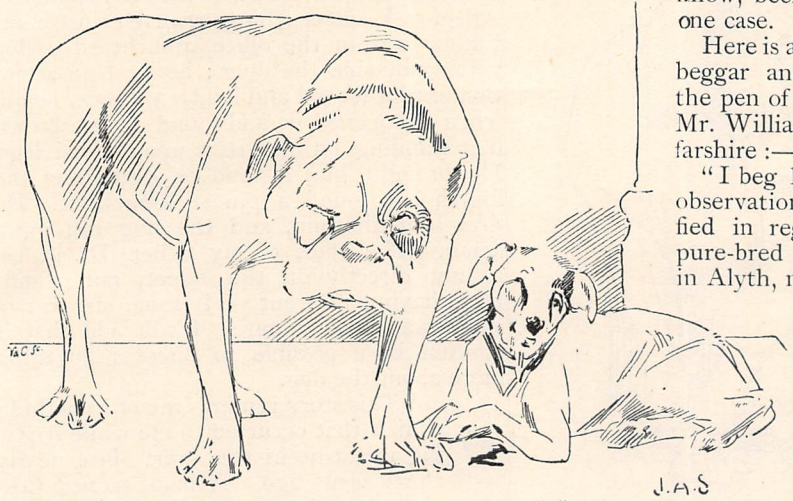
I myself know an old carrier's horse in one of the eastern counties, which, having been accustomed to receive a bit of bread steeped in beer at certain houses where its master delivered parcels on the road, would not move away, though new tenants had come, but whined, neighed, and begged till its story was told, and then, having got its bit of bread, wetted with beer, gave a neigh of thanks and started off cheerfully. It was as though the old horse had said, "Yes, they are newcomers, I know, but tell the good people to what the old horse has been accustomed at this door, and I am sure they will keep up the good old custom." The story was told, the old horse got the bread and beer, and the old custom has, I know, been kept up in at least one case.

* In *The Philadelphia Medical Times*, quoted in *The Spectator*, June 26th, 1875, p. 819, No. 2,452.

Here is an account of "Towser," beggar and bargain-maker, from the pen of a namesake of my own, Mr. William Japp, of Alyth, Forfarshire :—

"I beg leave to record certain observations which I have verified in regard to an intelligent pure-bred collie at present alive in Alyth, named 'Towser.'

"At an early period of his career 'Towser' commenced to beg for money, his medium of exchange being, preferably over all others, a halfpenny. When he succeeds in getting this coin he usually sets



"ACCOMPANIED BY ANOTHER DOG."

off with it to the baker to purchase a biscuit; and on reaching the shop he raises his fore feet on to the counter (having first made audible signs at the door if it should be shut), gets his biscuit, and retires to consume it, which he usually does within a few yards of the shop-door. The solicitation for the coin is done by pawing the expected donor, and the pawing instantly stops when the coin is delivered.

"'Towser's' custom is not confined to one special baker or grocer, but he drops his change at any shop where biscuits are sold; and I could name one baker and three grocers who have 'Towser' in their books. Of a Saturday night, when his master and he may lounge about the street getting and receiving attentions, as is wont, 'Towser' has been seen to get as many as half a dozen halfpennies, all of which he changed into biscuits, and by a process of ratiocination thought nothing of it if the fun was general. Sometimes he will take it into his head to barter his halfpenny with his master's wife for a piece of pork—but this is when he is not so hungry, or when satiated; and if hungry, he prefers his biscuit to swine's flesh.

"On one occasion 'Towser' decidedly gave way to a trick—let us hope it was frolic. One day he paid the baker for a halfpenny biscuit with a farthing, and ran off with some evidences of glee before the seller had time to detect the mistake. The baker would fain convince me that there was a glimmer of joy in 'Towser's' eye, as he went off with more hurry than usual, which was explained by the dividend.

"His master, being a carpenter, has frequently written a message on a spill of wood or piece of paper and sent 'Towser' miles with the billet to the workshop for an answer, which was effected by his speedy return with a small parcel of nails or tape, or such like, that had been required in an emergency. 'Towser's' duty, for which it may be said he earns his bread, is to watch at night his master's woodyard. On one occasion, when he was only a year old, he recognised on the street a person who was suspected of having taken some wood over night when 'Towser' was on the chain, and by growls and threats raised a suspicion that was afterwards verified.

The account of the famous old French soldier Sandolet's begging dog has been often referred to: here is an account of it as suggestive as it is compact:—

Sandolet had a dog which answered to the name of "Capucin." Weary of fasting and waiting for the larks to fall into his mouth ready roasted, Sandolet came to the logical conclusion that, since he had a dog, which dog helped him to consume his revenue, it was only fair that the said dog, for his part, should render some service in return. To the dog's collar he therefore fastened a leather purse, into which, when he put a letter, "Capucin" carried it to its address. It was a petition for pecuniary assistance from some generous person of the old soldier's acquaintance.

When the cupboard was bare, Sandolet opened the door, and calling the dog, said to him, "Come, 'Capucin,' you see the hutch is empty. You must set to work, *mon ami*, and try what you can do."

At which 'Capucin' mournfully bowed his head, shook his ears, tucked his tail between his legs, and began to bark—a pantomime which, interpreted, said, "I understand, master is hungry—and so is his dog."

The letter deposited in its receptacle, Sandolet said, "Go to such or such a place." The docile messenger obeyed, and presented himself to the party indicated with a humble and submissive air. He then raised his head to show the letter. Often, while waiting for the answer, 'Capucin' found his way to the kitchen, where they rarely refused him a morsel of meat. When at last he got the answer, always enclosing a piece of money, he returned to his master as fast as his legs could carry him, and would contrive to make ten or twelve such visits in the course of a morning. The collection ended, the master and dog embraced each other.*

* *The Literary Budget*, May 6th, 1871, No. 7, p. 107, Vol. I.

CAPUCIN.

She is not Fair to Outward View

Words by HARTLEY COLERIDGE. *Music by* W. J. FOXELL, M.A., B.Mus. (Lond.).

VOICE.

PIANO.

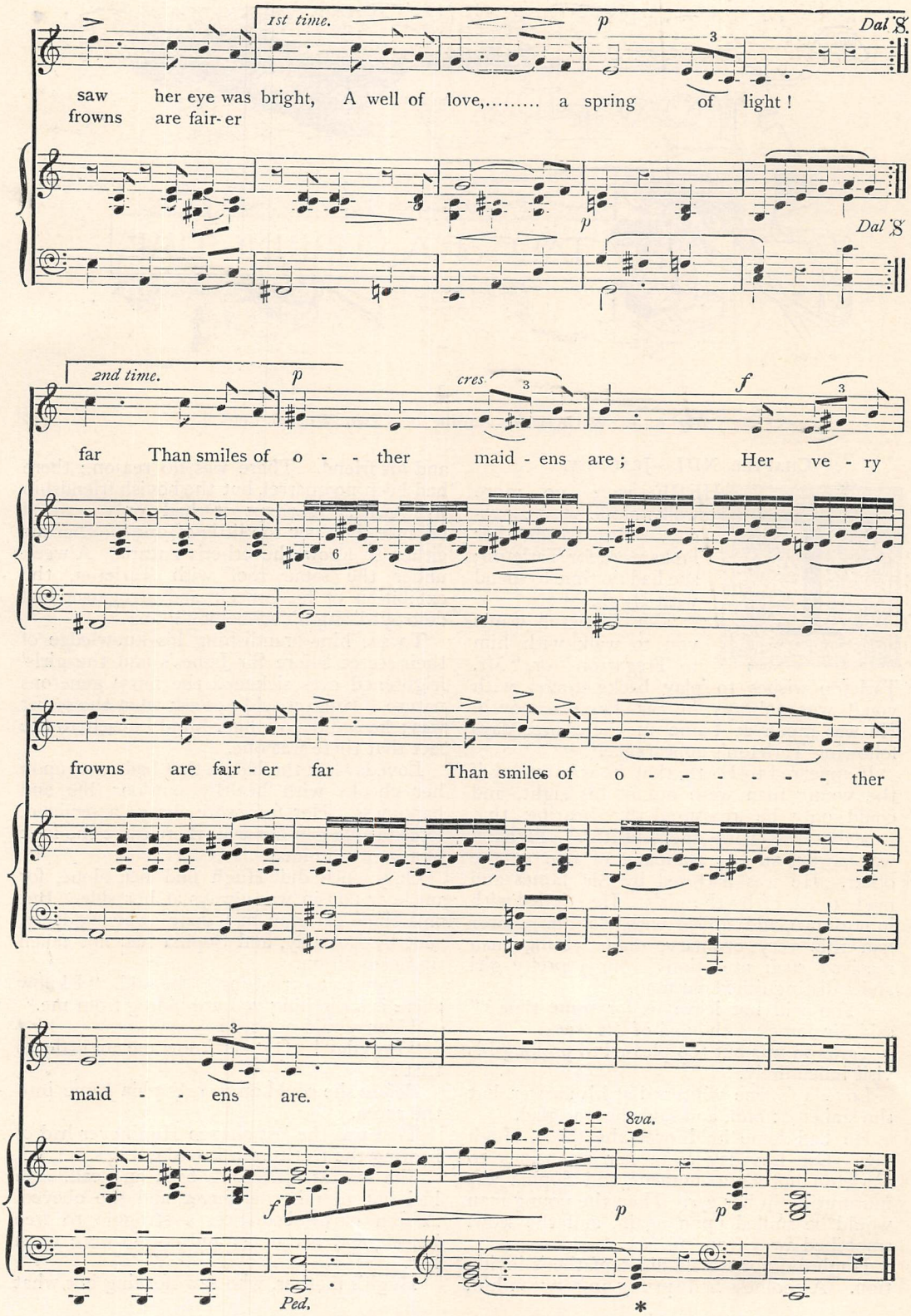
Andante affettuoso.

p *dim.* *p*

1. She is not fair to outward view, As ma-ny maid - ens be; Her love - li - ness I nev-er knew Un - til she smiled on me. O then I saw her eye was bright, A well of love, a spring of light! O then I
2. But now her looks are coy and cold, To mine they ne'er re - ply; And yet I cease not to be - hold The love-light in her eye. Her ve - ry frowns are fair - er far Than smiles of o - - ther maid-ens are; Her ve - ry

p dolce.

f *p* *f*


1st time.
p
Dal 𝄋.
saw her eye was bright, A well of love,..... a spring of light!
frowns are fair-er
p
Dal 𝄋
2nd time.
p
cres
f
far Than smiles of o - - ther maid - ens are; Her ve - ry
frowns are fair - er far Than smiles of o - - - - - - - ther
maid - - ens are.
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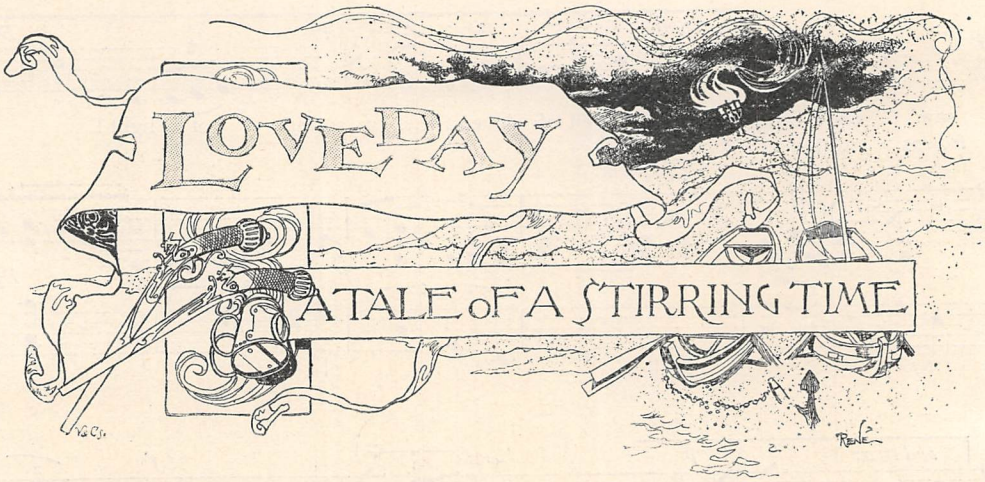


By A. E. WICKHAM, Author of "Two Women," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.—JEALOUSY.

THERE were no more walks alone with Loveday. Her words, her looks were for Tarleton; she had no time to spend with Hugh.

"Mr. Tarleton wants you to walk with him to Tregarron," or, "Mr. Tarleton wishes to play backgammon with you," were always in Sir James's mouth. He was much at home in these first days following Tarleton's appearance.

It appeared to Hugh that he was uneasy if the young man were out of his sight, and could only be reassured by hearing that Loveday was with their visitor. Tarleton was always in the company of one or the other. He was flattered by Sir James and made much of by the girls. He swelled with importance, and smiled with elation. Never had this very ordinary, plain young man received such attentions from a pretty girl and a distinguished old man.

"You will not leave us for some time?" said Sir James at the end of the week.

Tarleton was but too pleased to prolong his visit indefinitely.

Loveday's face whitened at his answer, but she smiled at him, and said she was glad.

He had some hold over the three, Hugh saw. Let Loveday relax her attentions to Tarleton but for a moment, and Sophia was murmuring in her ear. Then the young man would be smiled upon again, and the scowl smoothed away from his face.

Hugh did not second his stepfather's invitation. A coolness had sprung up between him and his friend. There was no reason; there had been no quarrel, but the boyish friendship was gone. Perhaps it had only existed because they saw too little of one another for either to know the other's nature. A week under the same roof with Tarleton, the exhibition of his conceit and arrogance had destroyed Hugh's schoolboy liking.

To see him brandishing his knowledge of their secret before Sir James's and the girls' frightened eyes sickened the more generous nature. Hugh would not ask what the secret was; he could no longer blind himself to the fact that there was one.

Loveday lost the bloom that had come upon her cheeks with healthy outdoor life and happiness. Her face wore always a strained, forced smile; in her eyes there came the look of a hunted animal.

Only once did Hugh find her alone, for uncle or cousin was always at her side. But this time Tarleton had gone away suddenly, sent by Loveday, and Sophia had not taken up her position.

"Won't you trust me?" he said. "I know there is something you are hiding from me."

"You would not tell?"

"Loveday! Do you know me as little as that?"

Before she could answer, Sophia came into the room.

That was the last chance Hugh ever had of hearing the truth from Loveday's lips.

She was at Tarleton's beck and call. He had but to raise his finger, and she obeyed. A sign of disobedience, a struggle to free herself, and her uncle and cousin were upon her.

Hugh's mother, who saw nothing but what

lay on the outside, confided her disappointment to her son.

"I never thought Loveday was that sort. I made up my mind she'd marry you, Hugh, and we'd all settle down here so happy and staying and everything being made comfortable for him."

One evening Hugh had gone for a walk upon the cliffs. He could not stay in the house longer to see Loveday and Tarleton

"HUGH GAVE A WILD HOLLOA" (*p.* 782).

comfortable, and now she is carrying on with Ned Tarleton. I suppose she'll marry him."

"Nonsense, mother! He will leave soon, and then everything will be as it was before he came."

"I don't like it," said his mother, "and I wish that he would go. I'd have said so before, only Sir James is that set on his play backgammon at the table where he and she had sat together not three months ago.

There was no moon, but the night was clear and still. A star or two gleamed in the sky. The waves fell with a quiet wash upon the rocks.

The cool night air and the peace and quiet soothed his passions. He walked more

calmly. All would be well in time, he said to himself.

The short turf was wet with dew. A step too far to the right would have sent him over the cliff on to the rocks a hundred feet below.

Four miles from home he stopped, about to turn; but the muffled sound of oars and voices came to his ears. He went over the cliff shutting in a little cove. No one was watching. He could creep to the edge and look down.

The lights of two or three lanterns shone on men hurrying to and from the cliff to the water. The splash of oars and the kegs and bundles they carried were no surprise to Hugh. It was the smuggling schooner being unladen, and beneath him were the caves and holes in which the goods were hidden. They had grown careless with time, and forgotten to post a watchman on the cliff above.

"They'll be nicely caught one day," said Hugh to himself.

Two men examined a long slip of paper, while a third held a lantern that the light might fall upon it.

Hugh could see that the one marking the paper with a pencil was his stepfather, the other, a short, dark man, with greasy ringlets which shone in the lantern's light, was Tregallas, the captain of the schooner.

There was an altercation between the two men. Sir James raised his hand and beckoned. A fourth man came up, and the paper was handed to him. A murmur of voices, and then Sir James, loud and triumphant—

"I knew I was right—the goods do not tally with the list."

Hugh put his hands on either side his mouth and gave a wild holloa.

The lights went out, the voices ceased. Hugh was looking down into a cove as dark and silent as the other inlets in the bay. The lap of the waves sounded on the rocks in the stillness and hush of the quiet night.

"They will have a man put here to watch another time," said Hugh to himself, as he rose to his feet.

He walked homewards, pleased and his mind distracted by his boyish trick.

"Good-evening, sir," said a voice behind him.

His stepfather, in the gloom, had not recognised his stepson.

"Was it you who shouted?" he said when Hugh turned.

"I thought you wanted a lesson. It might as well have been a revenue man as I."

"It was a dangerous trick. If you had been there when the men rushed up, you would have met with rough handling."

"They know I would not peach."

"Your shout gave us a fine fright," said Sir James after a while, with a laugh. "We made sure we were discovered. When nothing happened, we rushed to the top of the cliff. I came this way to see who had shouted, and Polgarn went the other."

He put his arm in Hugh's.

"Why don't you join us?" he said.

"Why should I?"

"For the excitement, the suspense, the pleasure."

"I want to live an honest life."

"Pooh! pooh! What is honesty? You, a young man, talk in that strain, while I, an old one——"

He dropped Hugh's arm, and looked up to the stars.

"Yes," said Hugh, "you an old one?"

"Perhaps you are right—an honest life is the best. But the quiet, and the deadly dulness of it! And yet——"

His head sank upon his breast. He spoke to himself.

"I have had a pleasant time on the whole, and now I am doing no harm."

He roused himself with a laugh at his mood.

"It is the night and the stars," he said to Hugh. "I am not given to looking back; the present is the thing. What matter yesterday and to-morrow if the now is comfortable? My young friend, I like you."

He held out his hand to Hugh.

"We have nothing in common, and you are all that I have never been. I look after myself: you look after others. You are honest and faithful, while I—I am not. Yet I like you; you do not bore me though you are respectable. Respectability pays in the long run. A respectable selfishness is what I should aim at if my life were to come over again. As it is, selfishness without the adjective has been my motto. I have succeeded in what I have tried to do. I have enjoyed every hour, every day of my sixty-five years. Can you say as much of your twenty-six?"

Hugh shook his head.

"No? I thought not. I give you a recipe, young man. Laugh at small worries, and brush great ones from your path."

He walked a few steps without speaking. Then he said suddenly, in an altered tone, the touch of theatricalness gone from his voice—

"I am sorry Tarleton came to Trosa."

He waited for an answer, but Hugh would not agree and could not differ.

"You and Loveday would have been a charming pair, and I like to see happiness. That, I suppose, is ended?"

"Why ended?"

"Do you not see she has taken a fancy to your friend? Women are strange creatures. How she can prefer that fat, boorish fellow to you is impossible to say. But so it is!"

"Is it?" said Hugh, at last.

"Can you not see? I do not like the fellow; yet, for her sake, I had to ask him to prolong his visit. I suppose he is in a position to keep a wife?"

"He has fair means."

"Well, we must sigh and let her go her own way, though I, for one, do not admire her taste."

"You talk finely," said Hugh, in a smothered voice, "but I see more than you think. Tarleton knows something of you that you fear his telling. That is why you all make much of the fellow."

"Find another reason than that for Loveday's cooiness to you," said Sir James, with a laugh.

"Trust your secret to me—I should be safe."

"Safe as the grave, I doubt not. If I had a secret you should know it. But I am only poor Sir James Macdonald of Dramossie Castle, with no secret at all."

"Yet you have written to no friend since you came here. You married my mother secretly! You mix yourself up with the wild doings of Tregarron! You dread meeting strangers! You are content to stay in this out-of-the-way corner of the world, though you talk of London, of Paris, of your grand friends! I am not quite fool enough to believe your story, Sir James Macdonald!"

"You were fool enough to fall in love with my niece. Believe or disbelieve what you choose, but remember, young sir, I am married to your mother, and disgrace to me is disgrace to her."

"I do remember," said Hugh, in a low voice; "that is why your secret must be safe with me."

"There is no secret," said Sir James, pettishly.

They were at the door of the farm. Loveday's laugh met their ears as they stepped within.

"Does that sound like the tragic heroine you would make her out?" whispered her uncle, and Hugh could not deny that the laugh was a merry one.

But yet! Hugh pondered Sir James's words in his mind. Was there no secret? Had Loveday merely changed as a girl might do? But he had been suspicious of them long before. Tarleton's behaviour had only made suspicion a certainty.

A bitterness surged up in his heart. If Loveday had cared for him, might she not have trusted him with her secret? Had she been playing with him? He could not trust her uncle, in Sophia he had been mistaken; might not Loveday be a matching third in the trio?

"They are all the same—false; I will think no longer of the girl," he said to himself.

From that hour he kept away from the house. He started on his farm round early in the morning, returning late at night when all were in bed. He ate his meals in his bailiff's cottage, thus avoiding all sight of Loveday.

Her piteous eyes might have melted his resolve if he had seen them. They looked at him when he left the farm in early morning. Sophia would call her cousin from the window in a warning voice, and she would turn to Ned Tarleton with a smile on her lips.

His mother was cool and unfriendly. Abigail rated the girl for her behaviour to "Maister Hugh."

The bright, friendly intercourse of Trosa was gone, and an air of constraint, of waiting, hung over the inhabitants. Only Tarleton was jovial.

Chapter XIV.—A Scene.

LATE one night, when Tarleton had been at Trosa nearly three weeks, Hugh returned from Byford.

His stepfather's voice called him into the parlour. Sir James was alone, smoking by the open window. A bunch of lilac was in a jug upon the table, and the scent of the flowers mingled with the smell of tobacco.

Hugh ever after hated lilac.

"Everything is arranged," said Sir James.

"What is arranged?"

"My niece's marriage with your friend."

"She will marry him, then?"

"Surely you have seen it coming? I was not surprised. They will be married in three weeks."

"Quickly settled!"

"Tarleton said it was better to have it now. That would save him a journey. He has no one to please but himself, and Loveday can put her house in order herself. I approved of the plan."

"In three weeks!"

"As soon as the banns can be called. He is infatuated with her."

Sir James pressed down the tobacco in the bowl of his pipe.

"He is well off. I could ask nothing better for my niece. He bores me, but if she is contented——"

"In three weeks!"

"Yes, she will be gone in three weeks. I

shall miss her ; I was always fond of Loveday. Still, I can do nothing ; I must not stand in her way. A young fellow with comfortable means, and devoted, is not often to be met with. No ; we must just sigh, and let her go."

Hugh had a feeling that the room was whirling round with him.

"It is a short time," he muttered.

Sir James looked coolly at the young man.

"Very short, but there is reason in it. Travelling on these bad roads is not so pleasant he should wish to do the journey twice. 'Happy's the wooing that's not long a-doing,' is a sensible proverb."

"They will be married here ?"

"Where else ? Your mother has kindly consented."

"Of course it would be from here," muttered Hugh.

A small night breeze came through the open window and made the candle gutter to one side.

Hugh shivered.

He rose from his seat, said good-night abruptly, and was leaving the room. Sir James called him back.

"I am sorry for you, my friend ; but women are changeable, that is all we can say."

Hugh looked fiercely at his stepfather.

"You may keep your pity to yourself," he said in a low voice. "I am well rid of her."

"Young man, I admire your spirit."

Hugh was in no temper to be clapped on the back by Sir James. He strode from the room, out of the house into the cool calm and hush of the May night.

Loveday met him next morning, quiet and composed. Her face was white, a film seemed to cloud her bright dark eyes, but her hand did not shake, nor was there a tremor in her voice.

She shrank away when Ned Tarleton boisterously kissed her, but Hugh was not looking at her then. He did not look at her again, after the one sudden glance as she entered the room.

Sir James talked and laughed with the utmost good humour, but he left the room at the first opportunity. His wife was quiet and downcast ; she had hoped for a different ending. Sophia looked white and worn.

Tarleton was the only one who was happy. He was facetious and excited, until Hugh longed to choke him and Sir James's humour became forced.

Hugh saw less of his home after that one morning. He avoided his mother. She would fuss and worry, until he was exasperated to words he would afterwards regret. He watched his labourers until they rebelled ; he grumbled at everything.

A week after the announcement of Loveday's engagement, he met her upon the rocks.

She was crouching in a cranny, her face pressed against the rock side. Her eyes were closed, and her hands were clasped about her knees. She was like a sick bird, with its feathers ruffled and its head buried in its breast.

She did not hear his approach. It was not until he stood close to her that she opened her eyes.

"Are you ill ?" he asked gently.

"No, no," she said quickly. She sat up, and pulled the hood over her head.

"SHE WAS CROUCHING IN A CRANNY."

Hugh turned on his heel to leave her; already he regretted his momentary softening.

"Mr. Penrose," she said in a faltering voice.

"Yes?" he said.

"I am to marry Mr. Tarleton in less than three weeks."

"I know that."

He waited for a moment.

"Is there anything else you want to tell me?"

"No, nothing."

He walked a few steps; then something made him turn his head.

She had leant back in her old position. Her lips were closed into a piteous, patient line.

"Why do you marry him?" he asked.

"Because I must."

Her head was on a level with his as he stood beneath the rock, in the corner of which she crouched. He put his hand on the stone, it was hot with the sun's rays.

"Why must you?"

He asked the question, though he knew no answer would come to it. From Loveday he scarcely hoped to learn their secret; she would be faithful to her uncle's trust.

She put her hands to her face, and leant them down upon the warm rock.

"I have to marry him."

"To save your uncle from something. You will not save him; you are only ruining your life for nothing. Someone will recognise him besides Tarleton."

She moved her head restlessly.

"I must marry him, and it is to be in less than three weeks."

"Do you care for him?" said Hugh abruptly.

"No, no; I hate him, oh!"

She quivered from head to foot.

"Yet you mean to marry him?" he said, with a sneer.

"I must, I must. Can't you understand?"

"No," said Hugh, grimly.

"Then go; no one can help me."

"You can help yourself. Refuse to marry him. No one can force you into it."

"Go away," she said, tiredly; "you know I cannot do that. I am bound to him, and I suppose in three weeks I shall have left Trosa. You will see me no more, and that is the end of everything."

"Loveday, give him up."

"You don't understand, or you won't. I wish I were dead."

Hugh looked at her, despair in his honest eyes.

"Very well," he said, "that is the end."

"Why did he come here, when we were all so happy?" cried Loveday; "and why should he want to marry me?"

"I am going," said Hugh. "I can do nothing. You must free yourself."

He walked away. She followed him, and caught his arm.

"Do you give me up? Am I left to myself? Oh, Hugh—Hugh!"

He threw off her hand. She watched him out of sight. Then she returned to her warm nook, and sat there motionless until the sun dropped, a ball of flame, into the sea.

From that day Loveday seemed to have accepted her fate. She scarcely winced under Tarleton's caresses; she was ready to obey his slightest wish.

Sir James was the one whose temper wore thin. Tarleton behaved to him in an insolent, blustering manner, which sorely chafed the old man's spirit.

"'Pon my soul, I pity Loveday," he burst out one evening to Hugh. "The man is a cur, a beast, an insolent fellow." Then he saw a question on his stepson's face, and he pulled himself together. "But, of course, if my niece is pleased, I have nothing to say—nothing."

The young men had dropped all show of friendship. Between them there was nothing but the barest civility, strained to breaking point. They met only at the occasional meal Hugh now ate at Trosa. Each was anxious to avoid the other.

But Hugh one day asked him to walk with him to Tregarron, and Tarleton consented.

"Your wedding day is fixed," said Hugh, when they were well on the road.

"Yes; Saturday, the 12th of June."

"You are making her marry you."

"I'm doing no such thing. I spoke to her uncle, and he said yes; I spoke to the girl, and she said yes. What more do you want?"

Tarleton's face was red with passion.

"She is being forced into it."

"She's only got to say no, and there's an end. I can't make her marry me if she won't. I suppose she set you on to me."

"She did no such thing."

"I'd make her uncle suffer for it if she had."

Hugh looked at the fat little fellow; spite was written all over his red, round face.

"You know she does not care for you."

"I know nothing about it. She has said she'll marry me on Saturday, June 12th, and I guess she had better stick to the bargain."

"You won't let her off?"

"Not I! She said yes, and she'll have to stick to it, unless she wants to get her precious uncle into trouble."

"You hound!" said Hugh.

"I suppose you want her yourself. I can

see through your little tricks. Well, she is mine; and I say to you, hands off."

The two men faced one another in the road—anger and scorn on one face, anger and spite on the other.

"You think I don't understand your absenting yourself from the house, your scowls and thundercloud looks, when I touch her! Let me tell you, I see your little game; and if you think I am going to give her up to you, you are much mistaken."

He whistled and turned on his heel, with his hat cocked on one side.

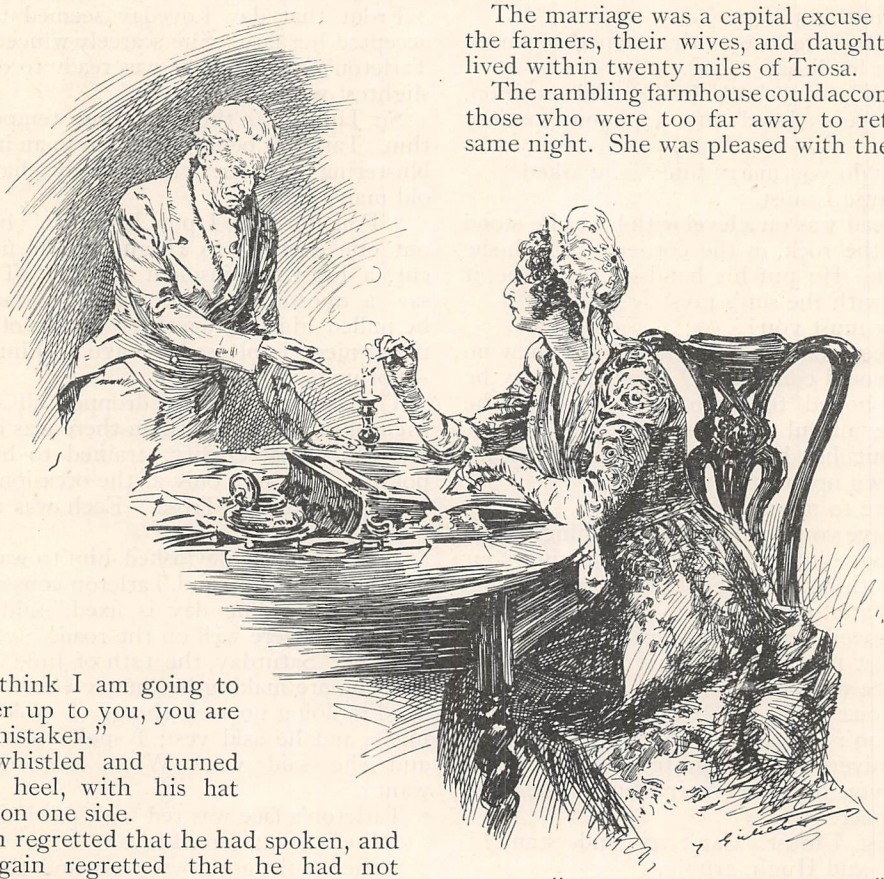
Hugh regretted that he had spoken, and then again regretted that he had not spoken more strongly.

The days went on. From morning to night Hugh tramped about his farm, trying by work to deaden the gnawing pain eating at his heart; trying to weary himself, that he might sleep through the short summer nights. But, do what he might, the pain was there, and the morning light found him wide awake on his tumbled bed.

His mother, good soul, grew interested in the wedding as the day approached. She forgot in the making of dresses and capes, the planning of the marriage junketings, that she had ever wanted another husband for Loveday. This was to be an occasion to invite her distant neighbours, and parade before them as Lady Macdonald. As yet, she had not derived much satisfaction from her title. The vicar, Mr. Penhorrod, had addressed her by it; one or two men come on business to the farm had stared and grinned when Abigail had "my ladied" her mistress. That was all the notice she had received. The good lady had always held herself aloof from Tregarron wives. She could still less visit them with that prefix to her name.

The marriage was a capital excuse to invite the farmers, their wives, and daughters, who lived within twenty miles of Trosa.

The rambling farmhouse could accommodate those who were too far away to return the same night. She was pleased with the notion,



"CHOOSE BETWEEN THEM AND ME."

and, in spite of Hugh's cool reception of her intentions, she proceeded to write the invitations. Her husband came into the room as she was sealing and tying the epistles. He was told what she was doing. A frown came on his forehead; his white eyebrows lowered over his eyes.

"I do not know these people," he said, with a contemptuous flick of his long white fingers to the square packets directed in her large round hand.

"I want them to come to see you, James."

"I do not wish to know them. These persons, with their tiresome talk of wheat and hay and turnips, bore me."

"But—but—they are my friends."

"If they come, I shall not attend the wedding. Byford! You have asked people from such a distance as Byford!"

He pointed to an address, "John Pendrick, attorney, of the High Street, Byford."

"He was an old friend of—of—Hugh's father, and I always liked him, and—and——"

"Choose between them and me," said Sir James.

His wife cried, and burnt the letters.

It was a disappointment, but she soon revived. There were excursions to Byford, to buy materials for the making of Loveday's clothes. Sir James kindly consented to his wife giving his niece her frocks and house-linen. The girl herself was indifferent; she would not be roused to take an interest. Lady Macdonald might buy what she chose; Loveday did not even wish to see the flowered muslins, and thick linseys, and homespuns.

"Buy what you like; I do not care," was her answer to all questions. So the good lady visited Byford alone, bringing back to Trosa innumerable packages and directions as to the latest cut in hoods and what was worn in London. She enjoyed the three journeys she made to the town.

A girl was found in Tregarron to help cut and sew the few frocks and hoods. The parlour became a chaos of muslins and linen, with Jenny Roswen, the sewing girl, Hugh's mother, and Sophia stitching and cutting for dear life.

Loveday would not be measured for her frocks; she deliberately kept out of the room, and refused to see the preparations.

"She is that queer," said his mother to Hugh, "I can't make her out. I wanted her to try on her muslin that she is to wear on the wedding-day, and she wouldn't touch it or look at it. Now, Ned Tarleton is prowling about all the day, poking his nose into the parlour and fingering the things to see whether I've given them good. He can't find any fault with them; they're the best to be bought in Byford; and the best linen was made by old Nancy Barter, and there are few can beat her spinning."

Hugh did his best to avoid his mother's confidences; but her troubles had always been poured into his ear, and it is a hard matter to break through a custom without offence. That, he was too generous to give.

Work on the farm was slack. The warm spring and hot suns of April had produced a crop of May hay. By the beginning of June that was gathered and stacked, and there came a pause in work before the wheat harvest.

This was the hardest time for Hugh; nothing to distract his thoughts, no labour to tire him physically, his feelings asserted themselves and tormented.

A pipe with Berryman on the quay of Tregarron was the chief occupation for his evening.

The young man and the old salt would sit side by side in a silence full of gloomy thoughts, watching the sun sink behind the sandhills.

For Berryman had likewise fallen upon evil days; his prayer meetings and revivals were no longer attended by the paying portions of Tregarron; consequently, collections were too small to support him. The wreckers and smugglers whom he had assisted in small ways to dispose of their goods were now too well organised to require his help. "No half and half men for me," was Sir James's motto, and Berryman was too proud to enter openly the trades against which he had preached. He lived on a hoard he had scraped together in the days he had commanded a smart little trading smack. It was not particularly poor living, but it was different from that of the palmy days when he was favourite preacher and picker-up of unconsidered trifles. His misfortunes were laid to the account of Sir James Macdonald.

"'Tis a bootiful evenin'," he said, as they watched a sunset of rose-coloured and orange clouds.

They sucked at their pipes in appreciative silence.

"He can't take that from me," he said. "He's stopped the folks comin' to meetin' and puttin' in the plate; he won't allow a poor man to pick up a bit o' baccy, but he won't drive me from Tregarron and the sea, try as he might."

"When's the weddin'?" asked Berryman, after a while.

"Next Saturday."

"H'm! A pretty maid, Lovedy! He'th a-promised a supper to 'em Saturday night; songs and rum to follow, at the 'King's Head.' That there Ned Tarleton's a fat fool! Come down grimacin' and foolin' with Lovedy and Sir James, as he calls himself. 'Shall I push 'un over the quay?' I said to her soft-like, and she give me a look which said, 'I wish you would,' as plain as speech."

They were seated at the edge of the quay, their legs dangling over the water running with a soft lap-lap against the side.

"Baccy's cheap, my sonnie," continued the old man. "Roswen, he tells me they've had some good runs, and everything straight. Cap'en Tregallas has to have his cargoes tally with the paper down to a keg; no cheatin' and featherin' their own nests in these days, I can tell 'ee."

"They still like him?"

"I believe 'ee; do anything he tells 'em. He stopped Roswen bringin' away a bit of baccy for me. 'Let him buy it at old Dame Herring's,' he says; 'she's a very good customer of ours.' So now I've got to buy my own baccy. Never before have I bought a quid."

Berryman filled his pipe with twitching fingers.

"We've fallen on strange times, my son," continued the old man; "'twas an evil day when you risked your life to save them furriners. But there! they wasn't born to be drownded; the old man'll meet with a different endin', I reckon. And as for the gals, Lovedy's a booty; but there ain't no lack of wimmen in the world. Dead and gone; 'twould have been the same to us. But you saved 'em, and here we are; cuckoos in your nest and mine."

He spat into the water.

"'Tis strange! Thrown up by the sea, and meetin' with a welcome; a warm place in the house, and no askin' to set sail and leave the port. No questions asked, and no answers given. Ay, he's a clever man. Blest if he ain't cleverer than most."

The sun was gone; a gloom came over the rippling, flowing tide. The lights crept out from the windows of Tregarron village. A horn lantern was run up the mast of a schooner lying by the quay. Its yellow light cast a line of reflection upon the edges of ripples far across the river. A star came out in the west over the sea.

Hugh and Berryman sat until the afterglow faded from the sky.

CHAPTER XV.—LOVEDAY SPEAKS.

THE sun rose and shone through the cloudless June days; it set in tints of amber, primrose, pink, and gold, over a peaceful sea, dark with depths of blue and purple. The green corn in the fields over the hills grew lighter and yellower; it waved in shadowy billows when the night breeze blew from the east. The stubble in the mown fields became brown and parched; the short turf on the cliff-side was slippery as glass and burnt into red-brown patches. The gorse was ablaze with yellow flowers; it made a pathway of gold from the cliff to the top of the hill. The sea washed with a cool sound on the burning rocks.

Glare of sun and glitter of yellow, deep blue sky and purple sea, brown rocks and red cliff, yellow sand and the white edge of breakers, quivered in a heat which made the air dance in a fantastic lacework.

The land was sleeping in the blazing heat.

Such a day was Friday, the eve of Loveday's wedding.

The parlour windows were wide open in the early morning. A cool, gentle breeze rustled the clean white curtains put up in honour of to-morrow; it fanned gently Lady Macdonald's hot cheeks, and stirred the dark curls round Loveday's ears. The murmur of the sea was soft as a lullaby. The clatter in the kitchen and Abigail's voice nearly drowned its whisper.

Hugh was the only silent one at the breakfast table. He looked out at the sea, green and blue and purple with shadows of morning clouds. Loveday chattered feverishly to Sophia. Sir James talked with a natural good humour, which had been somewhat wanting of late. His wife wiped her brow, and complained of the heat. Tarleton grinned and chuckled, his face aglow with pride and exultation.

He put his arm round Loveday when she rose.

"You haven't kissed me," he said.

She pushed him away with a look of loathing.

"Let me be alone for to-day!" she said.

"Yes, let her alone; it is the last day," said Sir James hastily. "After this, you will have her to yourself. Come down with me to Tregarron."

He led him away protesting.

Hugh likewise left the house. He could not face the bustle, the excitement.

So the hours crept on from morning to noon, from noon to evening, and Loveday made no sign.

The spirits of the morning had died away by the evening meal. All were tired with the heat and exertions of the day; some had an even more pressing need for quiet. The twilight fell; no candles were lit. In the sadness and mystery of the dusk the little party grew hushed and silent. Sir James beat a gentle tattoo upon the window seat; his wife fell asleep in her chair; Tarleton left the room. Hugh, the two girls, and Sir James were gathered by the open window. Loveday sat a little behind her cousin.

Six months and more had passed since these three had staggered wet and wounded into the kitchen. Six months! He knew no more of them now than he had known that cold, grey morning. And yet, one was his stepfather and another was the passionate love of his young manhood.

He looked at Loveday's white face and dark eyes and forgave her everything—the secret she would not trust with him, the marriage of to-morrow.

The darkness deepened. A night-moth blundered through the window and flew against Lady Macdonald's face. She woke with a start. It was time for bed, she said. The girls followed her, Sir James and Hugh were left alone.

"Tarleton has taken a message for me to Tregarron," said his stepfather; "I must wait his return."

Hugh took the candlestick from the high mantelpiece. He carried it into the kitchen to light it at the embers of the fire. Abigail and the maids had gone to rest an hour ago, but there was a smouldering log lying on the hearth which, on a kick from Hugh's foot, gave out a sufficient spark. Sir James followed him into the kitchen.

"Uncle," said a voice at the door.

Loveday stood there.

The low, large kitchen was warm and pleasantly odorous of cakes and pies. Floor and table were scrubbed to a perfect cleanliness; the copper dishes on the mantelpiece were bright with elbow polish. A warming pan on the wall caught the gleam of the candle Hugh held aloft.

"What do you want?" said Sir James.

Loveday stepped into the kitchen and closed the door.

But another hand pushed it open again; Sophia had followed her cousin.

"Loveday, think," she said, grasping her hand.

"I have thought. Shut the door, please. Uncle, I will not marry him."

Hugh placed the wax candle on Abigail's spotless table.

"What girlish nonsense!"

Sir James said the words with a good attempt at a smile.

"It is not nonsense. I will not marry him."

"H'sh! not so loud. He may be back any moment. Hugh, you need not stay to listen to this folly."

"I shall wait until the end," said Hugh, calmly.

Sir James bit his lip.

"Very well, then, stay. You know what your refusal means, Loveday."

"I cannot help it, I will not marry him. There must be other ways! Perhaps he would not be hard. I would tell him, and beg him to be merciful."

"If I know the man, there will be precious little mercy in him. His vanity will be cut to the quick."

"Loveday—Loveday, think of us!" cried Sophia passionately.

"I will not marry him," she said, panting and trembling.

"H'm!" said Sir James, "you will not save us, though I have been like a father to you. Have you not had the same as Sophia; have I not shown you the same affection?"

"Yes, yes, everything. You know, uncle, I would do anything for you. I would kill myself, if you wanted, but—but—I cannot marry that man."

"Your killing yourself would do me no good, but your marriage will save me. He will not let us go under that."

"He might, if I begged, and——"

"Not he. Break it off the day before the wedding—make him the laughing-stock of all, and you make him a savage enemy. I know the man."

"I will not marry him," said Loveday sullenly.

Sir James paced up and down the kitchen, his head sunk upon his breast. Hugh, watching him, saw his face harden, his lower lip push out; he gave Loveday a sudden side-long glance. Tears were in his eyes and a tremor in his voice when he again spoke. He put his arm round Loveday's shoulders.

"My little girl, your old uncle would find some other way out of the difficulty if he could. You know I do not wish to send you from me, but what else can I do?"

"I don't know, but I will not marry him."

"Then he gives us up. My dear, I am old. Have you no pity on my years?"

Loveday pushed him from her with a dry sob.

"I can't do it," she said. "Sophia, Sophia! you do not say that I should, when I hate him—hate him!"

"Loveday, you must. I am sorry, but there is no other way."

A look of scorn came into her eyes.

"You would sacrifice anyone for yourself," she said.

Sir James groaned, and sank into a chair, covering his face with his hands. Loveday ran to him, and threw her arms round him, kissing the top of his white head.

"Uncle—uncle, you will not force me! Let him go and do his worst. Tell Hugh, and he will save you. There are vessels at Tregarron quay. You can escape in one."

"But I like this place," said Sir James.

He looked up, and there were no tears in his fierce old eyes.

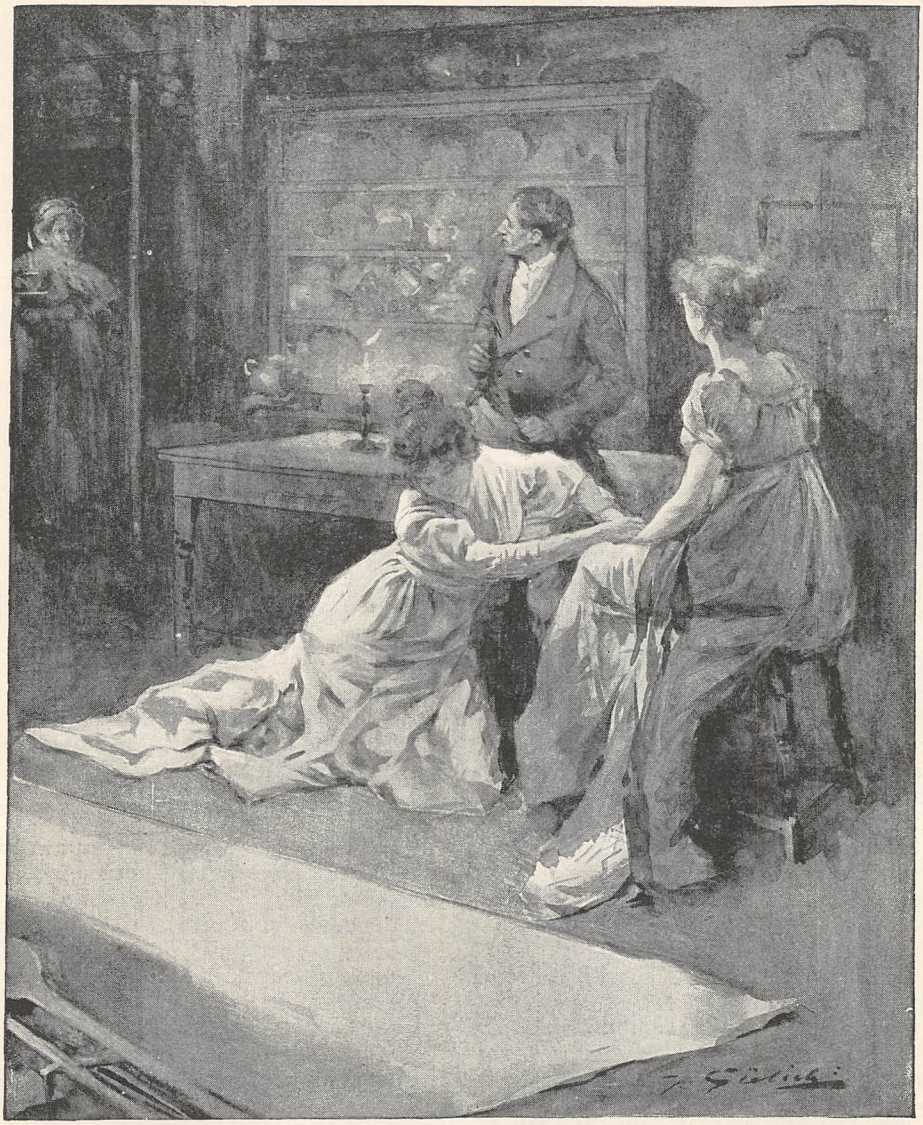
"You must marry him, girl," he said, seizing her wrist. "To-morrow you will be his wife. Now go to your room."

"I mean to tell him to-night that I will not marry him."

"Come, come," said Sophia; "come to bed."

"Not until I have seen Mr. Tarleton."

Sir James rose from his chair. He took



"'WHATIVER IS THIS RUMPUS?'" (*p.* 792).

Loveday by the shoulders and gently, but forcibly, led her to the door.

"Stop!" said Hugh.

He had watched the scene with careful eyes. Not a change on Sir James's face, or an inflection in the tones of his voice, had escaped his attention. The pathetic uncle had failed, and Hugh had noted and rejoiced. He had waited only for force to be used to interfere.

He took Sir James's hands from the girl.

"You will leave her alone," he said.

Sir James looked for a moment as though he contemplated a struggle. But to rouse his wife and the servants was precisely what he wished to prevent.

"Well and good," he said. "I only wish her to go to bed."

"She shall wait until Tarleton comes. She shall tell him she will not marry him."

"So much the worse for your mother," said Sir James. "Disgrace to me is disgrace to her."

"Oh, that is true," wailed Loveday; "and you have been kind to us, and this is how we repay you. How could he marry her?"

"Because I have always looked after self, dear niece. You are beginning somewhat late in the day to do the same, by refusing to save me. If you had told me your intentions sooner, I might have managed Tarleton. As it is——"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Leave her alone," said Hugh, fiercely.

"Young man, I have done so."

"Uncle," began Loveday in a pitiful voice.

He waved his hand angrily for silence, and the words died away on her lips.

Footsteps came into the hall. There was a sound of boisterous mirth in their tones, not lowered, though the darkness and silence of the house told them the inmates were in their beds.

Sir James raised his head at the sound of voices, a gleam of resolution came into his face.

"Polgarn and Roswen with him," he muttered. "We are here, Tarleton," he added aloud, stepping into the hall. "Loveday wishes to speak to you."

He pushed Tarleton into the kitchen. Hugh heard him speak to the two men, and draw them without the house. But Sir James was forgotten in the watching of the two, man and girl.

"I wanted to see you. I want to tell you—I—I—will not marry you to-morrow," she began, with a lowered voice.

"What?"

He was sobered by the shock. His mouth opened, his eyes protruded.

"I am sorry. I cannot marry you—I—I was forced into it, and——"

She stopped, and a blush came into her white cheeks.

"You do not know what you are saying," said Tarleton.

"I do; I mean it. But you will not be hard; you will forgive me, and let us be."

He put his hands into his pockets, and stood in a truculent attitude, his legs far apart.

"You shall marry me to-morrow, or I'll know the reason why," he said, with an oath.

Loveday recovered her spirit. There was no pleading in her voice when she spoke.

"I will not marry you."

"But you shall!"

He struck the table with his fist. The candlestick fell upon the floor with the force of the blow; the light went out. There was a curious pause while Hugh groped for candle and tinder-box. The moon sent a shaft of light through the latticed window across the floor.

The candle was relighted. Tarleton spoke again, but in a quieter voice; his passion had been checked by that pause.

"I suppose you've got a reason for this sudden change?"

"None but one that ought never to have allowed me to say I would marry you. I do not care for you; I never did."

Tarleton's face became a deep crimson.

"You throw me over at the last moment, when everything is settled, and I've written to my housekeeper and told her to have my house ready—when a postchaise is here that is to take us to Byford to-morrow—when they're arranging in Tregarron for the supper! I should look a pretty fool if I didn't get married to-morrow."

"You will not marry me."

"But I will, though. Have you told your uncle this fine piece of news?"

"Yes."

"You know what will happen if you stick to what you say about not marrying me?"

"I know."

"She shall marry you," cried Sophia; "she shall."

"No," said Hugh, "she will not."

"I've to thank you for this fool's play," Tarleton turned upon him furiously; "you've put her up to this little game. Well, I'm sorry for your mother, if the girl sticks to her word."

"You are not so bad, so wicked as that," cried Loveday; "you will let us go, you will say nothing."

"Won't I, though!"

"You could not be so cruel because I cannot marry you; you will not turn on us like that. Oh, be kind; let me go, and say nothing. I will even beg you on my knees to——"

"Stop, Loveday," said Hugh; "you shall not beg of him any more. Let him go. If he is the mean cur——"

"Yes, I know all about it," Tarleton wagged his head knowingly; "I see the whole thing. He has put you up to breaking it off, and you think that I shall just walk away and leave you in peace; you are finely mistaken. Marry me to-morrow, and I keep silence; refuse, and you may know what to expect."

"You must be mad to want me on such terms," said Loveday.

"You'd soon get over your fancies," said Tarleton, fatuously.

He looked down with complaisance at his round figure and short fat legs.

"End this nonsense," said Hugh. "She will not marry you, and to-morrow you leave this house."

Tarleton began to bluster and stammer in his anger. There were phrases "You'll regret this"—"I'll make you suffer for it"

—"Being made a fool of"—"Going away to-night"—"Sheriff's officers."

Sir James put his head through the door.

"Come outside; I want to speak to you," he said to the raging young man.

Tarleton refused to go.

"You'd better come with me; I know about my niece. But let us arrange things quietly. Let me talk with you; I have a plan, and the girl may be managed."

He put his arm in Tarleton's. Half-leading, half-dragging, he got him from the kitchen to the hall, from the hall to the garden; his voice died away, still speaking in persuasive accents.

Loveday threw herself down, and buried her face in Sophia's lap; but her cousin pushed her away with an irritable gesture. Hugh was striding to the girl when a door on the other side of the kitchen opened; Abigail, in strange and wonderful attire, entered.

"Whativer is this rumpus?" she said irately. "Miss Lovedy not in bed yet! I call it shameful; and Maister Hugh should know better than to keep 'ee up. Get to bed to wance, my dearie."

Abigail's face, in a large nightcap with a wide frill, bent over Loveday.

"Yes, take her to her room," said Hugh.

"There is to be no wedding to-morrow," said Loveday with a laugh, which was half a sob; "I am not going to marry Mr. Tarleton."

"Law! whativer is to become of all they cakes and junkets?" exclaimed Abigail.

Loveday burst into helpless laughter.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

SEPTEMBER.

DURING the last few weeks Dame Fashion has disported herself with those who rank highest in the land, upon the sunny shores or skimming with outspread sail across the dancing waters of the Solent, and ample scope has been given for studying the newest and most fascinating costumes. Many of these, notably amongst the Royal guests, bore the stamp of the house of Redfern in the originality of their design, the exquisite finish of the make, and the refinement of taste exhibited in the moderation of the fulness of the sleeves, the basques, and the skirts: two of these I will describe. The first was an elegant suit in fine dark-blue serge, with open coat having double revers to close at pleasure, thus rendering the garment double-breasted, and quite practical as a warm wrap during cold wind or storm. The revers and deep collar were faced with biscuit-coloured corduroy, outlined everywhere by a fine galon in gobelin blue and bronze metal threads. The buttons which fastened back the revers were of bronze metal, engraved and embossed in a quaint design, similar ones of smaller size fastening the sleeves.

The basque, sleeves, and plain skirt were of moderate fulness and perfect set, and a

COSTUME AT COWES, BY MESSRS. REDFERN.

charming touch of colour was afforded in the softly folded blouse of pale-blue silk, embroidered with fine gold cord in a conventional design. Worn with this suit was a dark-blue yachting cap, with band of pale-blue, on which was painted the burgee of the wearer's club.

The second (which I have sketched on p. 792) was an effective and beautifully designed costume for shore wear, made in a rich shade of brown sailcloth, a woollen material finely woven, the colouring being the same as that often employed for the sails of fishing smacks. The bodice was unique and elegantly arranged, with a yoke of white silk striped in yellow, having a faint waterline of black, bordered with a galon thickly encrusted with bronze jet, and outlined with a twisted cord of white and gold. A slight fulness from either side of the front bagged over the waistbelt with a pouch effect. The skirt was quite plain, and of moderate, though ample, proportions. White and gold ribbons ornamented the white twisted straw sailor hat, and the little burgee appeared on the ribbon ends.

The delightful Redfern sunshades, of inexpensive quality, arranged in sections of tricolour—red, white and blue; red, white and green; red, white and black—made attractive points of colour in every direction.

Tea Gowns.

The tea-gown—or as our sisters of quieter tastes and simpler habits are content to term it, the house-gown—is the acknowledged habiliment for ease and elegance both for the invalid and for those whose graceful height is enhanced by its long folds and sweeping lines; it is a dress appropriate alike to the mother in the quiet home circle or the hostess receiving her tired guests after their hard day's shooting on the moors.

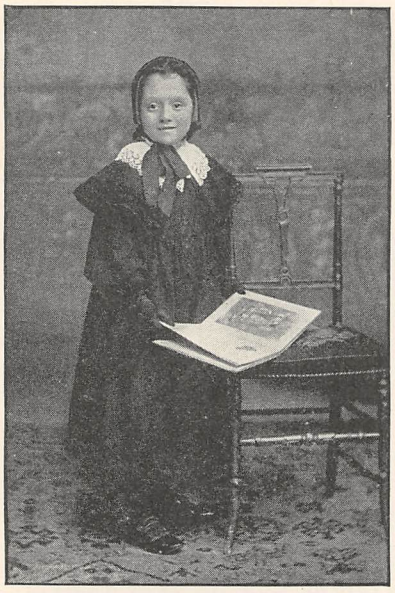
Luxury may deck herself and win Fashion's approval, in kilted black chiffon over white satin, with robe-front jetted with sequins, the throat and arms encircled with fine and costly laces; or in white silk muslin frilled at the hem with lace and lines of insertion alternating with folds of muslin from shoulder to foot. A handsome scarf of turquoise-blue ribbon knotted and looped at the back, and white square collar of lace and insertion resting on the insertion-striped puff of the large sleeve, with its frills of lace clasped below the elbow with bows of blue ribbon—the whole design suggesting pearls and turquoise, and the last roses of summer in a fragrant bunch at the waist.

Compared with these our design is less extravagant, because of more durable fabric, which, although the initial cost may not be

TEA-GOWN IN BROCADE AND VELVET.

trivial, upholds the theory of those who truthfully assert that a good material is always a pleasure to the wearer and to the beholder, and endures when a cheaper one has naught but shreds to show for the outlay.

Our model would look very stylish arranged in black brocade fastened with paste or cut jet buttons, the epaulettes and yoke of garnet velvet bordered with chinchilla, and *écru d'or* lace at the throat and sleeve frills. Dark heliotrope brocade and velvet with black ostrich feather trimming—now made full and round, only slightly curled, similar to the neck boas worn a few seasons since—is a favourite colour combination, and a pleasing contrast in a new shade of light blue is afforded in the satin lining of the epaulette and frills at the elbow. The gown is made full into a deep yoke of velvet back and front, close-fitting beneath the arms and plain and semi-fitting down the centre of the front,



CHILD'S CASHMERE COAT AND HOOD.
Photo: Walery, Limited, Regent Street, W.

opening to the knee, and fastened with handsome buttons. The curved corners of the yoke suggest a bolero shape; the long points of the epaulettes being preserved in shape by the "Orlando" patent support, a very useful contrivance, frequently utilised in the corners of the fashionable large revers, of which it retains the outline to perfection.

The roundness of the sleeve puff is insured by a lining of light stiff canvas, and the same stiffening is carried down the centre fronts. At the back the gown is slightly trained, but this can be dispensed with without loss of style to the general effect of the gown.

Child's Cashmere Coat and Hood.

There are children frolicsome and children demure, and in treating of their dress we have to consider the bent of the child's character, dressing the hoyden in serges of rich and brilliant hue, and the quieter maiden in softened tones of brown, fawn, or grey cashmere, cheering up the costume with linings of yellow or rose colour. The quaint Dutch garb of the children so charmingly portrayed in Mrs. Alma-Tadema's pictures would seem to have influenced the designs that have been in vogue for some time past and still obtain, the pretty shoulder-capes and white lawn collars, and the snug little hoods imparting a distinguishing character to the outdoor costumes of the children varying in age from five to nine years. Portrayed is a pretty example for a child of seven, made in nut-brown cashmere lined with old rose pink, and trimmed with lines of brown velvet; the pretty white cuffs and collar are of fine embroidered cambric. The hood is in brown velvet, turned back from the face with white satin and handsome tinted lace.

Tea-jacket of Crépon and Silk.

In view of the opportunity offered by the summer sales of securing many little oddments of chiné silk, ribbons and laces, and ornamental buttons, we illustrate a stylish tea-jacket; and very charming is the effect produced by the materials chosen.

The full vest is of chiné silk, maize with a mauve rose and green design upon it, black ribbon velvet studded with paste or finely-cut steel buttons and black crinkled crépon mainly composing the jacket. Black and white, black over rose-colour, and maize and black, are also colours that are fashionable in combination and eminently suitable for this style.

The jacket at the back is cut close-fitting, with very full, deep basque, and the fronts with pleats that give a softening effect to a slight figure; the position of the six buttons and the arrangement of the fulness of the silk at either side of the front of the collar are the approved-of fashion, as also is the large full puff of the sleeve, terminating just below the elbow if the wearer is the happy possessor of a well-rounded arm; or should

TEA JACKET OF CRÉPON AND SILK.

this not be the case, the sleeve may be continued, as in the sketch, tight-fitting to the arm with a soft quilling at the wrist, for these quillings of lisse or frills of lace are frequently to be seen worn by the best-dressed women.

This jacket supplies a dressy finish to a simple skirt for afternoon or evening wear, particularly when supplemented with a posy of natural flowers worn high at the left side of the waistcoat; and the skirt of black satin cut on the fashionable lines, wide at the hem in front and slightly longer directly in the centre, fluted upwards at the side, with the back setting outwards to the hem, not necessarily extreme in style but good in cut and set, although devoid of trimming, yet compares favourably with the most ornate garment of second-rate cut and finish, and one such is an acquisition to the wardrobe of any woman.

Fashionable Hats.

In the accompanying sketch is shown a simple and favourite shape in fancy-coloured straw, shot in tints of blue, red, and straw-colour plaited in sharp points that give a pretty outline to the broad brim, softened beneath by the drawn lisse in subdued yellow tint, and caught up short at the back. Wide ribbon, shot blue and yellow, is grouped in bows and blunt-pointed ends at each side of the centre-strap crossing the base of the prettily-shaped crown, and at the left side, placed towards the back, rise erect sprays of richly-tinted roses with shaded foliage; this addition to the general width of the hat trimming is noticeable in the newest millinery; in some instances acutely-pointed wings and high sprays, or as here shown, flowers are arranged at the left side only.

FANCY STRAW HAT TRIMMED WITH SHOT RIBBON AND ROSES.

A. LL. GRIFFITHS.

Cut paper patterns for making a tea-gown from the design illustrated in this article may be had, cut to the sender's measurements, for one shilling and sixpence. For the tea jacket on page 794, pattern will be supplied for one shilling. Application should be made to the Author of "Chit-Chat on Dress," care of the Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, *La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.*

"SHE LOVES ME."

SOFTLY the breezes of April were blowing
Over the meadows and over the sea,
Bringing the fragrance of bud and of blossom
Out of the depths of the woodlands to me;
Then in the fields by the river I met her,
She never answered nor smiled when I pled,
Yet when we parted, I knew it, I knew it,
Thus to the breezes of April, I said—

"She loves me, she loves me, I know it, I know it,
Ear hath not heard it, and eye hath not seen,
Yet do I know it, she loves me, she loves me,
She, only she, of my heart shall be queen."

Brightly the sunlight of August was streaming
Over the meadows and over the sea,
Lighting the depths of the shadowy woodlands,
Bringing the joy of the summer to me;
Then in the field on the hillside I met her,
Sweetly she answered and smiled when I pled,
And when we parted, I knew it, I knew it,
Thus in the sunlight of August, I said—

"She loves me, she loves me, I know it, I know it,
Have I not heard it, and have I not seen?
Yes, yes, I know it, she loves me, she loves me,
She, only she, of my heart is the queen."

JAMES STRANG.

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in THE GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

A New Air Brick.

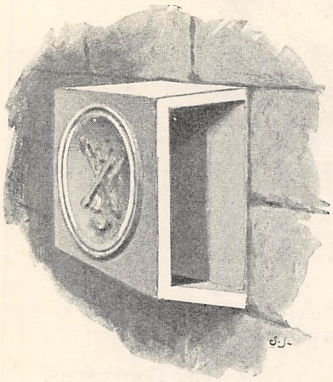


FIG. 1.

An air brick which acts as a ventilator without causing a draught from outside has been introduced by a Leeds manufacturer. The brick, which is built into the wall, is made hollow, and its air passages are so contrived that warm air is drawn out of the room when the wind blows on the outside of the brick. When there is no wind the air-current through the chimney of the room will draw in fresh air through the brick without causing a draught.

Thought-Reading by Telephone.

In a former volume of our MAGAZINE there appeared a short story entitled "The Sphinx: a Mystery," which was based on the possibility of applying the telephone to necromancy. This idea has recently been utilised by M. Trouvé, the well-known Parisian electrician, in conjunction with M. Roskoff, the popular prestidigitateur and clairvoyant. M. Trouvé constructed a telephone the size of a franc piece or shilling, which is applied to the ears of the clairvoyant so as to be concealed by the hair of his wig. Invisible wires run from these telephones to other telephones behind a screen, where a confederate is stationed, who can see all that passes, and thus prompt the blindfolded clairvoyant or "thought reader." It is a question whether the device would not be useful in "prompting" actors or speakers of defective memory.

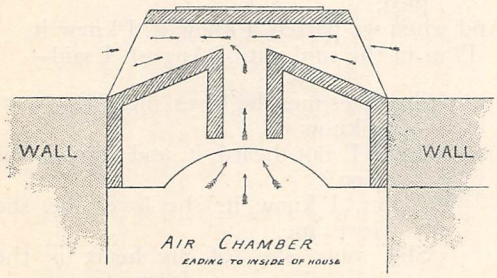
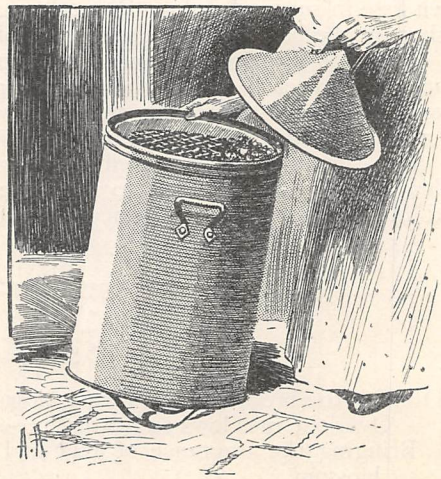


FIG. 2.—HORIZONTAL SECTION OF AIR BRICK.

A Rocking Cinder-bin.

The cinder-sifting bin which is shown in the wood-cut is fitted with rockers on the base, and contains a riddle inside, as shown. The ashes to be sifted are placed in the riddle, the conical cover is put on, and the bin is rocked to and fro by means of the handles. The cinders can thus be easily sifted without any disagreeable dust.



Wasps and Suicide.

Benzine is peculiarly noxious to some insects—for instance, wasps and mosquitoes. Indeed, it has been applied with remarkable success as a means of driving away mosquitoes in America. The benzine is rubbed on the face, hands, and other parts of the body exposed to the insects, and in certain cases it is spread in a film over the water of reservoirs, which attract the insects in large numbers. A short time ago M. Henry, a Frenchman, being curious to see the effect of benzine on a wasp, put some of it under a glass in which a wasp was imprisoned. The wasp immediately showed signs of great annoyance and anger, darting at a piece of paper which had introduced the benzine into his cell. By-and-by he seems to have

given up the unequal contest in despair, for he lay down on his back, and bending up his abdomen, planted his sting thrice into his body, and then died. M. Henry allowed his scientific interest to overcome his humanity so far as to repeat the experiment with three wasps, only to find that the other two did likewise. He is, therefore, of opinion that wasps, under desperate circumstances, commit suicide. It is also said that snakes and scorpions will take their own lives; but the report does not seem to harmonise with the fact that snakes are proof against snake poison, unless we are to suppose that they are not proof against their own poison—at least, when they have a mind to kill themselves.

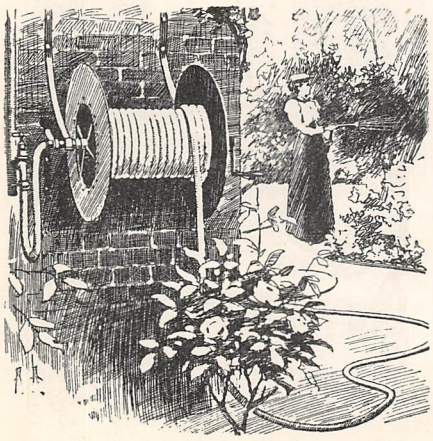
A PNEUMATIC BOAT.

An Artistic Radiator.

The hot-water pipes, coils, and other heaters for buildings are usually so unsightly that a new and elegant radiator which has been introduced will commend itself to householders. These radiators consist of blade-like tubes of decorated exterior, and seem rather an ornament to a house than anything else.

A Garden Hose-reel.

The hose-reel which we illustrate will be useful in watering gardens. It is fixed against the garden wall, and the hose gives a supply of water all the time it is being run off the reel. The hose is joined to the waterpipe by a valve within reach. Obviously, such a reel would also render good service in case of a fire on the premises.



A GARDEN HOSE-REEL.

A Pneumatic Boat.

Our illustration shows a new portable boat on the pneumatic principle, which will be useful to travellers and people in the country. It is an American device, and consists, as shown, of an indiarubber shell like a horse-collar, with waterproof leggings and boots attached, forming part of the bottom of the boat. The person inserts his legs into these leggings and draws the boat up to his waist, then walks into the water, inflating the pneumatic collar until it buoys him up. The boat can be propelled by the feet and hands, or by hoisting a small sail.

A New Diamond Tester.

It is well known to jewellers that aluminium will mark a glass or "paste" diamond, but not the true gem, provided the surface is wet. This fact has now been applied in the production of a mechanical tester, which consists of a small disc of aluminium rapidly revolved by an electric motor. The stone to be tested is wetted, and held against the edge of the disc by means of a spring clamp. When metallic marks are found on the stone after this treatment, it is rejected as false.

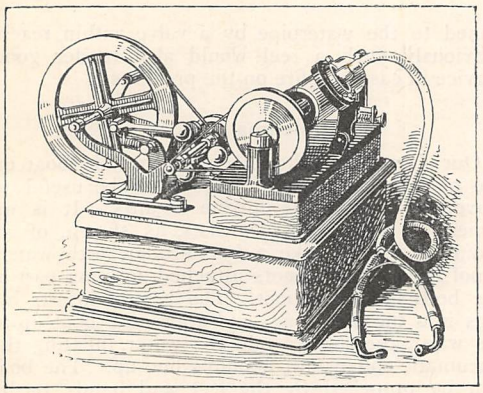
The Rings of Saturn.

In 1859 Professor Clerk Maxwell, the celebrated electrician, proved mathematically that the wonderful rings of the planet Saturn, which form such a splendid spectacle in a powerful telescope, are composed of myriads of small bodies or minute satellites in rapid rotation round their primary.

Experimental proof by actual observation has recently confirmed the reasoning of Maxwell. Professor Keeler, Director of the Alleghany Observatory of the United States, has applied a spectroscopic test, which shows that the small satellites composing the stupendous rings are moving with different velocities. His method of observation is based on the principle of Doppler, according to which we can tell whether a heavenly body is moving to or from us by examining the light coming from it in the spectroscope. The lines of the spectrum are displaced if it is moving with sufficient rapidity, and some estimate of its velocity can even be made by measuring the displacement. The discovery is another confirmation of the penetrating genius of Maxwell, which likewise anticipated the experiments of Dr. Heinrich Herz in demonstrating the wave theory of electromagnetism.

A Portable Phonograph.

The ordinary phonograph of Edison is comparatively large and costly, hence it will gratify the admirers of this ingenious apparatus to find that a small portable one has been brought out by a well-known Parisian instrument maker, at the price of 400 francs, about £16. Our illustration shows this

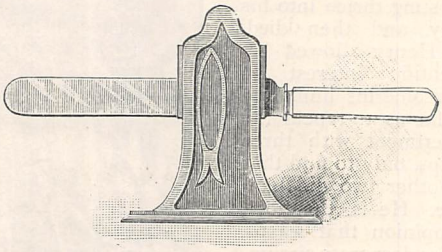


A PORTABLE PHONOGRAPH.

simplified phonograph, which is worked entirely by hand, whereas in the larger instrument an electric motor is required to revolve the wax cylinder on which the voice impresses itself. We need not enter into the details of the mechanism further than to say that there is no change in the manner of recording the sounds by means of a vibrating drum, a pointed stylus, and a surface of wax. In working it, a great matter is not to turn the handle too fast or too slow. After two or three days of practice the proper speed can generally be kept up, and according to M. Gaston Tissandier, a well-known French man of science, the articulation of the new instrument is superior to that of the larger and more expensive one.

A Quick Knife-Cleaner.

The little knife-cleaner shown in our figure is very rapid in its action. It consists of two cleaning surfaces of emery pressing together, and it is sufficient to pass the blade of the knife once or twice between them, with its back down and its edge up, in order to clean and polish it.



A QUICK KNIFE-CLEANER.

An Electric Incubator.

Herr Otto Schulze, of Strasburg, has been at work for three years on an electric incubator, in which the heat required to hatch the chickens is supplied by the electric current in a way that is now well known. The difficulty in such an application of electric heating lies in regulating the current, and consequently the temperature; but it is stated that Herr Schulze has devised one which maintains the temperature within one-tenth of a degree.

A Home-trainer for Bicycles.

Our woodcuts represent two "home-trainers" for bicyclists, and require very little explanation. In the first and larger apparatus (Fig. 1) the wheels of the bicycle rest on rollers, which go round as the bicycle is worked. It follows that the bicycle never moves from its place however fast it is driven, and thus the rider can practise in his own home. In Fig. 2 a small appliance is seen attached to the hinder wheel, which has the effect of retarding the pace of the bicycle so much that it only moves about fifteen feet instead of a mile.

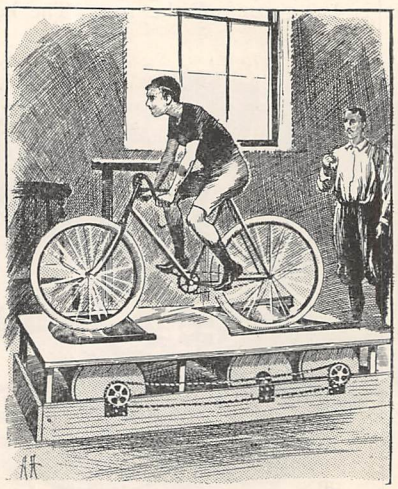


FIG. 1.

Haircutting by Electricity.

At a recent meeting of the Brooklyn Electrical Society, New York, an electrical comb which acts as a pair of shears and cuts the hair was exhibited in use. Across the teeth of the comb is stretched a fine platinum wire, which can instantly be made white hot by sending an electric current through it. A switch for this purpose is attached to the comb, and worked by the finger of the barber. On

A HOME-TRAINER FOR BICYCLES.—FIG. 2.

passing the comb through the hair the barber presses the switch and heats the wire, which immediately singes through the hair. The process is said to be less injurious to the hair than cutting with ordinary shears, as the natural oil is preserved in it by the singeing of the ends. In a former GATHERER, if we mistake not, we have described a somewhat similar comb for shearing sheep; but it is interesting to find the idea adapted to the human toilet.

New Stories.

Mr. Frank Stockton's "The Adventures of Captain Horn" (Cassell) comes as a pleasant surprise upon the reader. For it is quite a departure from his old manner of depending chiefly upon characters; and he gives us in this story a stirring chain of thrilling adventures. Incident follows incident, and the reader's interest is never allowed to flag for a minute as he follows Captain Horn and his friends in the discovery of the long-buried treasure, and the steps by which they got it away from the inhospitable South American shore. To hint further at the plot would be to spoil the reading of a good tale, and take away from the pleasure of an introduction at first hand to some excellently drawn characters.—Just as Mr. Stockton shows us a fresh revelation of his many-sidedness in "Captain Horn," Mr. Max Pemberton also strikes a new vein, for him, in his contribution to "Cassell's Pocket Library," under the title of "The Little Huguenot." The story is a powerful picture of life in France under Louis the Well-Beloved, and Mr. Pemberton has never written a stronger scene than that in which he describes the interview between the King and the Jesuit at the close of the story.

Some More Fresh Reading.

Mr. P. Anderson Graham and his publishers, Messrs. Longmans, are to be congratulated on the appearance of "Country Pastimes for Boys," for it is just the book to arrest and rivet the attention of all healthy British lads. It deals of pets and games, of sports and studies; gives hints on the collecting of eggs, and advises beginners in fishing and rambling (with a purpose), and includes a chapter on autumn berries and poisonous plants. It is an all-round book, which is sure of a hearty welcome, and made all the more useful by reason of its excellent and abundant illustrations.—From the same publishers we have received a couple of little handbooks from the pen of the indefatigable Mrs. de Salis on "Gardening à la Mode." One is devoted to "Fruits," and the other to "Vegetables." They are useful collections of practical hints, not only on the growing and production of garden stuffs, but also on their proper and appetising preparation for table.—The second volume of "Cassell's Gazetteer of Great Britain and Ireland" carries its alphabetical and illustrated notes from Cheddington to Frome, and will be found a useful companion to the newspaper and in the library. —Messrs. Longmans send us a most readable volume of essays by "Jack Easel," under the title of "Our Square and Circle: the Annals of a Little London House," in which, with a light touch and in a laughing, pleasant way, our author contrives to point not a few useful morals for the benefit of dwellers in other (and, may be, even smaller) London houses.

GARDENING IN SEPTEMBER.

THOSE fortunate enough to possess fruit trees burdened with a luscious crop should gather as soon as it comes to maturity. September is a lovely month—a month of ripening fruit and brilliant foliage. One need never spoil the picture by gathering the harvest too soon. Fruit picked before it is ripe shrivels, and, when gathering, remember that careless handling means bruises, which develop into decay. Store the crop in a cool, dry place, and go over the fruits frequently, first using those that show signs of rottenness. When the fruit parts readily from the tree is a sign that it is fit to gather.

Towards the end of the month frosts may be expected, and when they occur, lift tuberous begonias, dahlias, and cannas—everything, in fact, that one wants to keep and which will not stand frost. Store dahlias and cannas in a cool, dry cellar, and pot up what geraniums are required for the greenhouse. Take off as many cuttings as are wanted, and put them round the sides of 5-inch pots, placing them in the greenhouse. They will soon root, and can then be potted off separately.

The outdoor chrysanthemums are lovely now, and one wishes that such beautiful autumn flowers, so hardy and varied in colour, were grown in every garden. Mme. Desgranges and its sports are the

finest for late September, blossoming with the earlier starworts (Asters).

Amongst the vegetables one must not be idle. Plant out cabbages, lettuces, endive, and gather fruit of tomatoes. Sometimes much green fruit is left on the plants, and this should be removed at the sign of the first frost, and placed in a sunny greenhouse or window. Here it may remain until ripe, or the green fruit may be pickled. Such vegetables as French beans may be preserved, too, by cutting them into strips and laying them in layers, with salt between, in a large bottle. They will last for months in a cool place. The bottle must be kept air-tight. This is far better than allowing good beans to get destroyed by frost, and such a vegetable is welcome in mid-winter.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

AWARDS.

POSTCARD "CHARACTER" COMPETITION.

IN this Competition three Prizes were offered for the Best Estimates of the Character of John Ward, in Mrs. L. T. Meade's story "The Voice of the Charmer."

The FIRST PRIZE of TWO GUINEAS has been awarded to

WILLIAM ROUTH,
The Rand Grange, Bedale;

The SECOND PRIZE of ONE GUINEA to

"AMYAS SELWYN,"
c/o S. E. Richardson,
Warrington Road,
Newcastle-on-Tyne;

The THIRD PRIZE of HALF-A-GUINEA to

EMMA STABLEFORD,
The Woodlands,
Chellaston, nr. Derby.

The following are COMMENDED:—

E. M. COULTER . . . Manchester.
J. S. RICHARDSON . . Liverpool.
H. M. SAUNDERS . . Wolverhampton.
J. A. SULLIVAN . . . Brora, N.B.

DRAWING COMPETITION.

OUR readers will remember that in this Competition Three Prizes were offered for the Best Original Sketches of an Ideal or Favourite Face. We hope to give reproductions of the successful drawings next month.

The FIRST PRIZE of TWO GUINEAS is awarded to

HILDA M. DICKENSON,
7, St. Peter's Hill, Grantham.

The SECOND PRIZE of ONE GUINEA to

MARY HARRISON,
Woodville, Ilkley.

The THIRD PRIZE of HALF-A-GUINEA to

MARY M. WILSON,
7, Leven Terrace, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION is accorded to

HENRY EASSON,
55, Westbury Street, Swansea.

HOME-LIFE COMPETITION.

Prizes were offered in this Competition for the Best Descriptions of the Home-life and Surroundings of any Celebrity, living or dead. No papers have been found worthy of the Second and Third Prizes, but

The FIRST PRIZE of FIVE GUINEAS is awarded to

LETITIA E. MAY,
Tremayne, Alton, Hants,

for her paper on "The Home Life of Jane Austen," which will be published in due course.

We would again remind our readers of the PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION, the date for which has been extended to the 3rd of September, in order to allow intending competitors to take full advantage of the summer months.

"PARIS MODE" DRESSMAKING COMPETITION.

PRIZE AWARD.

THE following have won the Six Prizes offered:—

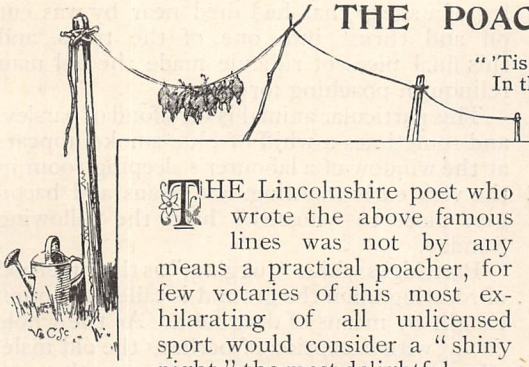
1. MARY PARKER,
Somerby, Oakham.
2. Mrs. S. FRANCES CLARKE,
8, Up Gate,
Louth, Lincolnshire.
3. Miss ESTHER WYATT,
West End,
Fordingbridge, Hants.
4. Mrs. CRICK,
83, Shrubland Street,
Leamington Spa.
5. Mrs. K. CECIL-BULL,
31, Micheldever Road,
Lee, S.E.
6. Mrs. DAVIS,
20, Alexandra Road,
Hill, Southampton.

Prize-winners should apply to Mr. Henry Glave, 80, New Oxford Street, for their costumes, giving style, material, colour desired, and the necessary measurements.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

(*From a drawing by* H. M. Brock.)

THE POACHER AND HIS CRAFT.



"'Tis my delight on a shiny night
In the season of the year."

PREPARATIONS FOR MARKET. DUSTING SHOT INTO NETTED PARTRIDGES.

THE Lincolnshire poet who wrote the above famous lines was not by any means a practical poacher, for few votaries of this most exhilarating of all unlicensed sport would consider a "shiny night" the most delightful upon which to go forth and make a big bag. However, I have known one moorland poacher who did well on bright moonlight nights. He used to select a time when the ground was thickly covered with snow, and the moon at full, and then saunter forth with a white cotton shirt, and drawers made of the same material, donned over his ordinary clothes. By this means he was enabled to creep unseen upon a flock of unsuspecting grouse as they slept on the snow, and deal out death with his trusty old single barrel.

Kingsley described a gamekeeper as a poacher turned outside in, and a poacher as a gamekeeper inside out, and he was entirely accurate, without saying a disparaging word of either class. Some of the best keepers I have known have been guilty of a bit of poaching before they donned the velveteen, and some of the worst, that is to say cleverest, poachers have been ex-gamekeepers.

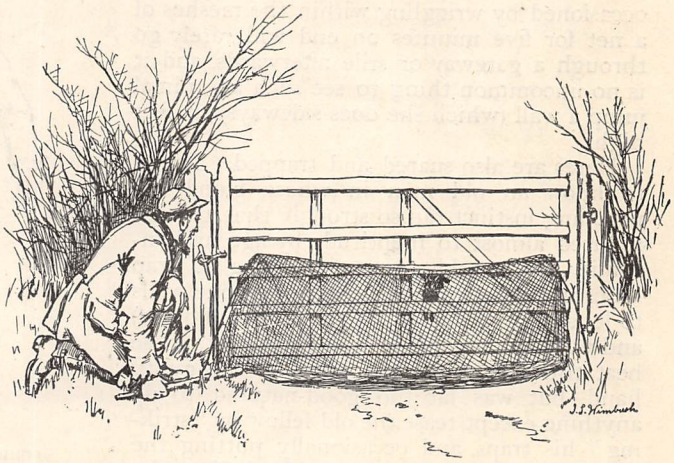
This is easily understood when it is explained that a man who becomes really successful as a gamekeeper or poacher must possess more than ordinary intelligence, an infinitude of patience and resource, a strong constitution, be capable of enduring great physical strains, and, above all, be intimately acquainted with fieldcraft.

Our first illustration shows a poacher awaiting the arrival of a fast-approaching hare to his net. This particular branch of poaching is generally practised on dull autumn and winter nights, although I have seen it done—and successfully, too—in broad daylight by an impudent gang of the fraternity.

Genuine hare poaching needs a good deal of close observation, and the man who practises it is incessantly at work making mental notes, and, were he so minded, could tell you from memory where half the hares of a countryside fed by night and sat by day. A dab of mud in a field gap, the condition of a gate's bars, holes in stone walls and hedges, all speak volumes to him. He has also to note carefully the habits and movements of both gamekeepers and policemen, and direct his operations accordingly.

The most successful poachers generally have but one partner in their business, and, though very much awake, he is an entirely silent one on all occasions—*i.e.* an intelligent lurcher.

On commencing business, the nocturnal sportsman sees that the wind, be it much or little, does not blow from him to his quarry. He then spreads a specially made net across the gateway or gap used by the hare for entering and leaving a field (as indicated in our illustration), and either supports it by a slender twig driven into the ground at each end, or by a couple of locks of wool thrust into the crevices of a stone wall. As soon as the net is set, the dog is told to "go," and understanding his work



NET SET FOR A HARE.

thoroughly, away he slips along the wall or hedgerow side like a shadow. He soon discovers the game, and makes a tremendous rush for it. A great deal depends upon a swift, hard run, for this does not give the hare time to consider any but her usual exit, supposing her suspicions should have been aroused. Directly a hare strikes the net she rolls over and over, completely entangling herself within

KEEPER "BUSHING" A FIELD.

its fatal meshes, and at the same time giving voice to an ear-piercing shriek. This it is the poacher's business to stop instantly, and be off as sharp as possible to fresh woods and pastures new. A well-trained lurcher will not even come in to a kill, and rarely shows itself during a whole evening's work.

Gamekeepers net hares early in the autumn, and release them again. In Yorkshire this practice is known as "mistetching," and a hare that has once suffered the extreme fright occasioned by wriggling within the meshes of a net for five minutes on end will rarely go through a gateway or stile afterwards, and it is no uncommon thing to see such an animal jump a wall (which she does sideways) six feet high.

Hares are also snared and trapped. I used to know an old man in whose blood the poaching instinct ran so strongly that, though reduced almost to ineptitude by age and infirmity, he would persist in trying to trap hares in "sheep creeps" (holes in stone walls to let sheep through from one field to another) and watercourse holes. The keeper on whose beat this occurred knew full well the guilty hand, but was far too good-natured to do anything except tease the old fellow by "striking" his traps, and occasionally putting the leg of a hare in one, to make him believe she had wrenched it off and escaped. At last the leg of a sheep that had died near by was cut off and thrust into one of the traps, and this final piece of ridicule made the old man relinquish poaching for ever.

This particular animal is very fond of parsley, and sometimes a whiff of blue smoke appears at the window of a labourer's sleeping-room in the very early morning, and beans and bacon give place to "bossed" hare the following Sunday.

Partridges whilst "jugging," as their method of roosting upon the ground is called, are often caught by means of drag-nets. As the whole covey, with exception of perhaps the old male, who generally sleeps apart and acts the sentinel, huddles together in a crowded circle, with each bird's tail meeting in the centre, it is a comparatively easy matter to kill the mother and all her promising sons and daughters, often at one swoop.

The operator must in this particular branch of poaching have a mate to take charge of one end of the net, which is silently swept across a field with the top considerably in front of the bottom, which touches the ground all the way. Directly a covey is disturbed, each member makes a sudden spring into the air, and accordingly becomes entangled in the net, which is instantly dropped for the reaping of the harvest.

To prevent this kind of poaching, gamekeepers bush the fields frequented by partridges, and thus put an effectual stop to netting.

Partridges are also trapped at their "dusting" places, which they frequent for the purpose of obtaining the equivalent to a good

POLICEMAN TAPPING THE POCKETS FOR NET OR PEGS.

wash. Some poachers call the birds by means of a tailor's thimble with a piece of parchment fastened tightly over the end, and a horsehair or piece of catgut passed through a pin-hole in the centre. By holding one end of the hair or catgut between the teeth, and twisting the opposite one round the forefinger of either hand, the other is left at liberty to run the thimble up and down, and thus reproduce very cleverly and accurately the peculiar skirling call-note of the partridge. By this means the bird can be lured within a very short distance of the operator, and despatched by one of his numerous engines of destruction.

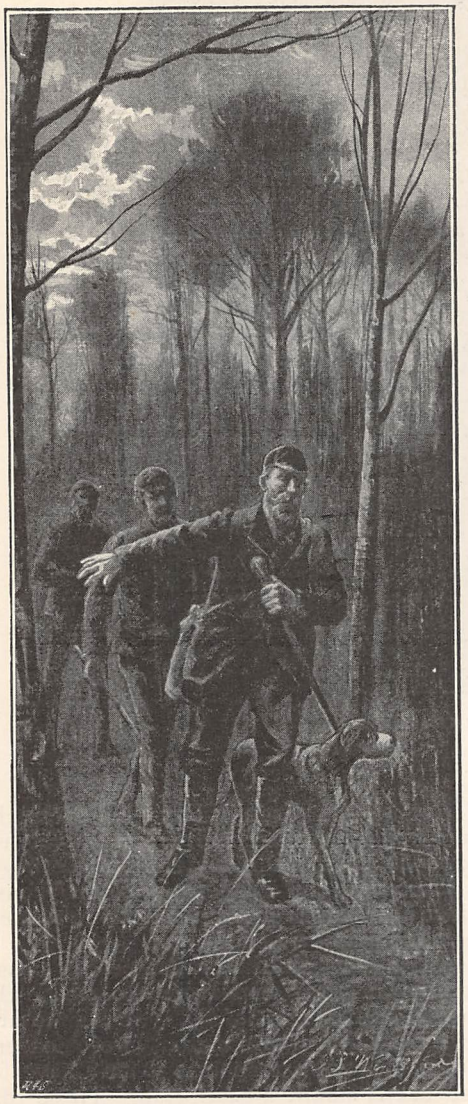
Grouse are very conservative birds in regard to their lines of flight when disturbed, and are consequently captured by the erection of large nets. Thousands are nowadays killed in the most barefaced and provoking manner, and yet the men who pay lavish sums to breed and rear them are absolutely helpless to stop it. It happens in this way. An old poacher will get hold by some strange means of a small piece of heather-clad freehold, surrounded by good grouse moors. On the 12th of August—St. Grouse Day—he sticks the place full of snares, and erects huge nets round about it. Directly the beaters begin to drive and the guns to fire, the grouse-spider (for such he may not inaptly be termed) begins to reap his rich harvest.

NETTING RABBITS.

Grouse love solitude and peace; consequently, in their endeavours to escape the turmoil and dangers of being driven to and fro across a line of fire-belching breechloaders, they make for what appears to be a haven of rest, but is simply a death-trap. Those that escape the nets and alight in the poacher's

preserve begin to run about in their agitation and fright, and unsuspectingly put their heads through the noose of a snare and are hanged.

One of the best grouse moors in the world suffers from such a terribly vexatious and yet remediless thorn in the side, and I have heard that the poacher renting it has upon one occasion secured a cartload of birds in a single day. It is not illegal to snare or net grouse, except on Sundays, and poaching freeholders are sometimes prosecuted for having their snares down on the Sabbath, and, needless to say, heavily fined. This is easily understood when it is mentioned that a magistrate recently volunteered the confession that he regarded poaching as a crime little less hideous than murder itself.



KEEPERS GOING THEIR ROUNDS.

Grouse are also procured by what is known as "becking," which simply consists in partially stopping the nostrils by holding the nose and then imitating the call-note of the female bird at the first peep of day. The males will then fly up, and with a resounding "*Cabow*, *cabow*, *cabeck*, *cabeck*, *beck*, *beck*, *beck*," pitch on some small eminence, known as a "knowe," close by, and begin to reconnoitre. The best call can, however, be reproduced by means of a clay-pipe, with which I would undertake to deceive, without any intention of boasting, the most experienced naturalist, gamekeeper, shepherd, or grouse that ever crossed a moor. I have on many occasions called grouse to within a few feet of me.

Curiously enough, when a number of birds are together near one of these "knowes," and one happens to be shot off the top, if the poacher keeps well out of sight, another will run up and occupy the post of vantage. An old poacher in the North once shot six or seven off a hillock in quick succession, and so persistently did a fresh bird appear after each kill that he began to be suspicious of either a keeper's trick or the work of the supernatural.

The most ingenious method of poaching grouse ever invented is practised during the winter time in Scotland. When snow lies pretty thickly upon the ground and is fairly solid, the poacher goes forth armed with a champagne bottle and a quantity of oats. He thrusts the bottle into the deep snow cork first, and then throws a few oats in and around the hole thus produced. The hungry birds peck up all the grain lying on the surface of the snow, and in straining to reach that at the bottom of the holes, overbalance themselves and fall head foremost into the pit, which, from its peculiar shape and depth, renders any movement of the wings entirely impossible.

In some parts of the country poachers are reputed to fire dust shot into the bodies of netted birds, as shown in our head-piece, but although it may serve as a useful deception in disposing of the game, I am inclined to think that not many poachers would treat themselves to the free advertisement our friend in the picture is enjoying.

Great numbers of rabbits are killed on suitably dark and windy nights by gangs of poachers, who slip quietly between some thickly-stocked wood and the fields in which its inhabitants feed, and quietly erect their long nets. As soon as all is ready, the faithful

POACHER GROUNDED BY KEEPER.

lurcher is released, and the fun commences, as shown in the picture.

In great game-preserving districts the police have a deal of work to do in concert with gamekeepers, and sometimes effect smart captures, although I would at any time back a really experienced poacher against half a dozen constables, where a deep scheme and a level head to carry it out form part of the programme.

Poaching, both as a craft and a crime, is very much on the wane, and the work of gamekeepers has become mere child's play compared with what it was when the North country poet wrote:

"The miners of Weardale are all valiant men,
And will fight till they die for the bonny moorhen,"

in response to a threat to stop their grouse poaching operations by the help of the "red-coats."

In those days the Weardale miners turned out in armed gangs, forty or fifty strong, and took a keeper-defying sort of holiday on the best Yorkshire moors near Barnard Castle. Their raids became so intolerable, both to game-preservers and moorland farmers, whose victuals they seized without question or requital, that at last the military was called out for their suppression.

The above kind of cool impudence is to-day practised by a very different stamp of man—the gentleman poacher. This individual will suddenly turn up what Southern gamekeepers would call "a howling toff," with a splendid fit-out, including, perhaps, a brace of first-rate spaniels, on a nice little preserve, and ask for Mr. So-and-so, the tenant of the shoot, from whom it is more than probable he will produce a letter of invitation for a day's sport. When he finds that the master of the ceremonies is not upon the ground, he will fall into a fit of assumed rage, and criticise both forcibly and freely the caddish conduct of Mr. So-and-so. This and the forged letter will, as a rule, take the gamekeeper off his guard, and anxious to make amends for his master's shortcomings, he takes the disappointed guest on to the very best ground, where he enjoys a good day's sport, being, as a rule, an excellent shot; and after making the man he has duped happy with a free flow of Scotch whisky and a sovereign, he takes his departure, carrying along with him a splendid haul of game. This class of poacher, needless to state, is not a very numerous one, as it requires some extraordinary qualifications.

A man who made havoc amongst the

grouse of a North Yorkshire moor was several times chased into a wayside cottage occupied by an old woman. Although diligently searched for in every corner of the building, he was never discovered. It afterwards transpired that he had dug out the ashpit until it was sufficiently large to contain his body, and that directly he had tucked himself away the old woman raked out the grate-bars and thus removed all chance of suspicion in that direction.

An old trout poacher once told me that when the water bailiffs and police had reduced his capture to a moral certainty as they thought, he plunged into a deep and rapid river, gave a drowning man's shriek, and floated silently away into darkness and safety under an overhanging bank.

The romance of poaching, and the doubtful ownership of what is in one man's field to-day and in that of another to-morrow, have supplied the man who practises it with a great deal of popular sympathy; and an instance is on record of an entirely innocent individual, on seeing an injured poacher with a large family hard pressed by pursuing gamekeepers, taking from the guilty man nets and other evidence, and allowing himself to be captured and convicted in place of the real culprit.

Desperate affrays sometimes take place between gangs of the rougher and clumsier kind of poachers and the guardians of game, and I know one keeper not far from the Metropolis who carries more than forty pellets in his body because he dared to pursue and pass the poacher's mark. The same man also has his temples terribly scarred from kicks, and his hands also from the savage bites of inhuman ruffians. He told me that on one occasion he had two hundred coops of young pheasants, averaging nine birds each, stolen in a single night, although they were being watched by two under-keepers and a retriever dog.

A head keeper I know, in the finest game-preserving district of East Anglia, guards his pheasant coops by stretching an almost invisible wire right round them. One end of this wire is fixed to the trigger of an alarm-gun, which is situated close to where he sleeps.

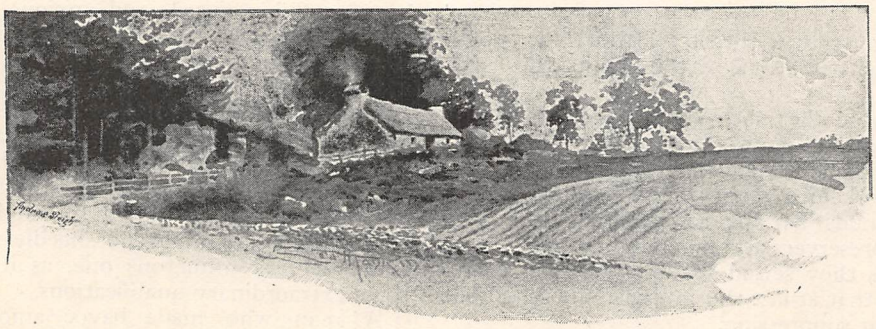
Dogs are very quick at hearing, and some of them exceedingly useful in a desperate hand-to-hand encounter; but the law says that they shall be muzzled when they are employed, as we see the one in our illustration.

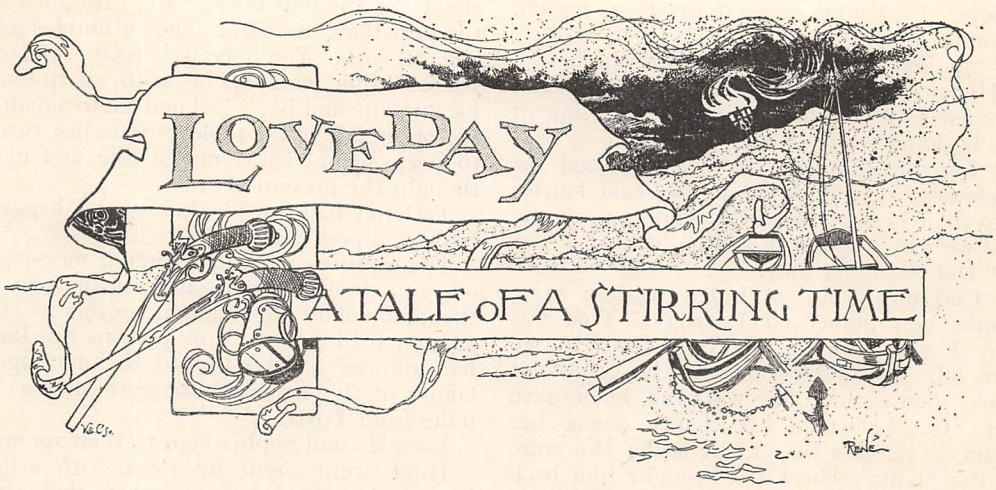
A great deal of salmon poaching is done in the autumn, when the fish ascend small streams for the purpose of depositing their spawn. They are killed generally at night-time by the aid of a bull's-eye lantern and a harpoon-like kind of spear.

The following curious salmon-poaching incident, which very nearly ended in an awful tragedy, was told me by one of the gang of poachers who took part in it. Whilst some of the members raided part of the Eden, in Westmoreland, others were told off to watch for the police and water bailiffs.

During the course of the evening, one of the watchers observed a belted man stealthily approaching the part of the river where the salmon-spearing was in full swing, and straightway disposed of the intruder by hurling him bodily into a deep pool. Directly the victim of foul play began to scramble up the bank, his assailant made an attempt to throw him in again, but suddenly desisted and slunk away, when the half-drowned man cried out in alarm. The fact was that the poacher had recognised through the cry that he had thrown his own father into the river. The old man had been returning from some pig-killing excursion amongst the hills, and seeing a light flashing about by the river, crept up to see what it was, forgetful of the fact that his knife-belt outside his top-coat gave him the look of a constable.

R. Kearton.





By A. E. WICKHAM, Author of "Two Women," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.—PEACE.

HUGH waited until two o'clock for the return of his stepfather and Tarleton. At last, tired of waiting, he went to bed. Tarleton had probably gone to the "King's Head" in Tregarron, and was still there, being pacified by Sir James. That the persuasive tongue of his stepfather would accomplish that task Hugh had no doubt. He knew Tarleton too well to fear that a few well-directed compliments and a little flattery might not turn him from his project. He would go, and Loveday would be left in peace.

He turned in at last. It was four o'clock in the morning when he was roused from his first sleep by the noise of carriage wheels and voices. He jumped from his bed, and looked out of the window. It opened on the stable yard. The post-chaise which had come from Byford the evening before for Tarleton and his bride was being made ready. Sir James stood below, hurrying the sleepy, sulky postillions.

"Tarleton going?" shouted Hugh.

Sir James looked up with a start.

"Yes, yes; he is going. Will not stay a moment longer. Shakes the dust of the place off his feet."

"Do you want me?"

"No, stay where you are. Sight of you perhaps not agreeable."

Hugh nodded. He fell asleep again with the sound of horses' tramp and shouts of post-boys in his ears.

It was late when he woke next morning. Breakfast was nearly finished when he entered the parlour.

His mother was wiping her eyes. Sir James was calmly eating his meal.

"I have told your mother everything—that there will be no marriage to-day, or ever, between my niece and Tarleton."

"At this time with everything arranged, the best white curtains up, and Mr. Penhorrod waiting for 'em at church! Did you ever hear such a thing, Hughie?"

"I am glad it is ended."

"Are you, now! If she'd done it a week or a fortnight ago, I wouldn't have minded so much; but now with all the junkets made, and they won't keep a day in this hot weather! Whatever shall we do with them? The cream put so prettily on the tops, and the jellies and pies!"

"Give them to the men."

"What! those things of the very best milk and cream, and the pies of chickens and best bits of beef?"

"Let them spoil, then."

"Spoil! I never heard of such waste. I'm ashamed of you, Hugh, suggesting it!"

"My dear madam, my niece's happiness is of more account than all the jellies and pies in the world."

Sir James drew himself up with a noble air.

"Yes, yes, of course, James," said his wife, hastily.

"Then no more tears. Give your delicacies away, and let us forget the episode."

He turned to his stepson.

"Loveday perhaps was right, after all. The match was better broken off if she had no inclination. Had I known her sentiments

before, I should have stopped it myself. Women are strange."

"She did it for your sake," said Hugh.

His mother was talking with Abigail in the kitchen as to the best means of disposing of the wedding feast.

"For my sake!" Sir James raised his eyebrows. "Young man, women take fancies into their heads. However, Tarleton is gone, and we may forget him and be happy."

"Did you quiet him?"

"Certainly. He is bitter against you; thinks you influenced Loveday. That was why I told you not to come down to see him off. He understood that he could not marry her against her will, and he forgave her. But he would not chance seeing her again. 'Let me be off,' he said. We were at the 'King's Head.' I brought him back here, found something for him to eat, ordered the post-boys to put in the horses, and saw him go."

"Did he take his grey mare?"

"Yes. It was haltered to the chaise. I was sorry for the fellow, though he bored me. He sat in the carriage with his head between his hands, and never looked up once. He had feelings, though a fool."

Sir James looked pensively out of the window.

"He was not difficult to manage. He soon saw things in the right light. But he will never come here again, and looks upon you as an enemy."

"Cunning old fox! He has well managed Ned. He is blameless, and I am the culprit," said Hugh to himself.

But he did not care who bore the blame as long as Loveday was free, and Tarleton gone in peace.

In the kitchen tongues clacked to an alarming extent. Surmises as to the how and why of the breaking off the marriage were broached with vigour and openness of speech. The serving-men and maids lingered over their meals, and gaped open-mouthed at Hugh and Sir James. Abigail had given a hint of her finding the two girls and her young master together. Others had been awakened by the sound of voices besides Abigail. One girl declared that she had heard shouts and a struggle beneath her window. This statement was received with credulity, until Abigail demanded who had shouted and who had struggled.

"B'ain't Maister Tarleton gone in his post-chay, post-boys, and all? Didn't Bill find the stable cleared this mornin'? Don't talk your pack o' rubbish in this kitchen, Sabina."

"Sir James, he com'th to where we was sleepin'. 'Twas about four, I reckon, and he shouts for the post-boys. 'Mr. Tarleton wants the post-shay,' he saith. They grumbled a bit, and he saith, 'You'll be well paid. Bill and Richard ain't wanted,' he saith, sharp-like—meanin' me and he." Bill nodded to a man on the other side of the table. "So us just turned to sleep agen. I was 'mazed like, and never thought the meanin' o' 't."

Tarleton had vanished, bag and baggage, horse and post-chaise.

The morning passed in sending messengers off—one to the parson at Trentham to say there would be no wedding, another to Tregarron, a third to the only persons Sir James had allowed to be asked to the marriage, a family of the name of Barwyth, living ten miles from Trosa.

Loveday and Sophia kept to their rooms.

Hugh went about his work with a light heart. He tried to remember that there existed a mystery, a network of deceit, a secret about Sir James and these two girls, and instead he found himself saying in his heart, "Loveday is free—is free!" His men grinned and said among themselves, with sly winks, "Us b'ain't surprised!"

He kept to his own land—to the part of the farm which lay upon the side of the hill. He could see no sea from here; Tregarron lay away to his left, under the slope of the hill. Before him stretched his mother's rich meadows, down into the valley and up again the other side to the moorland of Trentham parish.

The day was cooler than the weather had been for many weeks. A sea-breeze was freshening the land. It was a red-letter day of his life.

At home they fussed and scolded, gossiped and grumbled. He was lying amid heather and fern, watching the ripening wheat shiver and wave in the wind, the cattle chewing the cud in the shade, the clouds' shadow sweeping across moor and meadow.

"Oh, Hughie, you do look happy!" said his mother when he kissed her good-night, "and I've had such a worrying day. Both of you gone, and I've had to order everything."

"I am sorry, mother."

"Never mind! If you're happy, nothing matters."

The good woman kissed him again, and swept the hair from his forehead.

"My handsome boy!" she said. "I don't wonder that she likes you better than that fat, short little fellow, with his pigs' eyes."

She was quite satisfied by the next morning that all was for the best. The pies and creams had been disposed of, and with their weight gone from her mind Lady Macdonald was

quickly of the best temper towards the broken marriage.

Loveday was brought downstairs by her. She fetched the girl herself when Sophia, haggard and white, brought word that her cousin would remain in her room.

Loveday was pale when she entered the parlour. She coloured to the pink of the heart of a blush-rose when Hugh took her hand.

Her uncle placed a chair for her, with a courtly bow.

"Everything is right, my dear," he said, patting her hand. "You need not look worried, as though you had the cares of the world on your slender shoulders. We forgive you all the trouble you have caused, and there is an end."

"HE LAY AT HER FEET."

She looked up as though she could not believe his words.

"Yes, yes, my dear niece. Mr. Tarleton forgave you, and went in peace. We may go on our ways as if he had never been."

"Yes, he is really gone," said Hugh.

Sophia looked from her father to the young man.

"Was he not angry?" she said, in a low voice.

"Very, but I pacified him. I always had the gift of persuasion."

"You had," said his daughter.

"He went in the early morning," said Hugh.

"You saw him go?"

"I saw the post-chaise being got ready, and I heard it roll out of the yard."

"He wished to see no one," said Sir James.

Sophia looked at Hugh.

"You did not see him drive from the door?"

"No, but he is gone," said Hugh.

Sophia smiled. The drawn lines about her mouth and eyes disappeared; her face regained its lost placidness—that placidness which misled.

It was the Sunday on which Mr. Penhorrod held service in his church at Trentham. The small church near Tregarron was visited by him once a fortnight; if the weather were rough, or he did not feel inclined, the service would be held over for the next Sunday. His congregation from Tregarron never numbered more than ten souls; the average was six. The fishing village, when times were bad, was given to revivals and prayer-meetings; when times were prosperous these stopped. But at no time did the sailors and fishermen visit the small church to listen to "passon."

The people of Trosa did not drive to Trentham. So this Sunday was a holiday—a lazy, do-nothing day.

"Come out with me, Loveday," said Hugh.

They walked on the sands.

The tide was running out in gently-breaking waves. The sky was heavy and low, with a thunderous heat. A hush was over the sea and land; the soft splash of the breaking waves was the only sound in the drowsy warmth.

They moved quietly onward, near the water's edge, for the sake of the whiff of coolness that came with the breaking ripples. Their feet sank into the sand, still wet with the ebbing sea. Neither spoke. She sat down in the soft light sand of the sand-hills. He lay at her feet. They watched the yellow stretch before them grow wider, the stones

and bits of seaweed dry in the sun, the sea change from green and blue into a dirty yellow as the sun crept higher in the heavens.

Loveday leaned forward, her chin upon her hand, her elbow on her knee, her eyes gazing at the horizon. Hugh lay full-length at her feet, his elbow upon her blue serge skirt, and was well content.

"We must go back," she said at last.

They strolled homeward in the same contented silence. At the door of the farm Loveday glanced up at him, a laugh in her sparkling eye.

"Handsome gowk!" she said. "What a quantity you have to say!"

She ran away before he could answer.

The afternoon passed much the same as the morning, save that, instead of the sand-hills, the window-seat of the parlour was the frame of the scene. Hugh, perhaps, might have said more than in the morning if his mother and Sophia had not been in the room. Loveday twisted a bit of ribbon in her fingers. A bed of stocks was beneath the open window, and white pinks flourished round the edges. Their scent was strong and sweet in the room.

The evening shadows lengthened; the flowers gave out a stronger perfume. There came a step up the garden-path. A stout, broad man with sanguine complexion and dark hair touched with grey came up to the open window.

He was Mr. Barwyth. At once the quiet and peace were broken. Questions and answers flooded the room. He wanted to know why the wedding was broken off. His wife had sent him. Couldn't rest till they knew the whole tale. No peace with the "wimmen." Had ridden over to please 'em, and also on a bit of business. Loveday slipped from the room. Mr. Barwyth was told of her refusal, and of Tarleton's departure. Hugh's mother was delighted to pour out her housekeeping troubles to her old friend. He was given a comfortable chair. While Abigail laid the table for supper, he listened to the story from mistress and servant.

Sir James returned during the telling of the tale. He had been absent from the house since dinner time.

Mr. Barwyth was deferential to his old friend's grand husband. It was some time before he remembered the "bit o' business" he was also come about.

"You'd better come along with me, Hugh, to Byford Market on Tuesday. Farmer Wennard to Weach is sellin' a fine lot o' cattle. I'm goin' to-morrow to be well in time for the sale on Tuesday mornin'."

Hugh thought. He did not want to leave Trosa; but, as Barwyth said, this was a chance he ought not to miss; Wennard's cattle were noted through the county, and Hugh had long coveted some of that breed. He sighed as he determined to go. After all, it would be but a few hours lost.

"I shall go," he said.

"You had better stay at home," said Sir James.

Hugh explained his reasons.

"Pooh! The cattle are certain to go to a high price. I am sure we have enough without wasting our money on fancies."

"Why, James," cried his wife—"why do you want to keep Hugh at home?"

"What do you mean? I have no wish to keep him at home. Let him go on a fool's errand if he chooses."

Hugh wondered what affected his step-father. He had never expressed an opinion before as to the buying and selling of anything concerning the farm. He confessed to a total ignorance of such matters. Why should he be vexed at the talk of buying these cattle? Loveday came into the room at this point, and Hugh's thoughts took another turn.

Sir James had many more objections to raise to the journey to Byford. But Hugh was determined, and before Barwyth left it was arranged that they should meet on the road to Byford the following evening, and ride together to the town. There they would sleep, to be in time for the sale the next morning.

Sir James did not recover himself that evening.

CHAPTER XVII.—"I HAVE NOT SEEN HIM," SAID THE LANDLORD.

IT was late before Hugh reached Byford. He did not meet Mr. Barwyth at the cross roads; he had not expected to do so when he left the farm. The delays had been many, and he had started two hours later than the time appointed. His horse had suddenly become lame, another had to be saddled. He was kept by two men from Tregarron with a tale of having been bitten by one of his sheep dogs. When he got away from them, he was met by Sir James, with arguments against his buying the cattle. Then his bridle broke before he was out of the yard, and, that mended, the horse turned restive and refused to pass the gate. At last he was on the road, but it was ten o'clock before he reached the town.

The inn was full of farmers come upon the same errand as himself. They were seated round a table, drinking, and telling stories without point or interest save to themselves.

Barwyth was among them. Hugh was welcomed, and given a place of honour at the head of the table. His mother owned the largest farm in the county. His father had given him a "power of book-larnin'."

"They du zay he know'th haythen tongues, Greek and Lattun, like Cornish," whispered one old countryman to another.

"Ay, same larnin' as our passon, son o' Lord Courtenay's, I've heard tell."

"Mazery, I calls it. Us ain't a-done badly, though us can't tell one letter from t'other, hey?"

The old men sniggered, and looked with proper contempt at the handsome six feet of manhood which spoke "haythen tongues." The smattering of Latin which Hugh possessed had been birched into him at Blundell's.

The landlord of the inn was one of those near Hugh at the head of the table.

"You've been having fine doings at Trosa," he said. "My post-boys were in a fine humour about it. They were well paid, or you wouldn't have got 'em to leave at that hour of the mornin'."

"Mr. Tarleton went on from here?" asked Hugh, carelessly.

"Went on? He never came. He was ill, wasn't he? and the weddin' put off for a bit. I have not seen him."

"What?" shouted Hugh, rising to his feet. Seeing the astonished faces he controlled himself, and beckoned the landlord to follow him to a private room.

"You say Tarleton did not return in the post-chaise?"

They were alone in a small side room.

"Not he. Bob said your stepfather—a Sir, ain't he?—told him to drive back to Byford; that Mr. Tarleton was ill, and the weddin' put off. He paid 'em, and saw 'em go; watched 'em out of sight, Bob said."

"Did they bring a grey mare?"

"No, naught but themselves and the post-shay."

"Fetch me something to eat, and have another horse saddled. I am going back to Trosa."

"Not to-night?"

"Yes, now. I have—forgotten something."

Mine host gasped, stared, questioned. He brought bread and cheese for Hugh to eat; but still, he could not believe that the order to saddle a horse was serious. Grumbling, he went to rouse a stable-boy.

By chance he happened to be Bob, the postillion of the post-chaise. Hugh recognised him as he swung himself upon the horse. The light of the lantern the man swung in his hand fell upon his face. The landlord stood in the darkness of the doorway.

"What was said to you when you left Trosa last Saturday morning?"

"Nought but that us was not wanted."

The man was surly at being required at this hour of the night, nigh eleven o'clock.

"Did you see a grey mare in the stable when you took out your own horses?"

"I seed nought of her. Come to think of it" (the man scratched his head), "her were there at night, and gone at mornin'."

Hugh rode out of the stable-yard and through the slumbering streets. Byford was unevenly paved with cobble stones, and his horse's feet made a clatter in the silent night. The lights were out and shutters closed. Few persons were awake in the country town at ten o'clock.

Out of the town he roused his horse to a trot. The animal was a sorry one, and would require careful nursing to get to Trosa that night. Yet get there he would before the morning dawned. He would find Ned Tarleton, dead or alive, before twelve hours were passed. Hugh set his teeth, and determined that Sir James should tell him the truth.

His friend, his schoolboy chum, had come to Trosa to meet with—what? He dared not think. He forgot what displeased him in Tarleton. He remembered only the fat little boy who had followed him like a dog at Blundell's, for whom he had fought bloody battles, who had looked up to him as a hero. He had licked Tarleton for his greediness, and Ned had (metaphorically) kissed the hand that held the rod. He had been mentor, companion, and friend in those school days, and he ignored the years between then and now—between the boy whose hero he had been, and the man whose only hero was himself.

Through the short summer night the horse's hoofs rang up the hill and down the vale. The moon crept up behind him in a silver path; he and his horse's shadow went before them, clearly defined on the white dusty road. A corncrake's croak sounded through the warm-scented silence, a night bird's cry came from a dark clump of trees. The moon swam up high into the heavens. Her silver light, like a white streak, lay on the trunks of trees, and on the edges of the leaves.

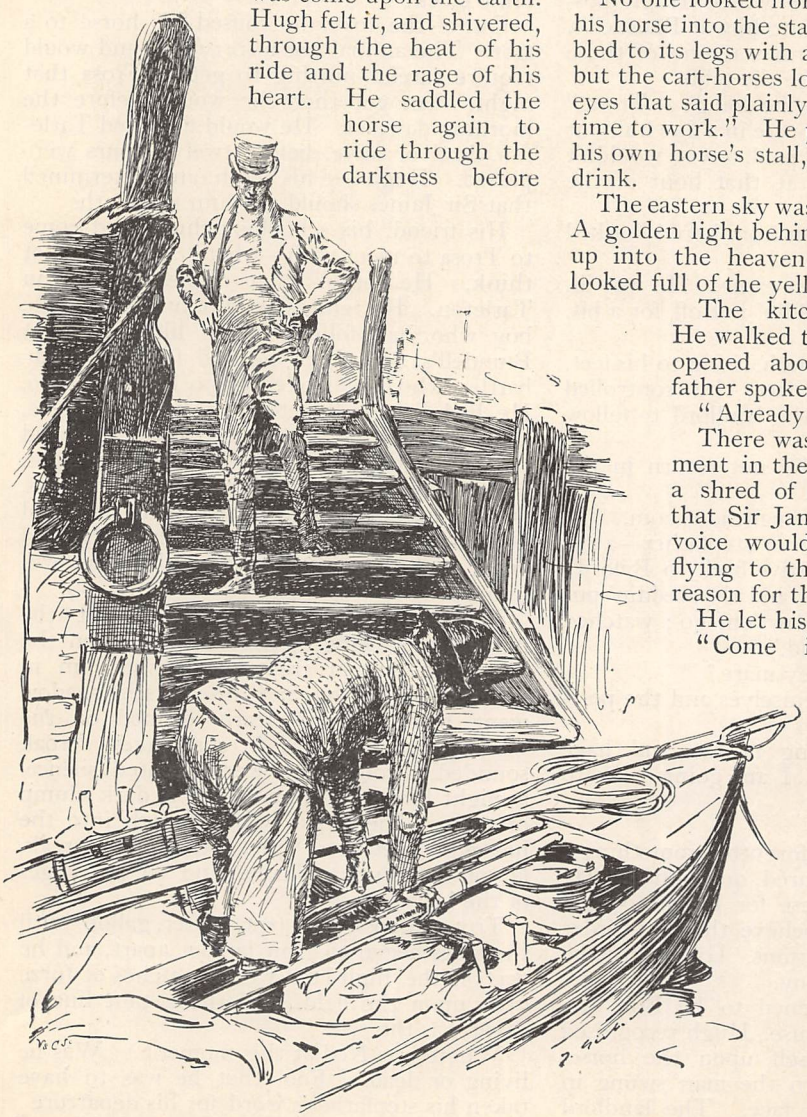
Trot, gallop, walk—trot, canter, gallop, until the trees began to grow farther apart, and he was on the high land where patches of furze grew upon the fields, and the distant line of silver was the sea.

Where was Ned at this moment? Was he living or dead? Fool that he was to have taken his stepfather's word for his departure! If he had but gone downstairs to see him off

—his old friend! his school friend! This was why Sir James had tried to prevent his going to Byford. If he had not gone, nothing would have been suspected for some time, perhaps never. He would not have expected to hear from Tarleton. There was no one in Byford who knew him. His old housekeeper at his farm near Taunton would not have troubled for months; he had no near relations. Men travelling with money did occasionally disappear.

He had to rest his horse near Trentham. He gave the poor beast half an hour to crop the roadside turf, while he sat by and waited, wild with impatience to proceed.

The chill feeling which heralds the dawn was come upon the earth. Hugh felt it, and shivered, through the heat of his ride and the rage of his heart. He saddled the horse again to ride through the darkness before the breaking of the day. Trentham church tower loomed squarely against the darkness; the vicarage slept. The thatched cottages were like dwellings of the dead. The galloping horse brought no head to the lattice to peer into the darkness to see who the wild rider might be.



"'TELL AWAY; THERE'S NONE BUT US CAN HEAR.'"

Trentham moor was left behind. He was riding down into the fertile valley of his mother's land. Up the other side he walked to ease his horse. He reached the top of the hill.

The light of dreams was beginning to steal over the land—the mystic, shadowy early dawn. Trosa chimneys stood out ghost-like against the dark western sea and sky.

No one looked from the windows as he led his horse into the stable. A farm pony scrambled to its legs with a snort when he entered, but the cart-horses looked round quietly with eyes that said plainly, "We know it is not yet time to work." He put his hired mount into his own horse's stall, and gave it fodder and drink.

The eastern sky was flecked with fleecy pink. A golden light behind the hill was shooting up into the heaven. The lattice windows looked full of the yellowish-pink clouds.

The kitchen door was bolted. He walked to the front. A window opened above him, and his stepfather spoke.

"Already back?" he said, softly.

There was no wonder or astonishment in the tones. Had there been a shred of doubt in Hugh's mind that Sir James might be guilty, his voice would have sent that shred flying to the winds. He knew the reason for this sudden return.

He let his stepson into the house.

"Come in here," said Hugh, pointing to the parlour.

He followed him in, carefully closing the door behind him.

"I heard you come into the stable-yard. I knew you would want to see me, and I put on some clothes. Men of my age cannot run risks," said Sir James, carelessly.

The dim light was growing every moment. Already Hugh could see his mother's mending basket upon the table, and Loveday's

thimble fallen by its side. A piece of pink ribbon lay on the window seat, and a handful of drooping white pinks had been stuck into a jar, and the water forgotten. Loveday had not yet learnt tidiness.

"Where is Tarleton?" said Hugh, looking at his stepfather.

"Ah! You have found out he did not return to Byford in the post-chaise. I expected that."

"I mean to know where you have taken him."

"Sit down, Hugh; nothing is to be gained by shouting. We need not have the women cackling and crying about our ears. Tarleton went away as he came, on his grey mare."

"You told me the mare was haltered to the chaise."

"I told you a lie. He rode away on her after the chaise."

"The mare was gone before the chaise left. You lied to the post-boys about his being ill and the wedding put off; you lied to me that he had gone with them. You are not a good enough liar."

Sir James nursed his leg pensively.

"You are growing sharp, Hugh; you have found out my weakness. My story never fits together well. I have flashes of inspiration, and then some small thing goes wrong, and——"

"Where is Tarleton?" said Hugh.

"Not so loud! Your mother sleeps above."

"I swear you shall tell me what has become of him. Is he dead or alive?"

"Alive; very much alive, I assure you."

Hugh drew a long breath; he had lost his worst fear.

"You must tell me where he is," he said more quietly.

"H'm! that is asking more than I intend to say. He is in safe keeping until—until——"

"Until what?"

"Until he comes to his senses."

"You will release him now," said Hugh.

"Shall I?" Sir James smiled.

"I know where he is. I may be a fool, but I can guess that. He is in one of your caves on the cliff."

Sir James smoothed his chin, and looked at Hugh. The men's eyes met, a humorous smile in one pair, defiance in the other.

"If you know, why do you ask?" said the elder man.

"He is my friend; he came to Trosa to see me, and this is what he has met with in my house."

"Your mother's, you mean."

Hugh paid no heed to the interruption.

"I believed your word that he had gone. I might have known that there was something false in anything you have to deal with."

"Dear Hugh," said Sir James softly, "if that is your opinion of me, why ask for the truth? You must know you will not get it."

"No, I am going to those that will help me."

Hugh left the room; his stepfather heard him leave the house.

"You will not find your friend, my boy," he said, with a stifled yawn. "Jove! what a sunrise! It is worth seeing—once."

Chapter XVIII.—Search.

HUGH strode along the way to Tregarron. His passion and excitement kept him from feeling weariness from the distance he had ridden and from want of sleep. It was broad daylight when he reached the village. A thick grey mist hung over the river. A fishing-boat with red sails was coming out of it like a phantom towards the quay. The sail flapping against the mast and the crunch of shingle as she ran ashore were the sounds that showed she was a living boat. Old Berryman sprang from her to the beach. He saw Hugh standing on the quay, his form gigantic in the grey film.

"No luck, lad," he called out; "everything's agin me."

He threw a few tiny fish on the shingle.

"That's a fine lot for a night's catch—ugh!"

Hugh ran down the slip and joined Berryman by the boat.

"I've got a story to tell you, Berryman."

"Tell away; there's none but us can hear. I knowed you'd summat of importance when I seed 'ee here at this time o' mornin'."

The old man cleaned his boat and nets during the tale of Tarleton's disappearance.

"Roswen and Polgarn went up with he, did 'em? Ay, they dragged 'un off to the caves, you may reckon. Maister Tarleton knowed summat agin the old fox, did 'ee? Ay, sure."

"They must have taken him straight off; I waited for them for hours. I want you to come to the caves with me."

"Softly, softly, my lad! you won't get 'un away like that. Sir James he's maister, and they'll do what he tells 'em. No, fust I sees Roswen—he's a good sort o' chap if you take him by hisself—and make sure where Tarleton is. Then we calls upon him unexpected like, when there ain't no one or only one man watchin'."

"We must get him away to-day."

"If us can, if us can. So he knoweth

summat about Sir James, do he? I reckon he won't be any kinder disposed after this nabbin'."

Berryman chuckled to himself.

"You'll see I don't suffer for this 'ere little game, Hughie, my lad. Tregarron will be too hot for me if the old fox stays on after us have freed Tarleton."

Hugh winced; he was plotting against the peace of his home.

"I'll do what I can for you, Berryman. You shall not suffer more than I do."

He helped carry up the old man's oars, sail, and net to his cottage.

The grey mist had turned to white. Here and there the rays of the sun filtered through and sparkled on the water. A torn rag of cobweb film had floated away from the top of the sandhills on the other side of the river, leaving their light green tops to show brightly in the sunlight. From the land the haze was gone. The cottages of Tregarron shone in the morning sun; their window-panes sparkled like diamonds. The mist lay still thick over the sea and mouth of the river.

Hugh was impatient for the old man to be gone to Roswen.

"Nay, nay!" said Berryman, "us'll rest a bit. Folks don't bear a knockin' up at fower o'clock in the mornin'. You look yourself as if a bit o' sleep wouldn't be out of the way. Pitch on this 'ere bench, and rest till they be up."

Hugh could not dispute the sense of these words. He lay down on the bench, his head upon a patchwork cushion worked by Mrs. Berryman. Before he realised that he was dozing, he was fast asleep. He awakened to the clatter of crockery, to find Berryman's shrew of a wife laying the table for a scanty morning meal.

Hugh discovered that he was famished. He produced money, and sent a boy to buy what he could find. The neighbours were willing to sell what they did not require themselves, and Berryman and Hugh made a hearty meal. The mistress of the house was pleased with the abundance left. She did not grumble when her husband went off for a chat with a group of fishermen before the "King's Head."

Hugh waited in the cottage for his return. It was two hours later that Berryman brought back a report. His wife was outside on the quay, quarrelling with Polgarn's sister.

"Roswen's away," said Berryman. "I can't get no sense from 'em, but I reckon he's watchin'. Back to-morry mornin', they say. They'm as close as wax about their doin's in these days."

"Where do you think Roswen is?"

"Watchin' Tarleton."

"We will go to the caves," said Hugh, starting up.

"Ay, but which? There's dozens and dozens of 'em. The cliffs is riddled with places to hide in. Us couldn't find 'un in a month o' Sundays."

"What are they doing with him?"

"They ain't harmin' him. I'll take my affydavy for that. He was free with his cash, and there warn't no feelin' agin him. You rest quiet, and to-morry us'll have him out."

But to rest quiet was just what Hugh could not do.

"I shall go to the cave," he said, stubbornly. "You find out what you can in Tregarron, and I'll come back here to know the result this afternoon."

"They tell me Passon Penhorrod was ridin' a fine grey mare yesterday. Dicky Luckin saw 'un up to Trentham. Warn't Tarleton's a grey mare?"

"Yes; but it is not likely to be the same. Penhorrod would hardly go so far as that."

"He's bad enough for aught." Between the Methodist preacher and the parson a strong feud raged. "I'll just rin up to Trentham, and have a look at his new mare. Old Yeo goes up to-day with a donkey-cart and fish. He'll give me a lift."

"A grey mare with one white stocking and white face, docked tail, fifteen hands; and she has a healed saddle raw on the right shoulder. You'll know her by that."

Berryman nodded. He would remember the description.

Hugh left the village. He took the path across the sand and sandhills, thus avoiding Tregarron Street, and being unseen by the men lounging on the quay.

The sun was overhead, and heat came up from the burning sand. Sand fleas swarmed about the bits of dry seaweed; a glare came from the shadeless shore. The sun beat down upon his back. He felt unwashed, unkempt. But he never looked at Trosa farm, lying white and peaceful in the hollow of the hill. They would be wondering what had become of him; his men would be lounging in the kitchen, taking holiday in the absence of their master. What would Loveday be thinking? Or perhaps she knew. Her uncle might have told her, or—his heart stopped beating—she might have known all the time. He reviewed her every word and look, and a small blink of comfort crept into his heart. He was sure she had not known, neither did her cousin. Sophia might have suspected, but Loveday had accepted the announcement that Tarleton was gone. He passed the field at the bottom of the garden. She was seated in the open window, singing to herself while she tried to darn a

"SHE DID NOT SEE HIM PASS."

hole in some table linen. Her small dark head graceful as a flower was bent in the opened lattice window. So intent was she on her work that she did not see him pass.

He took a footpath down to the rocks below. It was not pleasant walking over the rounded grey-blue stones and shingly rocks, small, but yet large enough to require a climb. He felt the heat of the stone through his thick riding boots. The cliff reflected the heat. The sea sparkled through the glittering air; it parted without spray on the brownish rocks. The murmur of the water was always sounding, but to-day it was hushed to an undertone.

He wiped the beads of perspiration from his forehead and lips. The weather was sweltering. He had seen no man, nor any signs of that shore being used for human purpose. Hollows in the rock of the cliff, once a cave, he examined with scrupulous care, though he knew that it was impossible they could be hiding places.

He came to the curve in the cliffs, the last before the inlet where he had seen the smugglers at work.

The rocks were larger than they were nearer Trosa. A piece of cliff had fallen from the rest, and made a natural barrier across the shingle. From it the rocks ran down in a sharp line into the sea. On the other side of the inlet was a bar of rocks of the same natural formation. They shut in a miniature bay, and made it possible for the smuggling schooner to unload in calm weather. No boat could approach the other parts of the shore. It would have been dashed to pieces on the rocks, or capsized in the surf breaking on the sand. But here the little bay was protected, and a narrow band of shingle crept between the rocks to the cliff. In any wind

but a west the schooner could ride in safety. This was why the smuggling could not begin until the winter, with its fierce storms and sudden winds, was past. The Atlantic surge would have tossed the small schooner on the sharp rocks, and smashed her like an egg-shell. Quickly come, quickly gone. There was no money in Tregarron to allow of running risks.

Hugh clambered over the rocks to where, near the sea, they were passable. He crossed with one slip into the water, and a wetting to the middle, which was refreshing. The tide was running out. High water was at nine, and the hour was now nearly twelve.

A man (Roswen) was seated on a flat, projecting piece of rock. His naked feet were dangling in a pool of water. He was eating his dinner of cold fat bacon and dark-coloured bread.

He was a good-natured young fellow, and he and Hugh, when boys, had enjoyed many a climb together for sea-birds' eggs. But this morning he did not show his usual pleasure at his old friend's greeting. A sheepish, dark look came over his face.

"Roswen, you came up to Trosa last Friday night. You and Polgarn and Sir James took off Tarleton. Where is he?"

Roswen wriggled on his seat, and dashed his feet about in the pool.

"You took him away by force. You are hiding him somewhere. Do you know what you are doing?"

"Us'll let 'un out soon."

"Who says so? Sir James? You need not believe what he says. If you are afraid of him——"

"I b'ain't feared," said Roswen, angrily; "but I mean to keep my tongue between my lips."

Hugh went on up the inlet.

"Where be goin'?" bawled Roswen.

"I'm going to search for myself, if you won't help me."

"He b'ain't there; I'll tell 'ee that much."

Hugh shrugged his shoulders, and went on. Roswen ran and got before him.

"You b'ain't to come in," he said, standing in a narrow dark opening in the cliff side.

Hugh caught him by the shoulder.

"Which is the stronger?"

Roswen sullenly stepped aside.

"Tarleton b'ain't there, and I shall catch it for lettin' you in."

"I shan't peach," said Hugh. "I might have done that long ago, if I had chosen."

He crept into the narrow hole. A glimmer of light came from a split in the rock above his head. He was in a cave the size of a small room. A heap of seaweed in one corner discovered rather than hid a few bales and kegs. The sides of the cave were damp; there was no opening but the way he had come. A glance was sufficient to see that no man was hidden in the dark corners, that the cave was empty.

"'Tis all that's left of the last cargo," said Roswen, pointing to the heap of seaweed. He felt bound to explain the emptiness of the place. "You should see it after a landing, 'tis choked full then."

"The revenue men will have you some day."

"They'm squared; us give 'em a hint when to look a few miles from hereabouts."

The two men were out again in the blinding glare of the sun and glitter of the sea.

"You won't tell me where he is?" said Hugh.

Roswen turned away with a shake of the head.

Hugh left him seated on the rocks, returned to his bread and bacon. He climbed round two points; he found more caves, but no sign of Tarleton. The coast was deserted. He met no man.

To search without a clue was hopeless. Berryman was right. It was madness to think they could find the special hiding-place where Tarleton lay when the cliffs were riddled with thousands of them. He would return to Tregarron to hear what Berryman might have discovered. He passed Roswen sleeping in the sun, Trosa white and silent in the noontide heat, the soft, tiring sandhills.

He was in Berryman's cottage again.

"Ay, 'twas Tarleton's mare. Give us a drink, missus, I'm parched. Head, tail, saddle raw, 'twas her. I poked my nose into the stable while Yeo and Penhorrod's maid bargained over the fish. Passon he came out hearin' their tongues, and sees me in the stable."

"You are sure it was Tarleton's mare?"

"Certain sure! 'What are you doin' there?' says Passon in a rage. 'Lookin' at Maister Tarleton's mare,' says I. He went white round the gills. 'Sir James Macdonald give her to me,' he says, weak-like. 'All right,' says I, 'but you'd better tell me how it happened.' He told me a long story how Maister Tarleton was to have the mare when he claimed her, and how Sir James brought it to his house in the early mornin'."

"What time?"

"Twilight, Saturday mornin', half-past three or thereabouts. Penhorrod ain't got no nerve; I frightened 'un, proper. At last I said I'd take the mare, and he wasn't sorry to see her go, I can tell 'ee. I rode her down

to Trosa, and put her in the stable. Comin' away I met Sir James. 'I've brought back Tarleton's horse,' I says to him, 'and you'd better not be so handy in givin' away other folks' goods another time.' Sir James clapped his hand upon his side and give a great laugh. 'Berryman, you're cleverer than I thought,' says he, 'and I know what you're after; but, Berryman, my man, if you don't win the game you're playin', you'll find Tregarron an unpleasant residence,' he says, and that's true, Hugh. There'll be no room for us in this here part of the world if us don't get Tarleton and frighten the old fox."

Berryman was now keenly anxious to find the missing man. He saw that in holding the winning card existed safety and peace for him in his native village. Tarleton knew something against Sir James, and Tarleton must be found.

"Roswen knows?" said he, when Hugh had related his adventures. "Then I'll get 'un to tell; I can manage the young chap. Come down to me to-morrow mornin' early, and us'll have Tarleton free in the twinklin' of an eye. Keep your mouth shut up to Trosa."

Hugh walked home in the evening cool. The doors and windows of the farm were open. A hum of voices came from the kitchen where the farm-servants supped. They stared at him when he entered. What had they been doing in the day? Abigail answered for them—nothing! They were lazy, idle, good-for-nothing! And what did Maister Hugh mean by coming home in the middle of the night, and going off again down to Tregarron for the day?

The same question awaited him in the parlour.

"You shouldn't have done it, Hugh," said his mother; "I don't understand such ways. Galloping back in the middle of the night on a hired horse, and then off again without going to bed or anything to eat, and the farm just left to itself, and Abigail says the men have done nothing all day but eat."

"I had business in Tregarron," said Hugh.

"Business that took you the whole day! And Loveday looking out for you——"

"Oh, no!" said Loveday, blushing.

Hugh did not glance at her; he gloomily stared out of the window.

Sophia watched him with covert glances. Loveday occupied herself diligently with her work.

Supper was eaten in silence. His mother was aware that something was being kept from her; she was vexed and angry.

Loveday stole from the room the instant the meal ended. Hugh smoked a solitary pipe, conjuring in his mind phantoms of evils which might be happening to Tarleton at this moment. He went to bed, hoping that sleep might drown his imagination.

His stepfather knocked at his door, awakening him from his first doze.

"Have you given up the search?"

"No," said Hugh, raising himself on one arm.

"Do you think what harm you will do to me, to Loveday, if you find Tarleton?"

"I mean to find him," said Hugh, stubbornly.

Sir James leant against the window, and looked out on the dark garden and the darker sea.

"If I give you my word that Tarleton will get no hurt beyond a short imprisonment—that the instant he gives me the promise asked for he is free, will you leave him to me then?"

"Never; I mean to find him."

"You will ruin us," said Sir James, with a sigh. "Loveday, Sophia, and me. We might have been happy, and I might have ended my days in peace. You are doing your best to ruin your own happiness and Loveday's. Poor Loveday!"

Sir James dropped his voice with a little tender inflection. No answer came.

"You have no pity," he said; and then with a sneer, "Perhaps you sleep."

Hugh could not speak for the feeling which choked him.

Sir James stepped across the room to the door.

"I leave you to your pitiless thoughts," he said.

The door opened. He closed it gently behind him. His step went firmly down the passage.

CHAPTER XIX.—FINDING.

HUGH crept from the house in the early morning. He felt like a thief as he stepped quietly down the stairs and through the hall. The door was ajar. Loveday was leaning on the garden gate.

She started at his footstep on the path. The colour flushed to her cheeks, and then faded away, leaving her white. He saw that her feet and skirts were dripping with dew; she had been walking on the wet grass. A suspicion leapt up in his mind, clouded and heavy with distrust and anger. He believed that she had been to Tarleton with food—crept out in the morning before anyone had risen. Someone must take him food. They would not starve him. Why not Loveday? The insane idea grew and strengthened while he saw her colour change. Of course, she

knew of Tarleton's imprisonment. Sophia and she were probably helping Sir James in his damnable plot.

She stood aside; he put his hand on the gate, and flung it open. He would not speak to her. Yes, he would. She should learn what he thought of her and her uncle.

"What *do* you mean? No, I have not been to the cliffs."

"Nor seen Tarleton?"

Her eyes opened wide. She looked at him as though she really thought he must have lost his senses.

"No, of course not. You are quite innocent.

"'OUR BUSINESS IS ABOUT THE SAME PERSON.'"

"You are out early," he said, his eyes on her face.

"So are you," she answered, plucking up her spirit.

"And our business is about the same person."

"What do you mean? I had no business, but—but I could not sleep. The hot weather is so trying, and I thought I should like a walk. I came down, and have been out an hour through wet fields."

"Not by any chance to the cliffs?"

You know nothing," he said between his teeth.

"What are you talking about?"

"Of Tarleton. There, let me pass."

He went through the gate and up the path to Tregarron Road.

"Stop!" Loveday's fingers clutched his arm. "Stop! You must tell me what you mean. Where is he? Did he not go to his own home? He went in the carriage. You said so."

She was shaking his arm, her eyes wild with fear.

"He never went to Byford. Your uncle told the post-boys he was ill, and the wedding put off. His horse was taken to Parson Penhorrod's. He never left here."

"Oh!" She covered her face with shaking fingers. "Then, where is he?"

"That is what I want to find out. I thought perhaps you knew."

"I? You thought I knew? Is that what you think of me?" She looked up with indignant eyes. Then they dropped, and she added in a shamed voice, "I don't wonder you think us bad. How could you trust me?"

"It was for a moment only. Your wet feet—being up so early—your face. I don't know what I thought."

"Where do you think he is hid?"

Hugh said shortly what he suspected.

"You must find him. I will go to my uncle and make him tell. How could I be so foolish to take his word that Tarleton was gone? But you said so, too."

"I also took his word," said Hugh, bitterly.

"Now go," she said. "I will see my uncle this morning, and I will make him tell me where he is. If he will not, I——"

She stopped short.

She watched him down the road. Hugh saw her in the same place when he looked back at the turn.

Berryman was waiting at the door of his cottage. He drew Hugh inside with a cautious glance along the deserted quay.

"I've found out where he be." Berryman spoke in a whisper that his wife might not hear in the room above. "Roswen let out. He didn't half stomach the job, and only wanted a bit o' pressin'. Tarleton's hid in a cave four miles beyond the smugglin' cave, and there's no one to watch him. They've rolled a big stone before the mouth, and Polgarn or Sir James takes bread to 'un, and water once a day. He screeches awful to be let out, Roswen says; but naught passes that way, and they'd think 'twas a boggart if they did."

"Let us go at once."

"Softly, Hughie, my lad. Roswen's comin' with us to help shove the rock aside. I ain't no good now, and it'll take two men to move it. Him and Polgarn and young Trewin, who was watchin' at the smugglin' cave, did it in the night."

A tap came at the door. Roswen excited, and perhaps a wee bit frightened, was ready to start.

The three men slipped out of the village. Berryman's cottage was nearly the last on the quay, and it was easy to get away unobserved to the sandhills. Silently they made their way out to the sand. Then safely out of hearing, Hugh asked Roswen to give the tale of Friday night. The young man was but too pleased to unburden his soul. Berryman had frightened him with such stories of revenge the law might take that he would not feel safe until Tarleton was released. He told Hugh all that he knew.

On Friday night Tarleton had come to Tregarron with a message from Sir James. Roswen and Polgarn had walked back to Trosa with the young man. Tarleton had gone into the house, and Sir James had come out to them, and told them Tarleton must be taken off and kept prisoner. They had laughed at first, thinking it a joke; but Sir James grew angry at their laughter. "I tell you it is all up with us," he said; "my niece will not marry the fellow, and he will tell on us if we let him go. We'll keep him till he swears to hold his tongue." They had scarcely believed the story, but Sir James had wheedled, threatened, cajoled until they promised if Tarleton threatened to peach about their doings they would do as Sir James wished. He had gone in and brought out Tarleton, and they heard him say: "I'll have you in prison before three days are out." Sir James called loudly to Polgarn: "Is that enough?" and Polgarn said it was. Tarleton and Sir James were at the end of the garden, and by the moonlight they could see the younger man's face convulsed with passion. He (Roswen) and Polgarn caught him by the shoulders, and dragged him out of the gate. Sir James clapped his hand upon his mouth when he began to shout for help. They dragged him along the cliff until they came to the little inlet. Trewin was watching below, and Sir James whistled him up. Tarleton had become quiet, frightened by Sir James's threats. Trewin was told the story; he knew a place where they might keep him prisoner until he would promise them to be silent. It had been Sir James's idea, the stone before the mouth of the cave. "Save a man watching," he said. Polgarn had gone back to Trosa with Sir James after they had secured Tarleton.

Roswen confessed that he had looked upon it as a good jest. He thought Tarleton would only be shut up a day or two, and he had kicked and screamed in a way that had amused his stalwart captors. His threatenings inarticulate with rage had been taken as against the smugglers, not against Sir James personally. When Sunday came and passed Roswen grew uneasy. He knew that Tarleton was given little to eat, that the cave was damp and dark. He had spoken to Sir James on Sunday, but had met with laughter for his pains. Trewin and Polgarn declared

that Sir James knew what was best to be done. None other knew of Tarleton's imprisonment, Sir James had bound the three men to secrecy. Polgarn was fascinated by the man by whom he had been overthrown. Since that day on the sands he had been a blind and devoted follower of Sir James. Trewin was a cruel ruffian, who merely laughed at Roswen's scruples. Monday passed, and his dislike to the affair deepened. Tuesday came, and Hugh's questions nearly drew from him the truth. All the afternoon he had pondered the business, and when Berryman attacked him on the subject, he needed little pressing to tell the tale.

They were some distance on their way before Roswen's story ended.

No one was watching at the smuggler's cove. Roswen explained that the last of the goods was disposed of, and there was no need of watching. A fresh cargo would not be run in for some days.

They met not a person.

A hot wind blew from the east. There was no coolness or refreshing quality in the dry, hot breeze. A low, thunderous vapour rested on the sea, thick light clouds crept up from the horizon.

"Makin' for a storm," said Berryman.

The old man panted behind the young ones. He put in exclamations and grunts in their talk.

The miles passed; the rocks and cliffs grew bolder and wilder. Steep moorland stretched from the cliff-edge to the top of the hills, land, dotted with pink heather and clumps of furze, that was not worth cultivation. Seagulls flew out from their nests in the rocks, frightened by the sound of voices. They wheeled screaming over their heads. Guillemots fluttered out to sea; a curlew whistled. The rocks ran boldly from the shore. Here they had to walk carefully in single file on the turf, slippery with the summer's heat. A false step, a slide, and there was a fall of three hundred feet to the rocks below. Now they were on a headland, which ran down sheer into the surf of the waves dashing against its foot.

"Us be nearly at the spot," said Roswen.

They climbed down a break in the rocks. A sort of natural path, made by the crumbling in of the cliff, led to the beach. At last they were down among giant boulders, standing like pillars, among smaller *débris*. Large grey-blue stones, rounded and polished by the action of the water, lay scattered among the darker rocks. Only at high tides did the sea come up to the foot of the cliff.

"Here it be," said Roswen.

Hugh shouted; there came an answering shout.

A flat piece of rock was placed against the side of the cliff. It might have been but one of the many stones thrown there by the sea. There was nothing to show that it had been put in this position only a few days previous.

"Let me out! let me out!" yelled Tarleton.

Hugh tried to assure him they were friends, but Tarleton was beyond the capability of reasoning. He shouted loudly for help, and swore that he would have them in gaol once he was free.

Hugh and Roswen put their shoulders to the stone. They were strong men, but the weight of the slab placed on end had caused it to settle in the shingle. Berryman came to their help, and Tarleton, pushing from within, the piece of rock was slightly shifted. Once moved from its groove, Hugh and Roswen easily shoved it far enough aside to allow Tarleton to pass. They pulled him out. His face was pale with fright and hunger; his sleek round form was gone. He looked gaunt and weak. His clothes were torn with the rough handling of his forced journey; his boots were in pieces from the energy of his kicking at the door of his prison; his hands were bruised and bleeding. He wore a dazed, tumbled look.

"I'm blessed!" said old Berryman, staring at the apparition.

Tarleton looked up at the sky, and round at the faces of Hugh and Roswen. He leant against the rock, put his head upon his arm, and burst into weak hysterical tears.

"You are safe now," said Hugh.

Roswen turned his back, and strolled down to the water.

"I've had nothing but a small cup of water and some slices of bread since Friday," gulped Tarleton.

The men had brought nothing with them. He must reach Trosa before he could have a meal.

Tarleton recovered himself.

"I'll pay him out for what I've suffered," he said.

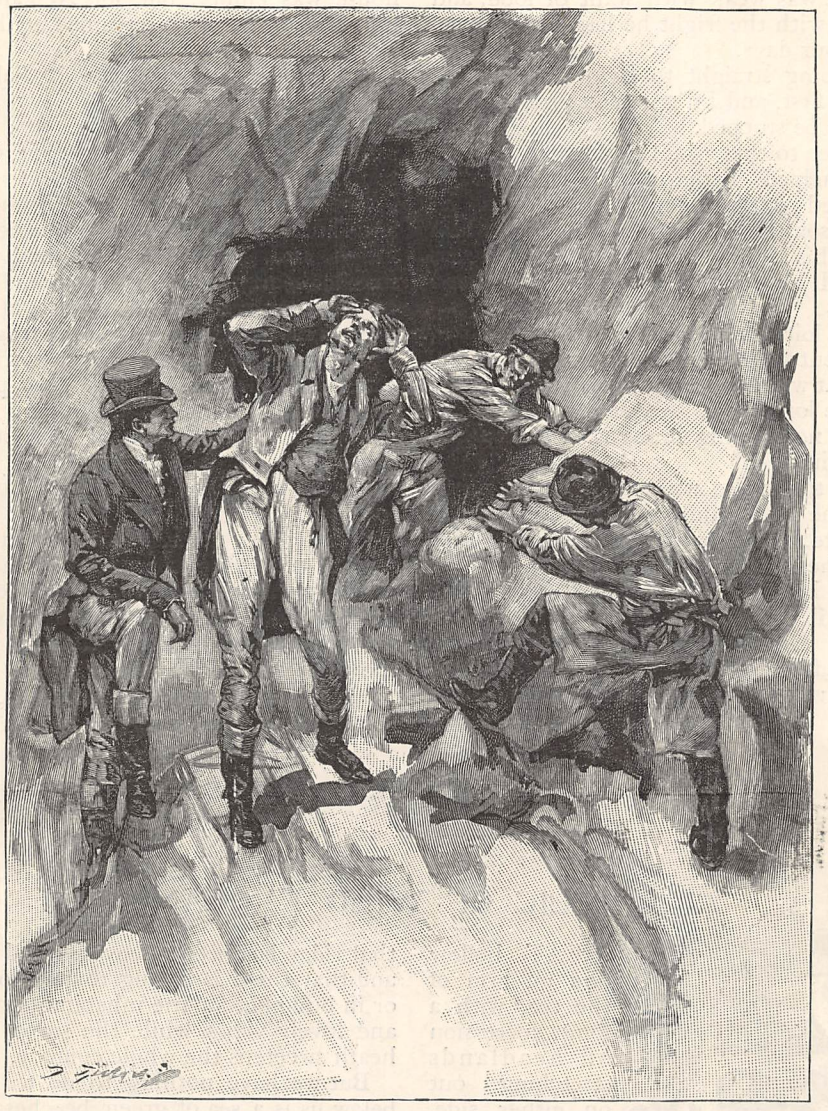
He broke into a storm of anger as he turned from the spot.

"Thrown in there like a dog! Friday night; and to-day's Wednesday. I could see through the chinks of the stone when it was day or night. Curse him! He brought me bread and water, and pushed it in with a laugh. Curse him! curse him!"

Tarleton danced on the turf with the impotence of his anger.

"'Twas an outlandish trick to play on 'ee," said Berryman.

His eyes twinkled, though his voice was solemn. It was Tarleton's misfortune that



"HE WORE A DAZED, TUMBLED LOOK."

even in the most dangerous moments of his life he could not help being ridiculous. The old sailor's sense of humour was tickled by the dilapidated looks and the dancing fury of the figure beside him. Even guilty and conscience-stricken Roswen smiled. Hugh was as solemn as a judge.

"I'll pay him out! I'll pay him out!" was Tarleton's cry.

"Yes, I would," said Berryman.

"Shutting me in there. Leaving me, to think I should drown with the tide. He never came near me till Saturday night, and I starving. I'd like him to know what it is to wait minute after minute, with the sea creeping nearer, nearer, and after that to wait hour after hour, and wonder if it is starvation that he meant. I shouted till I was hoarse. Why didn't you search for me?"

He turned to Hugh.

He was told the story of Hugh's visit to Byford.

"I dare say you did your best," he conceded; "but to leave me four days and a half in that hole! There was hardly room to turn. My stars! what I suffered."

The perspiration was running from his face. Berryman and Hugh took him by the

arms. He was weak with want of food, and exhausted with the fright he had lived in for the past four days.

"I'm going straight to Byford. Give me some food first, and I'll go. You promise that I shall not be stopped."

"Us'll see to that," said Berryman.

They helped Tarleton all they could. He stopped speaking now, and then he muttered something; but Hugh advised him to put all his breath into the effort to reach Trosa, and he gradually stopped even these murmurs.

Roswen loitered behind.

They went as they came. No soul met them.

The heat was sweltering. Twice they rested during the long walk. Tarleton grumbled at Hugh for not having brought something to eat and drink.

At last the white walls of Trosa came in sight. One more climb, and they were at the garden gate. Tarleton gave the one and only sign that he feared Sir James.

"I shall be safe?" he said to Hugh.

"You will be safe."

"Ay!" said Berryman. "'Tis he now that'll be afeard of you."

It was two o'clock in the afternoon. The house was empty, but for Abigail cleaning up her kitchen. She screamed at the sight of Tarleton.

"Where be 'ee come from? Sakes alive! I thought 'ee was safe at your own home."

Hugh hushed her outcry.

"Get us something to eat, and hold your tongue."

She spread a table, and brought meat and bread. Tarleton ate ravenously, and Hugh and Berryman were not unable to make a hearty meal. Roswen had left them at the path to Trosa, and continued his way across the sandhills to the village.

Tarleton would not speak until he had eaten. At last he pushed his plate from him, leant back in his chair, and looked at Berryman. He recognised that in the old sailor he met with sympathy in his anger against Sir James. Of Hugh he was not so sure.

"I'm going to tell you everything," he said to the old man; and with a side look at Hugh, "I'm going to let you know what a rogue you've been harbouring here."

Hugh pushed back his chair, and went to the window.

END OF CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

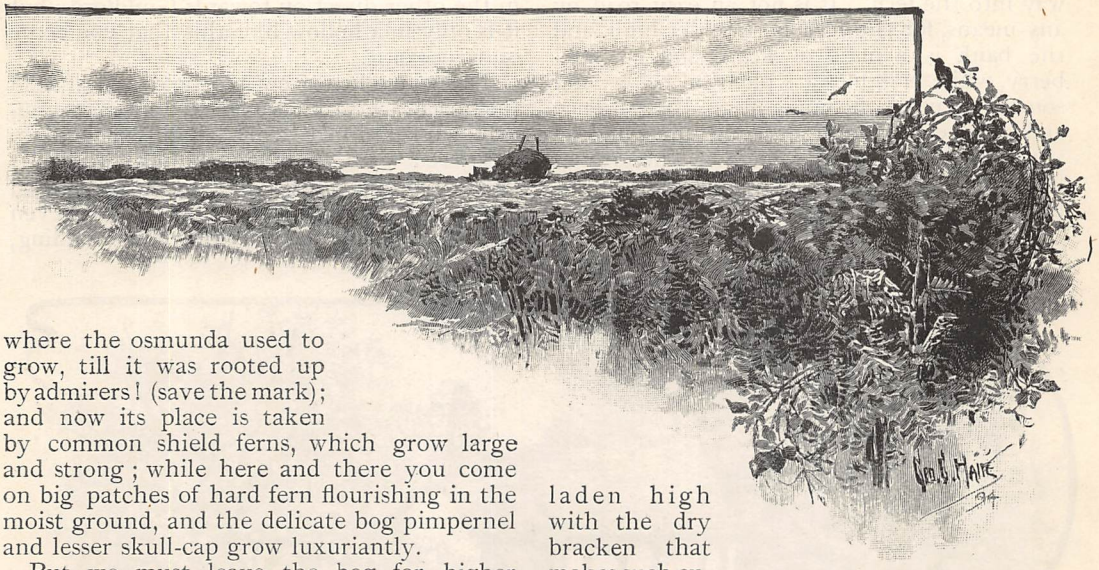
A RELIC OF WILD ENGLAND.

A GREAT hollow like an arm of the sea, with a long succession of headlands stretching out on either side, crowned with great masses of trees, fading gradually into the soft blue haze. Here and there a line of smoke shows the presence of a house hidden by heavy foliage, while a sparkle of water tells of a pond, for we are looking at Harting Coombe; and this bay—if bay it was—has been a mass of heath and woodland for many a long year.

Behind us the ground rises steeply to a long narrow ridge, sloping to the Coombe on one side, and to a wide valley, ending first in the Southdowns, and then in Blackdown and Wolmer Forest on the other. No wonder that ridge has been discovered and colonised, and that there is a long row of houses built, or in building, for the inhabitants get fine air and lovely views, while the scent of fir and heath sweetens the whole country.

But we have nothing to do with houses; below us is a sea of green, beeches and oaks, birches and firs; with here and there a Spanish chestnut, grandest of forest trees, or an open glade which is a mass of fern. Some of the beeches are magnificent trees, with the splendid forked and branched stems which are the glory of the beech; and near them the old gnarled birches wave their graceful plumes to an unusual height, for the trees at this end have been undisturbed for many a long year, and the old stems contrast with the young saplings further on.

What a delightful place it is! Under foot there is the soft grassy road, while on either side the bracken grows shoulder-high; among the brushwood tiny birches are even growing up in the road, and there is quite a thicket on either side. There is a fascinating bog, too,

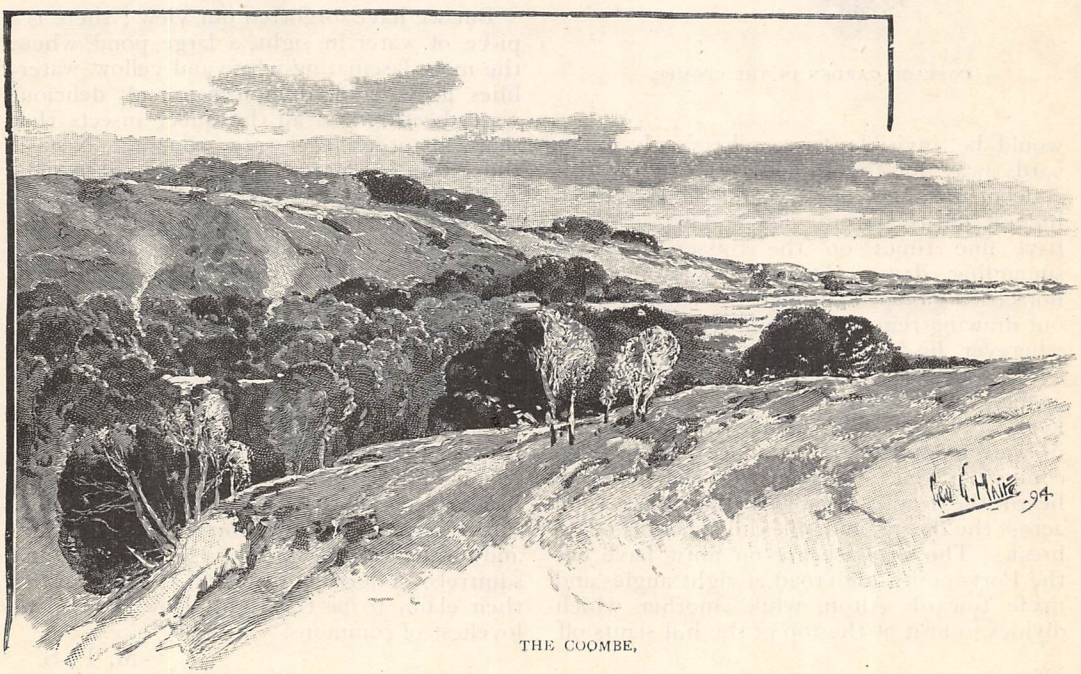


CARTING FERN IN THE COOMBE.

where the osmunda used to grow, till it was rooted up by admirers! (save the mark); and now its place is taken by common shield ferns, which grow large and strong; while here and there you come on big patches of hard fern flourishing in the moist ground, and the delicate bog pimpernel and lesser skull-cap grow luxuriantly.

But we must leave the bog for higher ground, and before long we find ourselves on a slope that has quite changed from our former outlook. Instead of trees, we have heath in a mass of purple and brown. The bell heath has lost its first beauty, and has dark bells among the purple; but the ling is at its best, and the air is fragrant with its honeyed scent, while innumerable bees work among the lilac bells. Here the fern has been cut, and on the road half-a-mile away we can see a waggon moving slowly along, laden high with the dry bracken that makes such excellent litter.

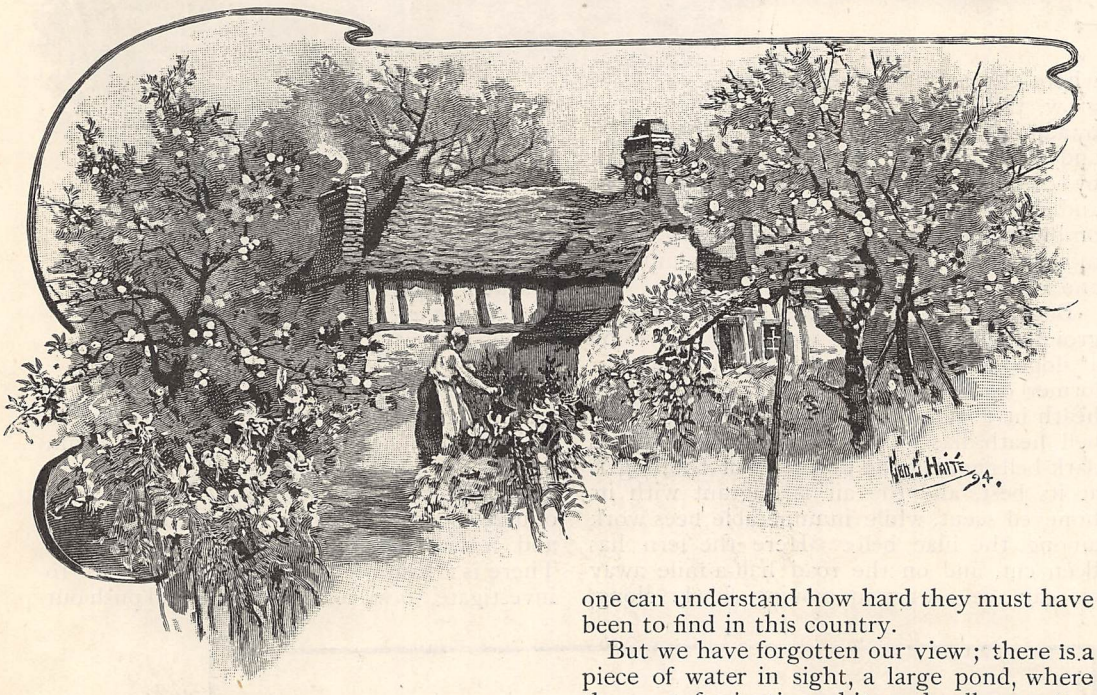
It is the final load of the season, for the last two nights have been cold, and the fern has begun to don its autumn dress. Such a glorious mass of tints! every shade of gold, from pale yellow through vivid orange to sombre russet, colours the ground, and leaves the heather comparatively dull. There is a bank not far off which we want to investigate, so we leave the open and push our



THE COOMBE.

way into the fern. It is not an easy road by any means, for the fern is shoulder-high, and the bank is a mass of heath and whortleberry, while brambles are plentiful below, and sometimes usurp the upper place. By patience and perseverance we creep along for a hundred yards, and find what we sought. The ground falls suddenly into a deep hollow, and we are in the smugglers' road, a place where they would be invisible to searchers only a few yards away, for the trench is as narrow as it is deep, and there are trees at the top which hide it entirely from view. They used to have fine times on the Sussex coast in smuggling days. At mid-day a man on horseback galloped through the villages without drawing rein or speaking to anyone; but wherever he passed every light was out, every door locked, every inhabitant asleep (!) at nightfall. Then the cargo was run ashore, kegs of brandy slung across the pack-horses in waiting, and started at once for the wild country inland. None of the sleepers ever heard the tramp of horses, they were soon across the downs, and miles inland before daybreak. The road we are on must have cut the Portsmouth high road at right angles and made towards Alton, while another which divides from it at the top of the hill slants off in the other direction towards Guildford; but it is only in a hollow like this that you come on traces of it.

The smugglers grew too bold at last, and took such a horrible vengeance on an exciseman who declined to be bought off, and so interfered with their doings, that they attracted public attention, and were hunted down and their gangs broken up; but even now in the days of railways and building, one can understand how hard they must have been to find in this country.



COTTAGE GARDEN IN THE COOMBE.

But we have forgotten our view; there is a piece of water in sight, a large pond, where the most fascinating white and yellow water-lilies grow, and dragon-flies and delicious water-beetles, and all the queer insects that skate about on the water abound. Near it the ground is park-like, with fair-sized oaks and grass-land; but there is plenty of cover for rabbits, which dart about as gaily as the dragon-flies. Further on there are plantations of young oaks, with thick undergrowth, and a rustle here and there will tell you of the presence of the young pheasants, who are awaiting the first of October. Sometimes you come upon a cottage with a big garden well filled with apple-trees, laden with fruit. Sometimes in a wild bit you find crab-trees with tiny hard apples—beautiful to look at, but too rough and acid for anyone but jays. Then half a dozen fields seem to hint of cultivation, but the wild woodland soon resumes its sway, and heather and pheasants, fir, oak, and squirrels, or fern and rabbits, seem to justify their claim to be the rightful owners of this loveliest of commons.

M. P. S.

OUR BELONGINGS: THE MOTHERS.

THE opinions concerning "mothers" are, perhaps, more varied than those about any other member of the human family. A little while ago we were told that in the whole realm of fiction no "mother" has played an important part—no good, loving, praiseworthy mother, that is—for the wicked ones, the hard-hearted, match-making, daughter-driving mater lends herself admirably to fiction, doing frequent duty as the shadow in the picture.

When we think, however, of the happy homes, the sweet girls, the manly sons, the wise fathers, it seems impossible to believe that she who trains the children and is companion to their father should be so inferior to them all in worth and wisdom. Reflection leads us to the belief that the happiest mothers, like nations, are those who have no history.

An admirable race we hold them—much-enduring, tactful, loving, unselfish, with busy lives, and often aching hearts, but happy because sure of the niche in life that belongs to them.

In most households mother has to act as deputy between the children and the father. That matter of the latch-key, for instance, when Reginald feels his years and his steadiness entitle him to enter his home at what hour suits him without being "sat up" for; and pater says no son shall hold a key of his mansion. Mater brings to bear the arguments that tell best, and the little "Chubb" is forthcoming. The girls' allowances, too, what a vexed question it is; when Mother suggested that less than the sum Father volunteered to supply would do if he would add expensive evening dresses and riding habits on occasion. Then about Charley's education: pater felt sure that four years at the High School would fit him well for business. How neatly Mother explained the absolute necessity of a good public school, with the university to follow, for a boy of such undoubted talent as Charley! Jenny's singing lessons, Clare's violin, Will's trip to Paris—who can say how much diplomatic talent has been brought to bear on each and all? Then, again, that quiet evening hour which Father needs, the strong feeling he holds about early rising, punctuality, quietness of manner, and respectfulness of speech—how could the importance of these things be understood by the flock unless Mother explained them from Father's standpoint?

In the servants' department, again, she has to make cook understand that there are certain crimes for which no quarter will be given. She insists that the coffee shall be always perfectly made, the water invariably boiling, the eggs done to a turn, and that meals shall be served daily exactly at the hour ordered; while pater has to be taught that cook's weekly "evening out" is a thing sacred, that the large blue bow or the bright red feather she wears is not to be noticed. Mater manages not even to see it, but that cannot be expected of pater.

A MOTHER WHO MANAGES.

Mother can do so much; she has almost a despotic power over the minds and bodies of her belongings, and it is of such vital importance that she should wield it aright; but who does not know the house in which the mother is a nonentity? It makes no difference apparently whether or not she takes the head of the table. She has her own occupations; sometimes, perhaps, they are quite outside her home. She may be an artist, a speaker, writer, or teacher, but her life is arranged without reference to her family, and they have learned to do without her. A maiden aunt, the eldest daughter, a faithful servant—somebody is forthcoming to stop the gap and take her rightful place.

A LITERARY MOTHER.

In some sad cases we have noticed the children with more will-power, more capacity for work, and more *savoir faire* than Mother, and she is shouldered and elbowed from her place, and takes emphatically a back seat. Sometimes her brain is too busy and her mind too active to permit her to let the young people follow each his own bent. She must push this one, alter the determination of the other, and repress the longings of a third, till the bewildered boys and girls do not know what to do with their lives.

Some mothers let their children share all their hopes and fears, anxieties and cares, while others make them stand away in the sunshine while they endeavour to keep the smallest shadow from touching the young lives. One mother will let her daughter leave her for a home of her own, having no notion of the duties of housekeeping, no idea but that the legs of mutton and sirloins of beef will arrive of themselves as does the postman. Another will immerse her girls in housekeeping details almost before they leave the schoolroom, so that at any moment Mary or Jessie can take up the order-books and go with assured steps to the morning interview with cook.

There are mothers who love society, who treat matters of dress and appearance as things of first importance, whose engagement-books are full, and whose card-cases are trotted out every afternoon, and before whom the social duties loom so large that all others are buried in their shade. Others care nothing for the world outside; the sons and daughters may ask and talk, but it requires persuasion that has almost to become threats before the rest of the household can get permission to "invite a few friends." There are mothers who sacrifice everything of self, individuality, time, pleasure, to make their children "happy," and who only end by making them selfish.

There are mothers who expect their children to sacrifice everything to them, to have no thoughts apart, no wish fulfilled, till "mother's" comfort and pleasure are considered. This treatment may make children

unselfish, but of a surety it causes their lives to lack brightness.

There are mothers who look so much older than their age, such dear dowdies, with gloves that are always unbuttoned, straggly hair, and ill-made dresses. Inquiring strangers ask if Mary or James be not their grandchild instead of son or daughter. Others are so youthful in appearance that their eldest daughter is taken for a sister, and acquaintances exclaim "Impossible!" when introduced to a grandchild.

There are mothers to whom their house and its appointments are more important subjects for thought than the well-being of husband or child. Mothers there are who care altogether for the children, to the neglect of everything else; mothers, also, to whom the husband is all in all, and everyone else not placed; mothers who are trusted and loved, mothers who are persons apart; mothers who have no sense of humour—surely a chapter might well be devoted to these!—mothers who are always asking advice, mothers who are for ever giving it; and mothers there are who are faithful, just, and true, doing their best for the comfort and guidance of those around, with an earnest longing that every act and thought may help to a higher life those dear to them, who are pleasant, kindly, genial, loving, and who try to live up to their own ideal. These, though not useful as heroines for fiction, should be held, we think, to have a place amongst the world's good furniture.

M. R. L.

A DAUGHTER-DRIVING MOTHER.

A CAST SHOE.

BY EDITH E. CUTHELL, AUTHOR OF "ONLY A GUARD-ROOM DOG," "LADY LORRIMER'S SCHEME," ETC. ETC. ETC.

EVERYONE knows how lucky it is to find a horse-shoe; but not everyone knows how lucky it is to lose one. In fact, an ancient nursery rhyme telling of much woe arising from the loss of a horse-shoe nail comes into my mind at this moment. The following story, however, goes to prove the contrary.

"Of course you know what you are doing, Oonah?"

My uncle spoke kindly to me, as he always did, and glanced up at me from his newspaper with such a look of my dear father in his eyes that without more ado I threw myself on my knees beside his chair and burst into tears. He began vainly endeavouring to comfort me, calling me his dear little Oonie, when—my aunt entered. Her appearance consoled me effectually. I never cared to cry before my aunt, and recovering myself with all possible speed, left the room.

Of course I knew what I was doing. I had not made up my mind to accept Lady Barbara's invitation without much consideration, and let me add, in the solitude of my own room, some tears. I knew that fatal note by heart. It ran:

"BRACEBY HALL,
"GRASSHIRE.

"Telegrams and parcels, Snaffleborough.

"DEAR MISS KILRENE,—My brother and I shall be very delighted if you will come and stay a week with us on the 3rd. I fear this is a dull time in the country,

and we have no gaieties to offer you, but we will do our best to amuse you if you have nothing better to do.

"My brother begs to be most kindly remembered to you; and with our united kind regards to Lord and Lady Kilrene,

"Believe me,
"Yours very sincerely,
"BARBARA FORTON."

Though I did not quite realise it at the time, that letter had caused Lady Barbara nearly as much consideration as it cost me.

Poor thing! She meant well. A childless widow, wrapped up in a brother younger than herself, who had always been a worry to her in more ways than one, I do not wonder that she was anxious to get him—married. There, I have written the odious word; for odious it seemed to me when taken in application to myself. I remember how, after I left my uncle in the library and sought the seclusion of my own little room at the top, among the maids and the chimney-pots and the cats, how bitterly I wished that such a thing as marriage had never been invented, or that I had been a Roman Catholic, and could flee into a convent. Dreadful sentiments for the scion of an ancient Orange house in the north of Ireland, weren't they?

But I was hard pressed, and about as miserable as it is possible for a girl of nineteen to be. Things had gone very hardly with me during the last year. My dear father, to whom I was as the apple of his eye—for had we not been alone together ever since I was two?—had died rather suddenly from a neglected chill, caught out shooting, and my dear old home at Kilrene had been broken up. The title, the old house and lands, and what money there was to be got out of them, had gone to my uncle, and I had gone with them. What else should have become of me? I felt quite alone in the world.

It was a great change for me from a country out-of-door life—hunting, shooting, fishing—to a London square, the only exercise a walk in the Row or a drive in a brougham. My uncle had married a Manchester lady with plenty of money, and the contrast between Cadogan Square and its wealth, with dear old Kilrene, where we were always hard-up, from getting no rents, was immense. But how gladly would I have gone back to the old life! I was not happy in Cadogan Square.

Uncle meant to be very kind, but I can see my aunt did not, and I am quite positive that my cousins meant to be *un*kind. There are four of them, all older than I—two tall and thin, two short and stout—and none of them pretty at all, and none of them married. Now, without being considered vain, I may say that I think I am *rather* better-looking than any of them. Someone—it was at a party that winter before father died—told me something once about "sweet Irish eyes," and implied he meant mine. Someone—I rather think it was the same Someone—out hunting, one cold winter's day, waiting at the side of a wood, talked nonsense about a complexion of milk and roses; and my cousins' complexions are muddy and pasty. Someone—but why recall any more things Someone said? He said so much, I can remember nearly everything he said; and yet—yet—he did not say enough. Perhaps if he had, things would have been different now, and I should not be going to stay with Sir Philip Braceby.

In consequence of my mourning, of course it was impossible for me to go out at all last season; but then, as Aunt Caroline said, I was but nineteen, and there was plenty of time. Besides which, when it comes to taking out four daughters and a niece—— So I had a very dull, sad time all the long beautiful early summer in Cadogan Square—a great deal with uncle, though, who was always kind. But I missed the open-air life and the exercise, and I grew pale and thin, and moped, till at last uncle got quite anxious—I had changed so—and carried me off to see Sir Luke Lancet.

Sir Luke ordered iron waters, and my aunt, who always considers her own side of the question first, chose Spa, because it would be amusing for the girls. So to Spa we went, and to Spa it happened that Sir Philip Braceby went too. I think his going originally had something to do with the great pigeon-shooting match; but he stayed on long after that was over.

At first the change at Spa amused me, and I was glad to get out of London; but after a while I hated it. The eternal round of the "Promenade de Sept Heures," the "Promenade de Cinq Heures," the "déjeuners" at the divers springs, the picnics and excursions in the Ardennes—and, worst of all, the everlasting Philip Braceby! He was always with us; and ere long I discovered that a plot was hatching against me in which my aunt and my four cousins sided with him.

I can't remember anything that Philip Braceby said at Spa, as I do every word Someone else said that winter which seems such ages ago; and I don't want to. Sir Philip was neither a brilliant nor amusing conversationalist. He was a weedy man, with fishy eyes and straw-coloured hair, rapidly receding from a retreating forehead. He smoked ceaseless cigarettes, and could kill pigeons and gamble; otherwise, I did not discover any particular bent, and I saw quite enough of him, I am sure, to get to know him thoroughly.

We were in town for a week for autumn shopping between our return from Spa and

our annual sojourn at Brighton, where my cousins are well-known figures up and down the King's Road, when Lady Barbara's invitation came.

It was the last straw. My aunt had not been at all nice to me since our return from abroad—in fact, she had been as disagreeable as she could be, and her four daughters had followed suit. I knew perfectly well what was the reason. Sir Philip Braceby had left Spa without proposing.

If my aunt had only known the difficulty I had had in staving off those fatal words during the innumerable *tête-à-têtes* into which I found myself lured by Sir Philip! He is not a quick or clever man, however much in love he may be, and my ready Irish wit was a match for him. Things were very bad now, however; the tension was extreme in the place I was forced, for the lack of a better, to call home; but when the invitation came, my aunt suddenly became more amiable.

"It's a great chance for you, Oonah," she said: "a far better match than a penniless girl like you has any right to expect."

She is always throwing my poverty in my teeth. But my ancestors were men of wealth, of position, in the days when hers were mere mill-hands.

"I should like so much to see you settled, dear little girl," put in my uncle.

"And really, after the cold way in which you treated him at Spa, this shows how much in earnest Sir Philip must be!" my aunt went on.

"Uncle," I asked abruptly, "do you like Sir Philip?"

"Um—ah! Well—I——" stammered my uncle, nonplussed, and quivering under his wife's eye.

"Your uncle does not know him so well as I do; and *I* consider you a very lucky girl!" broke in the latter. "A girl with no home—no money—you *must* marry! You've got to do the best you can, and this is better than you could ever have dreamed of: money, position, good old family."

"But I don't want to marry," I pleaded.

"Rubbish! What's to become of you?"

"I am sure your father wished to see you comfortably settled," my uncle added.

"Ah, yes! I can quite understand that——" I burst out, and then checked myself and the tears, which *would* come.

Dear father had liked Someone very much, had told me so—that he thought him a good fellow—a man to be trusted. Oh! how I remember it all. And it came to nothing—nothing is left but the bitter memory.

I went away, and accepted Lady Barbara's invitation.

I found but a small house-party when I arrived at Braceby Hall, which was certainly a beautiful old place. Lady Barbara Forton was hostess for her brother, and the other guests were two married couples and a couple of middle-aged men for the shooting.

There was no other girl; I had Sir Philip all to myself. It was impossible to blind one's self to the inevitable. Everybody was most agreeable; Lady Barbara, not an unkindly woman, made much of me. I was consulted, petted—quite the queen of the company.

I felt half-bewildered, half-stunned, like a person in a hideous nightmare, being blindly hurried on irresistibly to some horrible catastrophe.

Sir Philip neither shot nor rode. He preferred London and his club to Braceby. In the country he played billiards and drove a little cart. The morning after my arrival we spent in the billiard-room, as it rained a little. Sir Philip does not like getting wet. I took care that the game should be pool, so as to take in all the other guests. Thus the morning was tided over successfully.

In the afternoon he proposed a drive in his cart, to show me the place, the farms, the views, the village. I discovered that he was going to take a groom behind to open the gates, so I consented to accompany him. Braceby is certainly a nice old place, too good for such an owner. But what *can* I do?

There were people to dinner in the evening; among others, the master of the Snaffleborough hounds, in the heart of whose crack country, as everybody knows, Braceby is situated. But its advantages are quite thrown away on Sir Philip, who never gets on a horse. How my mouth had watered during that afternoon's drive, when we surveyed the fine rolling grass country, inviting brooks, bullfinches to swish through, neat little post and rails in the corners ready to be neatly topped.

I am a true Irish girl in my love of hunting. The blood of centuries of sporting ancestors, hard-riding men, who bred and broke their own cattle, runs in my veins, and till that afternoon when I found myself in Grasshire I don't think I had quite realised how I had missed my hunting.

Ever since I could be trusted without a leading-rein I had followed my father to the best of my ability across country on a gradation of mounts, from a rough pony to a four-year-old of my own making. Now the first week in November had come round again. Before us lay a misty, still landscape of fast-thinning trees and yellowy grass. The lanes were muddy, the hedges already bare.

There was a mouldy, earthy scent about the world which is always associated in my

mind with the opening of the hunting season. I had said nothing of all this to Sir Philip. He would not have understood me.

He told me he disliked the English winter, and was meditating a villa on the Riviera, convenient for Monte Carlo. What! I had never been there? Shouldn't I like to see Italy? It was so lovely, etc. etc.

You may judge, then, how glad I was to find my neighbour at dinner was Colonel Spavine, the M.F.H., a fine old sportsman. I opened out my heart to him over hunting, and then, imagine my delight at finding he had known my father in bygone days, when the latter had hunted the hounds in our country and Colonel Spavine had been quartered near. He grew very interested in me as we talked over the dear old country all round Kilrene. He knew all the best meets, the best lines.

He remembered historic runs on which my father had been wont to hold forth after dinner; he had met all the squires, and squireens, and sporting men of the neighbourhood. The long dinner passed like a flash. It was a whiff of home again, talking to Colonel Spavine. I had not felt so happy or laughed so much for many a long month.

"'WILL YOU SPARE ME THIS YOUNG LADY TO-MORROW?'"

In the drawing-room, after dinner, he came across to where I was sitting with Lady Barbara.

"Look here, Lady Barbara," he began, in his jolly voice, "will you spare me this young lady to-morrow? I want to give her a mount, and show her if our Grasshire bullfinches don't beat her Crossmaghan banks, eh?"

My breath was taken away. My eyes sparkled with wild delight. It seemed too good to be true.

"Oh, it would be glorious!" I gasped.

Lady Barbara looked a little grave, and Sir Philip came up and looked surprised.

"I don't ride myself, and, upon my word, I can't see the fun of it!" he remarked. "But, of course, anything Miss Kilrene wishes——" and he looked unutterable things at me.

"But will she be all right?" inquired Lady Barbara, who was very nervous about horses—always thought they were going to "do something." "You see, Colonel Spavine, I feel responsible for Miss Kilrene."

"You trust me," he chuckled. "She shall have 'Brown Bess,' who never made a mistake in her life. It has been a fairly long one, indeed, but the mare's full of going, and, with Miss Kilrene's light weight, will carry her straight enough; or else the young lady is not her father's daughter, and I'm mistaken in her."

So it was all settled. When I took my bedroom candle that night, I felt as if I were walking on air, and could have shouted for joy. I had my habit with me, of course. I never go and stay anywhere in the country without my habit, and had, indeed, had a latent hope that I might compass a ride or two down at Braceby. But a day with the Snaffleborough! It was beyond my wildest dreams.

A fearful revulsion of feeling, however, awaited me. Lady Barbara followed me to my bedroom, and there spoke to me. The dreaded moment had come at last. Her brother was diffident about speaking to me himself, being his guest—was fearful of saying anything which should cause me to curtail a visit that was giving him such intense happiness. But it was unnecessary to tell me. I must have noticed—both at Spa and here—for weeks and months past how devotedly in love he was with me, and how the dearest wish of his life was to induce me to marry him.

She knew I was very young, Lady Barbara went on, and young girls had not much experience of men; so would I forgive her if, as a sister, she proceeded to dilate on Philip's true worth, which did not show on the surface, but required, as it appeared to me that evening, an immense amount of appraising. Then she loved me already like a little sister, and—and—she was so anxious to get Philip settled at last.

I let her talk. Really and truly, my head was so full of the delightful to-morrow that at first I hardly grasped the momentousness of the question. When I did, my only wish was to postpone its solution. Let me have my day's hunting; and after that, Sir Philip and the deluge!

Finally, we came to the understanding that I was to give him his answer when I got back to London. He had no wish to hurry me; I was to try and get to like him; he would wait—ages, if I liked. All the same, I remember Lady Barbara clearly gave me to understand that she expected to hear from me the day after I had reached town and seen my uncle.

I remember I went to sleep feeling like a convicted criminal must feel when he hears his execution is fixed for that day week.

It was a glorious hunting morning. From my point of view, nothing could have been more propitious; from Sir Philip's point of view, nothing more unpleasant and dispiriting. There had been heavy rain for two days past, the roads were heavy, the rides in the woods a slough, and the trees reeking with moisture, while a mist hung over the horizon. But I revelled in the sight of the drops on the thorn as we drove along between the hedges; for it meant a good scenting morning.

We were a little late at the meet. Sir Philip—never an early riser, or at his best in the morning—had evidently made a great effort in getting up to drive me to Little Stixton Toll Bar, the time-honoured scene of the opening meet of the Snaffleborough. He was subdued, even to sheepishness: the result, probably, of the mandate given to Lady Barbara to deliver to me the night before.

I, in my delight, had almost forgotten it. It was so delicious to feel one's self once more trim and tight in a habit, one's hair well coiled under a close-fitting felt hat, one's dogskin-gloved fingers grasping a hunting whip once again.

We were also late, because Sir Philip did not let the cob step out. It was a remarkably neat animal he had given some dealer too long a price for; for he knew nothing of horses. But Sir Philip was a nervous driver, who checked her here and eased her there, turning the corners carefully, and slowing down the hills, till when we came to the toll bar, I saw all the hunting world of Grasshire assembled, and the Master anxiously looking down the road for us.

As a sportswoman, I lost no time in profuse apologies or mere politeness. I doffed my coat, and stepped off the dog-cart on to Brown Bess, as quickly as I knew how, gathered up my reins, had the girths tightened, and urged her into a trot up to Colonel Spavine's side, as he set off to take the hounds into Little Stixton Wood, and feeling that life was indeed once more worth living.

I turned back, conscience-smitten, to wave an adieu to Sir Philip, as he sat in his dog-cart: much relieved, I believe, at not having had to put me up—an office he was quite unaccustomed to performing. I saw him no more. He was not likely to stay out in a damp morning, inclined to drizzle, without any lunch.

Strange though it may seem, and well as I recollect most of the best runs I have ever been in, I cannot clearly recall this one. Perhaps the later events of the day somewhat blurred it. Stixton Wood was a large covert, warranted to hold a fox, but fearfully deep and heavy with the rain. We pounded up and down it several times ere we got away over a stile at the far end, heading for a flat, bare country, with a line of willows across it, and a round plantation in the horizon.

The field was much larger than I had ever seen in Ireland—many, many more pink coats, and better mounted. The country was flatter and tamer; the fences, on the whole, easier. I made my first acquaintance with a bullfinch, and my hat was swept off. There were no banks or stone walls; but once in the bottom, we came to a wide brook. Brown Bess, however, knew what she was about, and carried me perfectly.

The pace was very good—much faster than in Ireland—and with such a scent, we hardly dwelt or checked anywhere. I kept there or thereabouts behind Colonel Spavine's broad pink back, and was enjoying myself so intensely that I think I had forgotten that such a person as Sir Philip even existed.

The pace had been so good down to the brook and through the bottom, that by the time we reached the plantation on the hill the field had thinned. Two nasty fences on the other side, and a convenient hunting-gate and deep lane, thinned it further still; so I popped into what I afterwards heard was Knighton Wood, with barely a score of others. Here we checked.

Colonel Spavine went away through the covert itself, cheering on the hounds, and I waited with the others at the top of a long deep slushy riding. It was a tedious wait. Some suggested there were two foxes afoot. Anyhow, we pounded up and down, backwards and forwards, through those sloughy ridings, for fully twenty minutes ere we got away. I never saw such a deep covert. It seemed in places over Brown Bess's hocks.

At last! A shout from the far end, another very distant one from a field in the same direction. The colonel got his hounds together, and I followed him over a post and rails, across a fresh plough, where the water lay in the furrows. Then a drop into a deep lane, up which I was cantering, when I was suddenly aware of an odd click, click in Brown Bess's off hind. A horrible fear shot through me. I pulled up short, and looked round for assistance and advice. A couple of men dashed past me, unheeding. The colonel had long vanished through a gate, and I could hear him blowing in the distance to collect the straggling hounds out of Knighton Wood.

The bulk of the field had evidently cut him off at the end of the lane, and I found myself quite alone.

There was no doubt of it. I moved Brown Bess on a step. She had decidedly got a shoe loose. Another step or two over some stones, and the clicking ceased abruptly. The shoe had come off.

I jumped down. Upon inspection, my worst fears were realised; moreover, she was going "dotty" from a loose nail.

Was ever such luck? Here was I, out of one of the best runs I had ever been in, left stranded in a silent lane, in what part of a strange country I did not know—miles, it might be, from a blacksmith's, without a sixpence in my pocket, and with a valuable hunter which did not belong to me—lame!

I could have cried. I almost think the tears did come, for the hedges seemed to grow suddenly blurred and misty as I led Brown Bess carefully along this long lane, which seemed as if it would never have a turning.

Imagine my relief, then, when, after what seemed an age—though it was really not ten minutes—suddenly, through a gate, came a little bevy of riders, who, having been standing at the opposite end of Knighton Wood when the hounds went away, found themselves badly thrown out, and were hurrying in the direction of the horn.

At the sight of a maiden in distress, a couple of them reined up as they crossed the lane, and were advancing to proffer assistance, when a third, behind them, pushed to the front, a hat was raised, and a voice I knew only too well asked—

"Miss Kilrene! It *is* really you! What's the matter?"

The next moment someone had jumped off into the mud, had come up to me, had shaken my hand, and looked into my bewildered eyes.

It was Someone I had met in Ireland the winter before.

If you think I am going to give you the details of the memorable remainder of that day, you are mistaken. There are some things one never tells, not even to one's dearest girl-friend when we brush our hair together over the fire at bed-time—things one only tells to one person.

Someone took charge of me. I think we

found a blacksmith's shop, where we sat together on an old bench over the fire, while Brown Bess was being shod outside. It being then out of the question our finding the hounds, which, indeed, had a very long and quick thing that day, we rode back together to Braceby, slowly, because of Brown Bess's foot, of course.

Someone had a great deal to tell me; it was so long since we had met. Among the things he told me—though not the most important—was that he had unexpectedly come into an uncle's property in Grasshire, had left the army, transformed from a penniless subaltern into a country magnate, and that this was his first day with the Snaffleborough.

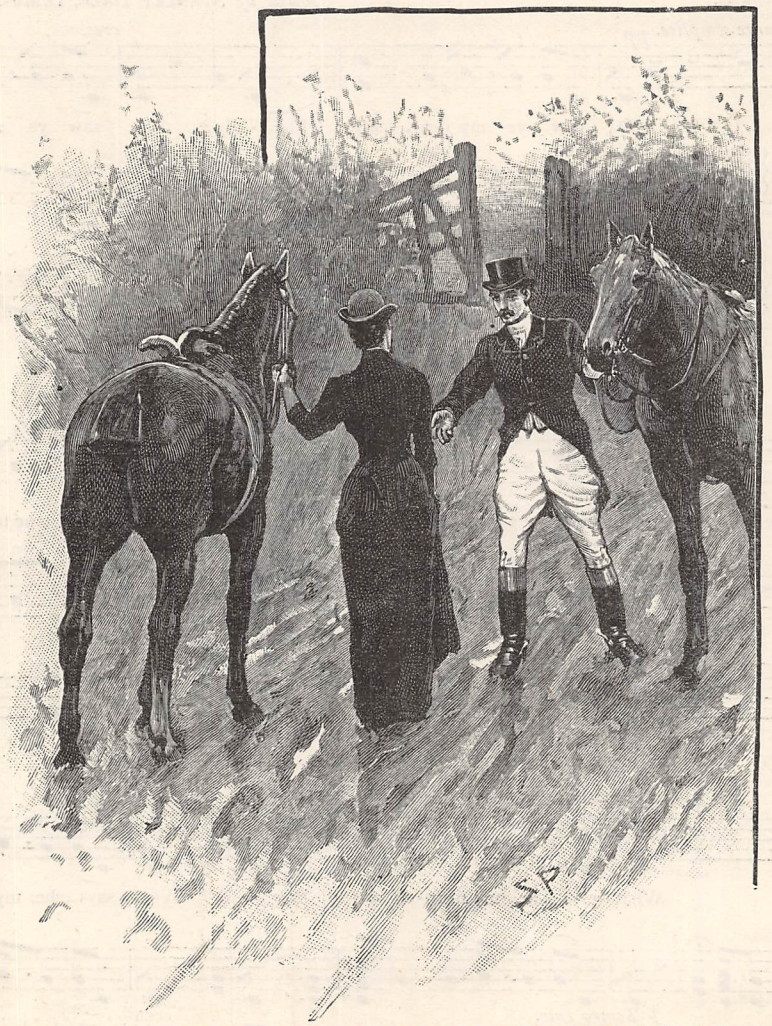
At last we reached the lodge gate at Braceby. Someone rode a bit of the way up the avenue with me. It was very dim under the trees in the grey afternoon light.

The horses were both tired, and stood quite still as we pulled up to say good-bye. Someone suggested that it was quite possible for two people on horseback to kiss, and—and—he showed me how.

Lady Barbara was quite alarmed as I entered the drawing-room.

"My dear! Back already! And alone?"

"No," I explained, "not alone. My mare cast a shoe, and I was thrown out. But I met Someone I had known in Ireland, who brought me home. And please, Lady Barbara, don't think badly of me, but I want to go back to my uncle to-morrow, for I have made up my mind that I must say 'No' to your brother at once."



"IT WAS SOMEONE I HAD MET IN IRELAND THE WINTER BEFORE" (*p.* 834).

Words by BURNS. *Music by* STANLEY DALE, D.Mus., B.A., Oxon.

Andante semplice. *pp* *cres.*

VOICE.

O saw ye my dear, my Phe - ly? O saw ye my dear, my

PIANO.

pp *cres.*

Ped.

rit. *mf* *Lento.* *pp*

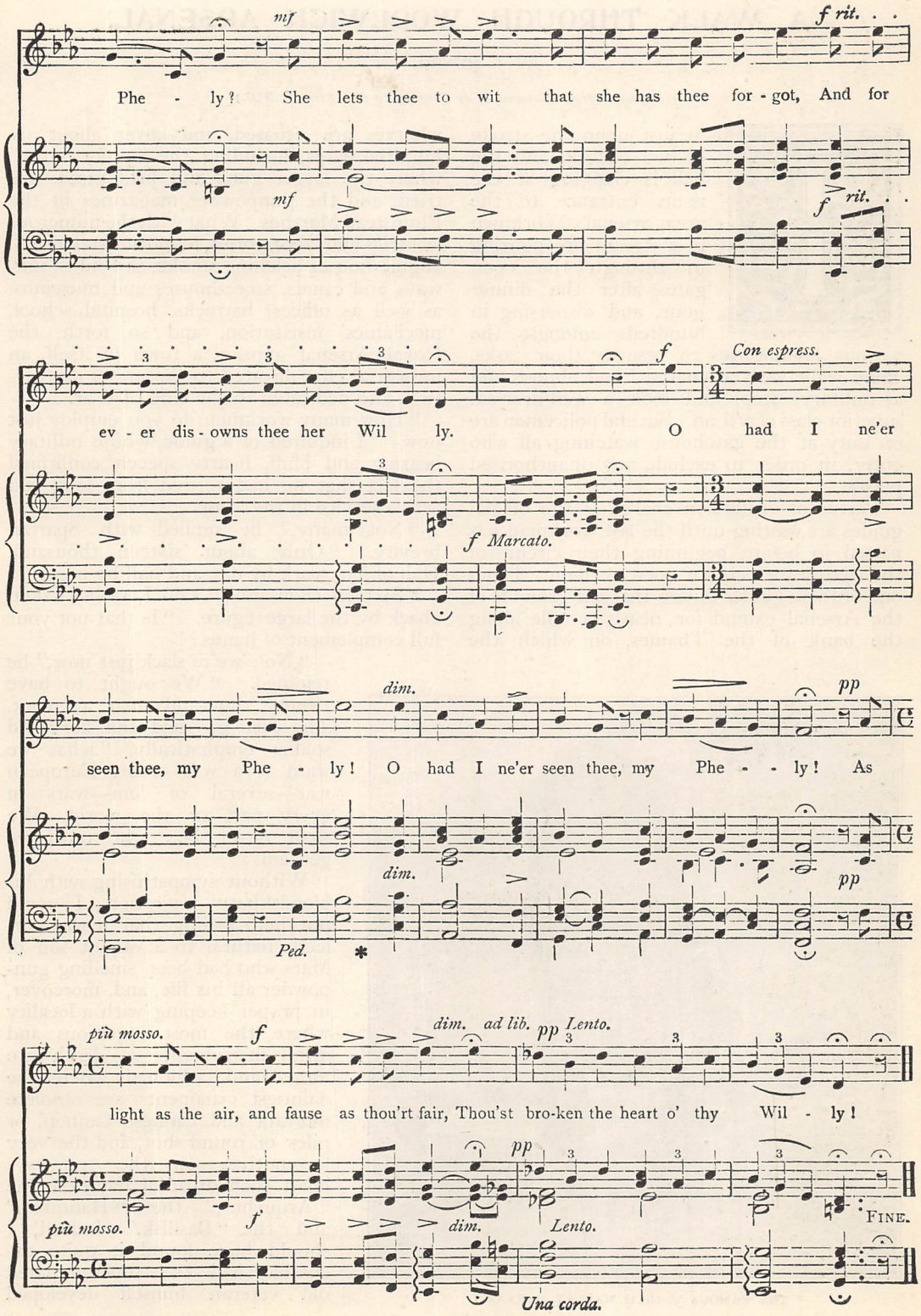
Phe - ly? She's down in the grove, she's wi' a new love— She win-na come home to her Wil - ly.

rit. *mf* *Lento.* *pp*

p *Tempo 1mo.* *cres.*

What says she, my dear - est, my Phe - ly? What says she, my dear - est, my

ppp *p* *Tempo 1mo.* *cres.*


mf
f rit.
Phe - ly? She lets thee to wit that she has thee for - got, And for
mf
f rit.
f
Con espress.
ev - er dis - owns thee her Wil ly. O had I ne'er
f Marcato.
dim.
pp
seen thee, my Phe - ly! O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phe - - ly! As
dim.
pp
Ped.
più mosso.
f
dim. ad lib.
pp Lento.
light as the air, and fause as thou'rt fair, Thou'st bro-ken the heart o' thy Wil - ly!
pp
più mosso.
f
dim.
Lento.
FINE.
Una corda.

A WALK THROUGH WOOLWICH ARSENAL.

BY J. MUNRO, C.E.

(Illustrated from photographs by Gregory & Co., Strand, W.C.)

IT is just upon the stroke of two o'clock, and the bell is clanging at the main entrance to the great arsenal. Workmen in a stream are pouring in through the open gates, after the dinner hour, and dispersing in hundreds amongst the various laboratories to resume their tasks. They walk with a smart—I had almost said a military—step, and look a well-dressed, superior class of artisan. Several policemen are on duty at the gatehouse watching all who enter, in order to exclude any unauthorised person.

Parties of visitors in charge of the official guides are waiting until the last workman has passed in before beginning their circuit of the factories which are open to them. From one of these guides I learn that the grounds of the Arsenal extend for nearly a mile along the bank of the Thames, on which the wharves are situated, and cover about six hundred acres, including the "proof butts," where the larger guns and field pieces are tried, and the gunpowder magazines in the Plumstead Marshes. What with the numerous factories and laboratories, foundries and forges, engine-houses belching smoke, saw-mills, railways and canals, store-houses and museums, as well as offices, barracks, hospital, school, mechanics' institution, and so forth, the Royal Arsenal appears a town in itself, an industrial city, devoted to the art of destruction, and dedicated to the God of War.

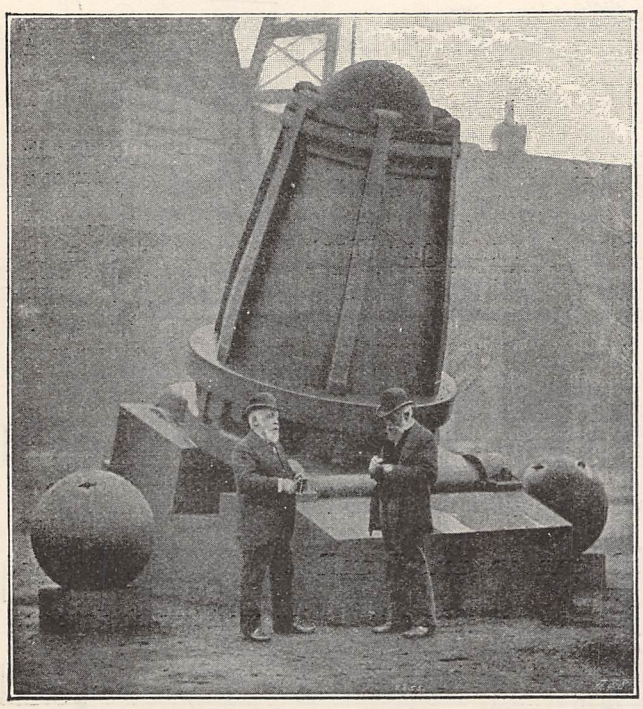
"How many workmen do you employ just now?" I inquired of a guide, whose military bearing and bluff, hearty speech confirmed the fact that he had retired from long and active service in the army.

"Not many," he replied with Spartan brevity. "Only about sixteen thousand. Half of 'em work by day and half by night."

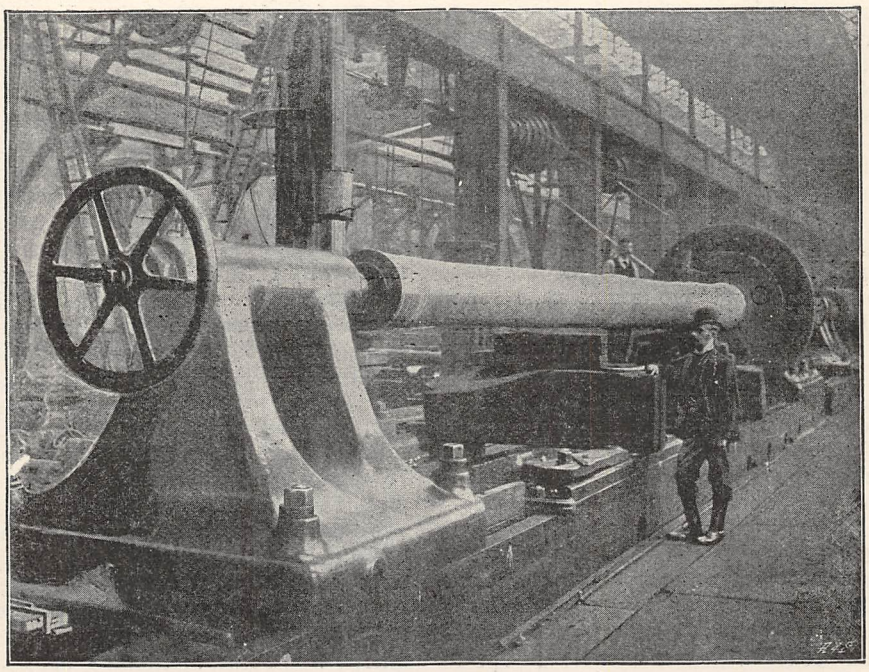
"Sixteen thousand!" said I, rather taken aback by the large figure. "Is that not your full complement of hands?"

"No; we're slack just now," he rejoined. "We ought to have twenty thousand men at work. The fact is," said the fiery old soldier emphatically, "what we want is a war—a big European war—several of 'em—wars in every part of the world. We shall never be right until we get 'em."

Without sympathising with his bloodthirsty aspiration, I could not help feeling that it was perfectly natural to a valiant son of Mars who had been smelling gunpowder all his life, and, moreover, in proper keeping with a locality where the most ingenious and awful instruments of death are forged and fashioned, where the daintiest ornaments are obsolete mortars and Chinese cannon, or piles of round shot, and the very locomotives on the tramways boast such dreadful names as the "Arquebus," the "Hannibal," and the "Basilisk." Indeed, I should have found it quite excusable had the superannuated old veteran himself developed



THE FAMOUS 36-INCH MALLET MORTAR.



ROUGH-TURNING THE TUBE OF A 9·2 IN. 28-TON WIRE GUN.

into a shrapnel-shell or a quick-firing gun.

I do not propose to follow any of the public parties, because through the courtesy of Dr. William Anderson, C.B., F.R.S., D.C.L., the famous engineer and Director-General of the Ordnance Factories, I have been permitted to view the Arsenal in charge of a special guide, and am thus enabled to save the time and intelligence of the reader by taking him through the various works in a convenient order. I am also indebted to Mr. George M. Tapp, the Civil Assistant Director-General, who has very kindly given me some particulars about the Arsenal which I could not have obtained otherwise.

The ordnance factories of the nation, as many people know, comprise not only the Woolwich Arsenal, but the Royal Gunpowder Factory at Waltham, the Royal Small Arms Factories at Enfield and Birmingham, and the Army Clothing Department. The Arsenal is, however, the headquarters, and is divided into the Royal Laboratory, the Royal Gun Factory, the Royal Carriage Department, and the Building Works. The staff consists of the Director-General, with a Civil and two Military Assistants, the Superintendents of the several Factories, Laboratories, and Works, the Medical and other officers. For some time past the number of hands employed in the Government factories has been gradually diminished, and is now rather over 14,000 men, of whom about 10,000 are engaged in the Arsenal. Only a few hundreds are employed by night at present. Their aggregate wages amount to some £22,600 a week. The earnings of an adult workman average over £2 a week, and no adult labourer receives less than twenty shillings a week. The value of the productions of the Factories is about 2¼ millions sterling a year, and about half of that sum is expended in wages.

I propose to conduct the reader first through the royal laboratory where the cartridges and shells for rifles, guns, and revolvers are manufactured, and then through the gun factory and carriage department.

Most of us have seen a rifle cartridge, and many are aware that the ammunition for the larger guns is made on a similar plan. There is a tube or cylinder to hold the gunpowder or other explosive, such as cordite, having in its base a percussion cap, which, of course, is struck by the hammer or needle of the gun, and over its mouth a conical bullet, sometimes encased in nickel, which the explosion ejects from the gun. At the Arsenal all the cartridge tubes for small and large guns are made of thin metal, step by step, in a series of

wonderful machines, which only require to be fed by the attendants and kept in good repair.

Let us enter one of the roomy workshops where the eye wanders through a wilderness of mechanism, and the mind is lost amidst hundreds of curious lathes and punches, all driven by a multiplicity of belts and pulleys. Each of these iron slaves is busy at his own task, cutting, stamping, and moulding the ductile metal under the eye of his master—a silent example to men of duty done without a murmur or a wandering thought.

A foundry where the brass, copper, and nickel for the cartridges is melted and cast adjoins the workshops, but we may not enter, for the molten metal has a trick of bursting bounds, and not very long ago a crucible boiled over and burned the foot of a workman. Through the open door, however, we can gaze into the dark and shadowy interior, fascinated by the ghostly blue and primrose flames issuing from the furnace mouths, or watch the swart and brawny sons of Vulcan dropping the brass into the red-hot crucibles, or pouring the dazzling streams of liquid metal into the moulds. It is one of those industrial scenes which artists are so apt to neglect, although they are well worthy of the brush of Rembrandt.

Each "pig" of brass as it comes from the mould is about a yard in length, but the ends are sheared off in a powerful machine, which cuts the hard metal as though it were a bit of cheese. By-and-by it is passed through one mill after another until it has been ground to a ribbon or band of the required thickness for making the cartridge case. Each band is then punched into discs, which are moulded into caps, and each of these caps is drawn through dies, and shaped, trimmed, and pierced with "fireholes," little by little, in a long train of self-acting machines. During the process it is necessary to soften the brass again and again, as it hardens in the dies, and that is done by putting the unfinished cases into covered pans and heating them red-hot in gas furnaces, or simply allowing gas jets to play upon them.

The conical bullets are made by melting the pig lead in cauldrons, and running the fluid metal into a hydraulic press, which forces it through a die-hole in the piston, and thus produces a lead rod or wire of the proper diameter, which is coiled upon a reel, and afterwards cut into lengths and moulded into bullets by one machine. To render the bullet capable of penetrating a bone it is encased in a tapering hood of nickel, which is manufactured in much the same way as the cartridge case, by many operations. Each lead is simply dropped by hand into its hood, but the rest is done by machines, which press and close the two together, flatten the end, form the "canelures," or grooves, to fix it in the cartridge case, and stamp the butt with the "broad arrow."

The cartridges are charged and finished in the East Laboratory, which is isolated from the rest, and not accessible to the public. Owing to the danger of explosion, some of the buildings are separated from the others by huge earthen mounds. The rails of the tramways are of bronze, and the visitor, besides leaving any matches or combustibles behind, must don a pair of large slippers over his boots. It is a quiet and peaceful spot, with the wild geraniums flowering in the grass, and the sparrows twittering in the poplars—a place to lie in the shade and read a love story, or dream away a summer afternoon; and yet it is—shall we say?—a slumbering volcano. As a matter of fact, every precaution is taken to prevent an explosion and make the department quite safe. Most of the little machines which fill and close the cartridges are attended by lads, who seem to enjoy the work, which no doubt has a smack of adventure to their fancy; and some of them, I dare say, would like to follow the cartridges to their destination in the jungles of India, the backwoods of Canada, or the plains of Southern Africa.

After the percussion caps have been put on the cartridge cases they are ready for the charge. One would never suspect that these long yellow threads, which look as harmless as vermicelli where they glide over the tables, are really that dreadful explosive "cordite." See how deftly the small machine clips and packs them into a cartridge case, while the small boy who looks after it is humming a tune to himself. Here is another boy shaking gunpowder into a set of measuring holes, and then dropping it into the large Martini-Henry cartridges below. After the filling is done the wads are inserted, the bullets fixed, and the cartridges cleaned by removing the surplus wax and rolling them in bags oozing with turpentine.

Blank cartridge is made with equal care; but the old paper bullet, which was rather risky, has been discarded, and the case is merely closed up after the charge is put in. The rifles, revolvers, and machine-guns are made at Enfield and Birmingham, but the cartridges are tested at Woolwich by means of rifles mounted on stands, having counterweights for the recoil.

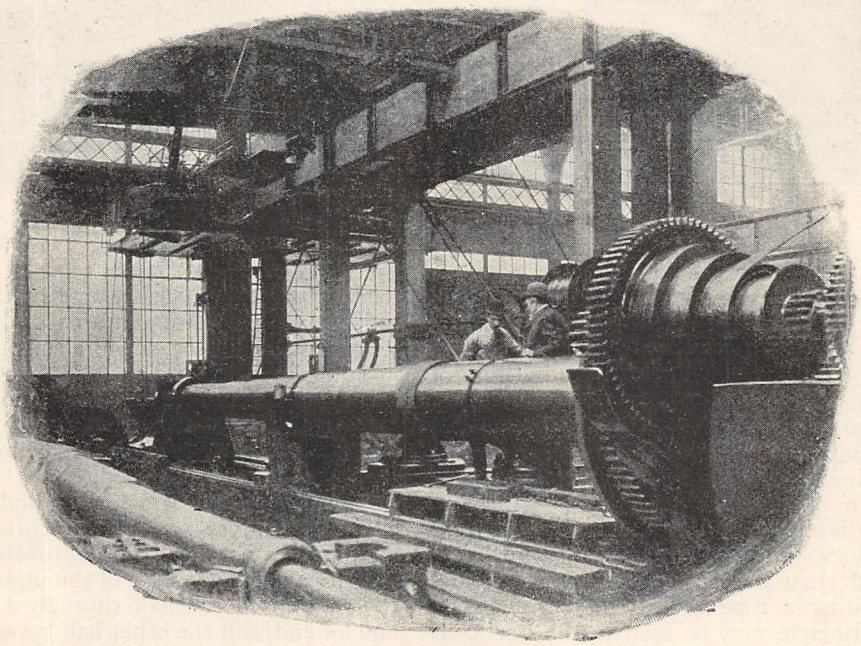
The cartridges for the quick-firing guns and cannon are made in a similar way by larger and heavier machinery in workshops for the purpose. The projectile is fitted with a "gas check"—that is to say, a disc

of metal which expands and keeps the gas from escaping between the shot and the wall of the gun. When the projectile has no studs to catch in the rifling grooves it is put in rotation by means of a "driving band" of copper round the base, into which the grooves cut, and so are enabled to spin the shot.

Shells, as most people know, are virtually explosive shots, which are designed to burst when they have reached their aim and destroy armour-plate fortifications or men. They are made of cast or forged steel, and the hollow interior is charged with explosives, such as gunpowder or melinite, which is fired by a fuse inserted in the top or bottom of the shell. Such a missile bursting between the decks of an ironclad would play fearful havoc with its suffocating fumes and splinters. In shrapnel shells the hollow is filled with bullets as well as gunpowder, and these are scattered by the explosion in all directions.

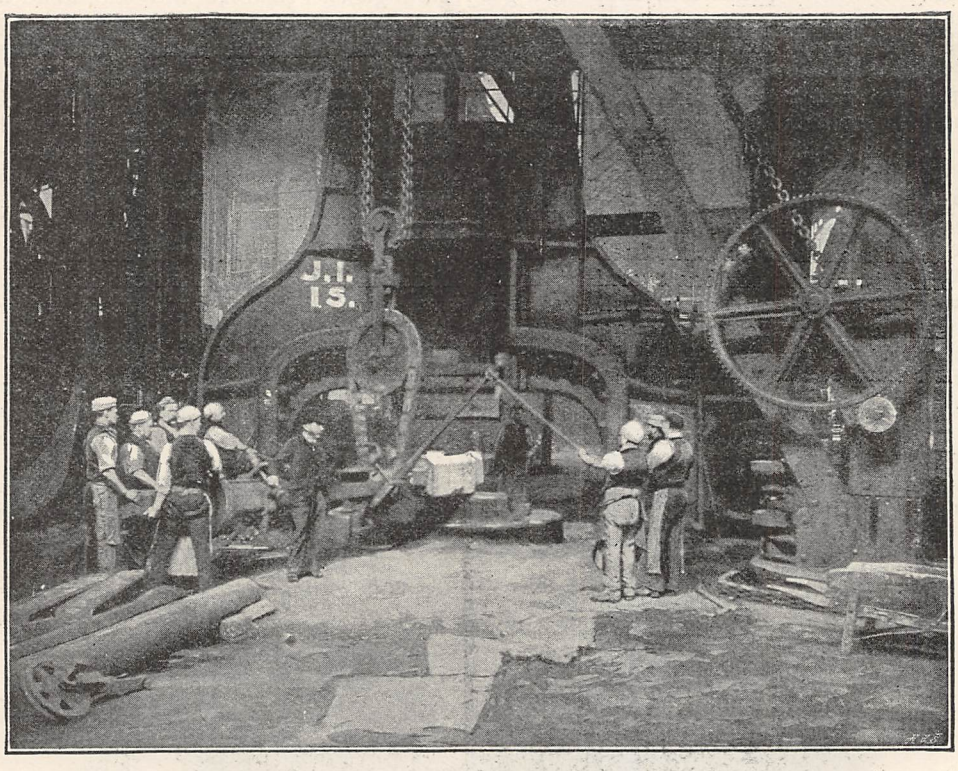
The manufacture of shells is always going on at Woolwich, and as we pass through the factories we can see the founders at work, shaping the moulds of moistened black sand, which are dried in a kind of oven heated by roaring furnaces, before the liquid steel is poured into them. Close by are men shod in wooden clogs, and rolling the red-hot castings with their feet into scales and weighing them. Powerful engines are cutting off the "dead-heads," or waste ends of the castings, and boring or turning them into the proper shape. The detonating and time fuses are, like the percussion caps, manufactured in a separate factory, on the same principle of dividing the labour amongst many different machines, with the help of skilled workmen to fit, finish, and inspect them.

The famous "Mallet mortar," which we illustrate, is to be regarded as an extinct monster of gunnery. It was designed by Mr. Mallet to hurl enormous shells into the Russian lines during the Crimean war, and was adopted by Lord Palmerston on his own responsibility; but, owing to the difficulty of manufacture, the war was over before the contractors could deliver them. The mortar weighs 40 tons, and is built in sections weighing 11 tons. The round shell, 36 inches in diameter, weighs about 2,900 lbs., and holds a bursting-charge of 487 lbs. of gunpowder. The firing-charge was about 80 lbs., and the range was nearly 2,800 yards. One of these mortars was tried at Woolwich with increasing charges, but after the nineteenth round it broke down, and a second mortar, which is preserved as a memorial, was never fired.



WINDING WIRE ON TO TUBES OF WIRE GUNS.

Howitzers and rifled artillery have superseded field mortars for firing shells, as they



THE WOOLWICH TITAN.

give a much longer range. A howitzer will send a conical shell 10,000 yards and upwards. They are manufactured in the great forges of the Royal Gun Factory by dint of steam hammers and ponderous machines too numerous and complicated to describe. All I can hope to do in the space allotted me is to give the reader a glimpse of the construction of the new "wire gun," which up till now is the perfection of heavy ordnance.

In olden times, when cannon were made of wood, they were sometimes strengthened by winding a rope round the barrel. The same principle may be seen in the steel coils of the Armstrong gun; and about the year 1850 Brunel and Longridge proposed to apply it in the form of wire. It is only of late years, however, that it has come to the front. The "Woolwich Infant," once so notorious, has, like many another celebrity, outlived its day. Prismatic powder, which is slower of combustion than the old grain powder, has wrought an important change in gunnery, and the short and dumpy Woolwich Infant, with its abnormally strong breech, loaded from the muzzle, has given place to the long and slender wire gun loaded by the breech. Some of these magnificent weapons are upwards of 40 feet in length and weigh 67 or more tons.

To make a wire gun, a solid ingot of Whitworth steel of the right dimensions is procured from Manchester, and bored, annealed, and turned by irresistible machines, which cut the adamant like wood.

The boring-tool is a steel cylinder, having a ring of knives—or, rather, chisels—on its end, which, as the cylinder revolves, cut a ring-hole along the axis of the ingot. When the ingot is bored half through it is turned end for end, and the other half bored until the two ring-holes meet. The gigantic tube thus formed is afterwards annealed by heating it in a wood furnace and plunging it red-hot in a bath of oil. Step for a moment into this great circular workshop and watch the operation. Under the shadow of a travelling crane, which is capable of picking up a weight of 250 tons and dropping it in any part of the immense building, cylindrical iron furnaces and oil wells 100 feet in depth are sunk into the floor. The massive links of the crane are fastened to the tube, which has been roasting for hours in the fierce heart

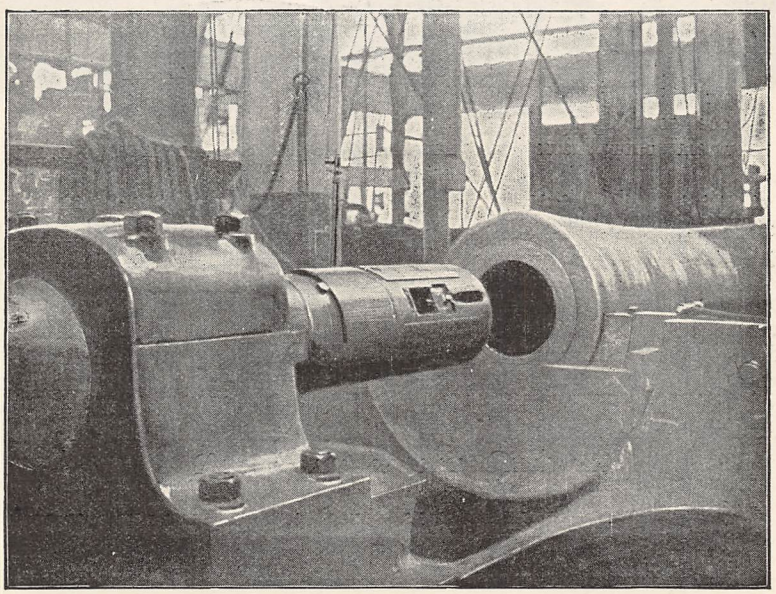
of the furnace, and all is ready to draw it forth. A signal is given, and amid the deafening rattle of the machinery the chain is slowly raised until the incandescent mass of iron is lifted out of the furnace and hangs in the air, huge, red, and glowing.

There is, perhaps, a spice of danger; for what if the links should soften with the heat and part? Still following it with our eyes, we see it move towards an oil well and gently sink into the hollow cylinder, amidst a wild uprush of yellow flame.

Cooled in the bath, the softened tube is then mounted on a ponderous lathe, as shown in the figure, and turned to the right gauge. After that it is revolved round its axis and wound with steel wire or "tape" from a reel, which can be seen above the heads of the engineers in our illustration. The wire is under strain by a brake, and each layer is secured at both ends. The covering of wire is, of course, thicker at the breech and thinner towards the muzzle. In some of the guns, I am told, 120 miles of wire are utilised in this manner. When the winding is complete, stout hoops or jackets of steel, red-hot from the forge, are slipped over it, to shrink and tighten as they cool.

In the forging of these hoops the great steam hammer—known as the "Woolwich Titan"—is sometimes brought into play. This prodigious tool is said to be the largest hammer in the world, and cost about £50,000. It was made by Messrs. Nasmyth and Wilson, of Manchester, and, as represented in our engraving, consists of an arching frame 45 feet in height and 550 tons in weight, which carries a vertical hammer weighing 40 tons, but capable of delivering a blow of 1,000 tons on the anvil beneath, which weighs 100 tons. It is founded on massive blocks of iron, covering 120 square feet, weighing in all 650 tons, and resting on piles and concrete. An immense furnace, four steam cranes, two on each side, together with gigantic tongs and other fire-irons, minister to this Cyclopean monster, whose tit-bit is a mass of white-hot steel. We are just in time to see a "heat," or, in other words, to see the Titan fed. Everything is quiet in the big shop where he dwells in solitary state, and one would never suspect that "a deed was to be done." A couple of blacksmiths are at work in one corner, and a ruddy light streams through the chinks of the furnace door, but otherwise there is no sign of activity. Presently we hear a call, and one by one a little group of workmen appear on the scene and silently take their posts around the hammer. In dress and mien they are more like cooks than forgers, but indeed they are both, for is it not their duty to prepare the Titan's dinner?

When all is ready the door of the furnace flies up and reveals a yawning chasm of flame, belching out volumes of black smoke. Silently and steadily the men thrust a mighty iron beam, swung from the crane, into the scorching fire, and, drawing out a glowing mass of iron, place it gently in the Titan's maw, fairly and squarely between his iron teeth.

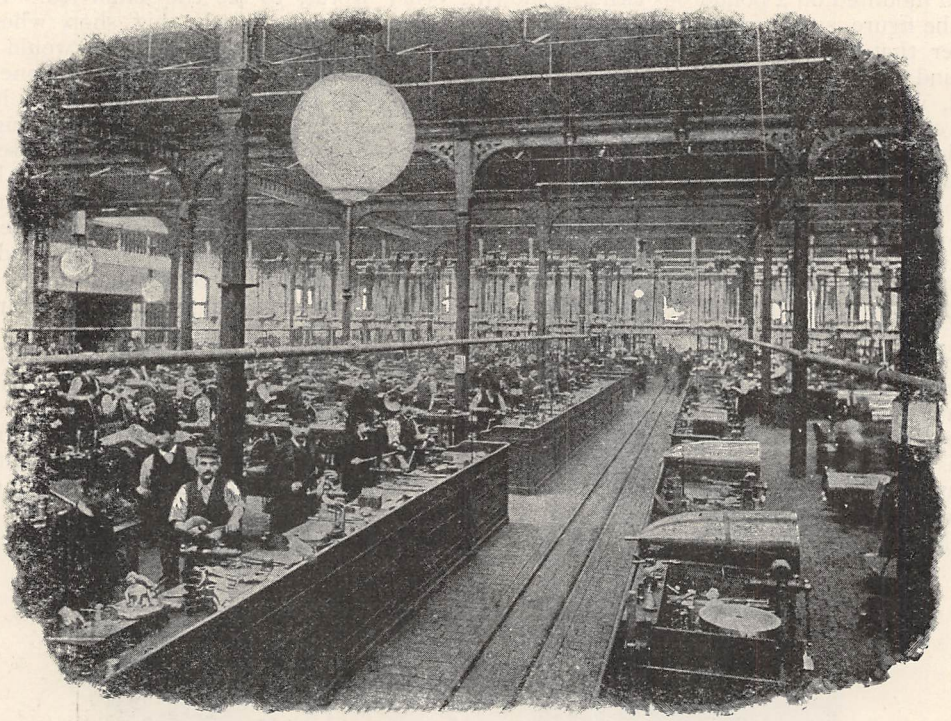


12-INCH 50-TON WIRE GUN PLACED IN POSITION FOR RIFLING.

The head forger, who directs the operations by waving his incombustible mittens, gives the signal, there is a hoarse snort, and down comes the mighty hammer on the red-hot metal with a thud that shakes the earth. Blow after blow is delivered, the iron is turned, the cranes rattle, the ground quakes, and we who have never seen it before are fascinated by the spectacle; but, thanks to the skill and discipline of the forgers, we come away with a feeling that after all the Titan is a very "gentle monster." Did he not show the Prince of Wales that he could chip the glass of a gold watch without injuring the works? Nevertheless, he sometimes does not realise his own strength, and recently shivered a steel block beneath the anvil with one of his tremendous blows.

After the gun-tube is jacketed it is rifled by means of a cutting tool, shown in our illustration, which has a forward and a rotary movement. The gun is then breeched and finished for her destination.

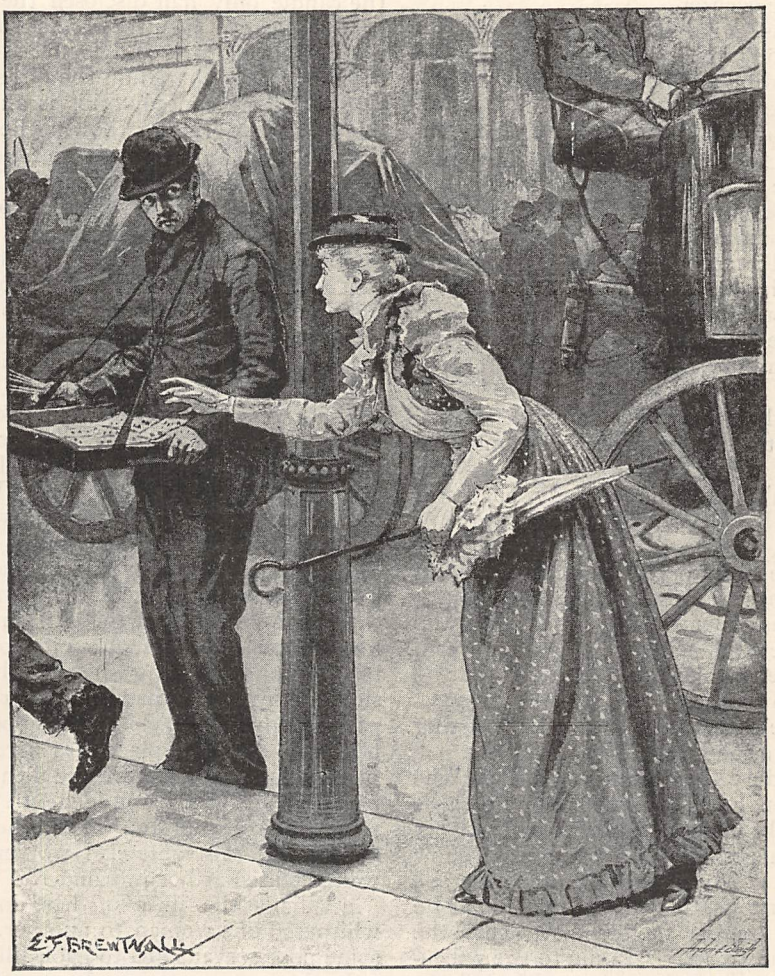
We cannot do more than peep at the factories where the quick-firing guns, the gun carriages, torpedoes, and ammunition cases are made; or the stores where naval and military utensils are kept in stock; or the museum with its models of old shells and arms. We have been obliged to skip innumerable operations and details in the processes we have described; but we must not omit to mention the extraordinary care which is taken to gauge and test the work at every step, since with firearms extreme accuracy is a matter of life and death. Indeed, the fate of a battle, and consequently of a nation, may hang upon the failure of a cartridge or the bursting of a gun. I was much impressed, too, by the quiet and orderly way in which the work is carried on; the activity without noise, hurry, or excitement. One would never imagine that he was in the heart of probably the greatest arsenal in the world. Assuredly the admirable discipline reflects the highest credit on the entire staff.



TORPEDO FACTORY.

ONE OF LIFE'S MOCKERIES.

BY ELIZABETH L. BANKS.



"'STOP THIEF! STOP THIEF!'"

"STOP thief! Stop thief!" The cry rang out on Oxford Street, near Tottenham Court Road. It came from a pretty girl, stylishly dressed, who, a moment before, might have been observed looking into one of the shop windows. "Won't anybody stop him? He has my purse!" she called out again, pointing down the street, where a man's figure could be seen making rapid headway.

The assembled crowd gazed after him, but not one attempted to make chase; so the girl herself started in pursuit, while the passers were edified by the sight of an excited-looking young woman running along Oxford Street, with her brown sailor-hat knocked sideways and her hair tumbling down. Suddenly the man turned right-about-face and ran back again towards Tottenham Court Road, straight into the outstretched arms of a policeman.

When the girl arrived on the spot she was pale, and almost breathless, but she managed to say "He took my purse" when the officer asked the cause of the disturbance.

The thief—a medium-sized, cadaverous-looking man—glanced first at the policeman, then at the girl, with wild eyes, and, to the astonishment of everyone, blurted out, "Yes, I've got it! Here it is." He took from his pocket a large alligator purse, embellished

with curiously wrought silver initials; and handed it to the officer with a dogged air of bravado.

"Is this yours, lady?" asked the officer, turning to the accuser.

"Yes; please give it to me and let the man off. I don't think he'll steal again," she answered, holding out her hand to receive it.

"I couldn't do that, miss. You'll have to go to the station and identify it," was the reply.

The girl's face turned paler still as she begged to be given back her property, but finding her pleading of no avail, she followed to the police-station.

The official in charge handed her a book, and directed her to write her name, address, and occupation; so with trembling fingers she wrote: "Alice Moreton, Blank number, Blank Street, Bloomsbury, stenographer and typewriter."

The accused also gave a name and address, and turning to the young lady, stammered out—

"I shouldn't have done it, lady, but I was hungry, and hadn't eaten anything for two days."

"The same old story: that's the way with all of you," answered the policeman gruffly.

The girl was about to say something to the prisoner, when, glancing at the officer who held the stolen property, she noticed that he was looking over the contents of the purse.

"How dare you?" she demanded, starting forward as if to snatch it from him.

"It is my duty to examine it, madam," he replied. Then he laid upon the table three sixpences, eight pennies, a bit of foreign paper money, several cards, a latch-key, and a yellow pawn-ticket. "I must return to the purse the things that are of value," said he, as he put back in one of the compartments the money and the ticket. "Come to the police-court to-morrow morning at ten o'clock."

That night, the man who had snatched Alice Moreton's purse ate supper at the police-station, and slept more comfortably than he had for months. He was not what would be called a "professional thief." He belonged to the "out-o'-works" who gather every Sunday in Hyde Park to listen to the gospel of Socialism. He had never before attempted stealing purses, but the affair did not trouble him. The young lady, judging by her clothes and the purse, must be tolerably well-to-do, and as all young ladies were soft-hearted, she would doubtless ask the magistrate to let him off.

The supposed well-to-do young lady went to the address she had given, and spent her evening in a small fourth-storey back-room in a Bloomsbury lodging-house. Up to midnight she sat by a dim candle darning a pair of rather discouraging stockings. The room was modelled on the pattern of the usual cheap upper-storey lodging-house chamber, and the candle only half disclosed the shabbiness of the rickety furniture. As the darning-needle moved back and forth a sort of grim defiant smile gathered on the girl's face.

"Well," she mused, "this is an instance of one-half the world not knowing how the other half lives. The man was doubtless hungry, as he said, and observing that I was well-dressed and carried a valuable-looking purse, he had no reason to suspect that I needed it as much as he did. How was he to know that my dress and hat were bought on the instalment plan and not paid for; that the beautiful purse contained just two shillings and twopence in money and a pawn-ticket for my mother's wedding-ring? And then, how should he know that just as he snatched the purse from me I was thinking that it also must shortly follow the ring, and that I must then carry my change in my pocket? Well, I suppose it would not be so very heavily laden!"

When the candle had burnt out, Alice Moreton, stenographer and typewriter, went to bed, tired and hungry. The money left at the police-station had made it impossible for her to procure her usual supper of bread and tea. In the morning she ate the breakfast supplied by the landlady, at the price of eightpence, and at ten o'clock she appeared at the police-court. The place was a revelation to her, and she shrank from the filth and misery by which she was surrounded. In the waiting-room, where she stopped till her case was called, the miserably-clad women who also waited stared at her in wonder.

"What's the likes of her doin' here?" whispered one woman to another. "Sendin' some poor servant girl to gaol, I'll be bound."

In the course of time, long after the hour appointed, she was called to the court-room. The policeman told of the thief's capture, and when he related that the valuables of the purse consisted of three sixpences, eight coppers, and a pawn-ticket for one pound, Alice Moreton's face went crimson, and then a strangely hard and determined look came over it.

As she stepped into the witness-box, she asked the officer in a whisper if the prisoner had had any supper the night before.

"Oh yes, lady; they're always fed," was the answer.

At that her face hardened still more, and it was with a peculiarly set expression that she told the story of the theft. Once the prisoner interrupted her with—

"I was hungry, lady, and I thought you

had plenty. As soon as I stole it I was sorry, and when I turned round to go towards you, I meant to give it back to you."

But the lines of her mouth relaxed not a bit. She finished answering the questions that were put to her, and left the witness-box without putting in the usual feminine plea for leniency to the offender.

"Why didn't you ask the magistrate not to be hard on him?" asked one of the women she passed, as she left the room.

"Because he deserves all he gets," she replied, without a touch of sympathy in her tones.

"Four months!" thundered his Worship three minutes later, after the prisoner had attempted to give a garbled account of how he came to take the purse. Not one person in the court-room but thought the sentence rather severe for so small a crime, but it is more than probable that when his Worship pronounced it the thought of the pawn-ticket that the purse contained rankled in his mind, and made him wish that he might send the culprit up for years instead of months. And Alice Moreton, remembering that she went supperless to bed while the thief was well fed and cared for, thought the sentence all too just.

It was something over a year ago that the court-room scene was enacted. The man did his four months in prison, and returned to his out-o'-work comrades. Alice Moreton is stenographer and typewriter still, and a boarder at one of the Homes for Working Girls. The purse, with its silver initials, hangs in a pawnshop window, an unredeemed pledge—a reminder of one of life's mockeries.

THE ROMANCE OF ROAD-MAKING.

BY HENRY FRITH, AUTHOR OF "RAILWAY ROMANCES," "THE ROMANCE OF ENGINEERING," ETC. ETC.

FROM the Carthaginians and the Romans we have learned the art of road-making, but around those early scientifically constructed highways but little of romance is gathered. When the paved road was worn out or sunken, when highways ran as paths over the hills, when fosse-ways and hollow-ways were traversed by pilgrims and mule-trains, or haunted by footpads and outlaws, the romance of the road may be said to have begun.

It may surprise many to learn that road-making is a comparatively lately accepted occupation. Smeaton, the engineer, was looked down upon for attempting to engineer the highways; and until the middle of the last century Scotland was barren of roads.

Going back a little, we may trace the gradual development of road-making from the time when the Strand and Temple Lane were "much choked by bushes," so that tolls were raised to keep the way clear.

In 1736 it was a two-hours' journey from the City of London to Kensington, and the complaints respecting the state of the roads were loud and frequent. The Turnpike Act was passed in 1755, but the roads then called "turnpikes" did not appreciably improve. Although the people grumbled at the condition of the highways, they resented the imposts for their repair and maintenance. Toll-gates were demolished; and when the bar was replaced, "Rebecca and her daughters" arose, and swept the gates, bars, and cottages

"BLIND JACK."

of the toll-collectors away. Moreover, in the romance of the road we read how many curious objections there were to the improvement of the highways. The City trader objected because country produce would enter into competition with him. The saddler would be ruined if riding were replaced by coach-travelling; spurriers would be "in the Bench" for the same reason; Thames watermen would suffer if roads were made fit to drive upon; and horses would deteriorate!

But the roads slowly improved; communications were opened up, and road-making received a tremendous impulse from Telford, Metcalf, and the celebrated General Wade, who, in his Scottish campaigns, had seen the necessity for good roads in the North.

As the couplet runs—

"Had you seen these roads before they were made,
You'd lift up your hands and bless General Wade!"

Roads were so narrow that in hundreds of instances the waggons would block the way; and in cases in which two rival teams of pack-animals encountered each other there were disputes, and at times pitched battles, between the teamsters for the sound places. Drivers of the waggons, too, objected to the gentry driving about; they considered that the grand people "ought to stay at home, and not interfere with the carriers."

From a perusal of these facts—incidents of almost daily occurrence less than two hundred years ago—it will be perceived that road-making as we regard it now was not undertaken by anyone of influence. As time went on, coaches began to run as public vehicles; but to Thomas Telford and a few others the true engineering of roads is due. Smeaton, as we said, was looked down upon for attempting to engineer the highway; but perhaps the most remarkable of all our early road engineers—in his way—was John Metcalf, whose history is as curious as any romance, and the incidents of whose career will repay perusal.

Metcalf was born in 1717, and as soon as possible was sent to school, where, when he was still very young, he unfortunately was attacked by small-pox, which rendered him entirely blind. This was a terrible infliction; nevertheless, though he could no longer study, he found ample field for his energies in play and in riding. He was proficient in practical joking, in swimming, and hunting. He was known as "the blind huntsman," or "Blind Jack of Knaresborough"; and in some way he managed to become acquainted with the Yorkshire roads and paths, and able to traverse them unerringly. This study of highways was eventually most useful to him; and about 1740 he seems to have known the direction and condition of numerous roads and paths. This curious faculty was on several occasions turned to account, but in no instance more completely than in the circumstances detailed in the following anecdote; though, as he was in demand as a fiddler at parties, his exploits were frequent in his progress from place to place, unattended and in darkness.

"THE STRANGER RODE BESIDE HIS GUIDE."

One afternoon he was lounging about the stables of a certain hostel in the city of York, when he overheard a traveller inquiring for a guide to Harrogate. Metcalf and the landlord were great friends, and the latter unhesitatingly recommended "Jack," whose infirmity he, of course, carefully concealed. The arrangements were made; Jack consented and mounted, riding in advance of the traveller through the bar-gate, and so on to the

"AT THE HINGE SIDE!"

Harrogate road and across the moor. As the darkness grew, the stranger rode beside his guide, and made many inquiries respecting features of the landscape, houses, and estates, which Jack, still riding with confidence, answered readily, and no idea of his infirmity seems to have entered the mind of the traveller.

Thus the pair proceeded, and Jack was never at fault, taking turnings calmly, and nursing only one fear—Would he be able to strike the gate leading into the Knaresborough road? Had he been alone, he would have searched for it, but much searching was then almost impossible. Fortunately, there was another gate in the park wall which bounded one side of the "road," opposite to the Knaresborough-gate turning. Jack skirted the wall, hoping to descry the gate, but he was uneasy. Fortunately, the wind blew over the park gate from the east, and the sudden puff gave "Blind Jack" his cue; he turned to the opposite side and tried to open the gate—*but at the hinge-side!*

The traveller noticed this, and came to Jack's assistance, but the guide laid the blame on his restive horse, and soon led the way again along the old clattering causeways, or hollow-ways, and paths, in and out, until a remark by his companion, skilfully elicited, told him that Harrogate lights were twinkling ahead.

When the traveller had dismounted at his inn, Blind Jack led his steed to the stables, and the gentleman made some remark to the host concerning his guide. He mentioned the incident of the gate, and the queer look in the man's eyes—as if he had "been drinking too freely."

The landlord smiled.

"Why, sir, don't you know that Jack is blind?" he asked.

The traveller was incredulous.

"Blind!" he exclaimed. "This is too much! Call him in."

Jack came in, and personally assured the guest that his sight was wanting.

"If I had been aware of that, I would not have trusted myself with you for a hundred pounds," said the bewildered traveller.

"But I would not have lost my way, sir, for a thousand," was the blind man's reply.

Nor was this the only exploit of the road-maker. He at one time walked from London to Harrogate as quickly as his patron, Colonel Liddell, travelled in his carriage or coach: a striking commentary upon the condition of

"JACK LED HIS STEED TO THE STABLES."

the roads, which Metcalf began to amend in 1765.

At that time a person named Ostler had taken the contract for the improvement of the road between Boroughbridge and Harrogate, and to him applied Metcalf, carrier, fiddler, ex-soldier, now married, and a father. An agreement was come to by which "Blind Jack" bound himself to construct three miles of highway. He soon commenced his task. He procured the necessary men, and informed them where they would find material; he kept them steadily at work, encouraging them by his presence, conveying their rations himself to the sheds he had constructed by the wayside. A trusty overseer carried out his plans, and so within the specified time the roads were finished, to the surprised satisfaction of the contractor. This we may say was one of the first attempts at highway-making by calculation or engineering in England by an Englishman; and John Metcalf is rightly regarded as the pioneer of road-engineering.

But greater triumphs were to come. He found that to properly complete his work a bridge must be built; but how was a man who had hardly seen a bridge to erect one? Nevertheless, the road-maker sent in his name, his suggestions were accepted, Metcalf attended to answer the questions of the commissioners; and so lucid were his replies and so accurate his deductions, that he was entrusted with the contract, and, notwithstanding all opposition, succeeded in completing it satisfactorily.

In after years he performed an original feat which, like other first successes, has been attributed to George Stephenson. Metcalf in his road-making came upon a piece of marshy swampy ground, over which the chief contractor declared it was impossible to carry the highway, and a *détour* of some three-quarters of a mile appeared absolutely necessary. But Metcalf declared that it was quite feasible to take the road across, and he was promised the same pay as for the longer route if he succeeded in his undertaking. By throwing down heather, and hurdles, and gravel, he made a foundation so that he was enabled to build his road, and make the way as firm as Stephenson, many years subsequently, made the railway across Chat Moss on the same principle. Metcalf again asserted his talent in the construction of the Wakefield road, which he carried over marshes of considerable extent and depth, thus fairly earning the title of an engineer of original genius.

Metcalf continued his last profession till he was seventy years of age, and then he retired. He died in 1810, aged ninety-two, leaving in various degrees no fewer than one hundred and fourteen descendants, of whom one hundred and ten were grandchildren in three generations. His career was a most romantic one. Blind for eighty-seven years, he never permitted his misfortune to interfere with his plans; in his elopement with his dearly-loved wife, who died in 1778, we may trace the incidents of the ballad of Lochinvar.

From Metcalf's time the improvements in the English roads may be dated. During the Scottish rebellion in 1715, General Wade had recognised the necessity for better roads; and the Government set him and his troops to work to 'evel, bridge, and construct new ways, in lieu of the tracks which till then had assumed the title. While the general was being blessed or banned, according to individual feeling, Thomas Telford made his appearance in England, and took his first survey, from his mother's arms, of his humble birthplace, in Eskdale, in 1757.

In 1816 he undertook to construct the Holyhead road and to build the Menai Bridge, and at this date assures us of the comparatively recent period at which the English roads were really made good. At or about this time Bianconi was trying to run his cars in Ireland, and to open up the traffic of "the most disthressful country that ever has been seen."

Telford found plenty of occupation in making the still excellent Holyhead road, formerly a track rugged and uneven, blocked by boulders or by snow, and intersected by a troublesome and dangerous tidal ferry, thence continued along high places, unprotected, dark, and steep in its gradients. In those early nineteenth century days the coaches were armed, the guard tried to act up to his profession, and the highwaymen revelled on the Heath as boldly as the witches of Shakespeare. Carriers drove a dozen horses, and the cross-roads were the central news-points for the exchange of intelligence. The journey from London to Holyhead occupied four days, and the channel passage to Dunleary or Howth was an unknown quantity in time in those days of sailing "packets," dirty, inconvenient, and at the mercy of the winds as the vessels were.

Yet, strange to say, the very excellence of the highways now intersecting Great Britain in all directions caused a decadence in the coachmen of those days. The roads were too good! The skill of the stage-coachman of Mr. Weller's time was not required. We may remember the anecdote related of the electors who were so dexterously overturned by Mr. Weller, senior, on a certain "nasty bit of road."

To Telford and Macadam the modern "metallic" road is due. Macadam's process consisted in the employment of pieces of granite of a certain weight and size on the highway. By these means the stones were fitted more closely together when pressed down, and the heavy roller consolidated them. Stone-breaking in those days—forty years ago—was a roadside employment; now it is a punishment, almost!

So the romance connected with the highway gradually faded. The highwaymen, the stage-coach, the post-chaise, the turnpike, and the many incidents connected with the early roads, have disappeared. Road-making is now a most unromantic occupation; but in the country, in Dorset, Somerset, and Devon, in Yorkshire, and other counties, are old paths which remind us of the old tales and romances of the early days of road-making. Has not the Devonshire lane been compared by Mr. Marriott to marriage? and in a magazine dedicated to the family circle a few verses may be permitted; thus: Marriage is much like a Devonshire lane, because—

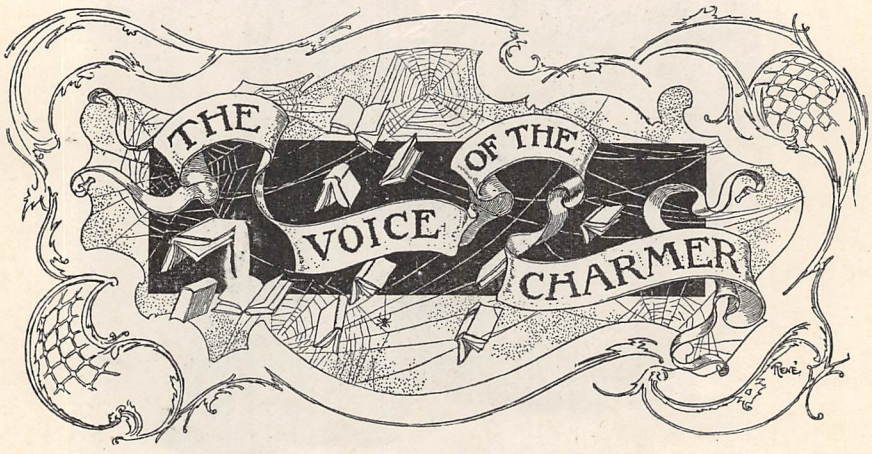
"In the first place it's long, and when you are in it
It holds you as fast as a cage does a linnet.
However unpleasant this road may be found,
Drive forward you must; there is no turning round.

But though it is long, it is not very wide,
As two are the most that together can ride;
And e'en then it's a chance that they get in a pother,
And jostle, and cross, and run foul of each other.

Oft Poverty meets them with mendicant looks;
And Care passes by them with dirt-laden crooks;
Or Strife's grazing wheels try between them to pass,
Or Stubbornness blocks up the way on an ass!

But still the high banks within which we are pent
With blossoms and berries are richly be-sprent;
And the conjugal fence which forbids us to roam
Looks lovely when deck'd with the comforts of home.

Then long let the journey be, narrow the way;
I'll rejoice that I've never a turnpike to pay!
Whate'er others say, *I* will never complain,
Though Marriage be just like a Devonshire lane!"



By L. T. MEADE Author of "The Medicine Lady," etc. etc.

Chapter XL.—The Diamond Star.

THE DAY before the wedding arrived at last. The weather was particularly fine. This special spring was long remembered as coming after a severe and dreary winter. The sun shone brightly, the flowers bloomed, Nature was at her sweetest and best. She held much promise in her hands, and day after day she showered fresh blessings on the happy earth.

On the morning of the day before the wedding, Patty went early to see her friend. She found Margot in the small drawing-room of the little Kensington house, surrounded by wedding presents of all sorts.

"I really don't know what to do with them," she exclaimed, as Patty came in. "They make an awful litter all over the place, and I'm perfectly sick of writing to thank people for them."

"You are very ungrateful," said Patty, who had had very few wedding presents on her own account.

"No, I'm not," replied Margot, "or, at

least, I don't mean to be; but people do send such useless things. I have got twelve bread-knives already, and twenty paper-knives—six teapots, and seven or eight sets of dessert-knives and forks. As to trinkets, they have arrived past counting. All these things have come because I'm going to be a rich man's wife; if I were poor, and wanted them, people wouldn't trouble to give them to me."

"It is unkind to say that," answered Patty. "Of course, rich people cannot help having more friends than poor ones."

"That is just what makes it so unfair," replied Margot. "The fact is, this wedding-present craze has been done to death. It is really an awful tax. Poor people who want things do not get them: rich people who don't want things are simply worried what to do with them. I am certain that some of these beautiful presents have been sent by people who have strained their slender purses to supply me with trifles I don't care for, just because it would not do to neglect Sir Wilfred Dering's bride—as if Sir Wilfred Dering's bride cares twopence whether she is neglected or not!"

"You are incorrigible," said Patty. "You used to love riches, but now it seems unfair to throw them away on you. I hope you will condescend to accept my small present—here it is."

"PATTY MET HER GAZE WITH A BOLD DEFIANCE WHICH ASTONISHED HERSELF."

"Oh, you are my dearest friend," said Margot. "Anything from you would have the value which love gives."

"Well, here is something which has another value; it really is lovely. Open this case and see what will dazzle your eyes. It is a diamond star which belonged to Aunt Regina; I had it freshly set for you."

"A diamond star," repeated Margot, taking

a quaintly-shaped silver casket which Patty held out to her, with a certain slow unwillingness. "Then the diamonds belong to the Red Lodge property. Have you a right to give them away?"

"Of course I have, as the property is mine."

Margot raised her dark eyes and looked full at Patty. Patty met her gaze with a bold defiance which astonished herself.

"Open the case, and look at the treasure within," she exclaimed.

Margot did so. Reposing on a bed of purple velvet lay the splendid diamond star. It was composed of glittering gems of the first quality. They flashed so brightly now that when Margot looked at them she blinked.

Patty stood near and watched her.

"I never saw such magnificent diamonds," said Margot, after a pause.

"I am very glad you like the star," said Patty; "Aunt Regina was very fond of it. That star has been an heirloom in the family for several generations. There is an old legend about it to the effect that it brings happiness or misery to those who possess it. See, these are the words engraved on the casket—

'Shine for boot, or shine for bale,
Luck will last if light ne'er fail;
Many pass, but I must stay.
Let him reck my rede who may.'

When this star is given to a bride—a very happy, youthful, glad bride, as you will be, Margot—it is considered as lucky as a fairy godmother's gift. Accept it with my warmest love."

"How can I, Patty? This star belongs to the Rhodes family. I am not a Rhodes, so I ought not to wear their diamonds."

"That is quite true, but a member of the family can give the diamonds away to whom she will. Take this star, with my love."

"You have no right to give it. I can't take it."

"What in the world do you mean?"

"I won't explain myself. Perhaps you understand—perhaps you don't. You have no right to give me this beautiful and lovely gift. I can't take it from you. Forget that you have ever offered it to me."

Patty had been standing; her face had been full of animation, her eyes bright, her face suffused by lovely colour. Now she sank down on the nearest chair, and, as her invariable custom was when in the least degree agitated, she pressed her hand to her left side.

At this moment Dering entered the room. The diamond star in its silver casket lay on the centre table. The diamonds were of such brilliancy that they could not but draw the attention of anyone who came into the room. As he came forward to speak to Patty, his eyes lit upon them.

"Halloa!" he exclaimed. "I didn't know that the setting of any of our diamonds was altered. I don't remember that star, Margot."

"The star doesn't belong to the Dering diamonds," answered Margot. "It is a part of the Rhodes diamonds, and Patty has most kindly offered it to me for my wedding present."

"What a splendid gift!" said Dering. "You will be the envied of all your sex when you wear this star in your hair."

As he spoke, he lifted the star out of its case, and laid it for a moment against Margot's dusky hair.

"It will suit you well," he said.

She started back with a flush on her face.

"Won't you persuade Margot to take my gift, Sir Wilfred?" said Patty.

"Persuade her!" exclaimed Sir Wilfred. "I shouldn't think there was much persuasion necessary. It seems too bad to take the diamonds from you, Mrs. Ward, but I have no doubt Margot can accept your valuable present with grace and gratitude."

"No, that is just it," said Margot—her face turned white, her hands shook—"I cannot be gracious or grateful or nice in this matter. I don't want the star. We have lots of diamonds, and I don't wish to take this. The gift is too costly—I will not accept it."

Sir Wilfred looked amazed and annoyed. Patty did not say a word; her fingers trembled as she replaced the star in its case, and then slipped the case into her pocket. She rose after a moment, looking white and tired.

"Good-bye, Margot," she said. "I shall be at the church in good time to-morrow."

"Good-bye," answered Margot, kissing her.

Dering saw Mrs. Ward into her carriage; he then returned to Margot.

"Why did you hurt her?" he asked. "Why didn't you accept her present?"

"Patty knows why," replied Margot.

"What do you mean, dearest?"

Without replying, Margot turned her back and began to put the drawing-room in order. Her look and manner irritated Dering, and reminded him of the fact, which he seldom forgot, that she had a secret.

"Margot," he said abruptly.

She turned and faced him.

"Well?" she said.

"Will you tell me why you didn't accept the diamond star?"

"I cannot, Wilfred."

"Will you answer another question, then? Has the refusal anything to do with the

secret which you have refused to confide in me?"

"I would rather not say," she replied.

Sir Wilfred's brow grew dark.

"Is that the only answer you will give me?" he said, then his voice broke into a cry of pain. "Margot, you hurt me," he exclaimed.

"I would not hurt you for the world," she answered.

"But you do. I want your confidence—you refuse it to me. This time to-morrow we hope to be husband and wife. Don't let us begin our happy life with a shadow between us. Tell me what troubles you. I will promise on a man's most sacred oath of honour not to betray the trust which you place in me."

Margot was silent for a moment. Dering's words tempted her; she longed to unburden her soul. It occurred to her that he might know something which would set her fears at rest.

"Well," he said, seeing signs of yielding on her face, "you will tell me all—you will remove this passing cloud which has come between us—you will make me the happiest man in the world?"

"Cannot you trust me without knowing all?" she said.

"I can and I can't," he replied. "As your husband, I ought to share your sorrows. This secret is a sorrow, is it not?"

"It is," she replied.

"Won't you tell me?"

"I ought not, Wilfred. It would be wrong."

"Will you never tell me?"

Margot was again silent.

"Do you deliberately mean never to tell me what worries you?" said Sir Wilfred.

"I hope that God will be good to us, and that you need never know," was her answer.

Her words made him angry.

"You are inexplicable," he said, stepping away from her. "Have we a chance of happiness under such conditions?"

"It is for you to decide that point," she replied.

His words had angered her, and she spoke defiantly—more defiantly than she had the least idea of. Her manner and the flashing light in her eyes stung Dering to the quick.

"Listen," he said; "I too have a voice in this matter. Before God, I swear that I will not marry a wife with a secret. Don't answer me now, Margot. I love you—you love me. I do not doubt your love, I am all too certain of my own, but I am not the man to stand this sort of thing. Give me all or nothing. I will go now and return at five o'clock; you can tell me then what your answer is."

CHAPTER XLI.—TWICE ROBBED.

PATTY had bad dreams that night, but towards morning she fell into a peaceful and refreshing slumber; when she awoke she felt cheered and almost happy. This was the long-looked-for 10th of March; Margot's wedding day had dawned at last. The marriage was to take place at an early hour, and the bride and bridegroom were to go straight away from the church on their wedding tour. There was to be no reception, no leave-taking, no fuss of any sort. As Patty lay in bed now, she felt glad to think of this.

"The time is very near," she said to herself. "It is seven o'clock now—by ten o'clock they will be husband and wife. I am glad that the time before the ceremony is so short."

She rose and began to dress herself.

"There is no doubt that when the wedding is really over, a load will be lifted from my heart," she murmured, as she hastily brushed out her long hair. "Restitution will have been made—Margot will be as happy as the heart of man can desire. I shall be able to forget the wrong I have done her; I shall be able to do what my husband wishes. I can turn my back on the old life, and take the happiness which lies at my feet. My heart craves for it. Why should I not take it and be at peace?"

At this moment there came a knock at her door. It was the maid, Dawson.

"I would rather be alone, Dawson," said Patty to the girl. "I feel particularly bright this morning. It is a lovely day, is it not?"

"Yes, madam—quite lucky for the wedding," replied the girl. She closed the door softly behind her.

Patty looked at the grey silk dress which she was to wear at church; she was about to put it on when her husband hastily entered the room. His face looked particularly stern and grave. He closed the door behind him.

"What is the matter, John?" asked Patty. "Is anything wrong?" she added hastily, a note of alarm in her voice. "Oh, I see there is—I see it by your face."

"I can't hide the fact from you, Patty," replied Ward. "I have bad news."

"Tell me quickly. I can't bear suspense."

"Sit down, darling. Give me your hand."

"Don't keep me in suspense, John. Has anything happened to Margot?"

"Not in one sense," replied Ward.

"But in any sense? What is the matter with you? You look ill."

"I am upset and surprised. Dering has just been here. The marriage is broken off."

Patty's face turned white to her lips. She

uttered a faint moan; she didn't speak for a moment.

"Why?" she asked at last, in a hoarse voice.

"Because Dering won't marry a wife with a secret."

Patty covered her face. She began to tremble.

"There is no doubt," said Ward, looking down at his wife, "no doubt whatever that Margot Fletcher suspects us. She is possessed by a fixed idea; although she has nothing to support it, she will not let it go. She won't tell her thought to Dering, and Dering won't marry her without knowing it. Patty, my dearest, we have got to face the fact that Miss Fletcher suspects us; we must face it and live above it—either above it or under its weight, whichever we prefer. For my part, I shall live above it. I don't intend it to crush me, or to take one iota from my happiness. If Miss Fletcher refused to tell her lover what she knows, she will certainly keep her secret from the rest of the world."

"But what did Sir Wilfred say?" interrupted Patty. "Was he in dreadful trouble?"

"'I WOULD RATHER BE ALONE, DAWSON,' SAID PATTY."

"Perhaps so." Ward shrugged his shoulders. "He did not worry me with his trouble; in fact, he told me very little. He said that he and Margot had a long talk last evening. She owned that she had a secret—he begged of her to confide it to him—she absolutely refused. She then proposed that the engagement should come to an end; he acquiesced. Dering leaves the country this evening. He has no idea himself when he will return to England."

"And what about Margot, who loves him?"

"They both love each other," said Ward—"not as we love, but in the commonplace style of the mediocre. Why they should deliberately choose to wreck their own happiness for the sake of a whim passes my understanding."

"It is not a whim, John," answered Patty. "Margot is one of those people who would do nothing rashly; she will not swerve from the right for anyone. She has great firmness and strength of character. She knows our terrible secret; she has broken off her own marriage on our account. John, how am I to endure all this?"

"By not thinking about it, Patty. Come, let me take you somewhere to-day; it is a lovely day. Let us go to Brighton. You shall wear your pretty grey dress; we will have a good time all by ourselves."

"I cannot have a good time," answered Patty, clasping her hands; "my fear—my agony overpower me. Ought we to allow this thing to go on? Ought I to allow Margot's happiness to be completely wrecked? There is still time. I can tell everything; they can be married to-morrow. Ought I to rob Margot twice over—first of her inheritance, then of her lover? Ought I to commit this great—this dreadful wickedness?"

"Yes," answered Ward, in slow, deliberate tones.

"Why? How can you ask me? John, I am going on my knees to you. Don't ask me—don't! I can't go a step further—I can't commit another sin. For the sake of my unborn child, don't ask me, John."

Patty flung herself on her knees at her husband's feet; she clasped his hand in hers and wrung it hard.

"Don't ask me to commit any more sin," she cried, in a voice of terror.

"You know, Patty, that theatrical words and gestures don't affect me," answered Ward. "I am truly sorry, but there is no help for the thing. You have chosen the path on which you are walking, and you can't turn aside now. You must go on—for my sake."

"I can't live under this load of sin."

"Get up, my darling; lean on me. Believe me, I feel for you terribly; but nothing can be done now. We *must* endure; we must endure at *any cost.* We have come to a rugged bit of that path of success which we are treading together. Let us have courage, and go on. Call it the courage of the bad, if you like; but don't let our hearts fail us now. By-and-by, we shall reach a clearer plain, and fresher air. You will live, Patty, to smile over the agony of this hour. Granted that you have wrecked a woman's life—am I not more to you than she is?"

"I have wrecked a man's life, too. The happiness of your greatest and best friend is shipwrecked."

"Not a bit of it! Dering will have his bad half-hour, but he will get over this. Neither he nor Margot have the capacity for great and continued suffering. I am deeply sorry that things have turned out as they have done, but there is no help for the present position of affairs. The alternative which you propose, Patty—the alternative which means confession and public shame—cannot be thought of even for a moment."

"What would that matter? We should have peace within," answered Patty, clasping her hands to her beating heart.

"The thing is not to be thought of, my wife; banish it from your mind. Turn your thoughts from this idea, as you would from the most deadly form of temptation. We have made our bed, and we must lie on it. I am willing to confess that just now it is not a bed of roses; but we shall become callous presently, and the thorns will cease to pierce us. When your sufferings become almost unendurable, think, Patty, that you are enduring them for me."

"I will," she replied, falling on his neck; her tears flowed, her agitation became less excessive.

Chapter XLII.—Motherhood.

PATTY'S baby was born on the twentieth of June; it lived for a few hours, then it died. The baby's birth took place at the Red Lodge. Patty was very ill at the time, and for the whole of the first day the doctors entertained grave fears for her life, but towards the evening of the second day she rallied. Peaceful and profound slumber came to her aid. When she opened her eyes, she saw her nurse bending over her.

"Drink this, madam," said the woman, putting a cup of strong beef tea to her lips.

Patty drank a few sips; then she clutched the nurse's hand with nervous force, and said in a low whisper—

"I remember everything, I know why you are here; I recall the events of a short time ago. There is a baby. Where is it?"

"You are not strong enough to see your baby at present," said the woman; she feared to tell Patty that the child was dead.

"Is it a boy or a girl?" asked Patty.

"A little daughter, madam."

"I am sorry the baby is a girl—women suffer much; it is woman's lot to suffer terribly. Men have the best of it in this world."

"That is true," said the nurse. "But you must not talk now; you must go to sleep again."

"I am not sleepy; I feel rested, and—almost well. Have I been very ill, nurse? How long is it since baby—my little daughter—was born?"

"The baby came into the world yesterday morning, Mrs. Ward."

"I knew it all happened yesterday. What a long sleep I have had! No wonder I feel rested. I should like to see my husband. Does he know that I am awake?"

"I will send for him," said the nurse; "but when he comes, you must promise to remain quite quiet. You must talk very little; you must on no account excite yourself."

"There is no necessity to tell me that. I don't feel excited; I feel wonderfully calm and rested; not specially happy—not as happy as a mother ought to be whose first child has just been given to her. A child—a living child is a wonderful gift, is it not, nurse? I ought to feel very happy, ought I not?"

"Oh, yes, madam; but you must not excite yourself now."

"Please ask my husband to come to me."

"Yes, madam; I will go and fetch him immediately."

In a few moments Ward was standing by his wife's bedside; the nurse went into the

dressing-room. He bent down over Patty, and took her hand in his. Her face looked white and remote under the shadow of the curtains which surrounded the big bed; there were heavy black lines under her eyes; her voice seemed to come from a distance. Ward felt his heart move within him as he looked at her. He had nearly lost her. He had gone through agony—agony which he hadn't believed himself capable of enduring—in the hours which had just gone by. Now she was conscious, and he hoped she was safe. The only creature whom he loved in all the wide world had been brought back again as by a miracle from the extreme border of the grave. Ward knelt by his wife's side; when he clasped her hand, he bent and covered it with kisses.

"My dearest," he said in a low deep voice; "my dearly beloved."

Patty smiled at him; her eyes were clear and untroubled.

"Nurse tells me that we have a little daughter," she said in a whisper. "I want to see her; I want you to bring her to me."

"Not to-night, my love; you are not strong enough to-night."

"I can't rest until I have seen my own child," answered Patty. "I crave to hold her in my arms. I want to feel her little head resting against me. I want baby—just to see her. If you will bring her I will promise to be quiet; I won't ask for her again until to-morrow, if I may see her now just for a minute."

Ward was silent, dismayed, completely puzzled how to act. His silence and confusion were perceptible to Patty.

"There is something wrong," she said; "you are afraid to tell me the truth."

Ward saw that he could not conceal the baby's death any longer.

"I have something to tell you," he said, speaking in his clearest, gentlest tones. "Lean on me, my dear wife, lean fully on the great tide of my love."

"Yes, but tell me quickly," answered Patty; her breath began to come fast.

"It has pleased the One who gave the baby to take it away again," said Ward. "For some inscrutable reason, it has not been the will of Providence that we should keep the child so dearly purchased."

"Do you mean," asked Patty in a very faint voice, "do you really mean that baby is—dead?"

"My dearest, we are still all in all to each other. Let us take comfort in this thought."

"But tell me, John—is the little baby dead?"

"Yes, my wife, it is."

"I thank God with all my heart and soul," said Patty with sudden and passionate fervour; she raised herself in bed, she clasped her white hands and looked up. "I thank God," she repeated. "I am greatly relieved. I could not have been a white, pure, perfect mother to this child. I thank God. It comforts me to know that the baby is safe; it will never know struggle nor battle. I thank God; He is good. I love Him for taking the baby to Himself."

Her eyes shone now with the light of fever. Ward half rose to call the nurse, but Patty held his hand with delirious strength. She tried to draw him closer to her.

"I am not a bit unhappy," she said. "Under my peculiar—under our peculiar circumstances, this is good news to me. John, I want you to do something."

"You have but to ask."

"I want to see the little body out of which the angel spirit went. I want to look at the little body, and to touch it. Then I shall really rest. There is no fear that I shan't be happy. My thoughts will be full of that heaven where the baby is. In my dreams I shall see the little spirit in its perfect bliss."

With each word that passed her lips Patty's eyes grew brighter and brighter; fever spots burned on her cheeks. In considerable alarm Ward at last went for the nurse. She came hastily into the room, and gave a perceptible start when she saw the change in her patient's face.

"You are exciting Mrs. Ward, sir," she said in anger. "You are doing very wrong. I must ask you to go away immediately, sir, and leave your good lady to my care."

"I am going in a few minutes," said Ward. "I have been obliged to tell my wife of the fate of the child."

"Yes, and I am glad," said Patty.

The nurse looked shocked.

"John, please bring me the baby to see," continued Patty. "I shan't rest until I look at it, and touch its face. Please bring it at once."

"Yes," answered Ward; "you shall see it. Nurse, will you fetch——"

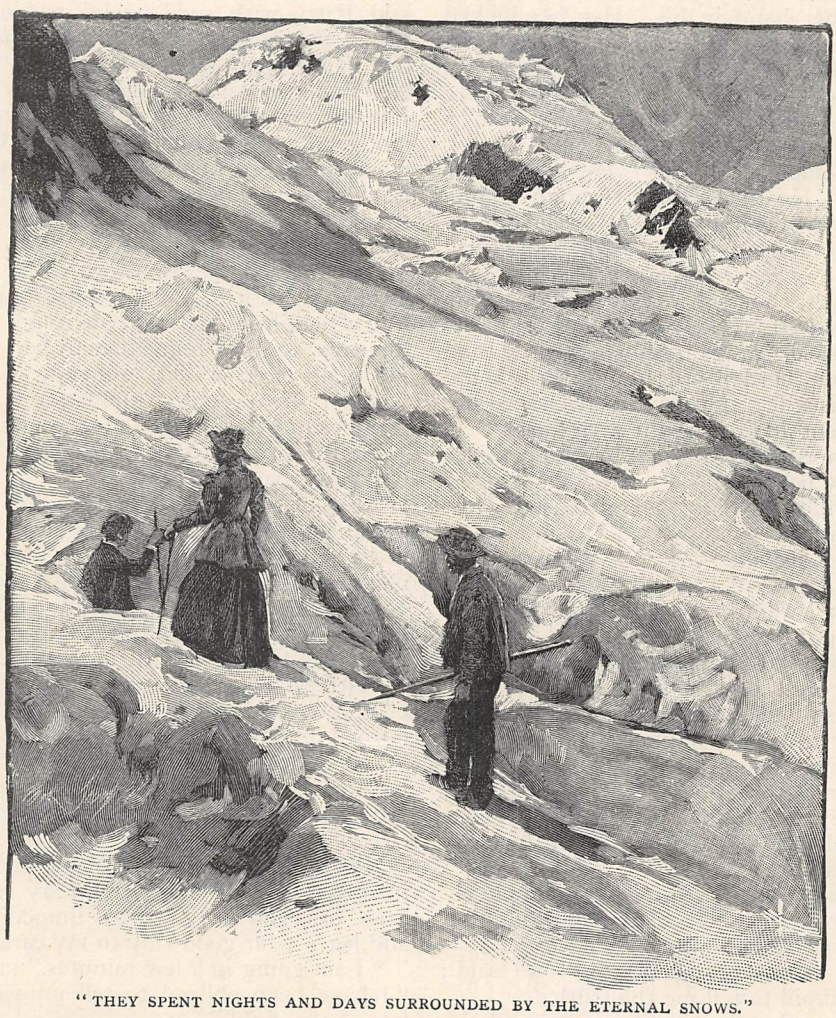
"No, go yourself," interrupted Patty. "I don't want nurse to touch the child. Let me see our dead baby lying in its father's arms."

Ward rose quickly, and left the room.

"You know, ma'am, that all this is very bad for you," said the nurse.

"No, nurse; you don't understand. I could not rest until I saw the child. When its father brings the baby in, will you go away for a minute or two? I promise to be as good as gold afterwards."

Ward went into the room where the



"THEY SPENT NIGHTS AND DAYS SURROUNDED BY THE ETERNAL SNOWS."

dead child lay in the white cot which had been prepared for it. He lifted it quickly, and brought it into his wife's room. The nurse, shaking her head, left the husband and wife alone together. Ward carried the dead baby up to his wife's bedside. She raised her head from her pillow, and looked earnestly at the tiny waxen face. There was a slight smile round the lips, the brow was placid. Patty touched the white cold brow with her lips; then she lay back with a deep sigh on her pillow.

"You can take the little body away now," she said. "I am quite satisfied. When I shut my eyes, I can see the little angel of the child. The part of the child which is awake and beautiful and rested will come to me often in my dreams. I am a very happy mother to-night. I have an angel child."

Chapter XLIII.—False.

THE next fortnight was one of the greatest terror which Ward ever lived through. He had got his desire. He was a rich man. He had won for himself a position of power, his ambitions bade fair to be satisfied; but all these good things for which he had sold his soul tasted now like ashes in his mouth, for it seemed more than likely, for a few days it seemed almost a certainty, that the only thing that he really loved was to be taken away from him. Patty was very ill. From the night when she had seen the dead child, fever had set in, she was highly delirious, and the doctors who attended her gave little or no hope for her life.

But, contrary to expectations, she got better. At the end of a fortnight the fever left her. She was too weak to raise a finger,

too weak at first to utter a word; but there was hope of her life. Gradually and slowly she climbed up the steep hill of life, and left the valley of shadows behind her. Ward scarcely left her side day nor night. The doctors remarked that they had never seen a more devoted husband. The man seemed to live for his wife's smile. The low whispers of her voice were more to him than the sweetest music. At last she was well enough to be taken from her room. She was moved into the sitting-rooms; and in August, two months after the baby's birth and death, Patty had regained almost the whole of her normal strength.

Ward now proposed that they should go to Switzerland for a long holiday. Patty quietly acquiesced. She had got into the habit of agreeing to all his suggestions. She agreed readily and calmly to the Swiss tour. She was very calm about everything. Her excitement and irritability of manner had completely vanished. There was a strange sort of apathy about her. This apathy puzzled Ward, but no one else noticed it. The doctors said that this woman had made a marvellous recovery. Her heart, which had been affected so much before the birth of her child, now beat quietly and regularly. The strain under which she used to live seemed to be now completely lifted. She was physically weak, it was true; but such a state of things was only to be expected. The doctors regarded her state as quite satisfactory. She seemed to spend her entire time resting. She rested and stayed quiet day after day, lying on a couch in the morning-room, or under the shady elms in the rose garden, or sleeping a dead sleep without movement of any sort. Ward used to watch her in these sleeps. Noise could never affect them in any way. Now and then he saw smiles flit across her lips, as though she were enjoying happy dreams; but when she awoke, she never spoke of her dreams. Indeed, during her convalescence she spoke very little at any time.

The Swiss tour was carried into effect. Every comfort that money could produce was brought to the aid of the travellers. They went from place to place; they visited hotels high up in the Alps, and spent nights and days surrounded by the eternal snows. The invigorating air of the higher Alps brought to Ward queer restlessness. He had had enough of inertia. He longed to be back again in the battle of life, but Patty still remained calm, satisfied, peaceful, gentle. Since the evening when she had kissed the forehead of her dead baby she had never alluded to the child, nor had Ward spoken of it. There came times when, as he looked at her, he used to wonder if she remembered that for a few short hours she had been the mother of a living child. He took care never to mention the circumstance, but as the days went on there was something about her which made him uneasy. Notwithstanding the doctors' words, he became unhappy about Patty. He could not understand her. There was something unfathomable about her. In a sense, she was unapproachable. She was well, and yet she was not well. She looked beautiful, but her smile, which came readily enough, wanted animation; her voice had lost its fibre. When Ward spoke of some of those old aspirations which used to bring the lovely sparkle to her eyes, and the glad enthusiasm to her expressive face, she would look at him without sparkle and enthusiasm. A faint smile would dawn upon her lips. She would let him take her hand, but when he raised it to his lips she seemed not to notice the circumstance. He said to himself—

"She has had a great shock. This is simply the reaction. I must give her time. As time goes on she will recover, and be her own lovely, fascinating self once again. Yes, I must give her time. Perhaps when we go home again she will be all right."

It was late October when Ward and his wife returned to the Red Lodge. They were not an hour at home when a telegram was put into Ward's hand. He opened it hastily, and saw to his surprise that it was from Dering.

"I have come back to England, and want to see you," wired Dering. "I propose to go to the Red Lodge to-night, and will arrive by the last train."

Ward felt annoyed and perturbed. He wondered what was bringing Dering. He wondered also if the sight of him would upset Patty. She had never mentioned Dering's nor Margot's names since the date of the baby's death. She was standing now in the same room with her husband. Glancing at him, she observed the worried expression of his face.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked, in her gentle voice. "Who is the telegram from?"

"From Dering," answered Ward. "He has returned unexpectedly to England; he wants to visit us. He says he will arrive this evening. I hope this won't bother you."

"Why should it?" replied Patty. "I shall be very glad to see him. I will go at once, and order his room to be got ready."

Ward watched her in a puzzled way as she walked towards the door.

"What ails her?" he said to himself. "She reminds me of an ice-woman—she, who used to be all fire and tempest! Of course, this is the reaction; but have matters gone too far? I dreaded to speak to her of Dering, but she took the news of his coming as stoically as she would the announcement of a fresh blossom in the garden. I suppose I ought to be glad of the change in her. By heaven, though, I don't think I am!"

Dering arrived at the appointed time. Patty came out to bid him welcome.

"I am very glad to see you," she said; "we only returned from Switzerland to-day. We have had a delightful trip; we have seen all sorts of wonderful and beautiful things. Oh, yes, we have had a thoroughly nice time, but of course we are glad to be home again in this dear old place."

"The change has evidently done you good, Mrs. Ward," said Dering, giving her an earnest glance.

"I am very well indeed," replied Patty. "I don't think I ever felt better in my life." As she spoke she gazed full at Sir Wilfred. "I am afraid I can't return the compliment so far as you are concerned," she added.

She spoke the truth. Dering's face had grown haggard; there were some streaks of grey in his hair. He coloured when Patty spoke, put aside her remark, and asked her to walk round the garden with him. She willingly complied. Ward, who was standing near the house, heard her low, silvery laugh as she talked with Sir Wilfred.

"She is a completely changed being," he thought. "I never saw anyone so altered. She lives like a child now; there is no depth in her mirth—no depth in her in any way. Is her heart dead? When I wished to kill her soul, did I aim at too much? Even her face, sweet and lovely as it is, has lost much; its ever-changeful and varying expression has left it. What can be the matter with her?"

Ward went hastily into his study; he began looking over piles of letters and papers which had not been forwarded to him. The evening was a lovely one. He sat with his window wide open. He could hear the voices in the garden—Dering's deep tones, Patty's eager, childish questions. Then again there floated on the breeze that light, young—too young—laugh. Ward passed his hand wearily across his brow.

"I have her, and yet I have lost her," he thought. "It is impossible for this state of things to go on. She is asleep, in part; she will wake up presently. When she awakens she will be all right; the agony will be over, but the best of her will remain. Perhaps her case is not so uncommon. I have heard of women who have gone through the same agony being affected as Patty now is. Something seems to have gone out of her. What can it be? Oh, of course, this phase must pass. She must be her old magnificent, lovely, reckless, passionate self soon again; soon again she'll be all mine, the remorse and agony over, but the great love—the great heart—will be mine to sun myself in, to comfort myself with, to take the hollow taste of life's ashes out of my mouth."

Ward laughed to himself. His laugh was hollow. He jumped up, and went into the garden.

"My love, you must not stay out any longer," he said, going up to his wife. "You are tired from your journey; there is a heavy dew falling to-night. I want you to go indoors and to go early to bed, dearest. You must be very tired."

"No, but I am sleepy," replied Patty. "I think I will go to bed now, if Sir Wilfred will excuse me?"

"Of course I will," replied Dering.

She held out her hand to him, smiled up at her husband, and tripped lightly into the house.

"How young and fair she is!" said Dering, looking after her.

"She is young," replied Ward. "She was only twenty-one her last birthday."

"One is apt to forget that fact," answered Dering. "When I saw Mrs. Ward last she looked nearer thirty than twenty. She is much altered, and for the better. Now she scarcely looks twenty. Yes, she is much altered."

Ward was silent; he wondered with an inexpressible dread if Dering would say anything more. Dering did not. There was a gloomy expression on his brow. He looked at Ward gravely for a moment, then said abruptly—

"I may as well unburden my soul. I have come here to talk to you about something."

"So you mentioned in your telegram," replied Ward. "You said you wished to see me. You would scarcely take the trouble to come to the Red Lodge for nothing, would you?"

"Friendship would have sufficed in the old days," answered Dering.

"True," replied Ward; "but the old days are over. The fact is, Dering, we are both of us in the thick of the battle of life, and there is no time for sentimentalities."

"I begin to see your meaning," said Dering. "I never thought I should. I used to have a firm faith in the eternity of friendship and the everlasting nature of love."

"Is your faith shipwrecked?" asked Ward.

"To a certain extent, yes. Shall we go into your study, and may I tell you there why I have come to see you?"

Ward preceded his guest into the study. He struck a match and set a light to a swinging lamp which hung from the ceiling, then he pulled a chair forward for Dering to seat himself. Dering did not take it; he preferred to stand.

"Won't you shut the window?" he asked, looking out at the starlit night.

"Not unless you wish it. The night is warm and fine."

"I don't wish it unless you do. Now I will tell you why I came."

"He is going to say something disagreeable," thought Ward to himself.

He came a step nearer, folded his arms after his habit, and looked up at his friend. Dering was much the taller man of the two.

"Well," said Ward, "out with it. From your tone I judge that you have something unpleasant to tell me."

"I have come here," said Dering, "to ask you a question. I feel that it is due to Margot Fletcher to ask you this question. Before doing so, however, I wish to say that I have never really understood you, Ward, but, without understanding, I have always esteemed you. I have always had the highest respect for your character. You are unfathomable, inexplicable—it is your pleasure to wear a cloak which hides your real self even from your dearest friends—but your word is above suspicion. I have come here to-night to ask you a question. I wish to say that, however you answer it, I shall fully believe you."

"Thanks," replied Ward. He was silent for the space of half a minute, then he said, fixing his keen eyes on the other man, "Your question?"

"I saw Mrs. Fletcher a week ago. I was staying for a few days in Brussels. To my great amazement, she was suddenly ushered into my sitting room. She told me that she had come to see me unknown to Margot. Her object was to tell me something. You look pale, Ward."

"I am always pale. Pray go on."

"Mrs. Fletcher came to see me; she told me that she had discovered Margot's secret."

"The fad or whim, whichever you call it, that destroyed your happiness?" said Ward.

"You may speak of the secret as you like," said Dering, his face flushing angrily; "but pray remember that it was sufficiently serious to Margot to make her willing to forego our marriage rather than reveal it. Mrs. Fletcher told me the secret. It was this: Margot overheard some words which your wife said on the night when the will was discovered. Your wife said in her sleep: '*The will is false! I have sold myself to the devil!*' Margot was deeply impressed by those strange words; your wife's subsequent behaviour added fresh fuel to her suspicions. She told her mother the whole story on the day when she returned to London, and showed her the real will. Mrs. Fletcher thought nothing of the words which your wife uttered in her sleep—she even forgot all about them; but her great anxiety with regard to Margot when our marriage was broken off, brought the memory vividly back to her. She became certain that it was the thought of these words which made the real obstacle to our marriage in Margot's mind; in short, she determined to give me her confidence."

Here Dering paused.

"Have you anything more to say?" asked Ward.

"Only to ask you a straightforward question. Is the will under which Mrs. Ward inherits the Red Lodge genuine? Is there any truth in the wild words uttered by your wife shortly before her marriage?"

"None whatever," replied Ward. "Patty was nervous and hysterical. The exact truth is this: she found the will some months before, but was too tender-hearted to show it to anyone. The Fletchers were very kind to her, and she could not endure to think of turning them out of the property. In a moment of great excitement she walked in her sleep, and took the will back to its original hiding-place. The words she uttered in such a condition have no more real significance than those of a fever-stricken patient."

"I believe you are right," said Dering, with a look of relief.

"I am right, emphatically. How could the will be false? It was duly attested and witnessed. There is a witness now living who can prove this if necessary. Whom do you suspect? Whom does Miss Fletcher suspect of having forged a will, Dering?"

"I cannot answer for Margot, but I suspect no one," replied Dering; "your answer is all-sufficient. I came to get that answer to-night. I can go to Margot now with a perfectly happy mind. I can tell her that she has been the victim of an illusion, and that it is her duty to banish it once and for ever from her mind. I must say that it made a very strange impression on her, for her mother tells me that the reason she really dreaded becoming my wife was because she feared that she might in a moment of strong

temptation be induced to whisper her secret to me."

"Poor girl," replied Ward. "What strange creatures women are! Miss Fletcher's terrors on this point seem to me to assume the proportions of a monomania. Yes, your mind may rest; the whole thing is a figment of the imagination. Patty was overwrought; she walked in her sleep, and used excited words. The thing is false—false as hell; now let us drop the gruesome subject."

There came a laugh, low, soft, and childish, at the open window. Patty's figure suddenly appeared; she threw a great handful of late roses into the room, the roses struck Ward on his face and shoulders.

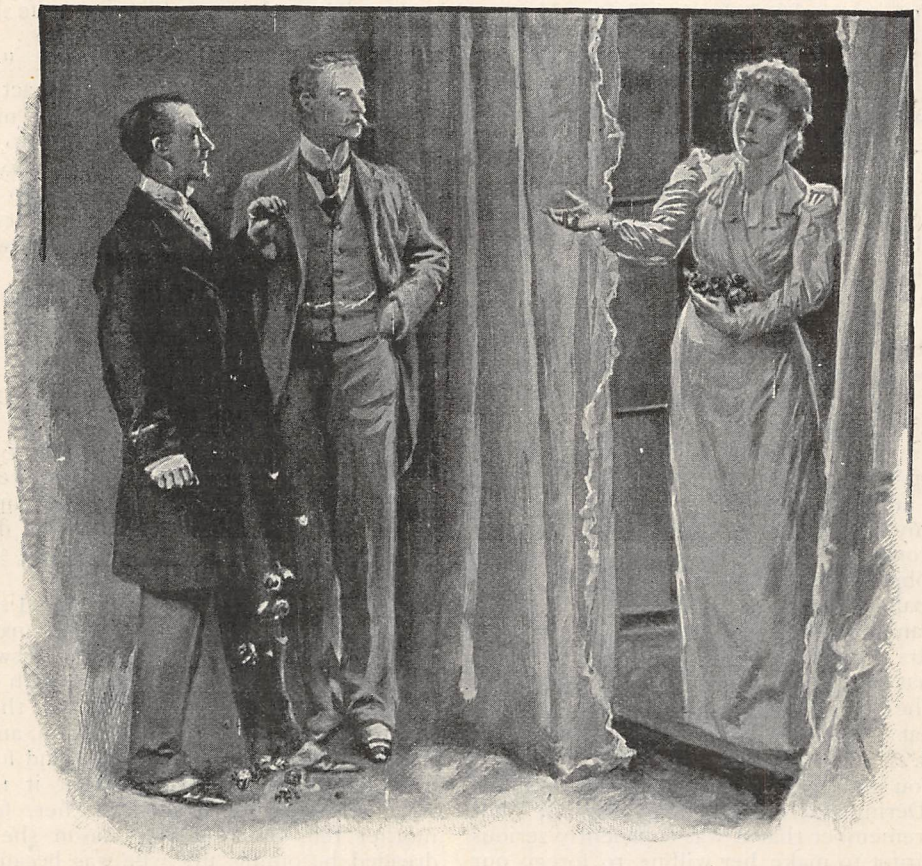
"False as hell," she said, looking full at her husband.

She ran back into the garden, and began picking more roses. The moonlight fell all over her. Ward and Dering followed her; Ward's heart beat heavily, Dering was astonished and alarmed.

"Play hide and seek with me," she said to her husband. "I cannot rest in bed; it is beautiful in the garden. The winter will soon be here, and the roses are fading; even as I touch them they fall to pieces."

CHAPTER XLIV.—A DEAD HEART.

WARD scarcely slept that night. At an early hour the following morning he arose, dressed himself, and went down to his study. There was a queer restlessness over him; he had much to do, a great amount of correspondence to attend to, arrears of work of all sorts to make up—but he could not settle to any work. The great calm in which he always lived, and which characterised his tone, his look, his manner, had now completely deserted him. In a moment of sudden emergency he found himself without that ballast which had always been the integral part of his character. He was now certain of a fact which for long weeks he had vaguely suspected and dreaded. Patty was not in her right mind. Her insanity was of



"SHE THREW A GREAT HANDFUL OF LATE ROSES INTO THE ROOM."

the gentle and harmless order, but still undoubtedly it existed. By the light of her wild actions of the previous night he read the solution of that mystery which had veiled her round during the last few months. Since her baby's birth, Patty's mind had been under a cloud —it had been slightly unbalanced. She was not quite responsible for her own actions. Ward paced up and down the floor of his study. If Patty were really mad, she might reveal secrets. Her strange manner of the night before was quite sufficient to arouse Dering's suspicions. Dering, who was by nature the most unsuspicious of men, must have been startled by her words.

"There is nothing whatever for it but for me to tell him that she is mad," said Ward to himself. "After all, such an occurrence is not uncommon; she must be treated with great gentleness. There is, alas! no doubt on the point of her madness, but by-and-by, in all probability, her mind will regain its balance." Ward paused here in his thought to go to the window and look out.

The fine night had been followed by a pouring wet morning. The wind was sighing amongst the pine trees.

"'ONE WORD BEFORE YOU GO,' SAID WARD."

"Horrible English weather," he muttered. He resumed his pacing up and down the floor; his thoughts flew back to Patty. "The baby's death and all the suffering she underwent beforehand had an overmastering effect upon her," he thought. "Her mind, not strong and evenly balanced as mine is, gave way. In all my conjectures with regard to the future, I never thought of anything like this. This state of things is truly dreadful. Her laughter still rings in my ears. How dreadful was her mirth when she came and stood in the frame of that open window and threw the roses at me, and said 'False as hell.' Faugh! I shiver even now at the memory. Poor child! poor beautiful child! To think that such a change could ever come over my loyal, my faithful wife; to think that ever a time should come when she would call me 'False as hell.' Whatever my sins, I am true enough to her; and we resolved—yes, we resolved—to sacrifice everything to gain my ends, except our love for each other. Must that go too? Ah! that's Dering's step; I will go to meet him."

Ward opened his study door, and went into the hall; Dering was coming downstairs.

"How early you are, old man," said the host.

"I am, Ward; I want to catch the first train back to town. I took the liberty of sending a message to the stables to desire a trap to be sent round immediately; I shall be off in two or three minutes."

"Come into my study first; you can't go without breakfast."

"I must; I shall breakfast in town. I hear the sound of wheels now. Good-bye, Ward, good-bye."

"One word before you go," said Ward.

"I do not want to miss my train."

"You won't; there is time enough. What do you mean to do when you get to town?"

"Need you ask?" replied Dering. "I mean

to go straight to see Margot Fletcher. I shall tell her that I know her secret. I shall assure her, on your authority, that there isn't a single word of truth in the suspicion which she harbours. I shall further insist on our marriage taking place at as early a date as it is possible to get the ceremony performed."

"Your programme delights me," replied Ward. "Go in and win. The obstacle which stood between you and happiness is absolutely removed. I should like once more to repeat what I said last night. My wife was suffering from a bad form of nightmare when she said the extraordinary words which have haunted Miss Fletcher's brain."

"I believe you," answered Dering. "It was necessary, for Margot's sake, that I should ask you the question. You answered it as I expected you would answer it, and now the matter has dropped for ever. Please give my kind regards to your wife. I really must be off."

Ward accompanied Dering into the hall.

"You noticed Patty's actions and manner last night?" he said in a low voice.

Dering gave him a quick glance.

"I could not fail to," he replied.

"Such actions and such a manner are unlike her," continued Ward.

"They are, Ward. She seems greatly changed. I noticed this as soon as ever I saw her yesterday."

"But you thought her changed for the better?"

"At first I did."

"Did you maintain this opinion when we—when we followed her into the garden?"

Dering looked distressed.

"Frankly, no," he replied.

"What do you make of the change?"

"I make nothing of it. I am not a doctor."

"Before you go, I must tell you what I am certain is the matter. I have feared it for some time—now I am certain—Patty's mind is unhinged. Such a state of things is not uncommon in cases like hers. I must take her to a good doctor without delay."

"I wish you would. I earnestly trust that she will soon be better."

"She probably will. Now, I must not detain you any longer."

Dering drove away, and Ward returned to the house. The wind was increasing moment by moment, and the heavy autumnal rain was pouring in torrents. Under these conditions the aspect of the Red Lodge was undoubtedly dreary. Ward was glad to shut the hall door. He reflected for a moment, then went softly upstairs to his wife's room. She was lying on her side, one hand supported her cheek. She was sound asleep, and a happy smile was playing round her red lips. She looked very young in her sleep, like a careless happy child.

Ward went to one of the windows, and drew up the blind. The rain was dashing with noise against the panes. Patty heard the noise. She moved restlessly, and opening her big eyes, fixed them on her husband.

"You have had a nice sleep, darling," he said. "I came up to tell you that it is nearly breakfast time. Would you like me to bring your breakfast up to you?"

"Why?" asked Patty. "I am not ill. I feel particularly rested and cheerful."

Here she sat up in bed, pushed back her masses of hair, and gave a low gleeful laugh.

"It is nice to be at home," she said. "I will get up at once. What heavy rain! How it dashes against the panes! This is October, is it not?"

"Yes, my dearest, almost the end of October. This is the twenty-fifth."

Patty laughed again.

"I wish you wouldn't laugh in that way," said Ward, some impatience in his manner. "There is nothing to laugh at in my remark, surely."

"I wasn't laughing at anything you said," she replied. "I was laughing at this heavy rain, and the date of to-day reminds me of something. I can laugh heartily at the memory of the 25th of October. I enjoyed myself once on such a day as this."

Ward had now recovered his equanimity. He came up to the bedside, and put a shawl round his wife.

"Tell me what happened," he said, "and let me fasten this shawl round you. You will catch cold sitting up in bed."

"No, I shan't. I am not the least cold. When I was about ten years old we had terrible floods all round these parts. One afternoon, on just such a day as this, at just this time of the year, I was told that the waters were out, and I was so wild with delight that I insisted on Nurse Joan taking me to see the floods. We went down close to the river. It was swollen, and had overflowed its banks. The place looked splendid. I wanted nurse to take me over the wooden bridge. You know the bridge I mean, John, just by Dead Man's Corner. Well, she refused. I begged and prayed of her to yield to me. She still refused. A moment or two later the bridge was carried away. They have built a new one since then of stone. It was the old wooden bridge which the flood carried off."

Patty ended her brief recital with another laugh.

"Your memory is an uncomfortable one," said Ward. "You must have gone through a

terrible moment when you saw the bridge on which you wanted to stand carried bodily away."

"I don't think I did. Anyhow, the memory of it amuses me now. I wonder if we shall have floods again. We do sometimes in these parts when we have wind and rain like this."

"Well, get up now, and come down to breakfast," said Ward.

He went out of the room, called Dawson to attend on her mistress, and returned to his study.

"I wish she wouldn't laugh as she does," he said to himself. "I can stand anything but that laugh. There is a note in it which jars on me in the most terrible way. What a delicate mechanism is a woman's! How easily it can be put out of balance! Who that knew Patty would think that she of all people could ever think lightly of distress? Yes, I must take her to London. She must see a doctor without delay."

Patty came down to breakfast looking sweet, young, and charming. She wore a white serge dress. Her masses of hair were arranged in picturesque fashion low on her neck. In the old days before her child was born Patty had always greeted her husband with a warm embrace when they met for breakfast. Now she nodded lightly to him, and taking her place at the head of the table, began to pour out the coffee.

"You have not kissed me," he said, being in the mood to notice trifles.

"No," she replied. "The fact is, I feel lazy. One gets tired of kissing."

Ward said nothing. A servant entered the room with the post-bag. Ward occupied himself for some little time opening and reading letters. After a pause, he looked up at his wife. She was feeding her favourite pug with bits of biscuit. The little animal was standing on his hind legs and begging prettily. Patty laughed heartily at his efforts. She scarcely responded when her husband spoke to her.

"My love, I have a bit of news for you," he said.

"Yes, John. Oh, I wish you would look at Topsy. Isn't he sweet when he begs?"

"Never mind him now. Listen to my news."

"Yes, John—certainly."

Patty put her hand to her forehead, as if something worried her there. She fixed her eyes on her husband.

"Dering left us this morning," said Ward. "He left in excellent spirits. He fully expects that his engagement will come on again. In short, Patty, the marriage which you have so longed for will take place, I am now quite convinced, at an early date."

Patty did not reply for a moment; she threw another morsel of biscuit to the pug. The little animal caught it in his mouth and tossed it high into the air.

"Oh, Topsy, you are too killing!" exclaimed his mistress, bursting into a ringing peal of silvery mirth.

"My dearest," said Ward, "pray attend to me, not the pug, at present. Are you not interested in my news?"

"About that tiresome marriage—that often-postponed wedding? I am really afraid I don't care," answered Patty.

"Patty, how changed you are! What is the matter?" asked Ward suddenly.

"Is there anything the matter, John? I feel very well and very happy."

"You are completely altered. Don't you know it yourself?"

"Yes; I am glad to say that my misery is gone. It is my conscience, John. It is dead. At the time when conscience died, my heart, the affectionate part of me, died also. I get on splendidly now. I fear nothing and I love nothing. I am happy. I would not have the old state of things back again for the world."

"You tell me to my face that you love nothing?" said Ward, a ghastly smile playing for an instant round his lips.

"Nothing at all," answered Patty. "Tra la la, tra la la! Oh, it is good not to love! Life is not worth the pain of loving."

"You don't love me—your husband?"

She looked at him gravely.

"I don't think so," she said, knitting her brows. "I'd like to love you, if I could without pain. Poor old dear! I used to be desperately fond of you. No, I'm quite certain I don't love you now. I don't love any creature now, unless it is my sweet little darling duck of a Topsy. Oh, you little sweet, let me hug you! Topsy and I suit other each to perfection."

"Patty, my poor child, you are ill," said Ward. "I must have a doctor to see you. This state of things can't go on."

Ward went up to his wife. There was agitation in his tone, his face was troubled, his lips wore a ghastly unnatural smile. He put out his arms. Hitherto she had always responded to this appeal, which was rare from him; now she stepped back a pace.

"Don't," she said; "I don't want you to kiss me. Don't take me in your arms—it rumples my dress. I won't see a doctor, because I am perfectly well. I never felt better in all my life. You wished my conscience to die—it has died. Perhaps you didn't

bargain for my heart to die at the same time. Well, you see, that has also happened. My heart, or my love, or whatever you happen to call it, is dead—stone dead. Even you, John, powerful as you are, can't quite get your own way in everything. I don't complain; I like being a butterfly. Oh, how delicious the sound of that rain is! I shall go to the window and count the drops. Let us each take a drop, and let us see which will reach the bottom of the pane the soonest. I often used to amuse myself like that when I was a child. Now, then, that is your drop and this is mine. Hurrah! look at that full big beauty. I know it will tumble to the bottom before any drop on your pane. Didn't I say so? Why, John——"

But Ward had vanished.

Chapter XLV.—The Treasures of the Tortoiseshell Cabinet.

THE rain and the wind increased. Patty stood for a little time at the window, amusing herself counting the big drops. Her face continued to wear the happy and pleased expression which belongs to mere childhood. Now and then she clapped her hands; after a time she sat down, and taking the pug in her arms began to kiss it, and pull its soft ears, and press her cheek against its little flat forehead.

A servant came into the room to remove the breakfast things. Mrs. Ward dropped the pug, shook out her white dress, and left the room. She went upstairs to her bedroom. The servants noticed nothing wrong with their mistress; they were glad to see her in good spirits; she was courteous and kind to them. She had not forgotten them when she was away, and it occurred to her now that she would unpack the little presents which she had purchased for them, and amuse herself presenting her gifts before lunch. Wherever she went the pug followed her. It seemed to be a sort of queer impersonation of the changed Patty. It wriggled and waggled all over the place, disporting itself in many grotesque attitudes. Whenever Patty looked at it she laughed.

"You little ridiculous monstrosity," she said. "Oh, come along, you shall have another game presently."

Having unpacked her presents she piled them together on a tray, and brought them down into the beautiful central hall. She paused with the tray in her hand just under the picture by Gainsborough, which represented the ancestress whom she was supposed to resemble. The little pug bounded forward, then turned back, took his mistress's white dress between his teeth and shook it in the *abandon* of doggy mirth.

"You ridiculous little thing," said Patty, putting her tray full of presents down on a table. She was in the act of doing this when the old housekeeper came into the hall.

"How do you do, Mrs. Parsons?" said Patty, going up to the old woman, who had known her almost since her birth, and kissing her. "You can't think how well and jolly I feel. Don't I look well?"

"That you do, my dear young lady," replied the housekeeper. "Oh! but what a troublesome little beasty; he has torn a great piece out of your dress. Get out of this, you little wretch! get out of this!"

"You mustn't scold Topsy," said Patty, shaking her forefinger playfully. "Oh, my dear old creature, don't look so solemn or you will kill me."

"You are changed a good bit," said the housekeeper, gazing up at Mrs. Ward, as she stood tall and slim before her. "You have a greater look than ever of your ancestress Dame Patty Rhodes."

Patty gave an impatient glance at Gainsborough's picture.

Her manner changed instantly.

"I hate being considered like Dame Patty Rhodes," she exclaimed. "Do you know that you remind me of something when you say that? When I entered this house as a bride, Sir Wilfred Dering said that I had a look of Dame Patty. She had an unlucky life, had she not, Mrs. Parsons?"

"She gave her affections to the wrong man, and he brought her to grief," said Mrs. Parsons. "She died young; her heart was broken."

Patty went and stood under the portrait.

"What a fool she was to die of a broken heart," she exclaimed. "Well I, at least, will never do that. See, here, Mrs. Parsons, don't let us bother about that stupid picture any more. Dame Patty is dead; I don't really care two straws whether I am like her or not. See this tray full of presents. I collected these trifles during our wanderings from place to place in Switzerland. I meant to put the names of the people for whom I intended them on each of these little presents, but the mere thought of remembering all the servants quite worries my head. Will you take them down to the servants' hall and distribute them, like a good soul?"

"Of course I will, Mrs. Ward, it it is your good pleasure; but if I may take the liberty, my dear, I would say that half the joy in getting these pretty things is to have them from your own hands."

"Oh, yes; but really it *is* such a bother.

I am afraid half the joy must be left out. Take them, like a good soul. I don't want to see them any more."

Mrs. Parsons lifted the tray, and left the hall. As she retired to the servants' part of the house, she sighed heavily.

"Whatever has come over our sweet young lady," she murmured. "Oh, yes, I know she is bonny, and there is a beautiful clear colour in her cheeks, but she ain't a bit like her own self."

Ward didn't appear at lunch time. Patty had a good meal; afterwards she retired once more to the window, where she watched the rain which kept pouring out of the clouds as if it never meant to leave off. She wasted nearly an hour in this fashion, then went back to her own room. She stayed there for a little, then, yawning profoundly, thought that she would amuse herself by taking a tour of the house.

"I will go to quite the old part," she thought. "What fun! Why shouldn't I make myself jolly in the octagon room? I might light a fire in the grate. I don't believe a fire has been lit in that old grate for hundreds of years. What a capital thought! When I have made the room snug and warm, I can amuse myself looking at the contents of the tortoiseshell cabinet."

The secret chamber had the musty smell which unused rooms generally possess. Patty opened one of the casement windows, but the rain and wind came in with such violence that she was forced to shut it quickly again. She did so, and then prepared — singing gay snatches of song the while—to light a fire in the old-fashioned grate. She found wood and coal in Miss Rhodes's old room, and enjoyed the physical exercise of carrying the materials for her fire up the spiral stairs. She laid it with skill, and soon rejoiced to see the blazes roaring up the wide chimney. The room began to get a warm and inhabited feeling. Patty drew a worm-eaten chair up to the centre table, and taking one of the drawers out of the cabinet, placed it on the table in front of her. Treasures which dated back hundreds of years now occupied her attention. She felt all the pleased excitement of a happy and somewhat naughty child. The rage for collecting hair had not escaped some of Patty's ancestors. She found hair plaited and twisted, and curled; hair bracelets; hair rings; hair at the back of brooches; hair forming the ornamental part of unwieldy lockets. She amused herself collecting all the hair. Brown locks, black locks, red locks, white locks; the golden hair of infancy, the iron-grey hair of middle life. Dead, with no sparkle of life in it, it lay piled up before her.

"WHENEVER PATTY LOOKED AT IT SHE LAUGHED."

"What a bonfire it will make!" she cried with glee.

She lifted her shining eyes; roses mantled her cheeks.

"Is that you?" she said lightly; she was addressing her husband, who had come up the spiral stairs, and stood in the doorway.

END OF CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIFTH.

FOR one person who takes chocolate as a beverage, perhaps a dozen eat it as a confection. The explanation of this is not far to seek. Nothing that comes under the head of sweets is more temptingly displayed in our shop windows ; while every day brings us novelties, either as chocolates pure and simple, or blended with other delightful confections, but all so cunningly fashioned and flavoured as to appeal equally to the artistic eye and the refined palate. How much some of these dainties would be missed in the dessert course of the modern dinner !

The dishes here given should appeal to chocolate eaters generally. They are original, wholesome, and less costly than many sweets of the more familiar sorts. Where no special kind of chocolate is named, it is assumed that a reliable brand will be selected. Never make experiments with low-priced stuff. And a rule that should never be deviated from is to buy no chocolate that has been exposed in a sunny window and lost both flavour and colour. The original brightness should be looked for, particularly for ornamental dishes.

Are you yet acquainted with those little dainties known as "Chocolat aux Noisettes"? If not, a treat awaits you. There *may* be more than one maker of chocolate under this name; I know but one. The exquisite little creams are of melting softness, and of such a delicate tint as to blend with almost anything in the way of coloured sugars, icings, or confections. In fact, they are quite distinct from the dark brown usually associated with chocolate. Then, owing to their size, that of a hazel nut, they can be adapted to the decoration of cakes of all shapes and sizes.

Meringues à la Suchard.

The fashion of the moment is for flowers of pink and mauve blended ; fawn and mauve are also appreciated ; the meringues combine these colours, and are as delightful to eat as to look at. The meringue cases may be bought of a confectioner or home-made, so that they are even in size and a good shape ; they should be all white, or rather of the delicate tint which passes as white. The fresher they are the better, that the crispness be not lost.

To prepare them for table, some of the little chocolates above referred to will be wanted, as well as a supply of crystallised violets and rose petals, and a "filling." First take each half meringue and spread the outside very thinly with a white icing, made by mixing the white of an egg with enough sifted icing sugar to form a smooth paste. Be very careful that the edges are not smudged ; before the icing dries, commence the pleasant task of garnishing. Start at the edges, as by so doing any spare icing gets worked up to the top, whereas, by reversing the order of procedure, it would run over at the edges and spoil the appearance.

What about pattern ? This may be left to the individual. No two halves need be just alike ; the idea is to blend the three colours artistically. In some, the edges may be of the chocolate, and the pink and mauve kept for the tops ; in others, this may be reversed. Stripes and irregular spots are other simple modes.

As to the filling, whipped cream with sugar and vanilla flavouring almost everyone knows and likes, and it is not readily dethroned. But change is ever welcome. Try the cream with a morsel of preserved ginger, chopped, and a little of the syrup, with, if you like, vanilla or grated lemon rind ; the amalgamation of these flavours is most satisfactory, and ginger seems to possess the power of reducing the richness of cream or custard preparations somewhat. Those to whom ginger is not acceptable may be inclined to make trial of cream flavoured with good essence of rose and coloured the faintest pink. I say good essence, for bad ones are an utter abomination. The service of these meringues is as usual, so

far as putting the halves together goes; but place them in a single layer only, on a flat dish, garnished with natural green leaves, and nothing is prettier than ferns. Never be satisfied with artificial substitutes for the real thing. Some, in the modern craze for paper decoration, appear to ignore Nature altogether.

Chocolate Jellied Cake.

This is of so decorative a character as to be quite an acquisition to the supper-table, and it will stand the heat of a room for some hours without suffering in appearance—more than can be said for many sweets. A round sponge or Madeira cake is wanted (a Madeira for choice); cut out the middle, leaving a wall an inch thick. The portion removed is to be soaked in a little hot jelly, holes being first made in the cake. One of the best of the tablet jellies will answer admirably for this, but a little extra flavouring is often the making of it; and as brilliancy is not essential, a few drops of any essence may be used.

The outer surface of the cake is then to be coated with an icing made as under, and put on with a palette knife dipped from time to time in cold water. Here are the proportions; the quantities may have to be doubled for a large cake: One ounce of chocolate, very good, hard, and flavoured well with vanilla; half a pound of finely-sifted, good quality icing sugar; six tablespoonfuls of hot water; and if spice be not disliked, a dash of ground cinnamon, or cloves. The grated chocolate and water are to be mixed and stirred to the boil in a small bright stewpan, and the sugar added off the fire; a rapid stir, and it is ready. The soaked portion is now to be restored to its original position, and the cake set on the dish for serving. The brightest of glass is called for here.

Finally, surround the cake with a ring of jelly, the deepest yellow at your command; it should be chopped on a sheet of slightly-damped, stout white paper. Here and there put a few pieces of crystallised oranges, both green and gold; and for the top of the cake cut some of the same fruit into spikes and stick them in, after making good-sized holes with a skewer. A whole orange should be reserved for the top. Another way of finishing off may be noted: that is to cut the top off entirely and coat the cake with more chopped jelly and fruit as directed for the base.

The effect of such dishes as these, where the rest of the sweets are pale in colour, is very good. With reference to the soaked portion of the cake, it may be useful to add that fruit syrups serve as well as jelly for soaking; the surplus syrup from many kinds of canned or bottled fruit may be instanced. A little gelatine must be added.

Apple and Chocolate Trifle.

"Chocolate with apples," someone will exclaim; "what a strange mixture!" The answer is that the combination is very agreeable, and there are any number of more costly trifles that do not look or taste as nice as this, and it has the added merit of wholesomeness. A large, deep glass dish is wanted. First, a thick layer of apple pulp should be sandwiched between two layers of thinly-sliced bread or cake and put at the bottom. To make the pulp, stew some pared and cored apples in lemon-juice and sugar and beat or sieve it; anyway, see that it is smooth. The flavouring may be spice or vanilla, or lemon-peel can be added. If the cake be soaked in some melted apple jelly, a great improvement is effected. But here is a cheap substitute: Stew the parings with the cores and pips in a little water for some time, then strain off and add sugar and reduce to a thick syrup by quick boiling. Next in order comes a layer of macaroons, softened in the above way.

And now for a custard. First, a pint of milk and cream, mixed in such proportions as can be afforded; very little cream, remember, serves for a plain dish, and imparts the smoothness which no substitute *does* impart. Two ounces of grated chocolate, three or four ounces of sugar, a heaping teaspoonful of ratafia powder (made by sieving some crushed ratafias), the yolks of four and the whites of two eggs, are the remaining materials. The chocolate and some of the hot milk are to be mixed and boiled up; all the rest must be added, and the whole thickened in the orthodox custard fashion over the fire, viz., without boiling. This must go over the cake while hot, and be set by to get *stone cold.* When ice is available, spread a baking-tin or an old tray with a layer crushed small, and set the dish on it. Failing this, use cold water and plenty of salt in a shallow vessel, renewing the mixture as it becomes warm.

For the top garnish, endless ways could be given. One consists of pale pink jelly, maraschino, or vanilla, in blocks or chopped. Either way, the custard should show between; and, by the way, the colour of the custard is preferably deepened by the aid of a few drops of brown colouring. Or use a plain custard, adding a little gelatine to set it, pour it on a flat dish, and cut in pretty shapes with a fancy cutter. Some may be tinted a pale green and a leaf cutter used; this enhances the appearance, and the extra cost and trouble are not worth consideration. The ways of

using the shapes are as varied as leaf decorations for open jam tarts; no two people will place them exactly alike. In addition, a morsel of angelica is quite a boon, especially if only a yellow custard be at hand. And yet another mode. Some of the apples may be stewed in quarters and a border formed of them. They want careful treatment, and firm apples should be selected to avoid breaking. A pile may be put in the centre, and for a plain dish will pass muster.

To cheapen the trifle, so as to make it suitable for a children's party, use a greater amount of bread and dispense with the macaroons, add a layer of plain custard, such as cornflour, before putting on the chocolate, and dust over with "hundreds and thousands," or crushed pink sugar candy. There are few children who dislike apples, and fewer still who would turn away from chocolate.

Cherry Roll with Chocolate Icing.

This is our old friend "Swiss roll" with a new face. The well-known foundation of equal weights of flour, sugar, butter, and eggs cannot well be improved upon. Supposing from four to six ounces of each to be used, incorporate with them about a quarter of a pound of glacé cherries, cut in quarters, and enough pink colouring to give a *decided* pink tinge. If too little be used, the cake will look *muddy* when done, and imperfect mixing will result in *streakiness*. These two hints are worth attention when colouring cakes of any description.

Assuming this to be carefully baked as usual on a flat tin, it must be spread with all speed and rolled while warm. You cannot roll it if allowed to get cold, for there will be cracks all over it. But what about the "spreading"? A choice is at your service, but something yellow is required. Lemon or orange curd, marmalades of the same fruits, magnum bonum or apricot jam, all good, and not much of either, must be used, or the cake will be not only rich, but sickly. When quite cold, finish off with the icing given for the jellied cake, and served in slices overlapping each other straight down a dish. The combined pink, yellow, and brown blend very harmoniously. It may be served hot, in the pudding course; this is worth remembering by way of a change, and, given a good oven, it does not take long to make either. In this case, the chocolate custard of the apple trifle comes in handy, and it should just coat the roll. Round it, if time permits, a hot custard, coloured pink, and flavoured with cherry syrup, may be poured; or the syrup from bottled cherries, heated, will be found delicious.

The mixture given for the roll is a good one for hosts of small cakes baked in moulds of fancy shapes. They may be decorated on the tops after baking with cherries or other pink fruits, and small fancy chocolates of various kinds; or yellow colouring and fruits of the same hue may be put in the mixture, and the same fruits used with chocolate outside. With the latter, some of the tiny silver sweets sold by confectioners may be used with certain success, for gold and silver with brown, though not very common, is most effective. DEBORAH PLATTER.

THE ART OF WASHING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR HOME LAUNDRY."

LACE AND MUSLIN.

IN taking up any women's paper of the present time one often sees an advertisement to the following effect: "WANTED.—A good hand at cleaning and mending valuable lace, etc." Now, if every lady would do the washing of her own laces in her own hand-basin, no such advertisements need appear. To wash the most fragile Valenciennes, or Limerick, or Rose Point is quite an easy thing if one knows how to set about it.

The way *not* to do it was exemplified by Mrs. Jenkins, of household fame. Some valuable lace cravats *à la* Louis Quatorze—given me as a wedding present many, many years ago—were handed over to the one servant who *loved* washing.

Mrs. Jenkins had been a soldier's wife. She had watched Dhôbies at work in the Ganges; she had sniffed at French "blanchisseuses" in Jamaica; she had studied the ways of the Heathen Chinee in the Middle Kingdom of the Golden Umbrella—and a Chinaman *can* wash! Yet she took my precious cream-coloured ruffles, kept them *bleaching* for several weeks, and brought them back to me

white, stiff, and thick with starch. I hope none who carry out the following instructions will ever experience the despair I felt on that occasion.

We will suppose we are doing up a Limerick flounce three inches wide. The tools necessary are a bottle and a new toothbrush.

Wind your lace round and round the bottle, taking care the edges do not overlap one another. Tack the end firmly; immerse in a basin of warm water and melted soap-suds. Go over every nick carefully with a brush. The soft, short bristles find out every speck of dust and dirt in a wonderful way. When the edges are quite clean, untack and reverse the process, going over the foundation in the same manner.

Now unroll, and gently *knead* the lace in your suds. Never venture to *rub* such a delicate substance, or your Limerick will certainly be damaged. Rinse in water (with a squeeze of blue in it *only* if your lace is pure white). In any case, have one teaspoonful of gum mixture in the last water. The formula for this was given in a former article. Perhaps I had better repeat it. Dissolve one ounce of best gum arabic in half a pint of boiling water. Strain, bottle, and use for stiffening silks and lace, in the proportion of one teaspoonful to a pint of either warm or cold water.

Now the lace must be thoroughly dried; otherwise it would stick to the iron.

Before ironing your flounce it must be damped with hot water and rolled in a soft towel, *not* huckaback. Pat and press with your hands.

Have a really hot iron, but try its temperature first on a piece of common linen. Remember, a *scorch* is ineradicable in the web-like substance with which we have to do at present.

Begin ironing at the edge and on the wrong side always. If your lace is Rose Point or Carrickmacross, you should have several thicknesses of blanket under it. This will keep the raised surfaces so much admired in this kind of lace.

For muslin washing—and who would not like to rival the Quakers and wear kerchiefs and gowns of snowy hue and web-like texture?—prepare two basins at once: one filled with warm water and melted soap lather, the other with rinsing water.

Shake your article, be it curtain, apron, or skirt. Immerse, squeeze, and knead. Muslin requires the same handling as lace. Don't rub. Any spots or stains may be brushed gently with the soft toothbrush. If obstinate, pour borax mixture through. This is made with a pinch of borax thoroughly dissolved in a little boiling water. It is a very valuable cleaning and bleaching agent, if used carefully and in the right proportions.

I never allow muslin to be wrung in my laundry, except through a towel. This prevents pulling and fraying, yet dries it quite enough, as you need it *damp* in order to starch properly.

I must give the formula for boiled starch: One tablespoonful of white starch, two tablespoonfuls of cold water, quarter-inch common candle, half teaspoonful of borax.

Mix the starch with the cold water until quite smooth. Add the tallow or wax. Stir well, and, while stirring, pour on boiling water till the starch becomes transparent. Then add your borax previously dissolved in a little *boiling* water.

The above would make anything dipped in it very stiff. Of course, for muslins it must be very much diluted.

Pass your things through, and dry thoroughly.

Before ironing, sprinkle through a rose or sieve with *warm* water.

The white, dull spots so often seen on a clear-starched garment come from using *cold* water for this damping. Roll away tightly. Iron in an hour's time with a hot iron, previously well brightened and polished with bath-brick.

No one knows how much easier and pleasanter and more satisfactory it is to use properly kept heaters. I always have a board thickly covered with powdered bath-brick in my laundry, on which the irons are rubbed every time they are taken off the range. An old soap-box cover does very well, or a bit from a broken orange case. It costs *nothing*, and is invaluable to all laundresses—amateur or professional.

In these three papers on the art of washing I have tried to show how we manage our laces, muslins, jaegars, woollens, collars, and silk in this house.

I wish every woman knew the capabilities of her own hand-basin.

In many cases while washing my hands I have at the same time made clean and dainty and fresh and sweet some little thing of household use. I think my palms and digits and wrists are as soft and smooth and unchapped and unreddened as any lady's need be. I always dry them carefully, and use good soap.

If anyone wishes to follow my example, I would bid her take courage. There is nothing degrading or disgusting or fatiguing in the art of washing. It is a very pleasant, and cleanly, as well as essentially a womanly pursuit.

OCTOBER.

New Materials and Costumes.

THE changing seasons bring with them the ever new interest of choosing appropriate costume, and with the shortening days and chilly evenings of autumn before us in the immediate future, we awake to the fact that preparations must be made to equip ourselves in the most becoming and serviceable cheviot or newest sacking or sailcloth—for so are two of the novelties in materials named, conveying to the mind no idea of the beauty and fineness of the texture. In the main the appearance of the new woollen fabrics is fanciful, patterns of scrolls, double stripes (diagonal and perpendicular), checks minute or large, knotty and curly surfaces similar in effect to fine Astrachan, and pattern on pattern ; in every example black is introduced in the design, whether the background of cloth be brilliant royal blue, magenta, bright green, or red tan colour. One cloth in rich wine-red, with knotty lines of black check, suggested a costume, trimmed with still-favoured caracule and jet.

AUTUMN COSTUME.

Smooth habit cloth in winter quality in steel blue, and bright and silky serge in tan, with indefinite check of black, are preferred by many to the heavier make of the pepper-and-salt and heather-shot cheviots. Corduroy velvet will be worn as entire costumes or ornamentation on costumes of cloth.

Our design represents a costume in black sailcloth, with waistcoat, revers, and cuffs of white, ornamented with lines of narrow black braid sewn on edgeways, with a tiny round cord of untarnishable gold, the buttons being in bog-oak picked out with gold. Buttons continue to be a feature on the coat costumes, and vary in size from one to two inches in diameter, and are carved in a variety of woods.

The well-cut godet skirt is to be recommended on the score of gracefulness, and the pretty, full, short basque of the jacket, with its rounded corners, marks this season's cut. At the back the jacket sets close to the figure, and opens very slightly semi-fitting in front to reveal a narrow line of waistcoat, which in this instance is buttoned straight up the centre with many buttons, and, open at the throat, is completed with the stylish stock of white, stiffened around the front, crossing at the back beneath the coat collar, which comes up well at the back of the

GREEN VELVET HAT.

(*From a photograph by Walery, Ltd., Regent Street, W.*)

neck, while the soft ends are knotted in front.

The pleated sleeves give the required width to the figure, and are finished with elegant cuffs of the white cloth braided. Cuffs will be much worn on jackets. The hat is of black beaver, with box crown and wide-curved brim, black and white ribbons and quills ornamenting it. Fawn and grey beaver are worn, and white felt with under lining of black, and black and white ribbon trimmings, the wide boat-shape being particularly elegant, and toques of chenille diversify the headgear with good effect.

Good serviceable skirt and coat costumes are made in brown and tan cheviots with bindings, strapping buttons and general ornament of a fine leather in dark-red tan or steel-blue. The skirts are cut the same length all round, just to escape the ground, and the hem line is concealed beneath a band of leather. The double-breasted short basque jackets are bound with the same, as also are the square collars, revers, and cuffs. Blouses of silk in large and brilliant plaids are fitting accompaniments to these costumes; but in time the blouse will be replaced by a plain tight-fitting bodice of cloth, with long, pointed basque back and front cut away on the hips.

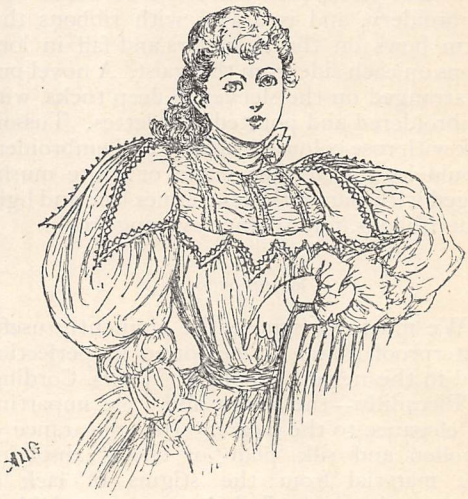
Artistic Millinery.

Velvet in tones of Venetian red, green in several new shades, and copper brown, will constitute the principal charm of the autumn hat artistic, and many very beautiful designs have been made revealing a decided novelty in the pointed outline of the brim. The example here photographed is made in a lovely tone of reed-green velvet, with plumes in a dainty tint of pale blue gracefully waving above the crown and drooping on to the hair beneath the raised brim at the left side. A soft shade of pea-pod green velveteen, lightly and skilfully manipulated, took the form of a cavalier hat with brim up-curving at each side and a box crown, and showed three exquisite plumes in the same colour arranged at the right side.

Successfully becoming was a round hat of velvet shot flame and green, with crown of the Beefeater type, with long quills inserted in the close satin ruche that encircled it, a charming hat for bridesmaids, accompanied with a neck ruffle of gauze. Pleated velvet was employed to form the brim of a large brown hat with full crown, and handsome aigrette of ostrich tips rising erect at the right side, and a smaller one resting on the brim at the left side completing the beauty of a hat that would impart an air of distinction to the wearer.

Evening Dress for Young Girls.

Charming crépons in brightest colours are in vogue for young girls; mauves, light green,



EVENING DRESS FOR YOUNG GIRL.

yellow, red and pink, not omitting blue, is the range of colour, repeated in a thin fine cashmere. White pongee silks, finely striped black and white silks, and gauzes are dainty

WHITE SILK FROCK FOR GIRL OF EIGHT YEARS.

and sweet. Our sketch (on page 873) is designed for white silk muslin with plain full skirt and yellow silk sash fastened at the back with two rosettes three inches apart, depending in long ends to the hem of the skirt. The full bodice, slightly pouched in front, has fully-puffed sleeves, and is prettily ornamented with yellow silk in vandyke pointed epaulettes and yoke, embroidered with a pretty scroll and pointed edge of crystal beads; the yoke, unlined, is drawn on fine cord from neck to bust, and fastens with the bodice at the back.

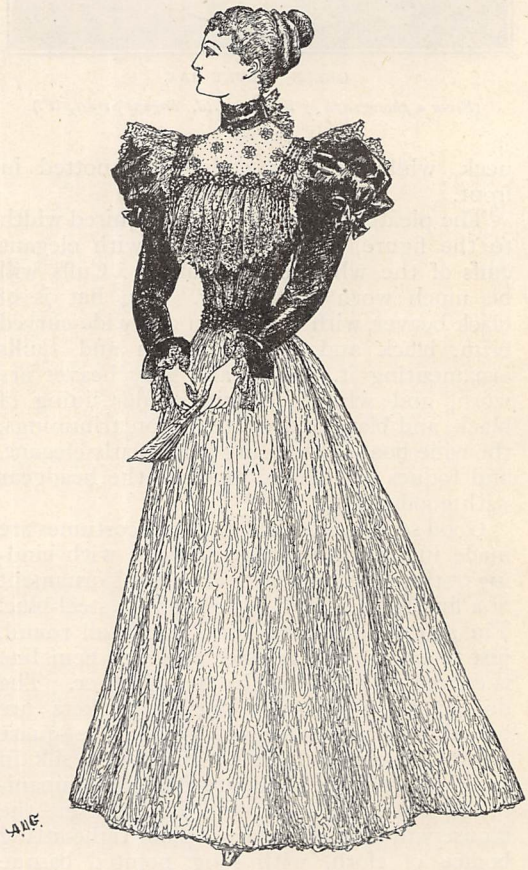
Our second design is for white silk embroidered pale apple-green, ornamented with green ribbons; the skirt has a deep hem and three tucks with a line of embroidery, and is put into the bodice with fulness. The bodice is a scarf-piece, back and front bordered with embroidery, and is drawn with ribbons that form bows on the shoulders and fall in long loops on each side from the waist. A novel puff is arranged on the sleeves in deep tucks, with embroidered and pointed epaulettes. Tussore silk with rose-coloured ribbons and embroidery would look well thus made, or white muslin edged with narrow Valenciennes lace and light blue ribbons, for a dainty evening frock.

Waterproofs.

We must not ignore the eminently useful waterproof that is to be found in perfection and in the newest shapes at Messrs. Cording, of Piccadilly—the design and style imparting an elegance to the wearer—the appearance of woollen and silk, plain or check, absolving the material from the stigma of lack of charm. A "godet" skirt of grey and black check is associated with a deep golf cape buttoned up the centre with high collar and hood faced throughout. One full-length coat of stone grey has a very full cape (detachable) lined with plaid, and collar faced with velvet. Another beautiful coat is full length, double-breasted, with large full sleeves and collar faced with velvet. A most useful costume for the moors has a short skirt of brown check with double-breasted jacket of plain brown, having handsome large sleeves buttoning close at the wrist; and the large collar may be worn either turned out or fastened close up about the ears in truly comfortable fashion.

An Evening Gown

of crépon, satin, and lace is a delightful acquisition that would be appreciated by those who, going frequently into society, need variety, or those whose limit does not exceed one handsome silk gown and one useful evening gown that easily lends itself to retouching and small alterations in sleeves or trimming. The skirt here sketched is black crépon lined with a thin silk, a little frill of the same on the bias, sewn inside the edge; at the waist the band is ornamented with jet on elastic that sets closely to the figure, and is worn over the bodice of yellow satin, fastening at the back; this is entirely covered



SATIN AND CRÉPON EVENING GOWN.

with black spotted net, that has little lace medallions appliqué. Jet trimming spans the figure back and front with a shell-like fall of black lace, and epaulettes with braces of jet over the shoulders. Black satin sleeves gathered in at the armholes terminate in pansy-purple velvet cuffs and lace, the same rich colour appearing in the velvet at the throat with its fan bow of lace.

An elegant substitute for the black sleeves would be chiné silk, made in one large puff to just below the elbow, and cream-white lace, instead of black, over a bodice of black satin.

A. Ll. Griffiths.

Cut paper patterns for making costumes from the designs on pages 872 and 874 illustrated in this article may be had, cut to the sender's measurements, for one shilling and sixpence. For the children's dresses on pages 873 and 874, patterns will be supplied for one shilling each. Application should be made to the Author of "Chit-Chat on Dress," care of the Editor of Cassell's Magazine, *La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.*

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in The Gatherer may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

Soldering Glass.

ADVANTAGE has been taken of the fact that the metals aluminium, magnesium, and zinc, adhere to glass, and a process of covering glass with these metals and their alloys, as well as of soldering glass, has been introduced in France. To cover the glass for decorative purposes the metal, preferably aluminium, is fused and floated on the glass. To solder glass the following alloys may be used—(1) 95 parts of tin and 5 parts of zinc melted together at a temperature of 200° C., or (2) 90 parts of tin and 10 parts of aluminium, melting at 350° C. The solder can be used in the ordinary way with a soldering tool of iron or aluminium. Again, the surface of glass to be joined may be heated and rubbed with the solder, which is spread uniformly over the glass with a piece of aluminium, and then the two surfaces are pressed together and allowed to cool slowly. When a soldering bolt is used it can be warmed in a jet of petroleum flame. Care should be taken not to heat the bolt or solder above the fusing temperature and thus oxidise the alloy, as the oxides will not adhere to glass.

Bread and Bacteria.

Dr. Waldo has been investigating the heart of ordinary loaves, and finds that baking does not always kill the bacteria or micro-organisms in the dough. The temperature of ordinary ovens in which bread is baked varies, he finds, from 72·7 to 95 degrees Centigrade, whereas it should be at least 100 degrees in order to destroy the bacteria. It would be well if bakers would take the hint and elevate the temperature of their ovens by the few additional degrees required to sterilise their bread.

A Ventilating Lid.

A fly-proof ventilating lid for jugs, milk-pans, and other vessels is shown in the figure. The cover is made of wire-gauze or perforated metal, and in this case has a smaller lid in the centre for pouring in liquids, such as milk. As flies have been proved to convey infection, the lid will be useful, especially in the keeping of food and drink.

Photographs by Wire.

Another step forward in telegraphy has been taken by Mr. Amstutz, an American electrician,

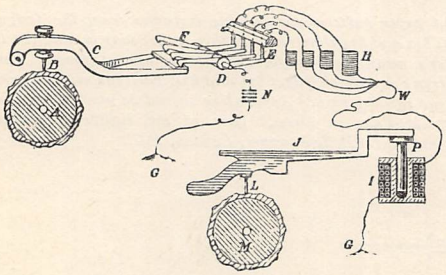


FIG. 1.—DIAGRAM OF CONNECTION.

who has invented an apparatus for transmitting photographic pictures to a distance by means of electricity. The system may be described as a combination of the photograph and telephone. The picture, an ordinary negative, is taken and impressed on a gelatine plate sensitised with bichromate of potash. The parts of the gelatine in light become insoluble, while the parts in shade can be washed away by water. In this way a relief or engraving of the picture is obtained on the gelatine, and a cross section through the plate would, if looked at edgeways, appear serrated up and down like a section of country, or the trace of the stylus in the record of a phonograph. The gelatine plate, thus carved by the action of light and water, is wrapped round a revolving drum or barrel, A (Fig. 1), and a spring stylus or point, B, is caused to pass over it as the barrel revolves, after the manner of a phonographic cylinder. In doing so, the stylus rises and falls over the projections in the plate, and works a lever, C, against a set of telegraph keys, F, which open electric contacts, E, and break the connections of an electric battery, N, which is joined between the keys and the earth, G. There are four keys, and when they are untouched, the current splits up through four by-paths, or bobbins of wire, H, before it enters the line wire, W, and passes to the distant station. When any of the keys are touched, however, the corresponding by-path or bobbin is cut out of circuit. The suppression of a by-path or channel for the current has the effect of adding to the "resistance" of the line, and, therefore, of diminishing the strength of the current. When all the keys are untouched, the resistance is least and the current strongest. On the other hand, when all the keys but the last are touched, the resistance is greatest and the current weakest. By this device it is easy to see that as the stylus or tracer sinks into a hollow of the gelatine or rises over a height the current in the line becomes stronger or weaker. At the distant station the current passes through a solenoid, or hollow coil of wire, I, connected to the earth, G, and magnetises it so

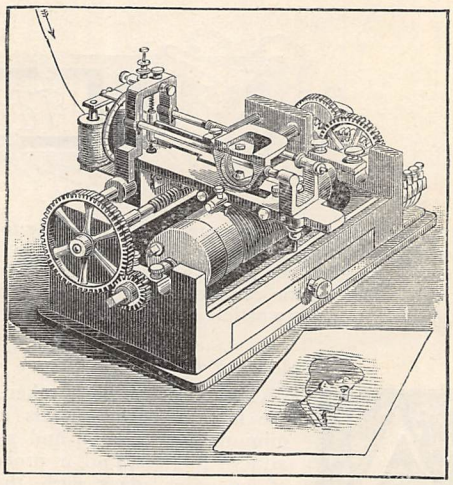


FIG. 3.—THE RECEIVER.

as to pull the soft iron plug or "core," P, with greater or less force into its hollow interior. The up and down movement of the plug actuates a graving stylus or point, L, through a lever, J, and engraves a copy of the original gelatine tracing on the surface of a wax or gelatine plate overlying another barrel or drum, M, which revolves at a rate corresponding to that of the barrel at the transmitting station. In this way a facsimile of the gelatine picture is produced at the distant station, and an electrotype or *cliché* of it can be made for printing purposes. The method is, in fact, a species of electric line engraving; and Mr. Amstutz hopes to apply it to engraving on gold, silver, or any soft metal, not necessarily at a distance. The larger the number of keys the better the graduation of the current, and the finer the work. The actual transmitters and receivers of the "Artograph," as Mr. Amstutz calls his machine, are illustrated in Figs. 2 and 3, while Figs. 4 and 5 exhibit a specimen of the work; the former being a portrait of the inventor, and the latter a copy of it sent by wire in three minutes. As photographs and sketches are a feature of the daily press, Mr. Amstutz hopes that his apparatus will be useful in transmitting views far and wide. Moreover, it makes engravings on the spot as well as telegraphs them, and with it an artist can

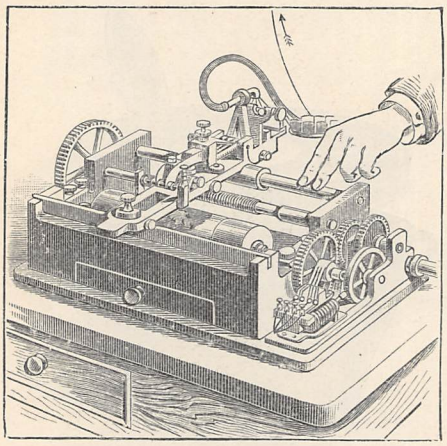
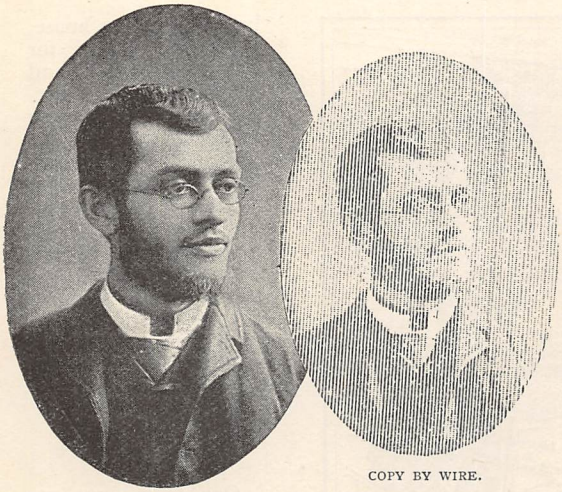


FIG. 2.—THE TRANSMITTER.



COPY BY WIRE.

THE ORIGINAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WIRE.—PORTRAIT OF THE INVENTOR.

engrave his own sketch on gelatine and in a few minutes finish it, and thus overcome the drawback of having another person to interpret his work. We may also add that Mr. Amstutz has recently succeeded in engraving directly on metals for printing and stereotyping purposes.

The Age of Earth and Sun.

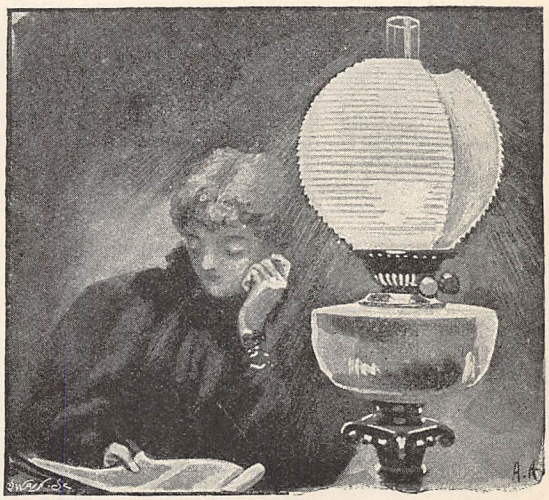
Lord Kelvin, P.R.S., was the first to overthrow the school of geologists and biologists called Uniformitarians, who believed that the operations of Nature on the earth had been going on the same as now for an infinitude of time, by attempting to calculate the age of the earth as a cooled and solid body. His estimate, based on data necessarily incomplete, was that the crusted earth fit for the support of vegetable or animal life, could not be less than ten or twenty million, or more than four hundred million years old. Since he published this result, which was discredited at the time, geologists have modified their conceptions, and even come to the conclusion that, after all, the time allowed is quite, if not amply, sufficient. Dr. Clarence King, one of the most eminent American geologists, has calculated from geological data that all the stratified rocks could very well have been produced by the action of water in twenty-four million years. Quite recently, however, Professor John Perry, F.R.S., has questioned Lord Kelvin's estimate, and assuming that his lordship did not allow enough for the greater conducting power of rocks for heat at high temperatures, has calculated that the age of the earth is one hundred and twenty times what Lord Kelvin made it, or a matter of thousands of millions of years. Lord Kelvin, thus challenged, has reverted to the subject and made experiments, only to discover that so far from rocks conducting better when heated, they appear to conduct worse, so that, if anything, the lower figures of his former estimate are probably more correct. This result also agrees with Dr. King's conclusions, and with the age of the sun as calculated by Helmholtz, Newcomb, and Kelvin, at fifteen or twenty million years, for in accordance with the nebular hypothesis of Laplace, the sun and planets originated in the same nebula.

Projecting Globes.

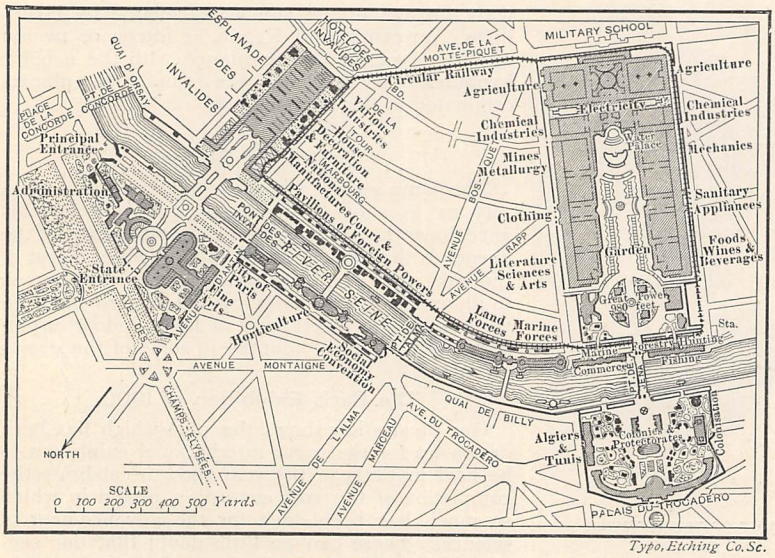
The lamp globes, which we illustrate in such a way as to show their outer and inner appearance, have the property of shedding the light of the burner in the manner of lighthouse lenses. Most of the light is thrown downwards by the globe, so as to illuminate the space below. They are made in various sizes for every kind of lamp, indoor or out, and they have been adopted in some of the streets of Paris.

The Paris Exhibition of 1900.

Our illustration shows the plan which has been drawn up for the great international exhibition to be held in Paris in the year 1900 to celebrate the completion of the 19th century, a period in which so much has been done for the advancement of science. There can be little doubt that our century will stand out in history as the most remarkable, or at least one of the most remarkable, the world has ever seen. What with railways, telegraphs, telephones, gas and electric illumination, steam navigation, phonographs, and so on, the face of our planet has been rapidly changed during the comparatively short space of a hundred years, and the inner life of the nations, the very spirit of social life, has been changing with it. Of all places in the world, Paris is perhaps the most suitable for a celebration of the kind, and, to judge from the preparations which are being made, the forthcoming exhibition will be the greatest by far that has ever been organised. The centre of the Fair will be the river Seine, and not the Eiffel Tower, as in the exhibition of 1889, which was practically confined to the Champs de Mars and the Trocadero, on the right of our view. It will extend on both sides of the Seine from the old exhibition ground on the west to the Place de la Concorde and the Invalides



PROJECTING GLOBES.



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THE PARIS EXHIBITION, 1900.

on the east. The Entry of Honour (Entrée d'Honneur) will be situated in the Champs Elysées, near where the Palais de l'Industrie, in which the Salon or picture show is annually held, now stands. This building, which is celebrated for its exhibitions, including the first electrical exhibition of 1881, will be demolished entirely, little to the regret of Parisians, for it blocks one of the finest views in the city, and is, moreover, an ugly edifice for Paris. On one side of the Entrée d'Honneur will be erected the Palace of the Fine Arts, and on the other the offices of the administration and the Museum of Retrospective or Antique Arts. The main entrance for the public will be near the Place de la Concorde on the border of the river, over which a new bridge will be flung to give access to the other side of the exhibition, and especially to the Esplanade of the Invalides, which will be devoted to French manufactures, decorative arts, and miscellaneous industries. From here a circular railway will go round the exhibition on the left bank, passing the Palaces and Pavilions of the foreign nations, those of the French army and navy, and enclosing the Champs de Mars, which will be occupied by the principal building of the Fair, containing the exhibits in agriculture, chemistry, mining, engineering, weaving, hygiene, foods, scientific instruments, and so on. The Eiffel Tower will be allowed to remain, but its name has been altered and it will probably be modified and redecorated. The Trocadero opposite will be set apart for Algeria, Tunisia, and the French colonies and protectorates. In addition to all this, a balloon station will be installed at Vincennes, which, of course, is several miles away. It is estimated that the works will cost about four million sterling.

Asbestos Clothes.

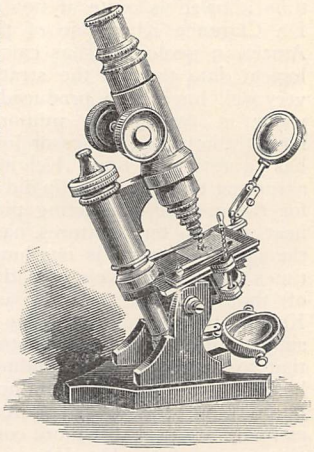
At a meeting of the National Association of Fire Engineers at Montreal, Canada, a fireman appeared in a suit of asbestos clothing, and entered a burning wooden house, where he stayed for several minutes and went through a performance in life-saving in order to show the advantages of his dress. His asbestos boots were soled with iron, and his helmet of the same material was glazed with mica. A respirator permitted him to breathe the stifling air with impunity, and his hands were protected by asbestos gloves.

The Micro-Photoscope.

Our engravings represent a microscope which, by a few simple adjustments of an optical character which we need not particularise, can be turned into a camera, so as to take a photograph of the microscopic view for future reference or projections on a screen by the magic lantern. Fig. 1 shows the instrument in position for observation, and Fig. 2 for photography. A "dark chamber" sufficient for the purpose must, of course, be added; but the light employed may either be diffused or proceed from an artificial source.

Gutta-percha from the Leaf.

The supply of gutta-percha, which has threatened to cease, owing to the practice of cutting down the trees to obtain the gum, is now in a fair way of being permanent, thanks to M. Hourant, who showed that gum superior in quality to that from the trunk could be extracted from the leaf of the tree. His plan has been tried with every success at Sarawak, and it is found that two pluckings of the leaf give as much gum as the destruction of the whole tree by the older method. The tree is none the worse for the plucking, and, moreover, the saplings at the roots of trees formerly cut down are also made to yield a harvest of gum.



THE MICRO-PHOTOSCOPE.—FIG. 1.

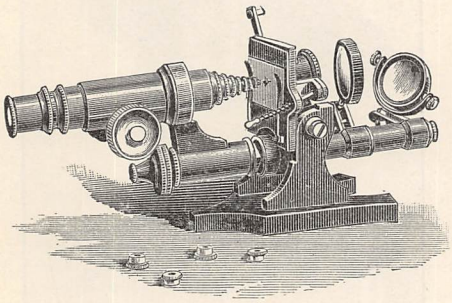
Health on Mountains.

The healthiness of mountain tops appears to be due in part to the absence of micro-organisms in the air. According to

Dr. A. C. Millar, the meteorological observers of Ben Nevis enjoy remarkably good health and freedom from colds or chest affections whilst they are on the summit of the mountain. After three months in the observatory, however, they are allowed a holiday, and on descending to the valleys are subject to a species of influenzal catarrh, believed to spring from germs in the lower atmosphere, which seldom or never attain to the summit.

The Highest Speed of Travel.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company of the United States recently made some experiments with a locomotive drawing a single car containing passengers and baggage, and succeeded in attaining a speed of 88 miles an hour. The trip between Camden, near Philadelphia, and Atlantic City, a distance of over 58 miles, was covered in 45 minutes 45 seconds, at a mean rate of 76½ miles an hour. This result is understood to make the "record" as regards travelling on land or sea, but some balloons have drifted faster in high winds.



THE MICRO-PHOTOSCOPE.—FIG. 2.

"The Queen's London."

Under this appropriate title, Messrs. Cassell are now issuing, in monthly numbers, an album of views of London and its suburbs, which should prove of permanent interest to all who know the metropolis, either as residents or as visitors. There are thirty-two excellent views in each sixpenny number of this new work, which will include pictorial mementoes of every building and point of interest in and around the capital.

"British Birds."

Mr. W. H. Hudson is the author of a new book on "British Birds," which has just been published by Messrs. Longmans. The book is addressed to the great public which knows little or nothing of natural history, and by its simplicity and clear presentation of the salient facts concerning each of our feathered neighbours or visitors, must do a great work in spreading and widening knowledge. Eight coloured illustrations are supplied by Mr. A. Thorburn, and upwards of a hundred black and white pictures from sketches and photographs by Messrs. G. E. and R. B. Lodge. The book is one that should be in the hands of every dweller by, or lover of, the country side.

The Herschels.

To Messrs. Cassell's "Century Science Series," Miss Agnes M. Clerke contributes a most interesting study of "The Herschels" and the influence of their research upon the progress of modern Astronomy. Probably never did three members of a single family contribute so much to the advancement of a single science in popular esteem as did the subjects of this pleasant little volume, which should add alike to the value of the series and the public interest in its topic.

GARDENING IN OCTOBER.

IN this often beautiful month of russet browns, a sharp and provoking frost sometimes occurs, sufficiently severe to spoil the remnants of summer flowers and things in full glory, such as dahlias and tuberous begonias. How precious then are the Michaelmas daisies (perennial asters), the flowers like stars tossed about on slender, graceful shoots! And scarcely less valuable are the perennial sunflowers, that lift themselves again to the sun after a night's frost.

Amateurs often forget the autumn flowers, but there are many brilliant things to gild this month with colour. Amongst bulbous plants one may have the glorious blue of Crocus speciosus, or the bold, heavy, delicate-tinted blossoms of the colchicum.

When frost occurs lift dahlias, cannas, and tender roots. They may be stored away in a cool cellar. Tuberous begonias are better if kept in dry silver sand. Pot up geraniums, or hang them up by the roots in a dry, cool cellar; but, of course, the best results are got by giving them greenhouse treatment. Shading on plant houses is now no longer required, and less water will be needed, as, of course, the soil does not get so dry as in summer; besides plants are not so active in growth.

Pot up all bulbs now, and one cannot do better than have plenty of daffodils, hyacinths, tulips, snowdrops, crocuses, and chionodoxas (Glory of the Snow), especially C. Luciliæ for pots. They will all succeed uncommonly well, and may also, of course, be planted in the open with every prospect of success. Add to this list for the open the quaint winter aconite, star flower (Triteleia), and the Siberian scilla.

This is a good season for planting hardy flowers, but as early in the month as possible. Never forget how important it is to get everything planted before the frosts. Trees and shrubs may also be put in.

Chrysanthemums will require close attention. Damp is their great enemy, so that on all favourable occasions give abundance of air and little fire-heat. Pick off any blooms that show signs of decay. A few rotten petals soon spoil the finest flower.

Very soon now will be time for that important operation, turning the ground well up, so that it can be thoroughly exposed to rains and frosts. These purify the soil, sweetening and preparing it for all kinds of crops.

DRAWING COMPETITION.

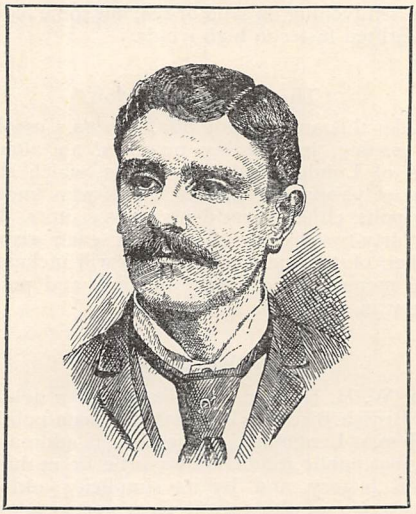
IN accordance with the announcement in the September number, we give below reproductions of the successful drawings in this Competition :—

PRIZE DRAWINGS.

FIRST PRIZE—TWO GUINEAS.
(*From H. M. Dickenson.*)

SECOND PRIZE—ONE GUINEA.
(*From Mary Harrison.*)

THIRD PRIZE—HALF-A-GUINEA.
(*From Mary M. Wilson.*)

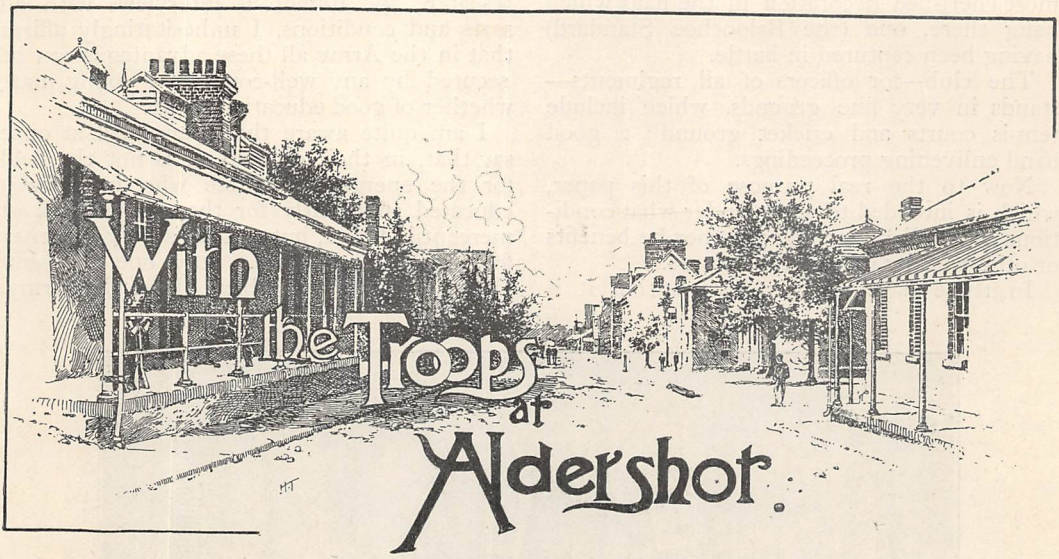


HONOURABLE MENTION.
(*From Henry Easson.*)

The work sent in for the Photographic Competition—which closed on the 3rd September—is now under consideration, and we hope to be able to publish the full award in our next issue.

"GOOD-BYE!"

(*From a drawing by* LUCIEN DAVIS.)



BY MARY SPENCER WARREN. ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.*

LANCE-CORPORAL FLANAGAN — THE OLDEST RANKER IN THE ARMY.

IF you want a correct idea of what our Army is composed of, what it can do, and how it lives, you cannot do better than go to Aldershot, where you will find some 18,000 troops quartered, in this, the very stronghold of military life.

As you may suppose, the accommodation requisite for such a vast number is prodigious, and the North and South Camps are perfect towns composed of barracks.

My business is chiefly with the rank-and-file; but, as I have the opportunity of seeing the residence of the General in Command, and also any of the Officers' Quarters, I proceed to these places first. As you know, His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught is the General in Command, his residence as such being Government House, Farnborough. This is an easy drive out from Aldershot, through one of the Camps, and along some wonderfully pretty lanes, rich with sweet-smelling pines. The house—which stands back in some charming though not extensive grounds—is of only moderate size, but has an extremely picturesque appearance.

Inside, it seemed to me one of the most tasteful residences I have ever entered—drawing, dining and sitting rooms all showing perfection of arrangement. A special attraction is the number of beautiful Indian pictures, brought home as reminiscences of the Duke's residence in that country. The profusion of plants, too, must not be overlooked, more especially those in a sort of conservatory sitting-room, transposed by the Duchess from a former verandah. I have no intention, however, of describing the contents of Government House, and have only mentioned it as the residence of the Queen's son—a general who has done much for the betterment of the private soldier; and who may be best described, perhaps, in the words of a non-commissioned officer, with whom I afterwards talked, as "one of the kindest and smartest officers in the Service."

From here, I go to take a brief survey of some officers' quarters and an officers' club. The former are on a comfortable, if somewhat plain, scale. The exteriors are bright with flowers, and picturesque with trees; the interior most worth seeing is the dining-room, with its flowers and regimental plate. An ante-room (which is the only one I can photograph for the constant coming and going of the officers) has its chief and

* This paper was prepared by the special permission of His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, and Colonel T. Kelly-Kenny, A.A. General and Chief Staff-Officer, the latter kindly according every facility for the writer's visitation and inspection of the Aldershot Barracks.

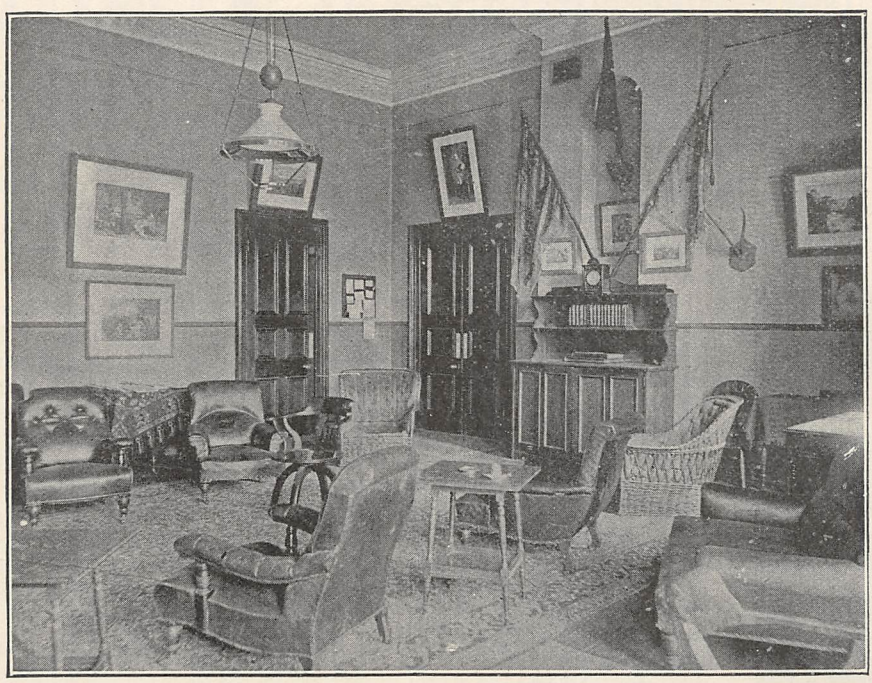
most cherished decoration in the flags which hang there, one (the Beloochee Standard) having been captured in battle.

The club—for officers of all regiments—stands in very fine grounds, which include tennis courts and cricket ground; a good band enlivening proceedings.

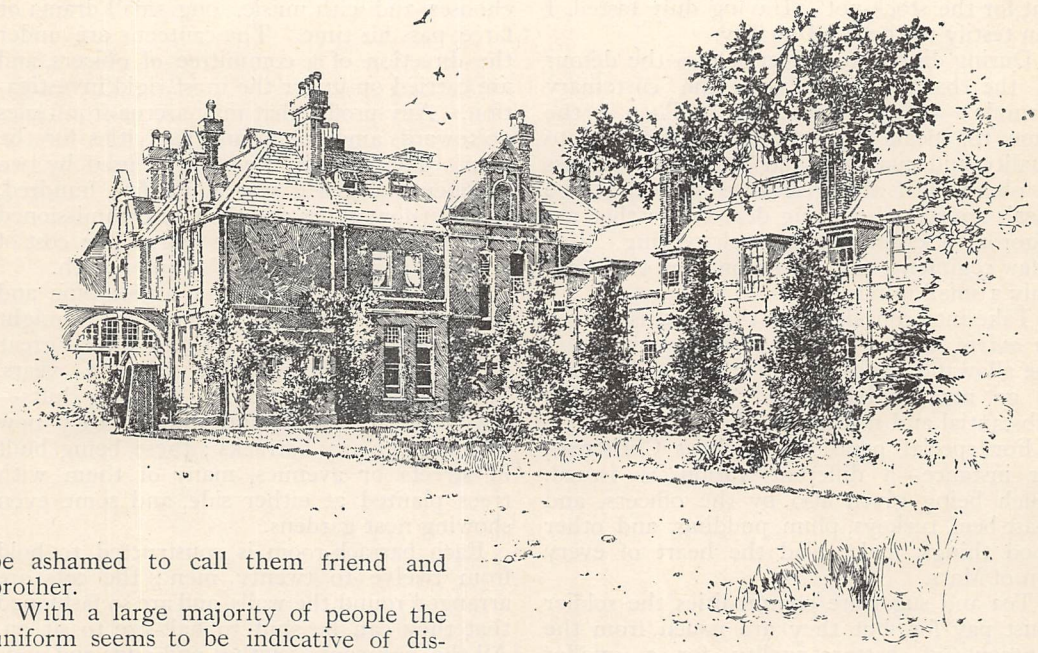
Now to the real purpose of this paper, which is intended to show under what conditions the soldier lives, and whether he benefits or otherwise by joining the colours.

In these days of keen competition it is somewhat difficult to select any trade that is not overcrowded and also underpaid. If you should succeed in gaining a fairly remunerative post, how long can you be sure of retaining it? Trade fluctuates, other and newer energy is brought to bear, and you are ousted from what you thought your stronghold, with no provision in hand for a "rainy day," and nothing before you but a weary round of letter-writing, and miles of tramping for situations that somebody has secured before your application. Is there, then, anything open to our young men that is likely to prove a certainty? where, no matter what happens, they are a fixture, and in prompt receipt of their pay, and not only that, but always have an opportunity of social and financial advancement? After exhaustive research, and numerous interviews with all sorts and conditions, I unhesitatingly affirm that in the Army all these advantages can be secured by any well-conducted young man, whether of good education or no.

I am quite aware that many will at once say that, in their opinion, it is not the field for the energies of those who have been educated sufficiently for the clerk's desk or mercantile house, but that it is only a shelter for lazy ne'er-do-wells. Stay one moment. What do they really *know* about the Army, and the prospects of those who enter its ranks? That it has been, and still is, a refuge for a percentage of disreputable characters, I cannot deny, but with such, as they enter, so they generally remain. Perhaps they do not go quite the length of dissipation they have formerly, as the punishment that would be brought to bear deters them; but the discipline often fails in completely curing, and many only just manage to keep within bounds, while others find their way to the military instead of civil prisons. But what calling is free from black sheep? Does not the black coat often cover vice and villainy that would insure the red coat being drummed from his regiment? Depend upon it, there are thousands of young men in the ranks whose conduct is such that no man need



OFFICERS' ANTE-ROOM.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE—THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

be ashamed to call them friend and brother.

With a large majority of people the uniform seems to be indicative of disgrace, and the wearer of it an individual to be carefully avoided. I cannot help thinking that much of this is due to the custom of the officers never to appear in regimentals when not absolutely necessary. No sooner is parade, march, or field-day brought to a conclusion than they rush into *mufti*, as though ashamed of their profession, its accoutrements, and duties. This is sure to produce a dislike to uniform among civilians, and is calculated to plant and foster a certain sort of contempt with the soldier. To my mind, the Army is not only a lucrative profession, but also a very honourable one, and it is a matter of deep regret that it is not more popular.

That those who join its ranks thereby do a decidedly good thing for themselves I will now endeavour to show. First, as to the pay, applying, of course, to privates only—before promotion, good conduct pay, or any gratuity can be gained. This varies from 1s. per day in the Infantry, to 1s. 9d. per day in the Household Cavalry.

The pay may not seem much, but the clothes, board, and lodgings are items of considerable magnitude; and there are other and various privileges and allowances that go to make the position of the soldier a desirable one.

Of course, it is understood that each man is provided with a "free kit" on joining, consisting of serviceable articles of clothing and bedding, together with requisite articles for messing. Additional bedding is served out for winter, and necessary changes of clothing are allowed for season and climatic variations. Some articles of clothing are renewed annually, so that with careful wear the men have very little expense in that direction. Many provide themselves with additional things, such as light walking boots (facetiously styled "lady-killers"), extra pairs of gloves, sticks, handkerchiefs, etc.; but this expenditure is optional, and the majority of the things not an absolute necessity.

So much for clothing; now with regard to rations. Here, again, our man is decidedly better off than he who is "something in the City" on small wage, whose luncheon (as he styles it) is of the lightest, or the agricultural labourer who only partakes of meat on an average of one day in seven. A soldier sits down to an ample meal three times in the day, with no thought or care for where the next is to come from; as regularly as the time comes round there it is, all ready for despatch. A certain number of men told off for the duty get ready each meal under directions; and bake, boil, stew, puddings, etc., are skilfully prepared and served to the hungry, hearty men, and soon disappear from view. I went through one of the cook-houses, where dinner was being prepared for three hundred and forty men; and a first-rate meal it was too—consisting of soup, roast beef and pudding. Splendid joints of meat, with the bones taken

out for the stock-pot. Having duly tasted, I can testify to the good quality.

During dinner an officer makes the détour of the barrack-room with the customary formula: "Any complaints?" Then is the time to speak if anything is wrong as to quality and quantity, and immediate redress is obtained if the grievance is real. The meals are served on long deal tables that are vigorously scrubbed after each serving. Just a few regiments put cloths on, but these are only a small minority.

Take into consideration that food is cooked *en masse*, and you will see at a glance that the allowance to each man can thus be made to go much further, and furnish a more substantial and savoury meal.

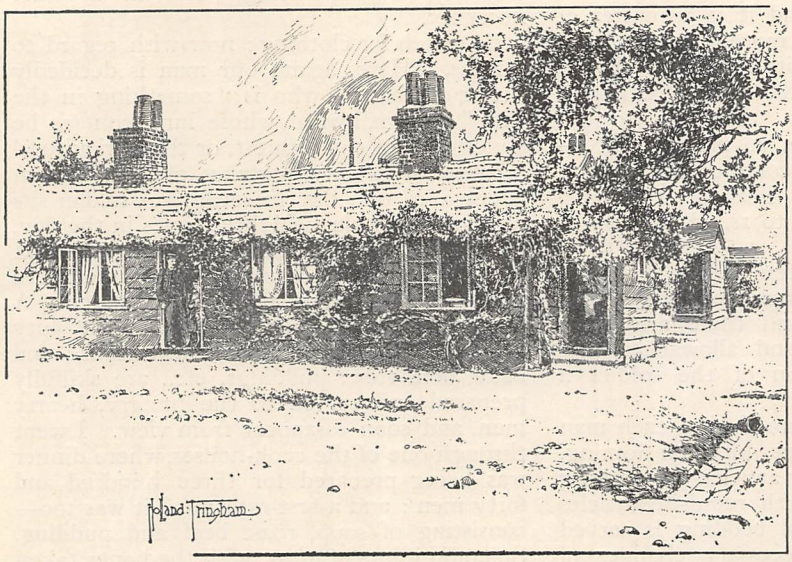
For special occasions—such as Christmas, for instance—a different ration is issued, much being given also by the officers, and roast beef, turkeys, plum pudding, and other good things, make glad the heart of every son of Mars.

Tea and sugar are commodities the soldier must pay for, but they are issued from the canteen, of better quality for a smaller outlay than can be obtained elsewhere; so that after reckoning for all stoppages, each man can average about 4s. 6d. per week for pocket-money. How many working men are there, who, after paying for everything—clothes, food, and lodging—have that amount actually in hand?

At these same canteens our man can purchase his ale and tobacco, and almost everything he can possibly want, for the lowest figure. Here he can sit in the evening, if he chooses, and with music, song, small drama or farce, pass his time. The canteens are under the direction of a committee of officers, and are carried on under the most rigid investigation. Any profits that may accrue from sales go towards amusement and festivities for the men. The canteen I visited is used by two regiments, and will seat about five hundred, the men downstairs, and the non-commissioned officers in a gallery at the rear. The cost of entertainments averages £25 per month.

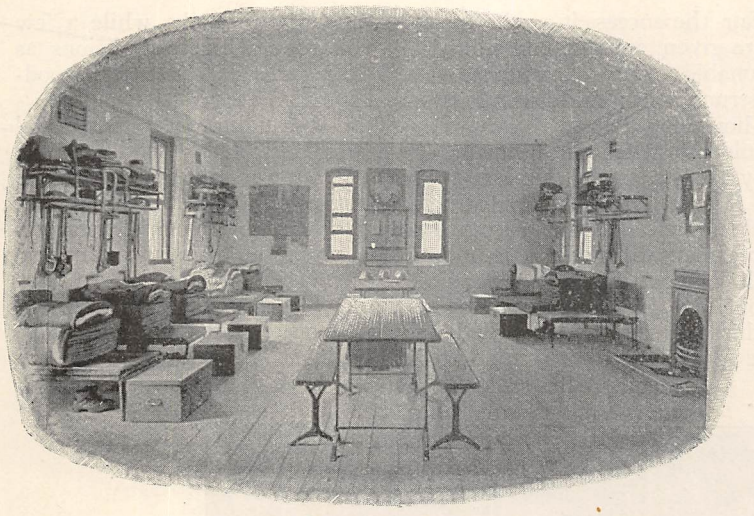
Coming to accommodation for sleeping and living, I am bound to confess that it might be better. At the same time, a very great improvement is manifest of late years. Where the men formerly lived in huts—low-roofed, cramped, and stifling—they now occupy large airy barracks; these being built in streets or avenues, many of them with trees planted at either side, and some even showing neat gardens.

Each barrack-room is constructed to hold from twelve to twenty men; the cots are arranged round the walls, and are so fashioned that they can be shut to half-size to sit on. All the occupants' clothes and odds-and-ends are arranged above on a shelf and in straps, with boots, etc., underneath. Pictures and photographs relieve the whitewashed walls. A long deal table and forms run down the centre of the room for messing, and here the whole twenty have to eat, sleep, clean their arms, boots, etc., and perform every requisite function. On some foreign stations, and occasionally at home, a separate dining-room is provided—the extension of this provision is much to be desired. One great consideration is, that although somewhat cramped, everything is most scrupulously clean, daily scrubbing operations being rigorously performed by the men themselves.



HUTS, WHERE THE MEN FORMERLY LIVED.

The sergeants' mess, the coffee bar, the recreation room, and temperance room, are in blocks apart; and two or three of these are of sufficient interest to photograph. First I may mention the sergeants' mess—this special one belonging to the Cheshire regiment; it is really two large rooms with a



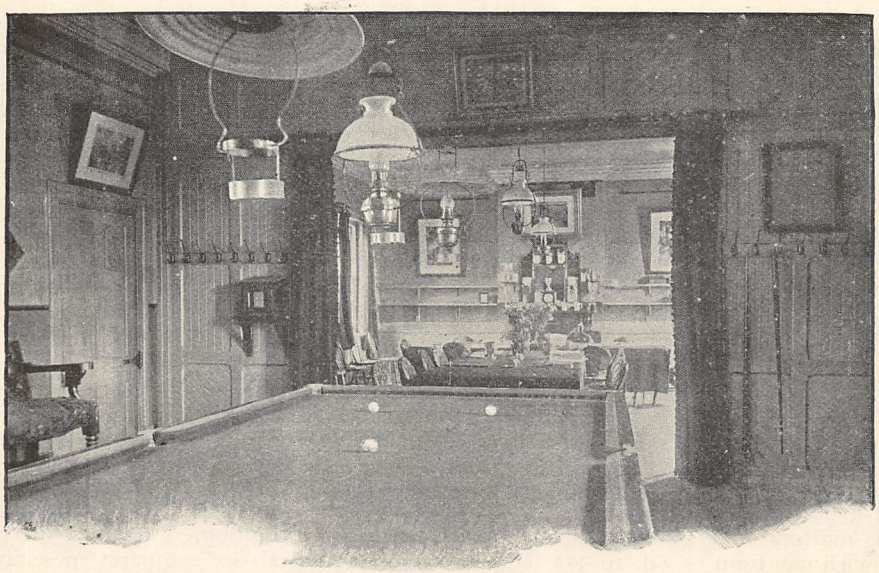
A BARRACK ROOM.

mid archway. The walls are painted in buff, with a terra-cotta dado, on them hang large portraits of the Queen, Prince Consort, Prince and Princess of Wales, and a number of battle pictures, many of them being presentations. Amongst the latter I may mention the "Battle of the Boyne" and the "Roll Call." In one part of the room is a fine billiard table, at the other end being the dining table, with its crimson cloth and flowers in profusion. On the mantel is a collection of eighteen silver cups, some of them very fine ones, chief of which, perhaps, is one known as the "Viceroy's Cup." This was won by Sergeant Walden in 1886–7, he at that time having the proud distinction of being the best shot in India.

The recreation room is a large, airy apartment, with a number of photographs of the Royal Family on the walls; a good piano at one end, two fine billiard tables, a substantial writing table, and several smaller ones for chess and draughts. In addition there is a good supply of daily and weekly papers.

At the coffee bar may be purchased all sorts of temperance drinks and light eatables. Long tables and forms are provided for the visitors, and the place is made gay with advertisement cards of all sorts. The temperance room is after the style of the recreation room, only better furnished, inasmuch as the floor is carpeted, and the tables have cloths on. So much then for accommodation beyond what is afforded by sleeping quarters. And all these may be enjoyed by the men for the small subscription of 2d. per month.

Nearly every regiment has its cricket and football, and sometimes dramatic club. The annual sports are always quite an event, officers and men taking part, and vying with



THE SERGEANTS' MESS.

each other to make the affair the success it invariably is. Good prizes are given, and the attendance is large and fashionable.

One thing I was much struck with, and that was the very good bath-house for the use of each regiment: hot and cold water laid on, and the premises open all day to all comers.

Next to be considered is the soldier's education. He is compelled (unless an educated man) to attend the regimental school until he can take the fourth-class certificate, then if he chooses to discontinue he is at liberty to do so, although this course would be ill-advised, as each of the four certificates that can be gained make him eligible for a step higher in rank—the first-class fitting him for an officer's commission.

As there are between seventy and eighty non-commissioned officers and about ten warrant officers to each regiment of cavalry and each battalion of infantry, numerous opportunities of promotion occur for the well-behaved soldier.

Speaking of non-commissioned officers, it may be as well to here quote the rate of pay for the same. In the first place, a man—if he is of good character—can gain his first step as lance-corporal at the end of two years' service, and receives, according to his regiment, from 1s. 3d. to 2s. 1d. a day. If he after a time rises to sergeant's rank he receives from 3s. 6d. to 5s., while a warrant officer, such as sergeant-major, has an average of 6s.

Riding-masters and quarter-masters head the list, with pay from 9s. 6d. to 15s. 6d. per day. All these positions are filled by men who have risen from the ranks, while a few are annually rewarded with commissions as lieutenants. Nor must I forget the good-conduct pay, trade pay, etc.

Privates of good conduct, after two years' service, are granted 1d. a day, and after six years 2d. per day. If a man knows any trade he can, in addition to his regimental pay, earn from 4d. to 1s. 4d. per day extra. If promoted to corporal he has extra duty to perform, and then receives from 3d. to 1s. per day for his work. Taking this table, if an unskilled man of good conduct makes up his mind to it, he can at the end of, say, three years in the Infantry, be in receipt of about 12s. per week after all deductions, while a tradesman soldier can by that time be earning much more. Will it surprise some of our City clerks to learn that the pay of regimental clerks *commences* at 2s. 6d. per day? Many of the former would be glad of board, lodging, and clothes, and that amount of hard cash in addition.

RECREATION ROOM.

Strong inducements are also offered the men to obtain prizes for good shooting, and everything is done that can possibly be done to help a man who is willing to help himself. Should he be on the sick list, there is the hospital, with every care and comfort, all free of expense. The one at Aldershot, called the Cambridge Hospital, is a fine, handsome building, very commodious, and standing right on a hill, from whence one can get a clear view of Farnborough and the country round.

The soldier's lot compares most favourably with civilian life in the way of the spare time and

annual holiday of the men. It depends very much to what branch of the Service the soldier belongs as to his daily leisure. Of course, if to the Cavalry, he has his horse to care for, but even then he is anything but overworked; while an Infantry man is practically free from about three in the afternoon. He is at liberty to leave barracks and go where he pleases, so long as he puts in an appearance by 10 p.m. If his conduct is good he can generally obtain a pass until midnight, should he require it. The exceptions are when he is told off for fatigue duty, or has to mount guard. The "fatigue" consists in the performance of the necessary work of the regiment; mounting guard means twenty-four hours in full uniform, two hours on "sentry-go" and four off, the latter being spent in the guard-room, either in front of the fire or reclining on the guard bed; he is allowed to smoke, but must remain in full dress all through the time. It is astonishing how well some of them, especially the old soldiers—will sleep through the relief time. No matter what is going on, nothing disturbs him until the words "Guard, turn out!" ring out; then, instantly, every man is on his feet. Continuing the holiday subject, occasionally a day's leave of absence can be obtained, and every year a furlough of *six weeks'* duration, with money paid in advance. How many clerks and tradesmen can say they enjoy a privilege of that description? Some fortunate individuals may get two weeks and wages the same, but many—mechanics and others—do not get that. The rule is, that if they take a holiday they must lose the time, so large numbers never get one, as they cannot afford it. I am pleased to find that still greater facilities for travelling have been conceded to our brave defenders, inasmuch as the railway companies have generously allowed them, when in uniform, to obtain return tickets for single fare; by that means they can take more extensive and frequent journeys than formerly.

Very much more might be said of the advantages a soldier enjoys while serving with the colours; but I should also like to point out what is done to help him in the future, to set him on his feet when his time has expired.

The general length of service is seven years with the colours and five in the reserve, which latter means a short annual drill and a gratuity of £3. You will understand that I am speaking here of the simple rank-and-file. The men, then, are entitled to their discharge from active service at the end of seven years. I have heard numbers of the world's grumblers say that a man may give the best seven years of his life, then be thrown on the world to do as he can, and that he is practically worthless for civil life. Now, glance at the actual facts.

In the first place, £3 per annum has been accumulating for him as "deferred pay"; this gives him a total of £21. How many working men can put their hands on the like amount? Added to this—if he has been a careful man—he can have more than doubled the amount by his savings; so that, as a

COFFEE BAR.

matter of fact, he can leave the Service with between £40 and £50 in hard cash, and a good suit of civilian clothes presented to him by the Government. Not a bad start that! At the present moment I know a flourishing tradesman who formerly served his seven years, then married and opened a newsagent's shop; he now drives his own carts and serves other and smaller businesses. If, however, our man is seeking employment, there is a register kept in all regimental districts to help him to obtain it, and in addition to this he is eligible for the police, the railway, and the post office.

The National Association—having its chief office at Buckingham Street, Strand, and branches in all the principal towns—registers the men free of charge. Also he can, for a payment of £2, join the Commissionaires, where he is certain of work of some sort—the members being employed by many large firms in trustworthy offices, also acting as night telegraph messengers, check-takers at theatres, race-meetings, etc.

Their average earnings are 28s. per week, but if well educated they can earn from 30s. to 50s. weekly wage. Out of every shilling earned the members must pay a penny to the corps, this going towards clothes, etc. There is also a rule that every man must pay in at least 1s. per week to the bank, for which he receives 4 per cent. interest. He can, if he chooses, live at the corps' head-quarters, paying 3s. 3d. weekly for single room, or sharing double-bedded room for a smaller amount. There are also separate quarters for married men. If a man is ill, he has about 8s. per week from the sick fund.

Numbers of the men, however, do not leave the Army when their term is up. Some are getting on, and aspire to still higher rank; some are on foreign service, and take on again, receiving a bounty for so doing. Many serve their twenty-one years, and are then entitled to a life pension varying from 7s. 7d. to £1 6s. 3d. per week for non-commissioned officers and men, and £1 1s. to £1 15s. for warrant officers. It must here be borne in mind that many men, even after long service, are still capable of years of work, as, joining the colours at an average of nineteen years of age, a soldier is discharged at forty, a strong, hearty man, with a large amount in hand from deferred pay and savings, and a certain income for the remainder of his days.

Many remain from love of the Service: such an one is Flanagan, a man of the Cheshires, who has served with the colours for no less a period than thirty-seven years, and who was really the first man on the roll of the 2nd Battalion, then commanded by the present General David Anderson. A quarter of a century of his time has been spent on foreign service. He enjoys the distinction of having served for a greater number of consecutive years than any man on the Army strength. He is a lance-corporal, and wears the highest number of good-conduct badges that a soldier is entitled to; and has the Indian medal and clasp. He is a great favourite with the officers and men of the regiment, and—as they say—can show front with the best man of the brigade.

I have as briefly as possible gone thoroughly into the question; and, though undoubtedly many thousands do better in civil life than they would ever do as soldiers, yet I trust I have succeeded in proving that the Army, with its fair and regular pay, its immense facilities for promotion, its life of complete freedom from care, and other numerous advantages, is a fine opening and a brilliant profession for well-conducted young men.

LOVEDAY: A TALE OF A STIRRING TIME.

By A. E. WICKHAM, Author of "Two Women," etc.

CHAPTER XX.—TARLETON TELLS.

"LAST October I went to Exeter," began Tarleton.

Food and excitement had brought a flush to his thin, fallen-in cheeks, but dark marks still encircled his eyes, and his thick lips trembled with rage. His hand shook so that the cup he raised to his mouth spilled half its contents on the table.

"I knew one or two fellows in the town—Saltern, who lives near the cathedral, and Davey. You remember them at school?"

He addressed Hugh's back.

"Yes, I remember Davey."

"They were full of a Mr. Moreland, his daughter and niece, who had come to live in a house—a small house—in a side street."

"Where had they come from?" said Hugh.

"From London, they said."

"There was no castle in Scotland, then?"

"A castle in Spain was all they owned," said Tarleton, with a burst of angry laughter at his own wit.

"He called hisself John Moreland, did 'un? And what might Sofy and Lovedy call theirselves?" inquired Berryman.

"Sophia was his daughter, and Loveday was Loveday Arden, not Alison."

"Get on with your story," came impatiently from the window.

"You needn't be in such a hurry; you'll be sorry when you hear the end," said Tarleton. "I heard such a deal about pretty Miss Moreland and lovely Miss Arden that I got Davey to take me to their house. There were young men there every evening, and there was always cards—any game you like, but money must be in it. Piquet was the favourite, and old Moreland and his daughter could play better than most. Anyway, they always got our money."

"Did Loveday play?" said Hugh, his forehead leant against the crossbar of the window.

"No, not she. She was better employed, talking and laughing with the men who didn't care for cards. They were all in love with her, I can tell you."

"Ay, her's a pretty maid is Lovedy."

"She pretended she didn't like me, and she was offish in her manner and wouldn't look at a fairing I bought her at the fair. She threw up her head, and said something that made the fools laugh. I wasn't going to stand that, and I just packed my things and rode away the next morning."

He stopped to pour himself out another cup.

"Is that all?" said Hugh contemptuously.

"All? No, nor half."

Berryman drew a breath of relief. He had feared for a second that the discovery of Sir James's secret might prove a mare's nest.

"I was only home a day or two—I got home on Saturday, and on Tuesday I found I must go to Exeter again on business, and 'twasn't far—a day's journey or so. What are you grinning at?"

"I thought you was findin' business pretty quick again at the town," said Berryman slyly.

"I got to Exeter, and I met Davey in the street. 'Have you heard?' he said—not even stopping to say he was astonished at seeing me so soon again—'have you heard what has happened?' I said no, and he told me the story. Moreland had forged notes on the bank. Saltern's father is one of the firm—he does most of the business part—and Saltern knew the whole story. The notes were for fifty guineas, and Sophia had changed them. There was a hue-and-cry after them, but they had gone. They were tracked to Bristol, and there 'twas found they had taken passage in the *Seagull* to America, and then the news came the vessel was wrecked and all hands drowned."

"Ay, she went down off the Land's End—not a soul saved."

"They must have changed ships at the last moment."

"'Twas the *Ellen* as run ashore on Tregarron sands. That was the name he gived her, warn't it, Hugh?"

"He called her the *Ellen*, but we don't know that was true."

"I stayed in Exeter till I heard, as I thought, the last of 'em. Then I went home. I was down in these parts on business, and I thought I'd look you up at Trosa. I came, and who should I find but Sophia here, and Mrs. Penrose married to her father, Sir James Macdonald. *Sir* James! That was a good joke! Before I could say a word, who should come in but Hugh and Loveday, and she talked away, and at last got me out with her alone."

"Why did you not speak?" said Hugh sternly.

"I—I—she gave me a warning look, and she was prettier than ever, and—and——" Tarleton stuttered and stammered. "When we were alone she begged me to be silent, and she cried, and somehow I gave in."

"Yes, and you made her promise to marry you the condition of your silence, you cur!"

"Cur! Not many men would marry a forger's niece, I can tell you—a man who might be hanged, as he will be. Cur, indeed! She showed me plainly enough what she wanted. She was always running after me."

"Because her uncle made her—you know that."

"I didn't know anything," said Tarleton sullenly; "and if you hadn't interfered she would have married me. Now I'll pay them out; they will be sorry for the last four days."

"She knew nothing of you; she thought you had gone home, as we all thought. Sophia did not know."

"Tell that to the pigs!" said Tarleton, with a scornful laugh.

"What do you mean to do?" said Hugh.

"Do! What do you think I'm going to do? I'm going to Byford to inform the sheriff of John Moreland's, *alias* Sir James Macdonald's, presence at Trosa. There is a warrant out against him, and a big reward offered by the bank."

"You'm right"—Berryman slapped the table—"that's the safe thing. Ride to the sheriff."

Hugh looked at Tarleton's flushed face, the gleam of anger in his eyes, his lips curling in a cruel smile.

"Moreland is my mother's husband; if he is arrested for forgery it will break her heart. I have freed you. You can leave this place, and never set eyes on us again. What good will it do you to inform against Sir James?"

"Do you think I shall go away without serving them out for the trick they have played me? Not if I know it!"

"You will make Loveday miserable, you will hurt Sophia," continued Hugh, trying to find words that might touch Tarleton's heart; "you will do yourself no good. Suppose he is taken and hanged, how will you be the better for it?"

"He will learn that I'm not the idiot, the harmless fool, he takes me for."

"He would not have kept you a prisoner if he had thought you harmless. Show some pity, if not for him, at least for us. Disgrace to him is disgrace to my mother and me."

"He came down to me and sat by the rock, and jeered at me. I could smell his pipe, and I was famishing and thirsty. 'I should like to tell you what I think of you,' that was how he began. I can remember every word he said. 'You have bored me so many weary hours with your tales of "*my* riding, *my* shooting, *my* loves," that I am sure you will like to have another hour of talk about yourself—just one small hour. I must be at Trosa for supper at nine, and it is now five. You are a vain, foolish, fat little bore of a fellow.

"Those were his words, Hugh, his very words—'fat little bore of a fellow! I have been sorry for my niece, I assure you. Her face was enough when you touched her. Anyone but you, you conceited, ridiculous clown, would have seen how she hated you. Luckily for my plans, you are stuffed with stupidity to your eyeballs; they always seem, indeed, to be on the point of falling out with the weight of ignorance and vanity behind them.' That is how he went on, Hugh, to me—to me!"

Berryman gave a hearty guffaw.

"I'd have killed him if I could have got at him! 'I know how pleased you are to hear about yourself,' he went on. 'I will tell you a few of the things they say about you in Tregarron.' He told me a pack of lies that he said the fishermen said, but I don't believe a word of them—not a word. He didn't spare you, Hugh, I can tell you; not he. But I'm out, and those laugh who win. He'll sing a different tale before many hours are over."

Tarleton walked up and down the room. His words became fast and incoherent; the colour of his face deepened.

"Fat little bore!—ridiculous!—vain! I'll pay him out. I will go to see him hanged. He, to laugh at me! I'd have killed him as he sat there, if I could have got at him."

He ground his teeth together.

"'Tis no use rampin' up and down like that," said Berryman. "What I want to know is what be goin' to do?"

"I'm going to Byford, straight to the sheriff. I suppose my horse is here, or has that been taken also?"

"Ay, the mare's here. I'll just saddle her and you can be off."

Berryman rose from his chair.

"Not so fast," said Hugh.

They looked at him and he looked back. He was standing by the window, Tarleton and Berryman by the door.

What should he do? To let him go was to ruin the peace and happiness of Trosa, but to keep him was to outrage all his feelings of honour and friendship. What was he to do? There was a middle course. Could he not persuade Tarleton to stay with him a few hours, and during that time Sir James (or Moreland) might escape?

"You had better rest a while," he said aloud; "you have not yet recovered your strength. Wait until the evening, and then go."

"Ay, and be stopped by the old fox," said Berryman.

"I swear that he shall not touch you," said Hugh eagerly.

"I'm going now, this moment. Do you think I'll stay a second longer than is necessary in this accursed place?"

Berryman slipped from the room.

"Ned," said Hugh, "we were friends; you love his niece."

"Do I?" said Tarleton savagely. "Not I, indeed! Love her, after the way she has acted!"

"You once loved her, or you said you did. Can you not be silent and let her uncle go?"

Tarleton burst into loud laughter.

"What an idiot you are! Do you think it likely I shall give up my little piece of vengeance for your talk? If you do, you will find yourself mistaken; that's all about it."

Hugh could have taken him by the throat and shaken the life out of him. For others' sakes he controlled himself, forcing his lips to plead in poor bald words.

"You would do what I wished at Blundell's. I saved your life, do you remember? You have not been hurt by your four days in the cave. You will get home; no one will know.

You can say what you please about the wedding not having come off. Let Moreland go."

"And leave him to enjoy himself here."

"No," said Hugh, "he will not stay in this house. He shall go to America, where he will be safe. He shall not live here, that I promise you."

"No, I mean him to be hanged," said Tarleton, with an ugly grin.

The clouds were low and heavy over the sea. Two men were coming across the sandhills. Their heads bobbed up and down as they mounted and descended the hillocks. Hugh's good sight told him they were Sir James and Polgarn. In five minutes, or less, they would be in the house.

Behind him Berryman and Tarleton were at the table lingering over their meal. Sup-

"'I'M GOING NOW, THIS MOMENT.'"

"What will you take to let him off?"

"Nothing."

"I will pay you anything you like to ask."

"'Twon't do. Not all the money in the world could stop me."

"There is one thing before I go," said Tarleton lightly: "my clothes."

"I know nothing of them."

"Ah! taken by your precious stepfather."

The blood mounted to Hugh's face.

"He could not wear them, you will own. He is neither your height nor size," he said.

Berryman put his head in at the door.

"Your horse is saddled and waitin'."

Hugh thrust his hands into his pockets and turned to the window.

pose he kept them until Sir James was in the house? They could not see the sandhills and the path from where they stood. Should he tell them, or should he keep silent?

They had left the sandhills now; they were at the foot of the hill; they were near the garden gate. Should he speak, or should he be silent? Behind him Berryman and Tarleton still ate and drank.

"Sir James and Polgarn are at the gate," he said aloud. Tarleton turned to the door; his chair fell with a clatter, overturned by his haste.

"Get through the kitchen; the mare's at the back," said Berryman, following.

Hugh heard Tarleton gallop from the yard.

Sir James and Polgarn were at the front door. He went out to meet them, and his face was heavy. Berryman came back after seeing Tarleton depart. He smiled when he met Sir James's eye.

"Wait outside the house," said Sir James to Polgarn.

"Tarleton's out, and he's gone to Byford," said Berryman, "and there ain't no way of followin' and stoppin' him. He's on the grey you so kindly gived to passon, and there's nought can touch her in racin'."

CHAPTER XXI.—PREPARATIONS.

SIR JAMES took the news quietly. He looked at Berryman with a slight smile and an easy manner.

"'Tis well for you that you have won," he said.

"Ay, Mr. Moreland, or Sir James, or whatever your name may be."

"I have had so many names that, 'pon my soul, I nearly forget by which name I began life. Daunt, it was, I believe. Yes, Daunt: a good old name, and a good old family."

He beckoned Hugh into the parlour.

"Faugh! how the place smells of food. I suppose Tarleton was hungry after his four days' abstinence. Send Berryman away, and let us decide what is to be done."

When Hugh returned his stepfather was seated in the window seat, his head between his hands.

"Tarleton told you everything?"

"Everything," said Hugh, briefly.

"Humph! Well, it is not a pretty story. I wish I had told you the truth now, or at least—no, trust a man only as far as you must. 'Tis no use going over old scores. What time is it? Three o'clock. He cannot reach Byford till six, an hour, at least, to start the sheriff's officers, and three hours to ride back in. That makes it ten o'clock, and I will be sailing over the bar by then. You will help me?"

"Yes, I will do anything I can."

"I must have money."

"I have two hundred pounds in gold and notes."

"That must do then. Now, are there any questions you would like to ask me? I can give you ten minutes."

"Is Loveday your niece?"

"I see you doubt me in everything. Yes, she is my niece. I was born just sixty-five years ago, and I was the heir to a poverty-stricken estate. I quarrelled with my father when I was twenty-five; I forget which particular set of debts it was. Anyway, he cut me off with a shilling. They were all glad to see me go, except my little sister. She was twenty years younger than I, and just five years old. I spent the next fifteen years amusing myself, and at forty I married Sophia's mother; she had some money. Yes, I have certainly enjoyed my life. Good health and no principles to speak of is the recipe for happiness. My wife died. A few years after her death, when Sophia was seven, I heard that my little sister and the man she had married were both dead. She had always written me once a year, poor little Alice."

Sir James looked out of the window with a retrospective gaze.

"The woman where she lodged told me of her death, and of Captain Arden's. The baby was left with nothing. I took the child, and brought her up with Sophia. That is Loveday Arden, otherwise Alison. I thought it safer to change her name. She was a wild, dark little creature, and she was devoted to Sophia and me. She would do anything we asked her, though she would storm with anger at some of our ways, and beg us to live what she called 'honest lives.' Strange how our natures are born with us! Now Sophia and I never disturb ourselves about any little irregularity in our manner of living, while Loveday—well, Loveday is like a wild cat until we appeal to her affection, and then she gives in."

"She knew about the forgery?"

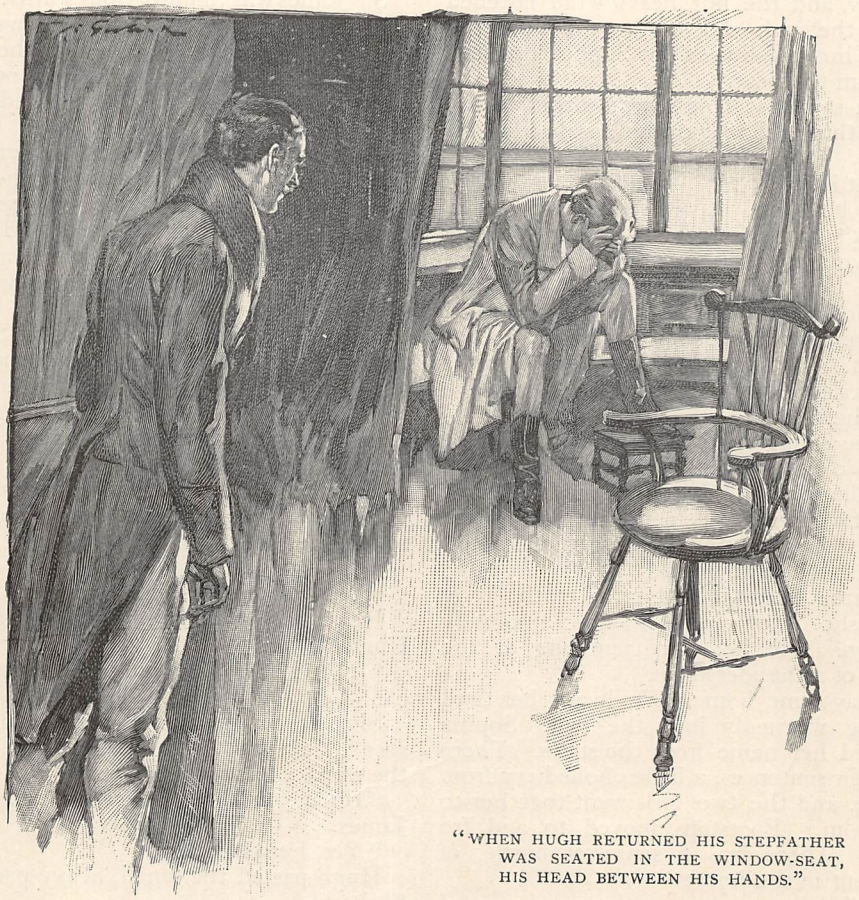
"Yes, I had to tell her, and I don't think she has shown me quite the same affection since. Altogether, I have paid dearly for that fifty guineas—a paltry sum like that! It was soon discovered, and we had to run. It was then Loveday was told. We took passage on board the *Seagull*, and then I changed my mind, and we went on board a smaller vessel. You know the rest."

Sir James gave Hugh a keen look.

"'Pon my honour!" he saw the contemptuous look in the young man's face, and a sudden flush came over his own, "you think that my honour is a wanting quantity. I can only say then that Loveday has been forced to help me; she disliked my actions, though she loved the man. As for Dramossie Castle, and Andy and Tam o' the Peat, and the rest of our faithful retainers, girlish spirits made her invent them and their tales. Ah! you should have seen how she tried to stop my marrying your mother."

Hugh made a sharp movement.

"I own that I took advantage of you there. Loveday was your very strong partisan, I assure you, and to-day she has not left my side trying to discover from me where Tarleton was hidden. I managed to give her the



"WHEN HUGH RETURNED HIS STEPFATHER WAS SEATED IN THE WINDOW-SEAT, HIS HEAD BETWEEN HIS HANDS."

slip in Tregarron. Poor little Loveday. I should like her to be happy. Her mother was a darling of a child.

"The ten minutes are up. Now I must go to Tregarron and arrange with Trelevick to sail to-night. Anyway, he was going in the morning. Now he must be off to-night and take passengers with him. Will you get that gold ready for me, and when Sophia returns, tell her to gather her things together?"

"And my mother?"

"Tell her any story you think fit—that I am called away on business, that we go to visit our grand friends—anything, anything. I must hasten."

He waved his hand. A moment later he passed the window with Polgarn.

In the kitchen Berryman threw out mysterious hints of what was about to happen. Abigail, her curiosity alive, polishing her brasses with a pretence of indifference, gave angry sniffs and snorts. She opened a fire of questions on Hugh when he entered.

"Whereiver had Maister Tarleton been? Why did he gallop away in that mortal hurry? What was Captain Berryman talkin' about?"

For the first and last time in his life, Hugh lost his temper with the family tyrant.

"Hold your tongue," he said; "it is partly through you that we are in this mess. You have brought a peck of troubles upon my mother's head. Now set to your work, and don't go gossiping with Berryman. You will know soon enough what trouble we are in. You come along with me, Berryman."

He kept the old fisherman with him. He could do no harm at Trosa; in the village he might make mischief in the plan for Sir James's flight.

The heat grew heavier as the afternoon passed. The hot wind was warmer than the atmosphere. It came like a puff from a furnace against the face and hands.

The sky was yellow with formless clouds; the sun was lost in a thick haze. Once a mutter of distant thunder rolled up, but it

died away, and the hot, heavy wind fastened again on the land. His mother came panting into the house followed by Sophia, her face white from the heat.

Sophia saw that Hugh was waiting to tell her something. She drew him aside from his mother.

"What is it?"

"You have to leave Trosa to-night in Trelevick's schooner. Your father told me to tell you to pack what you wanted to take."

She nodded her head and ran upstairs. There were no more words wanted, no explanation. Perhaps there had been many such hurried departures in the twenty-five years of her life.

"These young things don't mind the heat a bit," said his mother, fanning herself with her handkerchief. "Hugh, dear, I do hope there is not going to be a storm. I am more frightened every time, and I am sure I heard thunder as we came home."

He shrank from telling her the truth. Why should she know until it was absolutely necessary? He left her trembling at the thought of a thunderstorm.

Loveday came home. He heard her tired feet drag weariedly into the hall. Sophia whispered her name from the stairs. There were a few sentences, a little choked cry from Loveday, and the two girls went together to their room. Footsteps moved to and fro upstairs. There was a sense of bustle, of excitement in the house.

Abigail laid the table for the evening meal with a flushed, angry face. Berryman wandered from kitchen to garden wearing a half-eager, half-guilty look.

"I hope her won't take it hard," he said, pointing over his shoulder with his thumb to where Hugh's mother nodded in her chair, worn out with the heat and her walk.

"I hope not," said Hugh.

"'Twas an evil day when us dragged 'un out of the sea. Howsomever, he'll be gone by to-morrow, and 'twill be same as though he'd never been. Us can do with Sofy and Lovedy."

Sir James returned. He came up to them smiling and easy.

"Well, cap'n, waiting to see the last of me? That's right. Come in and let us have something to eat together for the last time, eh?"

He came between the two men, and with an arm linked in each, led them into the parlour.

Sophia and Loveday were already seated at the table. A burning spot of colour was on Sophia's cheeks; Loveday was pale, and under her eyes were dark blue marks.

Sir James was in uproarious spirits. A look from his daughter told him all was ready. He patted Berryman on the back; he laughed at his wife's fears of a storm; he poked fun at Hugh's stern face, and told Loveday to try and cheer him.

The others were silent. Berryman was awkward and almost ashamed of the part he was playing against this pleasant gentleman. Sophia did not wish to speak. Hugh and Loveday could not. No word was said of that sudden journey which now was drawing so near.

"Shall I tell your mother?" said Sir James to his stepson when the meal was ended.

"Yes, you can gloss it over better than I."

"Probably; you have not the words of a ready speaker. Has Sophia made her preparations? Here, Loveday."

He called to her as she ran upstairs.

"We are both ready," she answered, coming to his side.

"Are you coming also?"

"Yes; where else should I be?"

He raised his eyebrows, and glanced from Hugh to her.

"That is it! Very well; be ready by nine o'clock."

She flew away again before Hugh could speak. As his stepfather said, he had not the words of a ready speaker.

"Have you that money for me?" said Sir James.

"Yes, here it is."

Hugh passed the small, heavy packets into his hand.

"I can sew the greater part of it into my belt. Now I will go to your mother. It is an unpleasant task, and the best I can make of it is bad."

He made a grimace as he opened the parlour-door; but his face took on a proper gravity before she saw him.

Hugh waited restlessly for him to leave the room. He felt for his mother, but his own affairs kept intruding on his thoughts. He wanted to see Loveday alone. He sent up a message to ask her to come down, but she refused.

"They'm makin' bundles of their clothes," said Abigail. "Do 'ee tell, Maister Hugh, whativer is goin' to happen?"

"They are going away," said Hugh.

"Sakes alive! Where to?"

"I don't know. Ask Berryman."

He put her off with that answer. He was too sick at heart to bear her questions.

He could hear the old man's tongue giving her an account of all Sir James's wickedness, and Abigail loud in exclamation and retort.

"And he ain't no 'sir' at all—just a plain

mister, and when they catch 'un, he'll be hanged."

"I don't believe a word of it," said Abigail decisively.

Berryman chuckled and emptied his pipe. Hugh could hear it dap-dap on the side of the chimney.

He sat in the porch waiting, waiting.

The farm men came in for their supper, with a clatter of hobnailed boots and a grating of the wooden bench pulled up to the table. Abigail pushed them their portions with angry words, and silenced the talk of the milkmaids. Berryman had subsided into quiet by the window.

Sir James left the parlour.

"I have told her a little. She is crying. Let her; 'twill do her good."

He went upstairs.

The sound of eating and drinking came from the kitchen. Footsteps passed from one room to another upstairs—busy, hurrying steps.

A livid cloud was gathering over the sea. An orange and copper-coloured streak of light pierced from the hidden sun to the horizon. The sea was dark, with no ripple of light save the long line of surf at its edge. The roar of the breakers came with a heavy, muffled sound through the pressing, breathless heat.

The wind had dropped; there was the dead calm which comes before a storm.

His mother came to him and fell upon his neck, weeping as though her heart would break.

"Hugh, Hugh, what does it mean? They are going away, he says, to-night, and I can't make out why. What does it mean?"

"Hush, hush, mother! They will hear in the kitchen."

"Why are they going? Loveday, too. Loveday, who I thought was to be my own daughter. I love her like my own child, and going to-night in this hurry!"

She clung to him with sobs, and he soothed her as best he could.

"Whatever shall we do without her? The house will be that lonely. Oh! that was a flash of lightning. Oh! oh!"

She screamed, and covered her face with her hands.

Abigail ran out of the kitchen. She caught her mistress by the arms, and drew her into the house, half scolding, half coaxing.

Hugh knew that his mother was incapable of reasoning or thinking during a storm. She was childish, and half mad with terror of lightning and thunder. The cellar was her refuge. Here in the darkness she would crouch and shiver and sob while Abigail stood over her, making her drink hot possets and alternately soothing and scolding. Hugh was half-annoyed, half-smiling at her weakness, but this evening he was thankful for the storm. There would be none of the tears and leave-takings he dreaded. His mother would not realise that they had gone or were going until the lightning ceased. By the look of the sky, he judged that it would last some hours.

Thunder began to mutter in the distance. A flash of lightning shot through the livid cloud over the sea. A break came in the sky, and a cold gleam of light fell across the sandhills. The rushes turned a brilliant green, the sand was bright gold in the light for the moment; then the gleam disappeared, the dark cloud widened across the heavens.

Still the calm lasted. Hugh, even in the midst of his trouble, remembered that he had never before seen such a strange sky or felt such a hush. Another mutter of thunder died away into the silence.

The labourers in the kitchen pushed back their benches, and tramped out to the stable-yard or to their homes over the hill.

A step came downstairs, and Hugh, turning his head, saw Loveday. He rose and went to the foot of the stairs. She stopped when she saw him waiting.

"Is your mother in the parlour?" she said.

"No. I want to speak to you."

She hesitated and looked back. She was thinking whether she might escape. He saw her intention, and before she could turn he was by her side, his hand on her wrist.

"No, Loveday," he said firmly; "we must have it out between us."

There was that in his eyes which forced her to obey.

Chapter XXII.

"I could not leave thee, though I said
'Good-bye, dear love, good-bye.'"

He still held her wrist when they were in the garden.

"Do you mean to go to-night?"

"Yes," she said; and the stains under her eyes were darker.

"You mean to leave me?"

"Yes."

"You know I love you, that I want you to be my wife."

She did not answer aloud, but her eyes did.

"Why will you not stay with us, with me, with my mother?"

She pulled her hand from his grasp, and walking to the gate, leant upon it.

"Do you know everything?" she said in a low, clear voice.

"I know about the forgery."

"And the sort of life we led? I never knew until I came here and saw the lives you and your mother lived how bad we were. I did sometimes beg my uncle to be honest and to tell the truth, and I hated the last thing—the forgery, I mean—but—but some things amused me. I thought it fun, when I came here first, to make up stories about that castle and to tell of Andy and Tam o' the Peat, and so on. I liked to see your mother's awe, and you listening. You tried to be suspicious, and you were so easily taken in. That was at first; afterwards I got sick of it all. But I thought it fun; yes, I did."

She pulled herself away from him when he put his arm round her.

"Don't! don't! Then your mother was so kind and you were so honest and blind, and I tried to warn you of what was going on, and you would not understand. I wanted so to tell you everything; but there was my uncle, and I love him."

She looked up with a sudden fire in her eyes.

"Yes," she said, "that shows how wicked I must be, for I love him in spite of everything, and I shall love him always. Not for his kindness to me—it would be the same if he beat me—but just because I love him. I shall go with him wherever he goes; no one shall stop me."

"Oh, Loveday! Loveday!" he said, catching her hand.

"Hugh," she said, softly, "I am not good enough for you. My going with him is best for everyone."

"You thought differently once. If everything had gone well, you would have married me."

"I thought he would be able to remain in peace in this out-of-the-way land; but, but—now I see that he was certain to be discovered. If it had not been Tarleton it would have been someone else."

"I will not let you go, to wander up and down the earth with them."

"You cannot stop me. I am going to-night, and that is the end. We came in a storm, and in a storm we go."

"Is this to be the end?" he asked.

"Yes," she said; "I am going with my uncle."

"Very well, then go," he dropped her hand; "I shall not ask you to stay with me again. He does not want you, and I do; yet you choose to go with him, and go you may."

A moaning breeze came over the sea. Loveday's curls blew back from her face.

"You care for your uncle more than you do for me," said Hugh, slowly; "go with him. I do not wish you to stay with me against your will."

"You are not jealous of him?" she said, with a sob, which was half a laugh.

He walked away with that sound in his ears.

Eight o'clock, and at a quarter-past nine they left Trosa!

"THEY STEPPED OUT INTO THE STORMY TWILIGHT."

"A good thing too," said Hugh sullenly, "then we shall have a little peace. She may go to Jericho, if she pleases. It does not matter to me."

So Loveday's leaving Trosa could have had nothing to do with the fact that he lay face downward on the turf above the cliff until an hour had passed.

The light was almost gone when he returned to the house. A power he could not resist drove him home.

The wind was blowing in gusts; thunder still rolled in the distance; a flash of lightning gleamed for an instant over the sea; but the storm still held off.

One of the labourers was waiting to carry the luggage to Tregarron quay.

They were ready to start; their bundles were placed on the floor of the hall.

Abigail stood with a candle in her hand, shielding its flame from the gusts of wind which tore through the open door. The maids giggled and stared with outstretched heads from the kitchen door. The labourer gaped and grinned, and scratched his head, with an uneasy eye on the many packets.

The sea moaned and moaned. The last thunderous gleams of the dying day were to be seen through the doorway. A flash of forked lightning now and then shot across the yellowish opaque clouds above the horizon. Its flash made the light of the candle a strange dim yellow.

"Miss Loveday's wanted," said Abigail.

Hugh, standing in the darkness of the porch, waited for Sir James and the two girls.

They came downstairs, and Loveday went towards the old servant.

"Her'd never forgive me if I didn't take 'ee to say good-bye," said Abigail. "Her won't know 'ee; her's mazed with fear, but 'twill do her good after ye're gone to know 'ee said good-bye."

She led away the girl. Her uncle did not follow. He and Sophia waited her return at the foot of the stairs.

The maids nudged each other and whispered. One of them took courage to ask Sir James where he was going.

"A sudden visit to friends," he answered, with the smile and politeness which won all women's hearts.

Berryman pushed his way through them into the hall.

"Where be goin'?" he asked.

"I sail with Trelevick in his schooner, the *Jenifer*, to-night," said Sir James.

"Do 'ee know what you're doin'?" Berryman looked round at the maids and labourer. "Do 'ee know that the sheriff and his men are ridin' like mad to catch this man? Do 'ee know that he's wanted for forgery?"

The girls screamed, and the labourer scratched his head harder than before.

"Ay, 'tis true what I tell 'ee. Forgery and hangin'. You may well shiver and look scairt. Forgery and hangin'."

"After that I think we will go," said Sir James, quietly. "Pick up the bundles. Berryman, if you are coming down to see me off, perhaps you will help."

The old sailor was taken aback by this coolness; he gasped and stared.

"I can carry something," said Hugh, stepping into the hall. "Isaac," to the labourer, "take that."

The man had hesitated for a moment. At his master's voice he stepped forward and loaded himself. Loveday came back, the tears running down her cheeks.

They stepped out into the stormy twilight, the two girls on either side of Sir James, Hugh a step behind, Isaac and the old sailor bringing up the rear.

Sir James looked back when they reached the bend of the road, from whence could be taken the last glimpse of the large straggling farmhouse. Its whitewashed walls glimmered faintly in the gathering darkness.

"We have spent a pleasant time at Trosa," he said; "and wherever we may be we shall have a tender thought for the farm on the Cornish hills, eh, my maids?"

"Yes, always," said Sophia.

Loveday said nothing. Her hood was pulled over her face, and she did not look back.

"And now we go to new scenes, and new people. But we shall always remember my dearest madam and Hugh Penrose."

He held his hand out, and Hugh clasped it.

The wind buffeted them along the road. A few drops of rain fell, but the storm was rising, and there would be no downpour until the wind lulled. The lightning made Sophia cling closely to her father. The thunder was nearly overhead, and deafening in its reports.

Loveday walked alone, though the wind sometimes drove her slender form against her uncle.

The night was come. In the darkness they struggled on, with heads bent, and their hands holding their cloaks about them. Hugh knew every stagger of Loveday's figure; he felt the panting breaths she drew in the battle with the storm.

On his arm he carried her bundle, a very small bundle, unlike the swollen packages that Isaac and Sir James held. She had taken nothing that was not absolutely necessary.

"Hugh, give Loveday some help," shouted his stepfather.

He groped for her hand in the darkness, found it, and drew the slight warm fingers through his arm. She struggled to take it away; but he held it close, and she gave in with a tired sigh.

Her cloak flew out and wrapped him round; she had to cling to him to keep upon her feet. No word was spoken. In silence he helped her along, and in silence she accepted his services.

The top of Tregarron was reached. Lights gleamed from the cottage windows; the village was shut up cosily from the storm. From the inn on the quay a stream of light shone out on the darkness across the river, and the small white-topped waves flecking its expanse. The wash of the flowing tide against the stonework, the creaking of boats dragging at their anchors, the grating of masts swaying with the storm were mingled with men's voices shouting to be heard above the storm.

An old weather-beaten sailor came towards them, his oilskin coat and sou'-wester shining in the light from the "King's Head" open door.

"'Tis too rough; us can't make the bar to-night," he said to Sir James.

That gentleman answered with an oath. Cross the bar they would and should before two hours were passed. Captain Trelevick declared that it was not safe; other men came up, and repeated his opinion. Berryman and Isaac slipped into the inn. Berryman was telling Sir James's story to Tregarron.

"Here is my stepson," said Sir James to Trelevick; "you know him, and can trust his word. If he promises to pay you fifty pounds, will you sail to-night?"

"'Tain't safe, I tell 'ee. Us ud be drowned, sartain sure."

"Us might do it," said Trelevick's mate.

At last the men consented for a hundred pounds to take the risk. The barque did not belong to Trelevick. He cared little if she were lost.

Hugh gave the promise to pay the money to them on their return, or to their widows if they were lost.

"Better drowned than hanged," said Sir James in an aside that was lost in the wind and the rattle of thunder.

He said good-bye to the fishermen; he took Polgarn aside to give him last directions as to the smuggling. They clustered round him in the doorway of the inn, and Berryman stood aside. Rough expressions of goodwill and hearty handshakes met his farewell. They followed him to the side of the schooner, and gave him a cheer when he stepped on board.

Trelevick, his mate, and a boy (they were the crew) were busily hauling ropes and preparing to sail. A lantern, hung upon the mast, swung to and fro in the wind. It sent a flickering light now on the weather-beaten faces clustered on the quay, now on the stormy, leaping water.

A woman forced her way through the men and ordered her husband, Trelevick's mate, to come home. They laughed and jeered, and pulled her back.

Loveday stood on the small deck, her back to the crowd and Hugh. Sophia was by her father's side; a flush was on her face and her eyes danced.

Sir James was passing laughing remarks with the men on the quay. The storm whistled in the rigging, the lantern swayed above their heads.

"Loveday," said Hugh.

He held out his arms and she went into them, and put hers about his neck, her head upon his breast. He held her thus, heedless of the fishermen on the quay or the sailors on the vessel; he had forgotten their existence. He only remembered that in two minutes she would be gone—sailing to an uncertain fate. Sir James turned and saw the two figures melted into one dark blot in that last embrace.

He put his hand on Hugh's shoulder. The young man looked up with wild eyes.

"She belongs to me," he said.

"Yes, she belongs to you," said Sir James. "Take her home."

"I am going with you," cried Loveday, thrusting back her lover and turning to her uncle.

"Nay," he answered, with a smile; "you must go with your husband. You have been a good girl, and you deserve a little happiness."

"Uncle, uncle, I will stay with you: I want to stay. What would you do without me, without your little Loveday?"

"That is very pretty," he said, with a smile, "but it is not altogether for your own good that I wish you to stay at Trosa: It is partly for mine."

"For yours?"

"Yes, you are a dear child, and I shall miss you very much indeed, my dear; but I have only a little money, and two mouths do not cost as much to feed as three."

"I could work," she said quietly.

She had dropped her uncle's hand, and her voice was cold.

"Work! how? My dear niece, believe me, that your staying at Trosa will rid me of a burden—a very serious burden."

"Us be about to weigh anchor," shouted Captain Trelevick.

"Take her, Hugh," said Sir James.

But Loveday shrank away when he drew her towards the side.

"You will not throw me away as if you did not care for me, uncle—your Loveday, your little girl? You have never been hard or said a cross word to me, and now—I would work for you, only take me with you."

"Dear niece, if I could take you, I would," said Sir James, peevishly; "but the sum of money I have is small. Can you not see that it is to my advantage you stay here?"

"Yes, Loveday, stay at Trosa; you will be happy," said Sophia, kindly.

The group of men on the quay was dispersing. The rain was beginning to beat down in gusty torrents. Only a few of his most devoted followers stayed to watch Sir James sail. He turned to speak to them.

"Come," said Hugh, "come."

Trelevick, his mate, and the boy brushed against them as they ran up and down the deck. In the darkness and confusion no heed was taken of what the passengers might be doing. It was hurry and broken words, moving aside to make way, pushes and shortened farewells.

"'NO, NO; I WANT TO SEE THE LAST OF THEM'" (*p.* 902).

Sir James came back to Loveday after calling a few words to the men.

"Now, my dear, you must go. What do you say, that you have been a burden to me? No, no, you have always been my own little girl. But now things are changed, and one encumbrance is better than two; you understand. Sophia must come with me; she was not as innocent as you about that trifling matter of the notes. I shall always remember my niece, and, perhaps (who knows?), some day I may come back again to Trosa. There, there! my dear," he patted her shoulder, and perhaps there was a tear in his own eye, "you did your best to save me when you promised to marry that Tarleton. 'Pon my soul, I am glad he did not get you. Time's up. Good-bye."

He put her into Hugh's arms.

"There, young man. Some good has come to you from the sea; but in future do not take strangers only on their own words. Good-bye, my little girl, good-bye."

He kissed her on the forehead. Sophia and she gave one another a long embrace.

Sir James said to Hugh, "Be good to her, or my ghost shall haunt you."

"I am glad you would not take her with you," said Hugh.

The two men shook hands. Hugh understood that it had not been altogether for his own sake that his stepfather had sent Loveday back to Trosa. For once Sir James was less selfish than his words.

"Us be off in wan more minute," shouted Trelevick.

Loveday clung to her uncle; then she let Hugh take her hand and lead her across the plank between the quay and the schooner.

The anchor came up with a rattle of chains which could be heard above the wind. The sails were shaken out; the light of the lantern on the mast was like a firefly gleaming in the darkness. A cheer went up from the quay, and a feeble answering shout was returned from the vessel. The light was dancing half-way across the river before five minutes had passed.

"'Twill be a matter of a hour and more before her gets to the bar," said Polgarn, to another fisherman. "Her'll have to tack a bit."

"Ay, if her gets to the bar," said another, in a foreboding tone.

Hugh tried to draw Loveday away from the group of men.

"Come home," he said, "you are wet through, and the storm will be worse shortly."

"No, no," she said, "I want to see the last of them."

"Then let us be walking towards Trosa. We can go over the sand-hills, and the river will be in sight."

They set out to walk in the darkness. Loveday kept her head turned to where the small light danced on the black river.

Over the wet sand they made their way. The wind blew in their faces, the spray wetted their cheeks and hair. Loveday sobbed, clinging to Hugh.

"You must come home, you are worn out," said he.

"Five minutes, just five minutes. The wind has dropped, and, look, there is the moon rising."

A milky whiteness came on the black clouds over the hills beyond Tregarron. They parted, and the light grew silvery and clear. First the edge of the moon crept over the cloud (the white breakers on the bar caught the gleam), then the moon swam up into a clear bit of sky. She was reflected in a line of light down the river. In the pathway of her radiance sailed the schooner *Jenifer*.

She was heeling over, her sails full set, and cutting through the water like a bird through the air. The dark side of her was towards those two watching, but she tacked, and the moonlight was full upon the rounded sails. She was sailing in a glory of radiant light.

Clouds came over the moon. The darkness was blacker for that glimpse of brightness. A crash of thunder overhead showed that what had been of the storm was nothing to what was to come. The lightning blazed over the sea. The howling wind almost drowned the roar of the breakers on the bar.

Hugh took Loveday by the hand, and led her home to his mother.

The yellow light on the schooner *Jenifer* went out.

The morning dawned clear and still after that stormy night. Such a night had not been known by the oldest inhabitant of Tregarron. The storm had whistled and howled and shrieked until morning light. There was damage done to the boats lying at anchor at the quay; what had become of the vessel that had sailed in the teeth of the storm? Sailors and fishermen shook their heads.

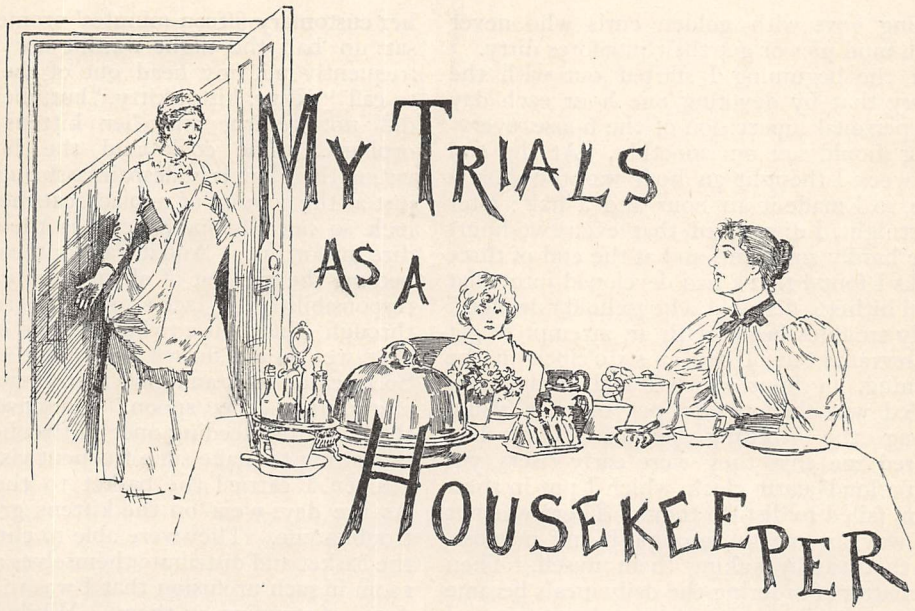
It was twelve o'clock in that sunny summer day before the sheriff's men came to Trosa. The storm had stopped them, and there had been other difficulties. They were not displeased to find their bird flown. No one wanted to disturb Tregarron men, from whom came the cheapened luxuries of life. A pleasant day was spent on the quay smoking tobacco, given them by Tregarron folk, and drinking spirits, for which no duty had been paid. They rode away in the cool of the evening.

The days grew into weeks, and the weeks into months, and no news came of the schooner *Jenifer*. Hugh paid the hundred pounds to the wives of Trelevick and his mate. The opinion of the village was that she had foundered on the bar on that stormy night.

"If we could only be sure," said Loveday, wringing her hands, "I should be happier if I only knew."

But time brought consolation, though even when years were past, her favourite day-dream was the return of her uncle and cousin.

THE END.



BY ELIZABETH L. BANKS, AUTHOR OF "CAMPAIGNS OF CURIOSITY."

IT was in an evil hour that I accepted the proposition of my friend, Mrs. Brown, when she begged me to take charge of her South Kensington establishment while she accompanied her husband on a business trip to Paris. Mrs. Brown had a fault, or perhaps I should say misfortune, of which I was always reminding her—she was a very poor housekeeper, and never able to manage her household as it seemed to me it should be managed. As a woman she was charming, and as a wife and mother she erred, if she erred at all, on the side of too much devotion to her husband and only child, a five-year-old boy, but her house was always at sixes and sevens, and she was continually engaging and dismissing servants. I attributed her troubles to a lack of tact, and I informed her that, not having been born with that quality in her disposition, she must cultivate it.

Then, one day, a few weeks ago, she suggested that I should add one more *rôle* to the many parts I had played in the drama of life, by acting for one month as her deputy housekeeper. She had just engaged a new staff of servants, and if I would take the responsibility of "breaking them in," she had no doubt that upon her return from Paris, she would be able to continue in the lines I had marked out for her. The cook and housemaid were two sisters from Yorkshire. I thought such a relationship between the two principal servants would prove very advantageous. They would probably help each other and not quarrel. There was also a page-boy, aged fifteen, who, every afternoon, shone out resplendent in spotless cloth and highly-polished brass buttons. I rather liked the boy's looks. His eyes had an appearance of frankness and honesty about them. The fourth member of the staff was a meek-looking blue-eyed nurse.

On a certain Monday morning, accompanied by my poodle and my typewriter, my two inseparable companions, I took up my residence at Mrs. Brown's. As she and her husband drove away, I thought I saw a rather cynical smile on both their faces, but nothing daunted, I took up my new duties with every confidence that I should not only be the means of bringing about a beneficial change in my friend's household, but that I should also gain much information upon the subject of housekeeping that would benefit womankind.

I employed the morning in writing out on the typewriter lists of duties for each of the four servants, as well as a *menu* for the day's luncheon and dinner. I explained to the cook and the housemaid the easiest and quickest methods of doing their work, sent the nurse and Jack out for a morning constitutional, and afterwards settled down in the library to literary work. I did not anticipate any trouble so far as Jack was concerned. He was very fond of me, and one of those angelic-

looking boys with golden curls who never make mud pies or get their pinafores dirty.

In the beginning I started out with the theory that by devoting one hour each day to a personal supervision of the house, everything should run on smoothly. At the end of a week I thought an hour was too short a time, so I made it an hour and a half: after a fortnight, I discovered that even two hours were hardly sufficient, and at the end of three weeks I found that I had developed into what I had hitherto despised, a household "drudge."

My troubles began with an attempt to get the servants out of bed at six o'clock in the morning, an hour which I had always contended was the only proper one for rising among the working people. They had assured me that they were early risers, yet even a loud alarm clock, which I put in their room, failed to disturb them. There was but one way for me to accomplish my purpose, and that was by waking them myself. Then the matter of ordering the daily meals became at first a bugbear, and afterwards a terror. I insisted upon variety for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner. Mary, the cook, had informed me that although she was a "plain cook," she was willing to learn, so I undertook to teach her how to prepare various little dishes that were in great demand among my country people. But two weeks passed and Mary had not even learned to make "flannel cakes" or hot biscuit. I told her of twenty-six different ways to prepare potatoes, yet she still clung to plain boiled, mashed, fried, and baked. Then I gave up my efforts in despair.

About ten days after I had taken up my responsibilities a terrible calamity befell the household. It was the disappearance of the black cat, leaving behind her a family of four tabby kittens, who had but recently opened their eyes on the wide, wide world. This black cat was a great pet of Mrs. Brown's, for when a year before she had first walked into the hall one rainy night, strange and wet and hungry, she had been received as the harbinger of "good luck." She had not been a resident of the place more than a week when Mr. Brown made a successful "deal" in the City, so she had stayed on and fared sumptuously ever since. When she became a mother, she was left in undisturbed possession of her whole family of four, and when I first saw her in her satin-lined basket purring contentedly over them, I thought she was the most beautiful illustration of mother-love in animals that I had ever seen. Yet that cat was the means of turning me into a pessimist, and was the forerunner of great sorrow for me. One afternoon she failed to return from what we supposed was her customary fifteen minutes' promenade. I sat up half the night waiting for her, and frequently put my head out of the window to call "Kitty, kitty, kitty," but the deserter did not return, and her kittens became orphans. The cook and the housemaid wrung their hands in despair, assuring me that just as the coming of a black cat meant good luck, so her disappearance was the omen of dire misfortune. And it was, for those kittens became the greatest of all my newly-assumed responsibilities. Jack's shrieks resounded through the house when it was suggested that we should drown them out of mercy. So I heated milk and gave it to them from an after-dinner coffee spoon. I discovered that they required feeding once in two hours, and not caring to make such frequent visits to the kitchen, I carried the basket to the library. As the days went on the kittens grew more troublesome. They were able to climb out of the basket and distribute themselves about the room in such profusion that I was in constant dread of stepping on them. While I fed one with the spoon, the remaining three scratched and bit my hands into shreds and patches. Jack's devotion to me became so marked and wearisome, that I regretted ever having won his love. His nurse was a mere figurehead. He came to me with all his troubles, and even insisted upon saying his prayers to me. I looked upon his angelic disposition as anything but a blessing, and I thought longingly of bad children I had known who ran away, made mud pies, and soiled their pinafores. One day I suggested to him that he should amuse himself in this way. He was so insulted that he went up to the nursery and remained there ten minutes. Then he returned to the kittens and amused himself by singing a hymn, which he composed as he went along.

Shortly afterwards his nurse went to bed with influenza, and I became not only nurse to Jack, but nurse to his nurse as well. The next day I paid a doctor's bill and cab fare, and sent the invalid to her mother, thus somewhat reducing the expenses of the household, for she was really of no service to me, and had an enormous appetite.

From that time on misfortunes seemed to fairly rain down upon me. One morning at breakfast Kate appeared to be on the verge of tears while she waited at table, and when she passed me the bacon she burst into violent sobbing. Finally she exclaimed—

"Oh, miss! Mary and I told you something would happen when the black cat went away, but we didn't know it would be for us, and it doesn't always mean death, either!"

"Has anyone died?" I asked.

"Yes, miss. Our cousin's little baby died

yesterday in Yorkshire, and the funeral is to-morrow."

I had expected to hear of the death of a nearer relative than that. and I was somewhat relieved. I wondered what would be the most appropriate thing to say to a young woman whose cousin's baby had died, but I could not think of anything. I asked if she and Mary were very fond of the baby.

"Well, miss," she answered, "we've never seen it. It was only six weeks old." She again burst out weeping. I felt very irritable that morning. My housekeeping annoyances were telling on my disposition. I was beginning to lose my sympathy for human kind, and there was every chance of my becoming a cynic.

"Now, look here, Kate," I exclaimed, "it is very foolish for you to take the matter to heart like that. The baby is very much better off. If it had lived, perhaps its mother would have deserted it, as the black cat did her kittens."

It was a heartless remark, and I had no sooner made it than I realised what an unfeeling wretch I had become. Surely that black cat was responsible for much mischief! Kate looked at me in amazement; then muttered something about "ladies who hadn't hearts," and joined her sister in the kitchen. Five minutes later Mary ascended to the dining-room to say she was sorry to leave me without anybody in their place; and then, to my astonishment, I learnt that the sisters were going to Yorkshire by the next train to comfort their bereaved cousin and attend the funeral. It was in vain that I attempted to argue them out of their determination, explaining that their duty was to the living more than to the dead. They could not be so persuaded. They would try to return the next week, they told me, and advised me to secure the services of a charwoman during their absence. They went to their room and arrayed themselves in the habiliments of mourning. When, at eleven o'clock, in black dresses, black shawls, and crape veils, they chartered a hansom for King's Cross, they left me surrounded by unswept rooms, unwashed breakfast dishes, a dog, a child, and four kittens to look after, with only the help of a page-boy, who I had already found was more ornamental than useful. I immediately dispatched him for Mrs. Johnson, a charwoman who sometimes helped Mrs. Brown in just such emergencies as this. In an hour the page-boy returned with the information that Mrs. Johnson had got a place as temporary cook in a tradesman's family. I telegraphed to the registry office for assistance, but none came. As the day wore on, my despair increased. With the help of the boy I washed the dishes, made the beds, and swept the front hall. That day and the next I had the meals sent in from the nearest restaurant. Towards evening I sent the boy to his mother to inquire whether she would come and stay in the house until the return of Mr. and Mrs. Brown. The mother came to me, but I never saw the page-boy again. She thought the work was too hard for him, she said, and he was in the incipient stages of influenza. She had come only to collect his three weeks' wages, and not to render me any assistance. As I refused the wages, she relieved her mind by uttering imprecations against me; and then I was left monarch, indeed, of all I surveyed.

"WITH THE HELP OF THE BOY I WASHED THE DISHES."

"THE POODLE IN HOT PURSUIT."

That night, before going to bed, I hung several of Mr. Brown's hats and overcoats in the hall. I thought they had an air of protection about them. Then, after putting my various charges to sleep, I sat up to watch for burglars. The next morning I wrote a cheerful letter to Mrs. Brown, carefully leaving out all allusion to my troubles. All day long the basement and front door bells rang, and most of my time was taken up with answering. I was called to the basement door so often to refuse the requests of beggars and pedlars, that I thought it well to take extreme measures against them. I found a large square of cardboard, and with the aid of my paste-brush and some black paint I printed in bold characters the words, "No bottles! no beggars! Beware of the dog!" I hung it on the gate, and coaxed the poodle out into the area, after arranging his cushion and silk quilt upon the stones. I thought I should at least succeed in silencing the basement door bell. Two hours passed without disturbance, and then I heard a commotion. Going to the front door, I saw the area gate flung open, the area steps strewn with loaves of bread, and down the street the baker's man was flying with an empty basket, and the poodle in hot pursuit. For the moment my sense of the ridiculous overcame every other feeling, and I could not help laughing. At the corner the poodle retraced his steps, and returned to the house, with his yellow ribbons flying and a sense of having done his duty as a watch-dog. In the afternoon the proprietor of the bakery himself called to inquire the cause of the disaster, and to present his bill for seven loaves of bread.

That night, at ten o'clock, the unexpected arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Brown relieved me somewhat of the strain under which I was suffering. They smilingly listened to the recital of my woes, which apparently appealed to their sense of humour. Mrs. Brown declared that, although she might be a poor housekeeper, without a sign of "tact," yet she had never been quite so unfortunate as I had been; and then, to soothe my wounded feelings, she presented me with one of the latest Paris hats.

She and I are still the very best of friends, and I often partake of her hospitality; but I have never since ventured to call her attention to her shortcomings in the housekeeping line.

THE CZAR'S DIAMOND.*

BY HUAN MEE.

"WHAT does the Princess Prozorovska think of the diamond?"

"It is magnificent, worthy to adorn an Emperor."

"Such is the proud position for which it is destined."

As the man speaks, he turns the glittering bauble this way and that between his fingers, until, catching the rays from the swinging lamp, its every facet reflects the light in a thousand flashes of prismatic fire.

"Indeed," the Princess responds, watching the play of colour in the stone, "then why do you seek this interview with me?"

"The Princess," he answers, "will pardon my presumption, but I have promised the Brotherhood to fulfil their mission, and I must perform my duty."

"The Brotherhood? What Brotherhood? Are you a Nihilist that you so glibly speak the argot?"

"A Nihilist!" he cries in alarm. "Do you desire to ruin me? To breathe the word Nihilism is to court death. Is it likely that I, a prosperous diamond merchant of St. Petersburg, would be leagued with the enemies of the Czar? No. The Brotherhood of which I speak is simply our union of jewellers in St. Petersburg, and they, knowing that I have always had the honour of the Princess Prozorovska's patronage—for which accept my ever grateful thanks—commissioned me to fulfil their loyal wishes."

"And those wishes are?"

"To beg the Czar's acceptance from us, the native jewellers of St. Petersburg, of this gold and diamond buckle for his cloak."

"What disinterested patriotism," she remarks, and then with an almost imperceptible sneer, continues: "But surely it is not for the mere purpose of enriching our Czar that you wish to give him so costly a jewel; is there not some favour you seek in return—some boon you have to crave at his Imperial Majesty's most bounteous hand?"

"Your Highness knows that St. Petersburg, the city whose trade should belong to the Russians alone, is invaded by foreign artificers, who compete with us in our own streets, and undersell us in our own market places. Frenchmen, who lure the patronage of our nation from us with their temptingly dressed shops, and we, the native jewellers, therefore ask our master to grant us his protection by accepting this gift from the patriotic citizens of our Queen of Cities, for where the Czar shows favour, fortune needs must smile."

"Yes, yes," exclaims the Princess, "but why not go to the Czar himself, why come to me on such a mission? Go to our Father, and his clemency will be, as it always is to those who merit it, extended towards you."

The man hesitates for a moment, and then, in an apologetic tone, replies:

"We cannot but know, Princess, that you hold power in this city second only to that of the Czar himself, and we feel that a gift coming through your hands will prove all the more acceptable to his Imperial Majesty."

A momentary flash of satisfaction illuminates her features, a look which is reflected in the face of her flatterer, as he realises that his mission will succeed.

"Well, so let it be," she replies at length, "leave the clasp. I will present it myself to the Czar, together with your many loyal wishes, and I can but hope that the whole of St. Petersburg will follow in his train, and by patronising only our worthy native jewellers, help to fill their coffers to repletion."

With fervent expressions of gratitude, the man places the jewel case upon the table, and bows himself from the apartment.

In all cold, proud, and haughty Russia, there existed no woman to compare with the Princess Prozorovska, and scarcely one man who could boast that he had seen a smile dimple for a moment the calm disdain of her habitual composure. Once, and only once had she loved, and that in the past, so long ago that it seemed to be blurred almost to oblivion, except perhaps at times, when the ghost of what had been rose up before her, moments of sentimental weakness, when, even at the very steps of the throne, she would have forsaken all for that one man who disappeared suddenly years ago—so suddenly, so quietly, that his friends scarce dared to breathe his name. He had gone, and—as is best in Russia—was forgotten.

Unmindful of the past, of Ivan her lover in the days long gone by, and of Siberia alike, the thoughts of the Princess are only with the present.

"So then," she muses, "St. Petersburg has noticed the preference which has been evinced for me, and I may yet live to occupy

* This story has been dramatised by the author.

the proudest position of all women of Russia."

Smiling complacently, she surveys herself in the mirrors of the apartment and shrugs her noble shoulders with evident satisfaction at the reflection of her regal beauty, her splendid head so proudly poised upon her slender throat, and almost fancies she can catch the sparkle of the Imperial coronet nestling amidst those raven tresses.

A sharp click, as of a fastening being forced, interrupts her reverie, and turning, she walks to the window, and throws back the heavy curtains, only to clutch them again, as she sees a man's white face pressed against the glass. An icy blast rushes into the room as the intruder suddenly thrusts the window wide open, and, springing through, swiftly draws the hangings together again and faces her.

"You, Ivan! You, risen from the dead!"

"No, not from the dead—from a living death. Have you no word of welcome, or are you like the rest, afraid to breathe the same air with the outcast—the escaped from Siberia?"

"From Siberia?"

"Yes, Siberia, the hell where Nihilism is engendered, where each man swears, if he but sets foot in civilised land again, for every blow and indignity he has endured he will be avenged a thousand-fold. Yes, Siberia, where every bowed and prematurely withered victim is a conspirator with but one aim, one object—escape, and then, revenge."

"Revenge! Upon whom?"

"The Czar, the head of the vilest system of government in the world; the man who, to the disgrace of paternal solicitude, is styled 'The Father of his People.' As I swore it, so shall it be. Even to those dreary wastes the news will fly like the wind, and the broken and decrepit wretches there will laugh with joy as the tidings reach them that yet another Czar has been done to death, for they will know that I, Ivan Novikoff, have kept my oath."

Olga Prozorovska stands motionless as this torrent of words bursts forth, and with her fingers buried deeply in the silken hangings, still clings to them for support.

"Is this your greeting?" she asks at length. "You, who left me with words of love; left me to dream of the morrow when I should see you again. Is this your greeting?"

"Olga, do not speak of that time; it is gone."

"I thought that love had led you onward," she whispers; "had conquered all obstacles and brought you back to me. I see I was but flattering myself, it is hatred and revenge."

"Yes, it is hatred; for love cannot live in that earthly hell where I have been imprisoned. At first, on that long, pitiless journey, it was love that kept me alive; love that buoyed up hope within my heart; love that held me ever on the alert for any chance of escape; but there was none. Then the bitter, sullen Siberian winter came down upon us half-way on our journey. The biting wind crept to my heart, and love departed, leaving but one desire in life—vengeance, insatiable vengeance."

The Princess, nervously clasping her hands, stands before him with downcast eyes. The great passion that she had thought dead is risen again, and now ambition, glory, the throne itself, are all forgotten; she loves him, and perhaps all the more since he has put her from him.

"Why have you come to me, Ivan, if I am nothing to you?"

"Why?" he mutters. "Ah, why? Perhaps I wished to see if my loss had been much to you; but no," he continued bitterly, "women bear these things so well."

"Ivan!"

"Perhaps because I loved you once; perhaps because I love you now; who can tell? I am so little used to civilisation I should not know the feeling."

"Ivan, cast these thoughts from you; hope for better times. You were happy once: we were happy together; who knows but what that time may come again?"

"Never."

"You loved me then. Renounce your thirst for vengeance; throw aside your hatred; give these up for me, and I for you will give up all."

"It cannot be."

"It must, and shall be. Am I, a princess, to be so disdained? You plighted once your troth to me, and now I hold you to that pledge."

With her loveliness, heightened by her smile, she extends her hand.

"I hold you to your pledge. Must I sue upon my bended knee for such an honour?"

His stern expression relaxes; who can frown when the most beautiful woman in Russia, with love animating her features, pleads? As Ivan was once, so he is again; love reigns supreme, and vengeance is forgotten.

"Then you will do as I say," she whispers; "leave Russia for England, and then when you are ready I will——"

"No, Olga, never; we must part. I dare not take you from Russia."

"You dare not take me, so be it; you shall not, I will follow you."

Ivan is mechanically playing with the jewel-case upon the table, and starts with amazement as the lid springs open and the Czar's diamond blazes as the light falls upon it.

"A present to His Imperial Majesty the Czar," the Princess exclaims, "from the jewellers of St. Petersburg."

"A present to the Czar; then will I spoil the spoiler. It is worth a king's ransom. He has seized all that I had; he has subjected me to the cruelest persecution——"

"Forget it, Ivan, forget it. Believe me, it is not our Czar himself who is at fault, but the system of Absolute Monarchy."

"Well, then, I will forget it; but as he has robbed me, so will I rob him. This jewel shall provide for my safety and our future."

"Steal it?"

"Yes, steal it; steal as he has stolen from others. Would that I could take all from him, as he has taken all from me."

"You forget, Ivan, that suspicion would rest upon me; they would think that I—I, a princess—had been a thief."

"Long before inquiry is made we shall be happy in another land, and then he shall know I have but taken back my own and left him—his life."

"It is madness! I have money, use that; but do not leave Russia branded as a thief."

"I steal but from the greatest thief of all."

Disregarding her pleadings and expostulations he closes the case and places it in his pocket, and then lingers with his arm around her, whispering of his new-born joy.

"Go, Ivan, go," she murmurs at length. "Remember your danger; shun everyone, and leave the country at once."

"I shall start early to-morrow morning," he replies. "Even in St. Petersburg I have found friends, and I shall leave unsuspected; for how can the police track a man who is dead, a man they know escaped, but think he only chose a swifter way to death?"

"Then leave me now; when you are in safety, I shall follow. A week hence I will be in Paris, and there await your message."

He clasps her to his breast again.

"Until then, Olga, farewell."

"And to-night, Ivan?"

"To-night I shall be——" He glances swiftly around, and then whispers an address in the most dangerous quarter of the city.

Embracing her once more, he lingers, loath to leave.

"For a week only, Olga."

"Only a week," she replies, her lips pressed to his; and then throwing back her head and gazing into his eyes: "A week, who knows? Perhaps it may be even less."

And he is gone.

* * * *

Tergslof, the Chief of the Third Section, is perturbed. He sits with his head resting upon his hand and reads over and over again the last secret despatch from his spies. A

"SHE SEES A MAN'S FACE PRESSED AGAINST THE GLASS."

startling document this despatch, one so strange that, used as he is to plots and villainies, he cannot bring himself to believe that this last reported conspiracy against the Czar's life is possible. It implicates the highest in the land. This document is no tangled skein, no mass of loose and broken ends, but a clear, concise statement of deliberate assertion, couched in the language of emphatic knowledge. Dare he follow the thread, the end of which must mean, if the statement is true, disgrace, ay, even death, to the Princess Prozorovska; if false, then like measure to himself?

Again he reads the report.

"Within the next few days," it says, "his Imperial Majesty the Czar will be presented by the Princess Prozorovska with a diamond clasp, purporting to be a gift from the jewellers of St. Petersburg, but, in reality, the manufacture of Nihilists, with whom she is secretly working. The stone itself, although resembling a diamond, is an explosive of the most powerful type, but so excellent is the imitation that a technical eye would scarcely discern the deception. It is fastened but loosely in the claws of the clasp, so that the first time it is worn the least jar will dislodge it, and cause it to fall to the ground, when his Imperial Majesty the Czar and the whole Court of St. Petersburg will cease to exist. The clasp is now in the possession of the Princess Prozorovska, who only awaits the signal to present it."

A few minutes' more deliberation, and the chief, used to rapid action, to almost instant decision, has determined on his course. In the service of his master the Czar, though it should mean death itself, he must—he will—fulfil his duty.

Accompanied by several trusted agents, he makes his way swiftly to the residence of the Princess, and desiring to proceed at first with caution, requests "a private audience."

It is denied him; the aristocrats of Russia fearing, as they may, the power of the Third Section as a whole, do not hesitate to evince their contempt for the individuals who form that department of the Government service.

Tergslof is not, however, a man to be beaten. He has occupied his position too long to give way at the outset of a battle, while, greater incentive still, his honour, his office, perhaps even his life, depend upon the issue. He presses his suit, and pleading urgent State reasons, is at length admitted.

The Princess, scarcely recovered from her interview with Ivan, is seated at her writing-cabinet when Tergslof enters the apartment, and simulates a composure that she is far from feeling as she placidly writes on, ignoring, while evidently aware of, his presence. At length she ceases writing, and scarcely deigning to raise her eyes from the contemplation of her unfinished letter, says, "Well?"

Tergslof knows the advantage of the first shot; he has seen its deadly effect so often. Watching her keenly he says, "I have ventured to call on behalf of his Imperial Majesty the Czar, to take the diamond clasp with me, lest"—and his voice takes an insidious inflection—"it should explode and cause hurt to his Majesty's subjects."

But the first shot misses. The Princess is playing idly with a quill, brushing the feather across her delicately tinted nails, and seems far from impressed by, even if she has quite caught the meaning of, the words that have been spoken.

"Do you," says Tergslof with, if possible, greater calmness in his tone, "deny that you have a diamond clasp which you purpose presenting to the Czar?"

"Deny? I deny nothing except your right to question!"

Even while she speaks like a lightning flash there rushes through her mind the awful fear that perhaps she has been made the innocent accessory to a diabolical plot. It may be so; perhaps even now the diamond that Ivan has taken has done its fatal work, or if not yet, an hour, a minute, nay, a few seconds hence and the end may come, sudden and awful. With a stony look upon her face she sits, grave and silent as the Sphinx itself. This cold haughtiness, without a trace of conscious fear, puzzles the chief. What if he has erred, and insulted this woman above every other in Russia? What then?

The Princess, a sudden inspiration coming to her, interrupts his thoughts.

"Yes, I have a clasp. What then?"

"You confess?"

"Pardon me. Not quite so fast. You say you have called for it. Very well, you shall have it. You shall take it yourself to the Czar."

Tergslof makes an almost imperceptible sign to a figure concealed in the entrance.

She rises from her seat, and crossing to her jewel safe selects the case containing her own finest diamond clasp, wondering whether Tergslof, blinded by his seeming success, will recognise it, yet daring all for Ivan's sake.

Before she has time to unfasten the case she is suddenly seized from behind and her elbows held closely to her sides, while the Chief, his face flushed with triumph, loosens her fingers and carefully lays the unopened casket upon the table. At a nod from him the agent releases her, and Tergslof speaks.

"Princess Olga Prozorovska, I arrest you

"BEFORE SHE HAS TIME TO UNFASTEN THE CASE SHE IS SUDDENLY SEIZED.

as a dangerous Nihilist, and for conspiring against the sacred life of his Imperial Majesty the Czar."

With eyes blazing like fire she turns upon him and hisses "Fool! Fool! Are you mad, Tergslof?" then instantly recovering her cold, haughty manner, shrugs those splendid shoulders and sinks upon a lounge, saying, as languidly as though the subject were of but the slightest moment, "Pray, speak a little plainer. A plot against the Czar's life, I think you said? And I, above everyone, in the conspiracy? How was the attempt to be made?"

"Ah, Princess," exclaimed Tergslof, almost carried away with enthusiasm at her calmness, "You act magnificently! Of course you do not know the diamond in that clasp is but a sham; is, in reality, a bomb of the most deadly type; you do not know that the claws are so constructed that the stone is bound to fall to the ground, and, exploding, blow the Czar and all the Court into a thousand atoms?"

Still seemingly indifferent to the words of Tergslof, Olga's thoughts again fly to Ivan, and the Chief apparently reading them says, "An hour ago you were visited by your lover, Ivan Novikoff. He has journeyed from Siberia to see you—you shall go back together."

The Princess shudders as the horror of those vast Siberian wastes that Ivan had so terribly depicted an hour ago fills her mind. Was it only an hour? It seemed a lifetime.

Still, after all there is no proof against her. Let her but be cool and determined and even the faintest suspicion will be disarmed. Suddenly she starts to her feet, crosses the apartment, and catching the jewel case in her

hands, wrenches it open, and holds the diamond flashing high above her head.

"Come," she cries, "you say this is a bomb. Surely the brave men of the Third Section will welcome death in their master's cause. I do not fear it. See!"

With a soft rippling laugh she lifts the scintillating jewel still higher, then crying "Catch," hurls it at the feet of the Chief, who watches its flight like one fascinated. It falls harmlessly by his side, bounces against the wall, then drops and lies almost hidden in the thick pile of the carpet.

"For once the Third Section has overreached itself," she says; "or it was acting upon the advice of a madman. Tergslof, you shall pay dearly for this. Go!"

Baffled, Tergslof hesitates but for a moment; and then, as she still confronts him, draws himself up, and answering only with a military salute, turns on his heel and departs.

Nervous and trembling now that the ordeal is over, the Princess rapidly changes her costume, and passing by a side door into the courtyard, from thence gains the street.

"Is there yet time?" she gasps, as she fights her way against the boisterous wind. "Time to reach Ivan, to warn him and fly with him before the police arrive? Or at all hazards to save him from the awful death that lurks in that seemingly innocent jewel?"

Contesting with the cruel wind, keeping within the shadow of the houses, and creeping closely to the wall as the footsteps of some belated traveller reach her ear, she struggles on, and at last reaches the street the name of which Ivan had whispered to her. With difficulty she discovers the right house; a figure is just passing out, and pushing by she hurries breathlessly up the steep and narrow staircase.

Without hesitation she thrusts open the door of the only chamber upon the top floor, and flings herself into the arms of a man, who rises with a start as she enters.

"Olga!" he cries. "Olga! What has happened?" and clasps her in his embrace.

"You are safe, Ivan? You are safe?"

"Safe? Yes, my dearest. I told you

"'STAND BACK!'"

there was no question as to my safety. I am dead. The police, if they think of me at all, think of me only as dead."

"No, no; they know you are alive, and in St. Petersburg. They are tracking you now; perhaps even I have led them here. Where is the diamond—the Czar's diamond?"

"Here," and he takes the case from his pocket.

"Give it to me, Ivan, give it to me; or, better still, come with me now, and throw it far into the Neva."

"No, no, my dearest; you are overwrought. Let us fly together, but not destroy the only valuable we have, the only means I possess of providing for our safety."

"It is no diamond, Ivan, no valuable, but an explosive—a bomb. Ah!" she shrieks, as he starts and almost lets the case slip between his fingers.

"A bomb!" Ivan exclaims, carefully opening the lid. "A scientific attempt upon the life of the Czar, thwarted by one who would gladly have done the deed himself. Such is the irony of fate!"

"Think of yourself, Ivan, think of me. We are doomed. Give me the jewel, and I will cast it into the Neva. You will have nothing suspicious upon you, no one can remember you, and you at least will escape."

"And you, Olga, perhaps be seized with the jewel in your possession. Never!"

"No, no; I shall escape," and she gently lifts the diamond from its velvet nest.

"Too late!" cries Ivan.

"Why?"

"Hark!"

"Halt!" rings out Tergslof's voice; and the chief himself, followed by a score of military police, bursts into the room.

In an instant Ivan extinguishes the light, and everything is shrouded in gloom, save where the pale beams of the moon, struggling through the grimy sky-light, make a pattern of the window-frame upon the floor.

"Ah, Princess," cries Tergslof, "we meet again. The Third Section is right after all. Seize her!"

"Stand back!" she shrieks, holding aloft the diamond. "Stand back!"

"Seize her! That diamond is a bomb that will blow us to fragments!"

Ivan suddenly steps into the oasis of light, and turning to Olga cries—

"Throw it, sweetheart, throw it. It is better that we should die together. Throw it!"

"Seize her!" foams Tergslof as his men shrink in fear. "Seize her, you cowards!"

Then the diamond leaves her fingers, flashes like a falling star through the beam of light, and strikes the floor.

A deafening roar shook the city, and penetrated even to the banquet chamber of the Czar.

Ere the echo died the Third Section had lost its chief. And Olga and Ivan departed together.

ROYAL SCULPTORS.

THE LATE COUNT GLEICHEN.
(*Photo: Frederick Kingsbury.*)

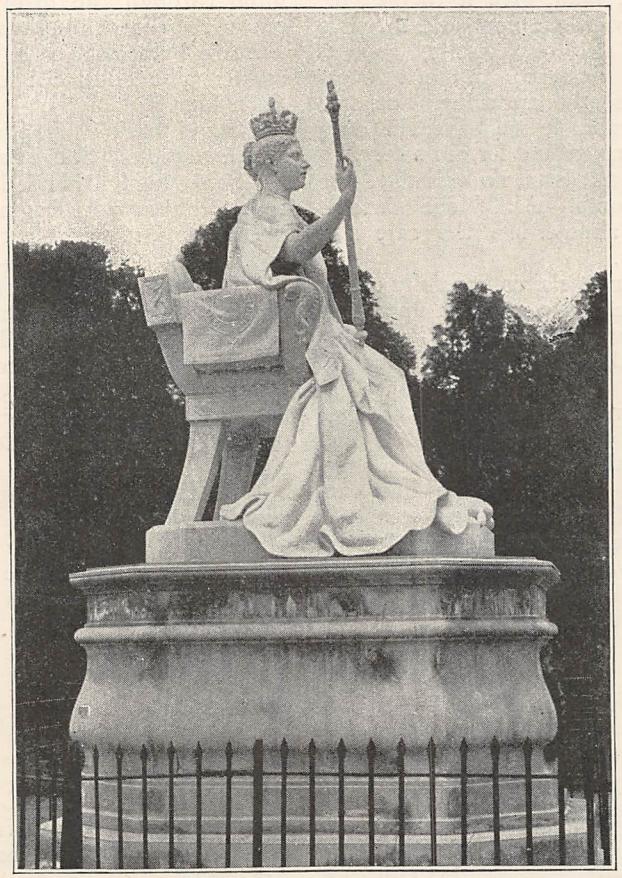
IT is a far cry back to the days when his Britannic Majesty George II. exclaimed in his rage against those "bainting and boetry" fellows, because one of the former had dared to caricature his Guards. Since then the exercise of both "bainting and boetry" has become recognised in this our land as an honourable profession. Art has taken its proper place, and, although its enthronement is an event of comparatively recent date, it is looked upon as social treason to decry it. While artists were once scoffed at by the public, and snubbed by their patrons—royal and otherwise—they now occupy positions of dignity, and are respected for the sake of the art of which they are exponents. Art no longer needs royal patronage to flourish; indeed, royalty itself has become its humble servant, and that in some cases in no mere *dilettante* fashion.

Her Majesty the Queen and the late Prince Consort both practised drawing, painting, and etching; indeed, Her Majesty may be classed as an accomplished worker in the latter art. Her children were all trained in the exercise of the pencil and brush, and two of them, at

least, have made a serious study of art in several branches.

Probably the best known Royal artist is H.R.H. the Princess Louise. Besides being an accomplished water-colourist—as her active "honorary" membership of the somewhat exclusive "Old" Water-Colour Society is sufficient to testify—the Princess has turned her attention to sculpture, perhaps the most difficult art for ladies to become accomplished in. The number of successful lady-sculptors working professionally might be counted upon the fingers of one hand, and of these two are members of our Royal Family.

The Princess Louise studied under the direction of the late Sir Edgar Boehm, R.A., although in all likelihood she gained her first knowledge of the art from watching the late Mrs. Thornycroft at work. This accomplished lady, the mother of the Royal Academician who stands in the forefront of living English sculptors, was "attached" for many years to the Queen's household, and modelled all the young Princes and Princesses at various stages of their lives, in addition to producing several charming statues and statuettes of general subjects remarkable for their poetry of conception.



STATUE OF THE QUEEN.
(*By H.R.H. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne.*)

The Princess has a studio in Kensington Palace, and, as is well-known, was chosen by the Committee of the Women's Jubilee Fund to execute the statue of Her Majesty (illustrated above) which stands in Kensington Gardens as the memorial of the esteem in which "the first lady of the land" is held by her women subjects. It is a really fine work of art, not intended to be so much a contemporary portrait of the Sovereign as an idealised representation of the Empress Queen. The figure is dignified in its proportions and the whole work bold in execution, and forms an appropriate monument of a good woman, subscribed for by women—the work of a woman.

Besides this, another public example of the Princess's work may be seen in the Gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours—of which it has already been stated her Royal Highness is an honorary member—in an excellent marble bust of the Queen. This we have been enabled to reproduce by special permission of the Council.

Another Royal sculptor is the Empress Frederick of Germany. She also, like her sister, is an accomplished painter, and, although, of course, not engaged "professionally," is a sculptor of no mean ability, she having recently devoted herself with great energy to the work. At her castle at Kronberg, as well as at the palace at Berlin, she has furnished large studios devoted almost entirely to work at the modelling stool. Her efforts are said to be worthy of the highest praise, and if they are at all equal to her paintings the praise is certainly well merited.

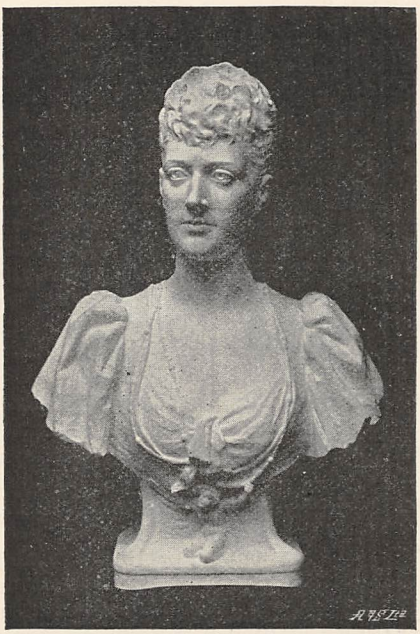
One of the most picturesque figures of the artistic world up to about three years ago was that of H.S.H. Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, a nephew of her Majesty. Count Gleichen, to give him the title by which he was better known, as

BUST OF THE QUEEN IN THE GALLERY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.
(*Executed by H.R.H. Princess Louise.*)

may be seen from the portrait published herewith, bore a striking likeness to Henry VIII. Of fine presence and genial character, Count Gleichen was withal an indefatigable worker as a sculptor. He was one of the few artists that the Navy has given us. Born in 1833, he served with honour, first as a midshipman and lastly as a captain, in our premier service, gaining fighting experience in the Baltic, the Crimea, and in China, where he was severely wounded. He resigned his command in 1866, and devoted himself with diligence and enthusiasm to art. From 1868 to the year of his death he was a regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy, producing work full of vigour in his studio at St. James's Palace. The plate—still on the door—announced the fact that he was not to be seen till four o'clock in the afternoon, and the mass of material completed and in progress at his death bore eloquent testimony to his unceasing capacity for work. When it is said that from 1868 he produced 253 complete works, his industry can be imagined. The principal works he executed were the magnificent life-size statue of the Queen now at Holloway College, and the colossal Alfred the Great at Wantage. In his studio, to mention one of the many interesting works, is a charming statuette of himself in his working attire, standing by the modelling stool, on which is a bust of his daughter, H.S.H. the Countess Feodora Gleichen.

The Countess has followed worthily in the footsteps of her father, and now occupies the position of one of the leading lady-sculptors of the day. A member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, and an honorary member of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, she is an artist of undoubted ability. From her childhood, when she was accustomed to watch her father at work, she has been an industrious disciple of art, but it is only since the Count's death that she has worked professionally as a sculptor. She occupies her father's studio, and, surrounded by the evidences of his industry, she finds in them inspiration for, and an incentive to, her talents. She, too, is unflagging in her zeal for work, and has on hand at the present time several important commissions. Principal among these is a life-size statue of the Queen, destined for the Jubilee Hospital at Montreal. In this work she exhibits her characteristic unconventionality. The Queen is not represented as the monarch solely, but as the kindly Empress-mother. Attired in Royal robes, she has one arm encircling a little child who has fallen asleep with his head on her knee, while, on the other side, is another child with one arm in a sling, sitting on the steps of the throne gazing lovingly up at the

H.S.H. COUNTESS FEODORA GLEICHEN, R.I.
(*From a photograph by H. S. Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.*)



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.
(*A Bust executed by H.S.H. Countess Feodora Gleichen.*)

Queen's benevolent face. The whole composition is full of tender sentiment, and will be a valuable addition to the art possessions of the Dominion. In the studio, too, is an incomplete monument of her father. Executed in relief, it represents the Count in his naval uniform in a recumbent position; this is intended for Sunningdale Church, where the Count lies buried. Another work in hand is a memorial to Admiral Tryon, the unfortunate victim of the *Victoria* disaster.

At the Academy this year the Countess Gleichen was represented by a bust of the Princess of Wales, and at the New Gallery by a charming statuette of Lady Henry Bentinck. But the finest work she has yet accomplished is undoubtedly the figure of Satan, which was in the Academy Exhibition of 1894. The reproduction here given will show the daring originality of the design.

The Countess is indebted, of course, for her early training to her father; but she has supplemented this by an assiduous attendance at the Slade Class at University College, and several visits to Italy. It was there she gained the technique of her art, but the "Satan" alone is sufficient to show that she has the innate genius of an artist, without which all training counts for nothing.

The last instance I shall give of royal exponents of sculpture is that of the late Prince Louis Napoleon, the Prince Imperial. In his short life he proved himself an efficient artist, although few of his works are in existence, most of them no doubt being destroyed in the insensate wrecking of the Tuileries by the Communists. He had Carpeaux for his master, and the principal evidence of his skill existing is a representation of a French grenadier clasping a flag to his breast, which he is defending from the advancing foe. This, together with a bust of his tutor, M. Lemonnier, is in the possession of M. Croisy, a French sculptor. It may be interesting to state that before the fall of the Empire Carpeaux modelled a beautiful statuette of the Prince and his dog, which was thought a fitting subject for reproduction in porcelain at Sèvres. Before it was ready for publication, however, the Empire was dead, and it was decided to alter the title of the work. "The Prince Imperial," by Carpeaux, is unknown, but a copy of the work, "L'Enfant au Chien," will prove the self-same.

ARTHUR FISH.

SATAN.
(*Exhibited at the Royal Academy in* 1894. *By H.S.H. Countess Feodora Gleichen.*)

By L. T. MEADE, Author of "The Medicine Lady," etc. etc.

CHAPTER XLVI.—DEAD LOVE.

THE amazed and distressed look on Ward's face made Patty laugh.

"What in the world are you doing?" he exclaimed.

"Collecting hair," she answered. "Come and look at it. Isn't it pretty?"

Ward advanced a step or two into the room.

"I wonder you care to sit in this room," he said.

"Why so? I love this quaint room. We owe a great deal to it, don't we, John? But for this queer old room and the drawer in the tortoise-shell cabinet the Red Lodge would not belong to us."

"We need not refer to that matter to-day, need we?" said Ward. He put a great restraint upon himself, and spoke as soothingly as he possibly could. "I have been very much occupied all the morning seeing to all sorts of matters about the place. I have come in now, tired and wet, and I want you to come down to the drawing-room and sit with me. If you are very good I will sing to you."

Patty looked up at him. The dawning of some of her old expression flitted across her face, but it quickly vanished.

"Your songs don't tempt me," she said. "It is a strange and unaccountable fact that when my heart died, my love for music died also. Where's Topsy? Oh, you sweet! I have love enough left for you—you suit me perfectly. I'd rather stay here, please, John. It is very interesting collecting this old hair."

"What do you mean to do with it, Patty?" asked Ward.

"Do you see that fire? I mean to burn it. It will be like burning love—ha, ha!"

"I don't understand you."

"Don't you? It seems to me that my thought is very plain. Give me your hand. You shall watch me burning the hair."

Patty went up to her husband, seized one of his hands, dragged him forward to the old hearth, and, before he could prevent her, threw the pile of hair upon the glowing coals. A locket, a bracelet or two, some hair rings, tumbled into the flames with the locks of hair.

Patty laughed softly as the fire licked up its offering.

"There!" she said, "that's a good riddance." She turned and looked at her husband. "What do you say to sitting in this room now and then?" she asked.

"I say that I won't have it," said Ward. "I dislike this room for every reason. You act as the silliest of children when you go on as you are doing now. Come downstairs; I wish it. Come! See, I desire you to come."

"What are your desires and wishes to me?" said Patty.

She stepped back a pace or two; her eyes blazed with anger.

"Oh, come, my darling," said her husband. "You will do what I ask because, not because I command you—I could not command you, my precious wife—but because it gives me pleasure."

"But—I don't care about giving you pleasure, John."

Here she knit her brows and looked at him anxiously.

"There are times," she said, pressing her hand to her forehead as she spoke, "when I feel convinced that there is something wrong with me; there are moments when I struggle against a queer sense of lightness and vacancy." She pressed her hand harder against her brow. "At this present moment I want you to influence me. You used to hypnotise me long ago. When you hypnotised me, I did exactly as you wished. Oh yes, I remember all the old time. Do you, John, recall the months when I struggled against you—when your influence was over me, but I would never yield to it—when I tried to be good, even though being good meant turning my back on you? I nearly died, but I persevered. I loved my poor little conscience then, and my poor little soul was

precious to me. Do you remember that party in London? Do you remember singing to me in the midst of the crowd—

> 'When I am dead, my dearest,
> Sing no sad songs for me'?

Do you recall that song, John?—the song, the evening, the hour, the look on my face? You sang to me, and then you cut me dead—dead as if you had never known me. You sent a sword through my heart—my poor little heart, which is really dead now. The next day you willed me to go to you—oh, of course you remember it—I could never forget that hour. Since then I have been yours to do what you willed with. Yes, I have gone through a splendid and an awful time. It all seems put away now, and I feel quite different. But now and then I want the old influence back again; I want to tremble with joy when you sing, I want to rejoice when you give me a look of love. Hypnotise me, John. Try—see if you can bring back the old love. I will sit here and you shall try. Use the power of your will on me once again, John. I will sit here close to the cabinet, and you shall hypnotise me back to love you again."

Patty sat down as she spoke; her arms hung listlessly to her sides; she raised her eyes and fixed them on Ward's face.

He had never looked more inscrutable, more dark, more self-contained than at that moment. Patty had dared him to hypnotise her. He knew well that the gift was his to a dangerous degree. He would try it; perhaps by that means her lost love for him might really be restored.

He did not say a word as she looked up at him, but a current of wild hopes and fears surged through his mind. He looked steadily into the dancing, lovely eyes. Then a strange thing happened. The power of the man himself suddenly and completely failed him. He found it impossible to exercise that concentration of thought which was essential to the carrying out of his purpose. He looked at Patty, it is true, but a thousand ideas—ten thousand thoughts—seemed to flit and dance before him. After a minute or two he saw that he had failed. His wife was not looking at him. She had evidently forgotten the words which had just escaped her lips; her serious mood had passed.

"What are you staring at me for?" she asked. "Why, you will quite upset Topsy. Do look at the little dear! He has cocked his sweet little head to one side, and he is gazing at us both. I am sure he thinks us a pair of idiots. Come along, Topsy—come to my arms, my pet."

Patty caught the pug in her embrace, she smothered his small flat head with kisses from her red lips, then she abruptly left the room. She was so absorbed with the pug that she had absolutely forgotten her husband's presence.

"Merciful God, what is to become of me?" muttered the wretched man. He was shaken as he had never been before.

He went downstairs, entered his private study, and locked himself in. There the man was alone—face to face with the conscience he had tried to kill, with the soul he had bartered, with the God he had insulted.

Chapter XLVII.—The Ruined Garden.

It rained all the next day and all the next. While it rained the wind blew, the pine forest was shaken to its depth, and all the outside world was a scene of desolation. Ward spent nearly the whole of these two miserable days in his study. The servants did not care to disturb him. His door was locked; he appeared to be very busy, but at meals he invariably appeared. His face had a drawn and haggard appearance. He looked old. Some of the characteristics which made him a remarkable man had deserted him. What Ward had lost in calm Patty had gained. Her spirits were excellent. The silence which had characterised her when in Switzerland had now departed. She chatted volubly, treading on Ward's prejudices in the most reckless manner, disregarding the signs of pain which he could not help now and then showing. Her life was gay, light-hearted, childish, perfectly blissful, and serene.

On the third day the sun broke again through the fast driving clouds; the wind fell. By noon the sky was clear, and for a short time there was promise of the weather taking up. The ravages which the storm had made were more perceptible. The river which ran through part of the Rhodes' property had again broken bounds; and not only in that part of Devonshire, but all over the country far and near the floods were out.

Ward had been out of doors for a couple of hours, looking with dismay at the ravages which the storm had made all over the property. Elm trees had been torn up by the roots; the rose garden was an absolute scene of desolation. Some of the familiar landmarks were completely obliterated by the floods. The waters were still rising, and as he returned to the house he was dismayed to see fresh and heavy banks of clouds on the horizon. He entered the dining-room where Patty already awaited him.

"Well, my love," he said, speaking as cheerfully as he could. He had come to the point of finding Patty's society a source of the

deepest irritation. "Well, it seems that you are about to have your wish. The river has overflowed its banks, and the greater part of the low country is a sea of waters."

"How delicious," said Patty, clapping her hands.

"Perhaps!" answered Ward, dryly. "I will take a cutlet, if you please." He held out his plate as he spoke.

Patty helped him. Then she rose from her seat, and with a dancing movement, which resembled that of an eight-year-old child, went to the window.

"I wish I could see the floods from here," she said. "I can't."

"They are having disastrous effects on the village," said Ward. "The village lies low, as you remember, and almost all the houses are under water up to the top floor."

"How the children must enjoy it!" exclaimed Patty.

"I am surprised that you consider such a calamity a source for congratulation, Patty," said her husband. "Even granted that children will be children, we have to think of the terrible ruin to property, and the death of farm stock all over the land. As I came in now I saw cows and horses huddled together in absolute terror, with the waters completely surrounding them. It was quite painful to see the poor beasts; they looked absolutely cowed. I have heard before that animals in floods like the present will stay motionless on any island of refuge until they drop dead from sheer starvation."

"I wish I could see them," said Patty, her eyes still dancing.

"If you really wish it, I will take you out after lunch," said Ward. "It is a good thing the house stands high. The house and gardens are, of course, intact, even if the waters should continue to rise."

"Suppose they do. What will happen?" asked Patty in a voice full of eagerness.

Ward raised his brows impatiently.

"Suppose they do?" he repeated. "Doesn't your common sense tell you?"

"You forget that I have no common sense, John."

The words, spoken sadly, softened Ward on the spot. He felt his heart moved within him.

"I will take you to see the floods if they interest you," he said in his gentlest tone. "I sincerely trust that no more rain will fall, but those clouds look ominous. If the waters should rise now, the destruction will be something terrible. More property rendered valueless, more animals, and perhaps human beings drowned."

"I wonder what death by drowning is like," said Patty in a reflective voice.

"My dear, you must really turn your thoughts from morbid subjects. Have you finished lunch? Well, put on your hat, and I will take you out."

Patty left the room. She returned in a moment with her sailor hat on. Her husband asked her to take his arm, but she refused.

"I am as strong as you are," she said with a laugh.

He did not make any further remark. They

"PATTY HAD DARED HIM TO HYPNOTISE HER."

walked down the avenue side by side, passed out into the high road, and presently ascending a little knoll which stood in the centre of one of the fields, surveyed the ruins which the floods had made. The familiar landmarks had, in truth, all disappeared. As far as the eye could reach the place looked like a great lake. Here and there the tops of poplar trees were seen standing above the waters; rows of pollards also showed their heads; but the dividing lines between field and field had absolutely vanished. Patty's eyes sparkled, and excitement crept up and up into her brain as she gazed.

"It is wonderful and beautiful," she said; "and is our property—*my* property—really lying under that waste of waters?"

"As far as you can see the property is yours. It will take years to repair this damage."

"John," said Patty, looking him full in the face, "perhaps this is God's way of taking the property away from us."

He did not reply to her, but he pushed the soft felt hat which he wore a little further down over his eyes.

"Now let us see the village," she said.

They left the knoll, and walked on as far as they dared towards the ever-increasing waters. Some cows which had taken shelter on a slight rise of ground, and were now standing up to their shoulders in water, mooed painfully, turned their gentle eyes on Patty and Ward, and seemed to appeal to them for assistance.

"It is strange," said Patty. "I'd have been moved to the very depth by the sight of those poor things a year ago; now I don't feel their misfortune a bit. My one effort is not to laugh in their faces. Fancy laughing in the faces of creatures about to drown! Ha! ha! Oh, John, I wish this mirth wouldn't bubble up within me."

"You must keep it in check, Patty. A great deal depends on yourself. I mean to take you to London next week to see a doctor who understands cases like yours."

"He will say I am mad, perhaps," said Patty.

"He will doubtless use remedies to make you better," replied Ward, evasively.

Here her eyes gave a stealthy gleam.

"I won't go to him, John. He might lock me up. Mad people are locked up. I could not laugh as much as I liked in a madhouse."

"Come and stand here," said Ward, taking her arm; "just up against the root of this tree. Now you can see the submerged village."

The peaceful little village looked as it had never done before. Some of the houses were covered with water up to the roofs. In most cases the entrance doors were completely hidden. People were seen paddling about in hastily-constructed boats. As Patty and Ward stood in their places of shelter two men rowed quickly up to the margin of the waters.

"If those clouds come up," said one of the men shouting across the waters to Ward, "there won't be a roof-tree visible in the village by to-night. God help us all!" he added.

"I say, Walker," shouted Ward back to him, "you had better collect all the women and children and bring them up to our barns; we can put two barns, if not three, at their disposal. Those clouds assuredly mean mischief. We'll have the women and children safe at least."

"Bless your honour, it's a good thought," said Walker. He said a word to his mate, and the men turned the boat and rowed quickly to the village.

"John, you look quite disturbed," said Patty as they turned slowly homewards.

"Who would not be at such suffering and destruction?" was his reply.

"But you used not to mind suffering and destruction."

"How do you mean, my love? I was never quite a brute."

"Your motto in life was 'All for self,'" answered Patty; "you surprise me very much by the queer attitude your mind seems to have taken."

"Don't you feel sad at the thought of those creatures dying like rats in a trap?"

"They mustn't die, they must come to the barns," said Patty, making an effort to speak sensibly; "not that I feel anything about it. Oh! but I say, John, suppose we have a dance to-night in the barn, as we had the night of our wedding? It will help the people to forget the flood, and I should enjoy it awfully. I never knew until lately how wise it is to turn one's back on disagreeable things."

"You can arrange the dance or not, as you please," said Ward. "I will take you home now, for I must go down immediately to the village to see what can be done to get the women and children to a place of safety."

He walked quickly—so quickly that Patty had nearly to run to keep up with him. They parted by the border of the destroyed and sodden rose garden. Patty turned and watched her husband as he went back to the village by quick strides. There were energy and determination, there was the breath of vigorous life about his manner.

Patty ran into the house, Topsy met her in the entrance hall.

"There you are, my little frisking pet," she exclaimed; "no one in all the world suits me as you do, Topsy. Let us go together to the octagon room."

She took the pug in her arms, and ran lightly upstairs.

A moment or two later she had climbed the spiral stairs and stood in the secret chamber. She shut the door behind her. The ashes of the fire which she had lit two days ago lay white in the grate. The casement windows were shut, the room felt close. The top drawer of the tortoiseshell cabinet still lay on the clumsily carved oak table which stood in the centre of the room. The worm-eaten chair on which Patty had sat was drawn up close to the table. Patty glanced from the drawer to the cabinet. There were several drawers still to ransack—to amuse herself with; to rifle of their treasures; there was the empty drawer at the bottom of the cabinet, the drawer in which she found the will, the drawer in which she had hidden it on that night when she walked in her sleep. Patty stood in the centre of the room and looked around her. The little dog caught some paper in its mouth and began to frisk about with it. His lively motions and gay antics caught Patty's quick fancy. She sat down on the worm-eaten chair, clasped her hands in her lap, and burst into peal after peal of laughter. Topsy was so much pleased with her mirth that he ran round and round more madly than ever. After a time the paroxysm of laughter passed; she put her hand to her brow; her face turned pale; there was a sensation of tightness and fulness round her heart; she pressed her hand to it, and a more serious look than her eyes had worn for many months came into them.

"Have I a threatening of that old agony?" she murmured. "I hope not. I don't want to suffer and die now; I love my butterfly life."

She went to the window, threw open the casement, and looked out.

Anyone standing on the ground and looking up at the Red Lodge could get no view of the window which sent light into the secret chamber. It was cunningly placed between two chimney stacks; but from the window itself, there was a clear view commanding a wide sweep of country. Patty threw open both casements, leant half out, and gazed round her. The great bank of clouds which was coming up from the west had now covered half the sky; the wind, which had dropped, was rising again. The pine forest was bowing itself in great waves to meet the coming storm. A flash of lightning was suddenly seen to light up the clouds with a lurid gleam, then a peal of distant thunder boomed like a volley of artillery.

Patty looked from the sky to the world beneath; she was looking down at her own little world. She had come to the Red Lodge when a baby not a year old; she had lived in this place almost the whole of her one-and-twenty years. No place had been like this place to her. The old Patty could love with great passion; she had loved this place with all the strength of a large heart.

"I declare," she exclaimed, her eyes kindling with excitement as she spoke; "this flood is worse than the old flood; I never remember the village being under water before. It is well the church is safe; yes, the church stands high, and so does the graveyard which surrounds it. The graveyard—the graveyard! it would be frightfully cruel to disturb the dead. They rest peacefully; and amongst them rests—rests—Who rests in the graveyard? Oh, I know; could I ever have forgotten? My little child is lying there. I had forgotten—I had completely and absolutely forgotten. I'll go and see the grave. Mothers like to sit on the graves of their dead children. I'll go now and visit the grave. I will make a cross of flowers to lay upon it. A cross of white flowers suited for the grave of a white angel. What a happy thought! I'll go there; I'll go at once."

The dog whined as Patty left the room. For the first time for many weeks she took no notice of its cry of entreaty. The memory of the child had returned to her with force; it absorbed her whole thought for the time. She went downstairs, forgetting that she had left the casement windows open. She went straight to the great conservatories which opened out of one of the drawing-rooms. She fetched a basket and a pair of scissors, and began to cut recklessly, and with no regard whatever to the welfare of the plants which she rifled, every white flower which she could see. Chrysanthemums, white roses, flowering jessamine, orange blossoms found their way to her basket. When she had filled it she went out. She forgot her hat; she forgot to put any wrap on; she went straight across the sodden wet lawn in the direction of the church.

Chapter XLVIII.—What Shall it Profit?

A LITTLE stile at the corner of one of the fields led direct into the churchyard. The church was one of the oldest in the land; it had square grey towers, early Norman windows, and many of the other adjuncts which

characterise the English church of the first centuries. The church was full of monuments, and fine old painted windows. Much torn and dilapidated battle flags hung over some of the monuments. The whole place seemed to tell of the past glories of the Rhodes family. The church was associated with the old house. These monuments spoke of the greatness of Patty's dead and gone ancestors.

The door stood open now. Patty entered under the broad, low archway. She walked up to the square family pew, sat down, and gazed around her. As she sat in the old pew and looked up at the battered colours which a brave ancestor had borne from the field in the days of one of the Henrys, she found, slowly and surely, the mirth leaving her heart. The happy, contented feeling, which made it a pleasure simply to live, was deserting her. She was oppressed by the sort of fear which troubles a nervous child. Her big, beautiful eyes filled with tears. She looked down at the basket of white flowers which she still carried on her arm.

"What have I brought these flowers into the church for?" she said to herself. Then she remembered; she smiled.

"'WHAT HAVE I BROUGHT THESE FLOWERS INTO THE CHURCH FOR?'"

"Oh, I know why I picked them," she said, half aloud. "The flowers are to lay on my baby's grave. Once I had a baby: I touched its dead body; I kissed it on its dead brow. I was really its mother. Oh, good God, what am I saying? —I am its mother still. The thought frightens me; I don't like it. I am not fit to be the mother of a child who is now an angel. The child's body is dead; the child's body lies in the churchyard, but its spirit is with God. I am very far from God; I cannot see Him—I cannot get a glimpse of His presence. I don't want to be the mother of an angel; I am not worthy."

The dog had followed Patty into the church. It came up to her feet now and whined.

"Go away, Topsy—I don't want you," she said, shaking it off.

The little animal gave a cry at what it considered sudden and cruel desertion. Patty did not take the least notice. A noise overhead aroused her attention. A peal of thunder had suddenly shaken the little church. Immediately after the peal came a blinding flash of lightning, then another clap of thunder louder than the first. The next moment the heavens seemed to open, and the rain poured out as if in

bucketfuls. Patty sat perfectly quiet and immovable.

After a time the cloud, which had made the little church almost as black as night, passed away. A gleam of watery blue sky became manifest. Presently a ray of sunshine darted with a full bar of golden light into the building. The light fell across Patty where she sat; it surrounded her, burnishing her hair and filling her eyes, which were raised to meet it, with a sudden glory. She was in white, and sitting there with the flowers in her hand and her upturned pale face raised to meet the sunshine, she might possibly have been mistaken for an angel. She looked very lovely, very unearthly, for the brief moment while the sunshine encircled her. The bar of light moved quickly on, leaving the solitary woman once again in deep shadow. She got up hastily, glanced at her flowers, pressed her hand to her head, and prepared to leave the church. As she was going out of the family pew she knocked down a Bible. She stooped to pick it up. As she did so the leaves flew open, and her eyes fell upon the inscription on the title-page:—

"Regina Rhodes.
Born 1820.

'What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'"

Patty read the inscription once or twice. She remembered the book well. She used to read out of it when she was a child. Once she had asked her aunt Regina why she had chosen that text to place in her old Bible.

"Because, my dear," replied the old woman, "I have come into great possessions. I have wealth, and wealth sometimes poisons the heart. I want to remember that it profits a man nothing even to gain the whole world, if he loses his soul."

Patty did not in the least understand the words at the time, but now their meaning came over her with a throb of great agony.

She turned white to her lips. She left the church quickly, as if an avenging angel were driving her out.

The evening sunshine was now sending long bars of brightness across the wet graves; some birds twittered in the trees. Patty knew the corner where the great vault of her ancestors stood. She began to walk gropingly towards it, as if she were half blind. She had never inquired where the baby was buried, but she concluded that it was here. As a matter of fact, Ward had not cared to have the great vault opened to receive this tiny new member of the family. The infant had been placed in the ground just at the foot of the vault. Patty arrested her footsteps now opposite the tiny green mound. There were no flowers over it, nor any headstone. Still she had no doubt with regard to the identity of this little grave. She sat instantly down on the little mound, and taking the flowers out of her basket began quickly to form them into a cross. She had provided herself with wire, string, and scissors, and she proceeded deftly and quickly with her work.

"SHE LAID IT REVERENTLY AT THE HEAD" (*p.* 924).

When she had finished the cross, she laid it reverently at the head of the grave. The sunshine came fully out at that moment, and flooded the spot with strong, bright light. Patty stood where the sunshine fell all over her. The warmth comforted her, and took the dreadful, dazed, forsaken feeling out of her heart. She raised her eyes full up towards the heavens. At that moment she thought she saw a vision. Out of the midst of the sunshine she thought she saw the face of her dead child. The face looked full into hers, the eyes were full of entreaty. As she looked at the child, the child seemed to pass into greater and greater heights of light and brightness ; the eyes were still fixed earnestly and beseechingly on the face of the mother. A moment later the sunshine was hidden under a cloud, and the vision had faded.

Patty rose quickly.

As she walked across the wet grass, she found herself repeating the words in Miss Regina Rhodes' old Bible : "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul ? "

"The child is like my soul to me," she said to herself. "The child beckoned me—the child asked me to go to it. Is there no road ? is there no way ? "

She was intensely serious now. The butterfly existence was completely over. She entered the house ; the servants were moving about, lighting up and closing windows for the night. Mrs. Parsons, the old housekeeper, was standing near the entrance when Patty entered the great hall. She came up to her mistress in much distress.

"My dear young lady," she said, "I've been looking for you everywhere. I wanted to speak to you, ma'am, about the women and children. They are coming up to the barns every moment. It isn't safe to leave a soul in the houses down in the village, and our barns are the handiest places to bring them to."

"Of course, Parsons, of course," said Patty, restlessly.

"But the barns are full already, Mrs. Ward. There are still a lot of the poor souls. And there's old Mrs. Jenkins ; and there's Mrs. Markham, who's blind, you know, ma'am ; and Lisbeth Harvey, whose baby is only a fortnight old. I thought perhaps you would not object to their being brought into the house, ma'am."

"Object ! " said Patty. "I wonder you ask me such a question. Certainly, I don't object. Fill the house from attic to cellar, Parsons, if it is necessary. Give the poor creatures every comfort. See that they have plenty to eat. The men will have to go and sleep in the barns presently, but let all the women and children come into the house."

She stood still for a moment. With a sudden movement she raised her hand to her brow.

"You look bad, my dear young lady. How frightfully pale you are," said the housekeeper.

"I have a headache," replied Patty ; "but don't worry about me, please. I have something to do—something of great importance. There is no fear. I shall keep up until it is done."

"Won't you have tea ? Henry took it into the drawing-room a long time ago. I'll call him, and tell him to make some fresh."

"Don't do anything of the kind. I could not eat, and I'm not thirsty. Don't keep me any longer. Are you quite certain that Mr. Ward is out ? "

"Quite, ma'am. He is out, and won't be in until he has rescued every soul in the place. When you get to know your good husband, really, ma'am, there's no one better or braver than he is."

Such words would have caused Patty's heart to tingle a few months ago. Now she failed to notice them.

"Do all you can for the people," she said. "House them, feed them, comfort them. I give you full leave to do everything in your power. When Mr. Ward comes in, tell Henry to ask him to come to me in his study. Tell him to say that I wish to speak to him immediately."

"Yes, ma'am. You're quite certain you would not like tea to be brought to you in the study ? "

"Quite. I have some important work which must be attended to immediately. Pray see that I am not disturbed. I will not see anyone except Mr. Ward. I wish him to come to me the moment he returns."

The housekeeper retired. She felt puzzled with regard to Patty's state. A sense of discomfort and coming disorder oppressed her. She was not a nervous woman, but she had known her young lady from a child, and it needed but a glance to tell her that things were very far wrong with Mrs. Ward.

Patty went to her husband's study. In contrast to the outside world it looked the "picture of comfort." She went up to her husband's desk, and sat down before it. Ward was a methodical man. His desk was in perfect order. Patty rested her elbow on a thick writing pad. She took a sheet of paper out of a case which stood in front of the pad, dipped a pen in the ink, and bending slightly forward, began to write. "My dear Margot," she commenced.

Here she paused, threw down her pen, and looked intently out into the room. The text in her aunt's Bible returned again to her mind.

"What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

"Is there no way by which I can save my soul?" she said, beginning to speak aloud. "I loved a man. I loved one man so well, so passionately, that I gave up my soul because of my love. Is there no way of getting my soul back? For months I've been trying hard to kill my soul. It died; at least, I thought it died. When it died, or was stunned, my love died, or was stunned, at the same time. I feel very queer to-night—very desperate. I hate the world and all that it can offer. I want love and my soul back. My head aches, my nerves tingle. There is a love which can only bring a curse. There is a love before which I tremble, shake, and fear. After all, there is only one thing to do. I will do it; I will do it quickly—very quickly. Perhaps the old dreadful love may come back to me. Perhaps *he* may come in and try to stop me. He lost his power over me when my soul died, but perhaps his dreadful power may return. It is quite possible that I may fall a victim to his spell once again. I won't run the risk. There is only one thing to do. I will do it before the balance of my mind is quite overset. I will tell Margot the truth. I will give her back what I stole from her. I will make restitution, not because I am sorry, not because I feel any keen compunction for my sin, but because, possibly—just possibly by this road—I can get back to God again. Oh, good God! give me time to write this letter; give me strength to write it. My brain is very weak. Let sense remain with me until the letter is written. 'What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' I gained all my world, and I have not profited. I lost my soul for what—for what men call love, but what God calls idolatry. The baby looked at me out of the glory in the churchyard. I saw myself then just for a moment as God sees me always. Oh, God! give me back my soul, even if I go to hell with it. I cannot live any longer without my soul. Give it back to me. Give me back my soul, merciful Lord!"

Patty fell on her knees. She raised her eyes to heaven.

"By Thine agony and bloody sweat, good Lord deliver me!" she cried.

She sprang up quickly, and resumed her seat by the table. She dipped her pen in ink, and began to write quickly. Fever spots burned on her cheeks; the light of delirium crept up into her eyes. Still, she wrote steadily on. Her brain seemed to gain sudden strength; the cloud of oppression left her. She told her terrible tale with power. She told the whole story, giving an unvarnished narrative of the principal events of her life from the day of her secret marriage with Ward. At last the story was told, the letter was finished. Patty signed her name in full at the end. She folded up the closely-written sheets of paper, put them into an envelope, directed the envelope to Margot at her West Kensington address, and slipped it into her pocket. Having finished her letter, she felt feverishly anxious to post it. She left the study, and went into the hall. Confusion was evidently having full sway over the generally peaceful house. There was the noise of doors opening and shutting, and footsteps passing here and there. The sound of children's voices, a sob from a woman, a laugh from a child. Patty put her fingers to her ears. In her excited and overwrought state the noise and confusion became intolerable to her. Outside the wind was moaning, and the drip, drip of heavy rain was heard distinctly as it fell on the sodden earth.

Patty crossed the hall to one of the windows; she pulled aside the blind and looked out into the night. Heavy clouds were being driven fast across the heavens. Now and then they broke, and the moon showed a watery face. Notwithstanding the clouds the night was not quite dark, for the moon was nearly at the full. Patty put her hand into her pocket to feel for her letter. She knew that she would not have a chance of rest until that letter was in the post; nevertheless, an instinct which she could not account for made her unwilling to post it until she had told her husband of what she had done.

"I should like to show him the letter; it would be only fair," she whispered between her white lips. "But in any case, whether he sees it or not, it must go into the post to-night."

Her face looked haggard; all the youth and beauty had gone out of it. Turning from her long gaze out of the window, she saw a servant standing near one of the doors.

"You need not wait," she said; "go downstairs and help. Go; I don't want you."

"At what hour shall I serve dinner, Mrs. Ward?"

"When your master returns—not before. By the way, before you go, tell me if James has been to fetch the letter bag."

"No, ma'am, it isn't likely that any post can go from here to-night. The water is some feet high on the road between the Red Lodge and the post-office."

Patty made no reply. The man waited

for her to speak. Finding she had nothing further to say, he slowly left the hall. When he had gone she pressed her hands to her ears.

"I wish I could shut away the noise of all those people downstairs," she thought. "I wish I could shut away the noise of that rain. When the rain thuds down on the ground it seems to beat on my brain. It gives me pain; it hurts me frightfully. I wonder if I am really going mad. This letter must be posted before I lose my senses. I am certain the accounts of the floods are exaggerated. I will go out myself, and see if I can reach the post-office."

No sooner had the idea come to her than Patty determined to act upon it. She seized a shawl which hung over the back of a sofa, wrapped it round her head and shoulders, and went out into the wild and tempestuous night. Notwithstanding the rain, and notwithstanding the ever-increasing gale of wind, the sensation of the cool breeze against her cheeks restored to a certain extent the balance of the disturbed woman's mind. She ceased to experience such an overpowering sense of confusion. She found herself capable of fixing her thoughts steadily on one goal. Her object was to get her letter posted; she must accomplish this feat by some means. She suddenly remembered that although the post-office was situated in a low part of the village, there was a letter-box on the rising ground about a mile distant from the Red Lodge. She almost laughed with joy when she remembered the box.

"How stupid of me to have forgotten," she said to herself. "I can easily reach the pillar-box. Once I have slipped the letter in there it will be safe; nothing will be able to recall it. The deed of restitution will be made. Even granted that there is some slight delay in the clearing of the box, Margot will hear the dreadful story sooner or later. Oh, how glad I am I thought of that pillar-box! By this time to-morrow, John and I will be beggars. Oh, the joy—oh, the rapture—of knowing that the mantle of sin will have dropped from our shoulders! We, who have sinned so deeply, will have ceased to sin. Oh, law! oh, justice! how little I care what punishment you may inflict on me if only I may know that I have turned my back upon sin. I wonder if God will ever let me see His face again. I am quite willing that He should punish me, if only in the far, far distance I may see His blessed, blessed face. Oh, joy! oh, life! oh, light! I stretch out my hands once again to reach you. I strive for you; I starve for you. Oh, God in Heaven! look at my empty hands; have compassion on my starved and dying soul!"

"HE TRIED TO CATCH THE HAND WHICH HELD THE LETTER HIGH."

The letter-box was almost on the brow of the hill. From this spot in fine weather a magnificent view met the eye; the Atlantic rolled grandly some hundreds of yards away, the pine forest

showed its face sheer up against the sky. As a child Patty had often visited this spot. The wind was scarcely ever still on this eminence. To-night it raged and disported itself like a mad thing bereft of all rhyme or reason. The letter-box was placed where four roads met, and to reach it Patty had to leave the shelter of the hedge. She made two or three attempts to do so before she was successful. At last, bowing her head to the storm, and walking in a zig-zag fashion, she managed to get up to it. She leant against the box for shelter. A terror came came over her that this little ark of refuge might itself be torn away. She stood for a moment panting, with her back to the box, before she felt sufficient strength to put her hand into her pocket to reach the letter. As she did so, she for the first time observed that she was not alone. In reality she had been followed during the greater part of her desperate fight up the windy road. Now, just when an easy breath came to her, and she was about to put the letter into the box, her husband came quickly across the road to her side.

"Did you not hear me when I shouted to you?" said Ward. "What are you doing? Come home immediately."

There was excitement in his tone, and Patty, with a strange mixture of terror and delight, found that it influenced her again. The moon suddenly appeared behind a ragged break of cloud; it showed Ward's face. The man's face was grey; his hair was in disorder. The storm had buffeted him cruelly. For the first time in his life, Patty noticed a beaten sort of look about him.

"Come home," he said, in a harsh tone.

He tried to draw his wife's hand through his arm.

She bent her head, in order not to meet his eyes.

"If I really meet his eyes, I may be lost yet," muttered the poor soul.

"Now for it!" she whispered to herself; "now for the final struggle. I won't meet his eyes, I won't meet his voice; I won't obey him, whatever he says. Even if he kills me, I won't sin again. I dare not look at him, but neither will I be a coward—neither will I do what I mean to do without telling him."

"Come home, my love," said Ward. His voice had suddenly grown gentle. "Patty, you cannot realise what you are doing," he continued. "Only a mad woman would rush up the road as you have done, in the face of such a tempest."

"I am not mad," she replied.

As she spoke she slightly moved her position. She was now standing with her back to the open slit in the red box. Through this slit she must drop her letter into its ark of refuge.

"I am quite sane," she repeated. "I came up this road, I faced this tempest, for an object. I wanted to post a letter. Here, do you see it? I wanted to post this letter."

"Yes," replied Ward, in some bewilderment—"yes, you took a great deal of trouble. The letter would have reached its destination had you dropped it into the box in the hall."

"No, no!" she said with a sudden shriek; "it would not have been safe there. See—the moon is shining—see the inscription on the letter."

Ward read it; even yet he hadn't the faintest idea of his wife's meaning. He came to the conclusion that she was now quite mad.

"Drop it into the letter-box if you like, my dear," he said softly. "Do it quickly, and let me take you home."

"I won't, until you know what it contains. The letter is to Margot Fletcher. It tells a story—our story."

"Our story?" repeated the man.

"Yes," she said, "our story. I have told Margot everything—all about your sin and my sin. The letter is full of our sin; it is heavy with the weight of our scarlet sin. John, I cannot stay in the dark any longer. I must get back to God somehow, and there seems no other road. Perhaps it is all useless—perhaps I have really sinned past pardon; but at least, at the eleventh hour, I make restitution. Now you know everything. You shan't take the letter from me; I won't let you touch it. Let go."

The whole thing was made plain to him at last. He saw his danger. Public disgrace, ruin, punishment, a felon's cell waited him if Patty posted that letter. He flung his arms round her. She wrenched herself from him with superhuman strength. He tried to catch the hand which held the letter high. The moon shone on the letter, and on the bare extended hand and arm. With a movement too sudden for even his acute calculation, Patty dropped it into the letter-box.

"Safe!" she said, in a whisper.

Chapter XLIX.—The Voice of God.

When she had said this word a strange thing immediately happened. She lost the memory of her own deed. The passion and strength which had kept her up deserted her. She stood pale and trembling before her husband; her face wore a puzzled, childlike, and pathetic look.

"What is the matter?" she said. "What

has happened? why am I here in the wet? I shiver, I'm frightened! How high the wind is! Why does the rain beat on my face? It nearly blinds me. Am I alone? Who is that? Oh, is that you, John? John, dear, I'm frightened. Take me home, please."

She did not notice the peculiar expression on Ward's face; she only knew that he was by her side. She put out her two hands helplessly and caught his arm, with the instinctive desire of a child to reach some place of shelter.

"Hold me," she said. "I feel queer; the ground slips from my feet. I shall fall if you don't hold me tight. Why don't you speak to me? You are my husband—I am your wife."

For reply, he deliberately turned his back on her and leant against the letter-box. Inside, within an inch of him, lay the letter which would destroy him. He was close to it, but he could not get at it. Patty went on talking to him and clinging to him: he scarcely heard her. His own brain was perfectly clear; his reason had never been more acute than at the present moment. He was trying to find a way even yet to outwit Fate. A few moments of keen reflection showed him that Fate could no longer be outwitted. He dismissed from his mind the mad act of breaking open the letter-box and securing the letter. Patty was mad; in her madness she had pulled his castle of cards about his ears; in her madness she had outwitted him. He was ruined, disgraced, dishonoured for ever. He must now step down from the high place on life's ladder which he had reached through much care, and sin, and toil, and enter that wild vortex of punishment and contumely which awaits the man who deliberately breaks the laws of his land. Never for a moment did he hide from himself his own terrible position. Patty had placed him where he was. The woman who was to have been his salvation, his stepping-stone to success, had been suddenly made his weapon of destruction. He was out now on a rudderless ship. Still, though the knowledge of all that Patty had done pressed with cruel fingers on his brain, his strongest feeling just now was irritation at her childishness. The fiendish wish to catch her by the throat and strangle her visited him with a mad longing—but only for a moment. He had not kept all his passions under control for so long to find his calm reason deserting him at the present crisis.

Finding that he did not look at her, Patty sank on her knees at his feet.

"I am tired—I am frightened," she wailed. "Take me home—take me home."

He turned then and held out his hand to her.

"Come," he said.

They went down the hill together. The wind was now behind them; it drove them rapidly forward. They ran like two lost spirits pursued by the demon of the gale. Patty began to think of home comforts. She longed for the dry air inside the house, the warm fire, the warm bed, the sleep which comes to a baby—sleep which knows no fear, which has no thought of evil. Ward's thoughts were for himself alone.

As they neared the Red Lodge Patty turned and spoke.

"Have I walked in my sleep?" she asked. "Why did I come out in the gale? I am wet through. What has happened? Oh, I never felt so tired in my life; I never felt colder. All the world seems to be slipping away from me. Put your arm round me, John. Hold me; I shall fall if you don't."

"Come," repeated her husband—"come home."

Her hand still lay in his. He gripped it a little tighter. He hurried her forward. His grip hurt her. She began to cry feebly.

"You give me pain," she said. "I feel as if you were punishing me. Oh, you don't know how tired I am. I want to sleep dreadfully. I want to lie down, and to sleep for ever and ever. Why do you hold my hand so tightly. Are you angry with me? Are you angry because I walked in my sleep?"

They had reached the lodge gates now. Ward turned abruptly. He loosened his grip of his wife's hand. He faced her. His eyes blazed as they looked into hers.

"Curse your sleep-walking," he said. "Don't you know what you have done? Once before you walked in your sleep. During that walk you said words which aroused the suspicion of hell in the breast of a woman. Now you have done it a second time. In this walk you have cast me—me, your husband—into hell fire. I curse the bitter day I first knew you."

She gave a sharp cry. Her diseased brain was not yet wholly affected. It was capable of brief gleams of active thought and memory.

"I remember," she said, covering her face. "I remember now what I did."

She backed a step or two.

"I remember what I did," she repeated. "I put sin behind me. I made restitution. I am glad. I can bear your dreadful words, because God does not frown. Some day I may see my baby again—my baby who is now an angel. Its little spirit

seems to draw me up to the heights where it lives. Oh, I don't mind whether you are angry or not, for God does not frown any longer."

"Come," said Ward, roughly—"come home."

He tried to take her hand, but she snatched it away.

"Don't," she said, with a shriek. "Do you think I will go with you back to evil? The Red Lodge is not mine. I won't spend another hour under its roof. I don't want to sleep there. Better rest anywhere than under that roof. I will stay out in the dark night. I will stay out in the wet, dark, dreary night. Perhaps I shall see God in the darkness, and perhaps the ghost of my little dead baby may come to comfort me."

She laughed wildly as she uttered the last words, pressed her fingers to her ears, turned suddenly, and fled down the road, helped in her wild flight by the pursuing wings of the gale. She had taken the road towards the village.

"Let her go. She goes to her death," muttered Ward.

Again a wish arose in his breast that she might die, and again it passed. She had scarcely left him before he found himself following her, shouting her name, begging her, calling to her to stop.

The river had long overflowed its banks. One or two bridges had already been borne away on the bosom of the flood; but the strong stone bridge, which had been erected in place of the wooden one at Dead Man's Corner was still intact. Each moment, this bridge was expected to fall. For an hour and more no one had dared to cross by it. Quite early in the evening crowds of people had assembled on the neighbouring banks to watch the fight between the bridge and the floods. There was little doubt which would conquer. The waters of the floods had already risen above the archway of the bridge. Its speedy destruction was inevitable. Patty made straight for this bridge now. The instincts of old traditions—the instincts of childhood—were carrying her to the spot where she had watched another flood eleven years ago. She ran as if demons were pursuing her. She heard her husband's footsteps, and mistook them for voices from the spirits of the storm. Ward kept on calling to her to wait for him.

"Stop!" he shouted. "For God's sake don't go on the bridge! Stop! stop!"

She laughed wildly. The race which she thought she was running with the demons excited her. She saw the bridge, and made for it as a child makes for the fire. She would stand on it and watch the moving, racing, and whirling waters. At this moment she was an absolute child; irresponsible, without experience, without any knowledge of danger. She heard the footsteps behind gaining on her. She ran faster and faster. A moment later she had reached her goal. She stood on the centre of the bridge. The bridge swayed and

"HE CLASPED HIS WIFE TIGHTLY TO HIS BREAST" (*p.* 930).

creaked. Some men were still lingering on the opposite bank. They shouted to her to go back. She neither saw them nor heard them. Ward came to the edge of the bridge.

"I want you, Patty; come to me," he said, gently.

His tone was almost caressing. His only anxiety now was to lure her back from destruction.

"Come; I want you at once," he said. "Come. Obey me this minute."

She paid him no more attention than if he were a part of the tempest which raged around her.

"The bridge will be down, sir," shouted a man from the opposite bank. "Merciful God in heaven! get your lady off, Mr. Ward. Look! See what's coming down the waters on the flood! The haystacks from Farmer Jenkins's rickyard. The bridge won't stand a minute against them. The bridge and the stacks will go down the flood together. Get your lady off while there's time, Mr. Ward."

There was not a moment to hesitate. Ward rushed upon the tottering bridge. The waters had already covered the arch. Still the bridge stood firm. It would hold its own until the weight of the haystacks bore it cruelly down like a plaything on the bosom of the waters. The bridge was fifty feet across. Ward now stood in the middle. He flung his arms round his wife's waist. He lifted her off her feet. She tried to resist him.

"Don't!" she said. "I see Christ walking on the water—I must go to Him!"

"Can't you see that the bridge is going?" he gasped. He held her fast—he saved his breath to rush to the opposite bank.

Alone he might possibly have managed it, but not with the weight of this woman in his arms. There came an awful bang; a terrible crash; a sound in his ears as of all the roaring waters of the universe. He clasped his wife tightly to his breast. He felt her wet hair against his cheek; her breath mingled with his. All was darkness.

* * * * *

"And when they found her and brought her home, they said she looked surprised, and as if something had made her glad," said Margot.

"What about Ward?" asked Dering.

"Her arms were so tightly round his neck they could not unfasten them; so they lie in one grave."

"She loved much," said Dering; "those who love much are forgiven much."

He slipped his hand through his wife's arm, and they turned in the direction of home.

The Red Lodge had been their home now for five years. As they walked towards the rose-garden, they left a grave behind them.

"Patty's story is our secret," continued Margot. "It will die with us. No one else shall ever know. The people in the village love her memory. They shall always love and honour it."

"She is happy now, I believe," said Dering, "and as for Ward, if human love could save him, hers may have done so."

They had reached the rose-garden now. The roses were in perfection. They covered the trees, they trailed along the walls; their petals lay on the grass, their perfume filled the air.

"How peaceful everything is!" said Margot.

"How happy, my wife!" said Dering.

He threw his arm round her, and drew her close to him. She raised her soft dark eyes, glowing with the deep love which filled her heart, to his. They kissed each other. The voices of their children sounded in the distance. The sun sank behind the pine-wood.

THE END.

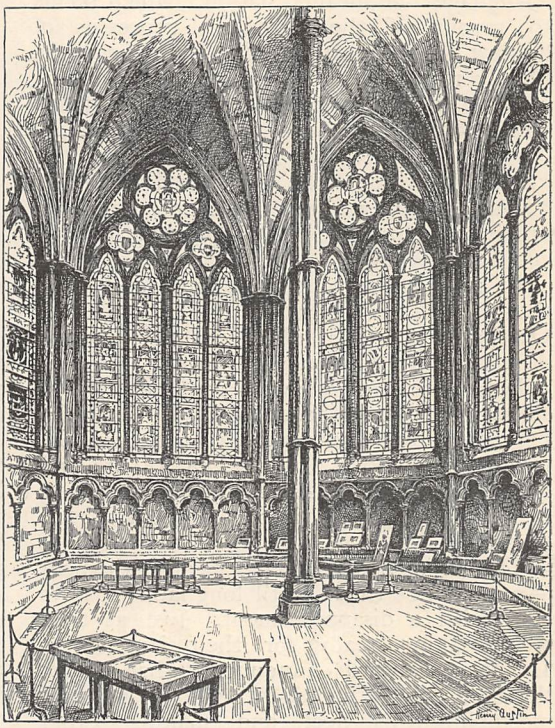
THE EARLIEST HOUSE OF COMMONS

BY ALFRED F. ROBBINS.

THE Parliament which was summoned to meet at Westminster six hundred years ago is regarded by all constitutional authorities as the first complete legislative assembly the English kingdom possessed. Not only in essence but in detail, the House of Commons chosen by the people in the October of 1295 was the parent of the long line which has its latest exemplification in the House elected in the July of 1895. But, just as there had been brave men before Agamemnon, there were Parliaments before the Great or Model Parliament of Edward I. Without going back to Saxon Witenagemot or Norman Council, there is a Parliament plainly to be recognised at Oxford two years before the granting of *Magna Carta*, for John, without in the least intending it, proved an excellent friend to liberty. From that time the holding of a *colloquium* between the sovereign and his leading subjects was frequent, the former beseeching grants which the latter begrudged; while in 1265, and as a consequence of the efforts of Simon de Montfort, the principle of popular representation by counties was introduced. Eight years later, a "Parlement General" was held by Edward I. at "Weymoster," as the chronicler chose to spell Westminster; and it appears by its deeds to have justified the monkish historian who described it as both famous and solemn.

A step further in advance was made in 1283, when to a Parliament at Shrewsbury there were summoned not only all the members of the baronage and knights of the shire, but two citizens apiece from twenty-one cities and boroughs, every one of which returns members to the House of Commons to-day. But even yet the full Parliament was not reached. There was a *colloquium* at Westminster between the king and the earls, barons, and other magnates of the kingdom, together with the knights of the shire, in the November of 1294; a similar body assembled at the same place in the August of 1295; but the time had now come when the necessities of domestic dissension and foreign war demanded the summoning of the first full Parliament.

Canterbury, which almost precisely seven hundred years before had been made the



THE CHAPTER HOUSE, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

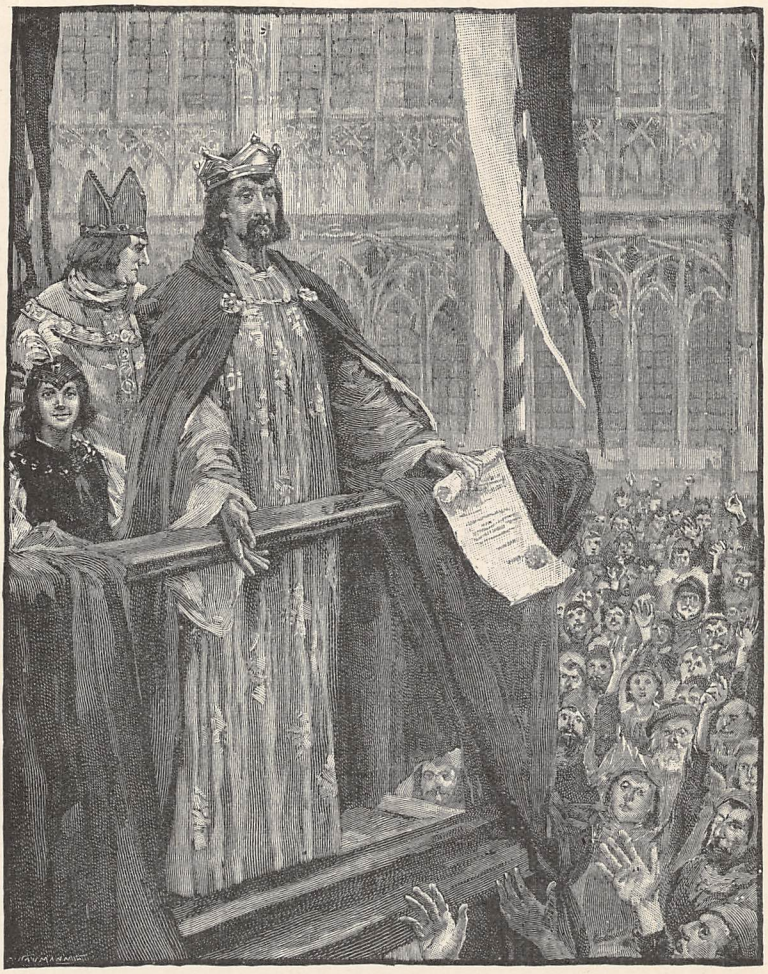
centre of that organised attempt to found a church in England, which has continued to flourish uninterruptedly until now, has the distinction of being as closely associated with the beginning of the English Parliament. It was to the Archbishop of Canterbury that the first writ for the great assembly of 1295 was addressed; it was from the city itself that the king forwarded the writs to the counties and the boroughs. The moment was one when the monarch had need of all the aid his subjects could give. Philip the Fair of France was invading our southern shores. Hythe had been attacked; Dover had been partly burnt; the coasts of Essex, Norfolk, and Suffolk were exposed to hourly danger. And King Edward I., on September 30th, 1295—a date to be held in good remembrance—informed the Primate that his brother of France, not content with having treacherously attacked Gascony, had prepared a mighty fleet and army for the purpose of invading this country, and blotting out the English language from the face of the world. At the first blush it is difficult to see why a sovereign who wrote his official letters in Latin, who conversed in Norman-French, and who even addressed the members of his Parliament as "*Mes bones gentz*," should be so troubled by a threat against the English language. It is explained by some that when he said "language" he meant "nation," which seems to savour of the linguistic processes of "Alice in Wonderland." But the writ, plainly referring to "*linguam Anglicanum*," went on to bid the archbishop, with all fidelity and diligence, to appear in person on Sunday, November 13, at Westminster, there with the king, the prelates, the peers, and other inhabitants of the realm, to deliberate upon and ordain in what manner the impending dangers could be obviated.

In accordance with this writ, and with those which were issued to the baronage on October 1, and to the sheriffs of counties two days later, the first full Parliament was convoked. Two knights were sent from every shire, two citizens from every city, and two burgesses from every market-town; and the month of October, 1295, as that of the first general election in England, was deserving of a record which in no place has been preserved.

The newly-fledged members of Parliament—not so to be called until long later—had to start with a disappointment. Just as they were making ready for their journey to London, Edward announced that, being detained at Winchelsea, where he was assembling his fleet and making other preparations for the defence of the kingdom, Parliament would not meet until a fortnight later than the day originally fixed.

Sunday, November 27th, 1295, therefore, was the date, and the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey the place, at which the Commons of England first assembled. The body which thus gathered was representative of the whole free community in striking degree. The greater and the lesser baronage, the prelacy, and the clergy, were at Westminster in force; the knighthood of the nation held without questioning the entire membership for the counties; but from the towns went up many a worthy citizen, identified absolutely with local interests, and with a very name redolent of close association with trade. Durant le Cordwaner, who travelled to Westminster from Barnstaple, John le Taverner, the choice of Bristol, and Richard le Teynturer, who sat for Huntingdon, were not far removed from the shoe-making, the inn-keeping, and the dyeing industries which had given them their name. Wigan was so devoted to its trading citizens that, while one member was William le Teynturer, the other was Henry le Bocher; and another phase of devotion to local sentiment was furnished by Bedfordshire, which sent to Westminster Robert De Hoo, David de Fletwyk, and Ralph de Goldintone, for Hoo, Flitwick, and Goldington are numbered among the place-names of that county to this day. And what is in some sort a link of connection between this Parliament of Edward and the Parliaments of Victoria is suggested by the fact that the first member for Southwark was Richard le Clerk, and that Sir Edward Clarke has been the most noteworthy representative in these times of the constituency which, among all others, was specially known during its undivided existence as "the Borough."

As the King was in London at the time our representatives first fully assembled, it may be taken that he opened Parliament in person; and as he was a firm believer in his own oratorical powers, it may equally be assumed that he delivered a Speech from the Throne. About a year before, when he had gathered at the same place a special assembly of the clergy, he asked from them both their prayers and their aid, "because, my good lords," he blandly told them, "you see that the earls, barons, and knights not only contribute their goods but expose their lives for your defence; and as to you, therefore, who cannot venture your bodies, it is fitting that you should afford some aid from your purses." Edward, in fact, was never sparing of his voice when, either by



KING EDWARD AT WESTMINSTER, 1297.

threatenings or cajolery, he could gain a point. And there have been few more dramatic scenes in English history than his appearance in the July of 1297 upon a stage specially erected outside Westminster Hall, whence he craved the forgiveness of his people for his past acts, and they replied by swearing renewed fealty with uplifted hands.

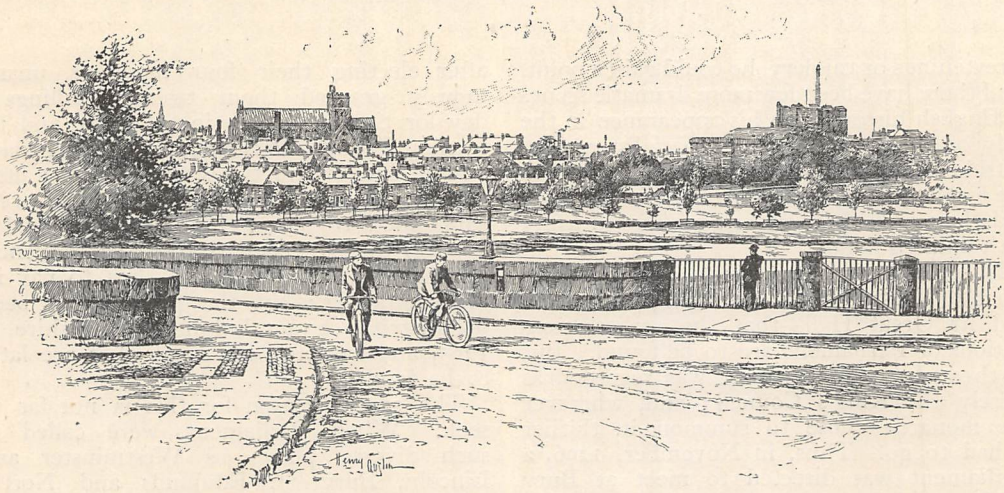
It is, therefore, as seems most fitting, around Westminster — its Chapter House and its Great Hall—that the earliest associations of Parliament are to be found. But in those days the assembly was regarded as merely the King's Council; and, wherever the monarch chose to summon it, thither it had to go. Thus, in November, 1296, a Parliament was directed to meet at Bury St. Edmunds; and in connection therewith, the "*bones gents de la Citee de Lundres*," after electing their four members, unanimously granted them twenty shillings a day for their expenses in going to and returning from the Parliament, this being made a lump sum of five times the amount a little over a year later when the Commons were summoned to York. The City of London appears to have been the first constituency, after the Model Parliament, thus to pay its representatives; but the process had been begun with certain knights of the shire in 1265, and frequent evidences of it are later to be found.

The special reason for this is not far to seek. When Parliaments were called to such diverse places as Westminster and Lincoln, Bury St. Edmunds and Northampton, York and Carlisle, it would have been an intolerable tax upon the ordinary

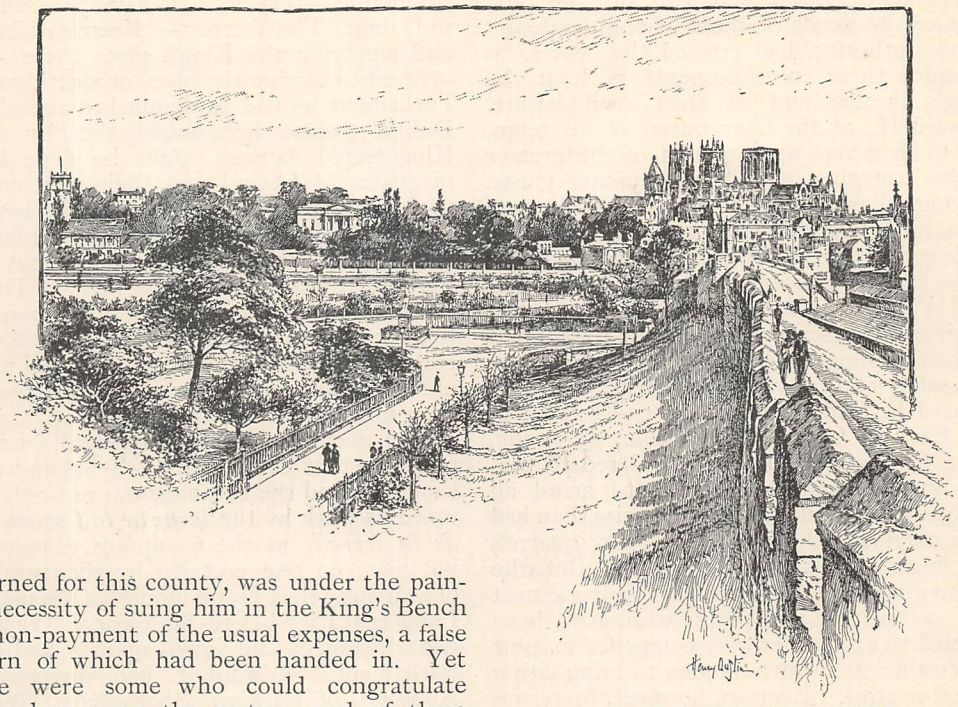
knight or trader to have to give his services without an allowance. Even as it was, the hardship of having to ride from one end of England to the other, along roads which were little but forest tracks or moorland paths, infested with dangerous animals and desperate men, was calculated to disturb the peace of mind of those who were called upon to serve their country in Parliament. The natural consequence was that some amount of reluctance was shown to being chosen. Not all the excuses were quite so attenuated as that of the knights and freeholders of Sussex, who refused to proceed to an election in 1297 because of the absence, in parts beyond the seas, of the Archbishop of Canterbury and other prelates and distinguished personages; and for some time it was considered a special act of royal favour to grant a courtier exemption for life from summonses to Parliament, unless in case of utmost urgency.

But it was found that, even when a member was chosen, it was as necessary to make sure of his attendance as if he were a prisoner committed for trial, and the same means were adopted. The representative of the people had to find two bailsmen, who gave sureties for his due appearance; but even that plan was not invariably successful. Richard le Rous, when returned for Bedfordshire in 1298, demurred to accepting the honour; and eight of his oxen and four of his heifers were immediately distrained upon by the sheriff in order to compel his appearance, a process which was so effective that, whenever the worthy knight was again elected for the county, as more than once he was, he made no disturbance, and was freed from distraint. Perhaps he grew to like Parliamentary life, for his case was the reverse of that of Andrew de Trelosk, who, having already sat for Devon and filled various important public offices, so strongly objected when once more returned (as did his fellow-knight, Hugo de Ferrers, though that was his first election) that he refused to find bailsmen, and his lands and goods were at once distrained upon. These knights, however, had in some sort their revenge upon the sheriff, for, brought to their senses by the legal process to which they had been subjected, they attended the Parliament and took care to recover their wages from the county.

The new Parliamentary institution, therefore, was not looked upon with affection by all who were concerned with it. There were members who objected to serve, and communities who grumbled at having to pay them for serving. A very considerable default on the part of these latter was made in 1302, when the King had to address writs on the subject to the sheriffs of no fewer than seventeen English counties. These recited the directions contained in the original writ of election; declared that, as appeared by the complaint of the knights, their wages had not been levied; and commanded the sheriffs to levy such forthwith, or certify to the sovereign the reason of their default. It may be presumed that the sheriffs at once paid up, for no more is heard of the matter; but John de Sheffield, the Sheriff of Northumberland, proved recalcitrant five years later, and John de Cambhowe, who had been three times



CARLISLE, FROM THE NORTH.
(From a photograph by Scott & Son, Carlisle.)



YORK: FROM THE CITY WALLS.
(*From a photograph by Joseph Duncan, York.*)

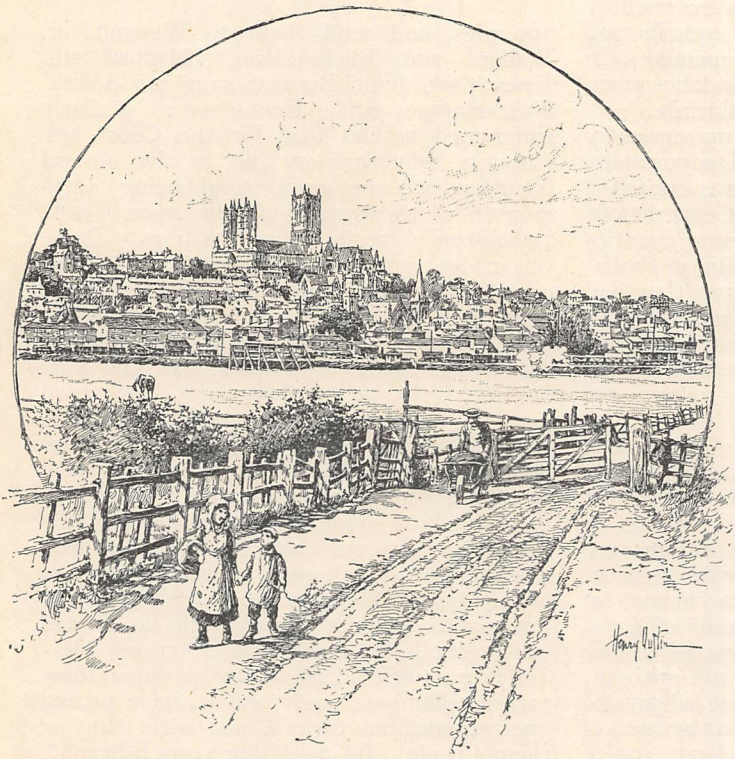
returned for this county, was under the painful necessity of suing him in the King's Bench for non-payment of the usual expenses, a false return of which had been handed in. Yet there were some who could congratulate themselves upon the system, and of these were the villein tenants in Cambridgeshire of a certain John de la Mare, who were freed by the King from the obligation of contributing to the wages of their county members, in consideration of the personal attendance given by their lord at a Parliament at Carlisle.

But it was not only in obligatory service by the representatives and enforced payment by the constituencies that hardship was created of a very different fashion from that experienced to-day. The dwellers in the home counties would look askance at the holding of Parliament at Westminster if, as in 1305, they had to make provision for the officials attending it. In that year the sheriffs of Surrey, Sussex, Kent, and London were respectively commanded to purvey the provisions required for the consumption of the Court during the sitting. Two hundred quarters of wheat and thirty barrels of ale were directed to come from Sussex and Surrey, a like quantity of wheat from Kent, and eighty barrels of beer from London. But that was meagre entertainment compared with what was ordered in preparation for a Parliament of Edward II. in 1312. The Sheriff of Cambridge and Huntingdon was directed to buy and provide, "within liberties and without, where it may be done to the best advantage of the King and least damage to the men of these parts," 200 quarters of wheat, 400 of malt, 300 of oats, 100 oxen, 500 sheep, and 100 pigs, and send them to Westminster. Bedford and Buckingham, Hertford and Essex, Oxford and Berks, Surrey and Sussex, Northampton and Kent were similarly summoned to find food for the Court, the amounts somewhat varying in the several counties, but the grand total being 1,330 quarters of wheat, 2,300 of malt, 2,600 of oats, 1,360 oxen, 5,500 sheep, and 700 pigs. There was evidently no lack of beef and beer for the courtiers; but how the inhabitants of the home counties appreciated having to forward these supplies, despite the royal injunction that they were to be found to "the least damage to the men of those parts," the record does not tell. It is to be noted, moreover, that the Court was not particularly generous despite these aids, for at the Carlisle Parliament of 1307 it was made a matter of special memorandum that, although during the session the Chancellor and his clerks had been admitted into the household and hospitation of the Queen, this proceeded simply from her grace and courtesy. Such right as existed was evidently intended to be all on one side.

Being so well fed, the attendants upon these early Parliaments ought not to have proved quarrelsome, but turmoil was with many of them a trade. In his closing years Edward I. had to peremptorily forbid the holding of

tournaments, jousts, and feats of arms, and to seize the goods of those who, in contempt of his authority, had crossed the seas so as to enjoy these entertainments, without the King's licence and at their own leisure. Edward II., at the very outset of his reign, had to lay a veto upon certain of the greater barons engaging in tourneys, making jousts, seeking adventures, and doing other feats of arms in England. This was followed by a more striking order, for in 1310 the King wrote to the Earls of Lancaster, Hereford, Pembroke, and Warwick, ordering that no one should repair with horses and arms to the Parliament he had summoned to meet at Westminster. The safety of all, he pledged them, would be ensured in coming, attending, and returning, the Earls of Gloucester, Lincoln, Warenne, and Richmond having been ordered to provide for the general security, to arrest all persons who should attend otherwise than had been commanded, and to settle any quarrels that might arise during the session. But who was to guard the guardians? The very next year certain of the peers who had been directed to keep order were compelled to come to Westminster, but forbidden to bring either horses or arms. Even so, however, there was not the same necessity for such precautions in London as a very little later had to be adopted in Dublin. The Viceroy—"Keeper of Ireland, and supplying the King's place there"—was ordered to change the place of meeting of the Parliament he had summoned to assemble in Dublin to somewhere outside the city, as the King feared damage might be done if the magnates of Ireland and their men entered within the gates, because of disputes between them and the local community. As long as these dissensions existed, indeed, not only were no Parliaments to be held in Dublin, but neither the magnates nor their men were to be housed or fed there against the will of the community; and the curiously-detailed nature of the precautions can be considered proof of their necessity.

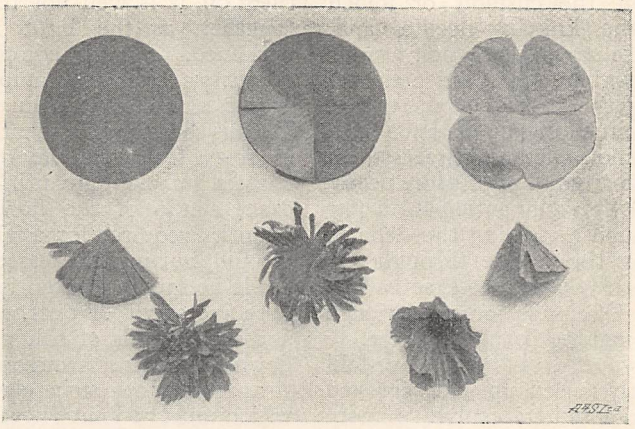
Parliament from the beginning did its best to secure that the monarch should do "as he should"; and the baronage was not only kept up to its work by the "*genz de la Communauté de la terre*," as the Commons were called, but even on one occasion by the summons of women to the "grand inquest of the nation." Long centuries before Sir George Trevelyan had discoursed in verse upon "Ladies in Parliament," Edward I. had directed the Abbesses of Barking, Shaftesbury, Wilton, and St. Mary's, Winchester, to appear in person or by proxy at Westminster, at the same time as the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and the Commons, to treat of a subsidy to the King on the occasion of his eldest son being "adorned with the belt of knighthood." That is one of the points in which the Parliament of long ago was strikingly different from that of to-day; and yet, apart even from essentials, there are some curious points of resemblance. Although neither a Harcourt nor a Chamberlain was in the earliest Houses of Commons, the general election of 1297 saw a Chamberleyng giving bail for the attendance of one member and a Harecourt becoming surety for another. The John Morley of those days was more fortunate in finding a seat, for he was a Norwich merchant whom his fellow citizens delighted to honour. There is, indeed, a permanence of name in our history which is not least exemplified in the chronicle of the earliest of our national Parliaments.



GENERAL VIEW OF LINCOLN.
(*From a photograph by Carl Norman & Co., Tunbridge Wells.*)

PRETTY LAMP SHADES.

CHARLES LAMB speaks of the joy of saving to buy some coveted volume, depicts timorous glances of its would-be possessor towards the stall on which it lies, to make sure it is still there, the eagerness with which at length, price in hand, he seizes it, lays down his money, and triumphantly carries off his prize, dipping into its pages as he goes. This delight is gained at the cost of many sacrifices, and is necessarily unknown to the rich, who simply order and have.



THE FLOWERS, STEP BY STEP.

Akin to such pleasures are those of the "house-proud" woman of limited income who has set her heart on some object destined to add to the beauty of her home, or the comfort of those dear to her, but to attain her end must contrive and economise. To artistic natures beautiful surroundings are a necessity, and we must all acknowledge with sorrow that it is the details, both in dress and furniture, that run away with money. A sufficient plenishing of good and solid articles may be intolerably bare and ugly without the addition of various harmonious trifles that give elegance and beauty to the whole. Thrice blessed are those gifted with neat fingers and quick intelligence, the girls that dexterously turn out dainty trifles that others less clever and resourceful are forced to buy.

Few objects add more to the appearance of a room than handsome lamp-shades, whether for table or standard lamps. The worst of it is they are generally costly. A new silk lamp-shade costs as much as a new bonnet, and is quite as perishable. Even when made at home, though considerable saving is effected, a large lamp takes at least seven yards of silk for covering, frill, and ruchings. This, at 1s. 11d. a yard, means 13s. 5d., without taking into account lace or ribbon for trimming. Crinkled paper, of course, may be substituted for silk, but we are all tired of crinkled paper, which has been vulgarised by its adaptation to so many ends. Besides, it holds the dust, and does not bear rubbing or shaking.

May I suggest a happy compromise, cheaper than silk, less *banal* than crinkled paper, simplicity itself in execution, and artistic in effect? This compromise takes the shape of a chrysanthemum lamp-shade. Anyone who reads and carries out these instructions cannot fail to obtain satisfactory results.

Having secured the ordinary wire framework, round, square, or pagoda-shaped, as the case may be, invest in a quire of plain tissue paper of any shade preferred, say red, or a bright golden yellow, the latter an effective colour in a room where blue, or green, or brown predominates. The usual price of this quantity of paper in London is 10¾d. In the country, where it is difficult to get in pretty colourings, it may cost more. When beginning work, provide yourself with an ordinary saucer, a pencil, a pair of neat sharp scissors, an ordinary steel knitting-needle, not too fine, and a bran-stuffed pincushion. For the pincushion may be substituted a pad formed of a thick roll of flannel, or even, in case of necessity, a flannel petticoat several times folded. The tissue paper is usually sold in sheets some twenty inches wide and thirty inches long, doubled in two for convenience. Take two of these folded sheets and lay them flat on a table. You will then have four layers of paper under your hand. With the aid of your saucer and a pencil mark the topmost sheet in circles six inches in diameter, the usual size of a saucer. Six such circles may be marked out on the folded sheet with ease, but no more, so a certain margin must be allowed for waste. Now cut round the circles with your scissors, keeping the four layers of paper exactly in position,

so that all may be of equal size. Take the first of your four-fold circles, double it in half, and quarter it, so that it assumes the shape of a small fan. Mark an inch from the centre point, and cut neatly down the centre to this. Cut likewise at each edge. Then cut four strips on each side of the centre, which, with the two end strips, will make ten strips in all converging to a point an inch from the centre, like the petals of a huge daisy. Taking these strips one by one, point the tops by the aid of your scissors, then open out. They form a circle of forty petals. Lay this circle smoothly on the cushion or folded petticoat; take the knitting-needle, and, starting from a little beyond each point, press firmly, but not roughly, down the petal towards you, making the paper curl up, and at once giving the circle the appearance of a flower. Only common sense and practice can guide you as to the amount of pressure necessary or desirable. You may anticipate a few accidents at first, such as tearing the delicate petals, or thrusting the needle through the paper, but very soon you will see exactly how it should be done. Of course, some knowledge of artificial flower-making is an advantage.

When the forty petals of your four-fold circle are all neatly curled up like crooked fingers towards a common centre, a more difficult task must be attempted. This is to separate the four distinct layers of paper that form it, by the aid of the knitting-needle, without tearing a single petal. When this is satisfactorily accomplished, two are put together in the centre, the remaining two are put one at top and one at bottom of the central two, so that the petals may turn different ways, and have that fluffy, irregular appearance natural to chrysanthemums. Finally, make by means of the knitting-needle two holes in the uncut middle portion of the four circles, run through them a bit of thin wire, and twist, bunching all the petals up together, forming an excellent representation of a chrysanthemum.

THE FINISHED SHADE.

To cover a lamp-shade, any number from forty-eight to seventy-two of these flowers will be required, according to size. In fixing them on, it is well not to set them too close together, as the light is thereby unduly darkened. Having completed the requisite quantity, cover the lamp-shade neatly with coarse, stiff, white muslin, set on quite plain. To this the wired chrysanthemums are secured in rows, following the outlines. Now purchase a sufficient quantity of yellow silk the exact shade of the flowers, measuring the quantity required for a fall that need not be too full, but must be eased all round. If the shade be square and fairly large, the fall may take five yards or over. To make this, two and a half yards of silk will be required, cut down the centre throughout its entire length, thus making two strips eleven inches in width, which must be joined neatly at a corner. The strip may either be sewn on at the cut edge, when the selvage will form a straight border below, or, better still, have the cut edge neatly pinked out by an undertaker, who will only charge about a halfpenny a yard, and sewn on by the selvage. On a small shade eleven inches would be an excessive depth for the fall, so proportionately less silk will be needed. The effect, when completed, cannot fail to gratify whoever has been at pains to carry out the details as perfectly as possible. The entire cost for a large lamp will be 5s. 10d., allowing 2d. for muslin, and less, of course, if suitable silk may be found at 1s. 6d. a yard instead of 1s. 11d. Occasionally at sales thin silk of fair quality may even be picked up at 10d. a yard, when 3s. 1d. will represent the entire outlay. But it is well not to buy something too poor, as it will soon look shabby.

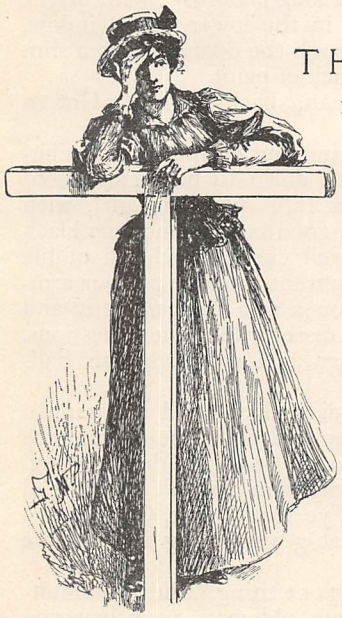
Another variety of flower lamp-shade, even simpler and easier to make than the chrysanthemum, is the "poppy." For this, scarlet or yellow or pink tissue paper is chosen, the first-named being, perhaps, the most natural and effective in appearance. To construct it, take a single sheet, folded in two, and mark out on it with a saucer and pencil six circles as before. Some will prefer the flowers smaller, and in this case circles four inches in diameter may be pencilled. Having cut these circles accurately, fold in two,

and then again in two, and with a pair of scissors round off the corners to the shape of a poppy petal, cutting down to within about an inch of the centre. When opened out the circle has somewhat the appearance of a Maltese cross, with circular instead of square arms. Now take a silver fruit-knife and pleat each petal into a series of little tucks. This done, shake out, and taking the centre point between the right thumb and forefinger, draw the circle through the left hand, crushing it regularly, opening out and repeating the process until it is all crumpled like a poppy. Lay one circle on top of another, make a centre of green paper folded over a bit of cotton wool twisted on a thin double wire, arrange round it stamens made of coarse black linen thread, cut in short lengths, or else of black paper cut up, secure with the wire and insert the ends through the uncut central portion of the paper. The effect is very poppy-like, especially it the complete flower is now crushed down somewhat. This crushing process is difficult to describe in detail, as it is largely a matter of taste. A quick eye will see that a touch is needed here and there to produce a natural effect. People who live in town will have no difficulty in purchasing poppy centres ready made at any good fancy shop or depôt for the sale of materials for artificial flower-making, but very good substitutes may be constructed as above described. When a sufficient number of poppies is in readiness they are sewn on to the muslin foundation stretched over the wire frame in the same way as the chrysanthemums, and with the addition of a fall of silk the exact shade of the paper make a very elegant and inexpensive lamp-shade.

C. O'Conor-Eccles.

THE BLIND SKIPPER.

BY C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE, AUTHOR OF "THE RECIPE FOR DIAMONDS," "HONOUR OF THIEVES," ETC.



"WHEN put into English, doctor, this means that I must go stone-blind?"

"God help you, captain, yes."

"Would it be any use, sir, my going to see another doctor about the thing? Don't call me rude for asking, but this means something pretty tough for me. You see, sir, there's my girl to think about as well as myself."

"I don't consider you rude in the least, Captain Maitland, and I'd advise you to call in second opinion at once if it wasn't for the expense. But you asked to hear the worst, and I thought it kindest to tell you the bare truth. There is nothing that surgery can do to relieve you. Your case amounts to this ——" continued the doctor, and gave all the technical details of his diagnosis.

The sailor blinked at him with a drawn face, but understood nothing till the final sentence was delivered: "And that, my poor chap, amounts to decay of the optic nerve." He had never heard of an optic nerve before, either, but intuition defined it to him then, and he shivered as the knowledge came.

"If you think over your symptoms," said the doctor, "you must confess that you have had warning that this was coming on."

"That is so," said Maitland, "now I look back on them. Once I had the eyesight of a bird. But that is long ago now. It has fouled itself by degrees. First the colours began to mix themselves; and it is ten years now since I have been sure that a red light wasn't green, or the other way on. Then when the dark came away after sundown, lights used to bobble about all over the sea, so that I couldn't tell which were steamers and which were jumps. It wasn't whisky, sir, that lit 'em up. I've been stark, staring sober at sea since the trouble's been on me, and if I have been sprung once or twice after I come into port, why, I think it's to be understood. No man knows what my anxiety was when I had to be on the upper bridge when there was anything like a crowd of shipping round, outside a port."

The doctor whistled softly. "I wonder," he said, "how many passengers have been with you this last ten years. You carried me for one, and I remember we came in between

Tynemouth pierheads with a fog like a blanket all round, and the air just shaking with steamers' syrens. We were doing thirteen knots, and I tried to comfort myself with the idea that your eyesight was phenomenally good, but felt very frightened notwithstanding. I am glad I didn't know at the time that you were three-parts blind. I had heart-trouble on me then, and if I had been any more badly frightened, I should probably have died."

The sailor nodded. "Just so. It doesn't do for passengers to know these things. I tell you I felt bad enough myself about it, but that couldn't be helped. I only knew one trade to make a living at, and I was a poor man, with not even an insurance put by. So I've kept quiet up till now. I thought it would come out the other day at the Enquiry, after I'd brought the boat into collision, and I thought they'd probably pity me a good deal, but take away my ticket for always. But it didn't; and I wasn't even called upon to lie about the thing. I'm a fully-certificated shipmaster this minute, and qualified (so far as the Board of Trade is concerned) to skipper the next new flier that leaves the yards to cut the Western Ocean record."

"And so," said the doctor, "you're going back to command that passenger steamer? Why, man, it's wicked—it's murderous!"

The man shrugged his big shoulders. "I've lost the berth, as should go without saying. What company ever kept on a captain that had a bit of a smudge on his luck?"

"Ah, I see," said the other with relief; "and I beg your pardon. If it isn't a rude question, what do you intend to do next?"

"The Lord may know, doctor, if He hasn't forgotten me entirely. I can't say for certain myself, but I expect it'll be a case of bearing up for the workhouse."

"Oh, come now; I hope it won't be so bad as that."

"If you'll tell me," rejoined the sailor, "what else I can do?"

The doctor considered a minute, and then spoke very gravely: "I don't know, Maitland; but you *must* use your wits and keep your head above water. I know it's a delicate thing to talk to a man about his daughter's reputation, but if you don't know about your girl already, you ought to be told. She'll bear looking after very carefully. I'm not a man who tears people's characters to pieces. I see and hear a deal in the course of my practice, but I keep it mostly to myself. But I like you, and I should be sorry for your girl to go to the bad. I don't mean to say that she is bad, because she isn't. But her infernal good looks are at the bottom of it all; all the young fellows in the place are trotting after her."

"I know. But is there anyone in particular?"

"Yes, there is."

"If you'll tell me his name?"

"I don't see why not; the fact is common property. Keep your weather-eye lifting on young Gedge."

The sailor got up slowly and thrust out a large hand. "Thank you, doctor," he said; "and what do I owe you, please?"

"Oh, nothing man, nothing. I'm very sorry for you, and I'd like to do you a good turn if I can. Here, get along with you into the passage, and mind the step; I've a roomful of other patients to see."

Captain Maitland went outside into the street and walked towards his home. He bumped against a good many people on the way, and because his weight was heavy, some of them swore at him with fluency. But he neither swore nor apologised in return, which was unusual for him. He went on impassively, thinking very hard, and at last came to a narrow house in a long plain row, with bright green flower-pots in the lower room window. He stumbled through the doorway into a slim passage, which smelt of paint.

"Hullo, old man, back again? Got a berth?"

His daughter came out of the little sitting-room, bent his face down to hers, and kissed him. She was a tall, strapping girl, with strong black hair, good colour, and fine black eyes. She was well curved, and full of life altogether. They went into the parlour arm-in-arm, and sat on a sofa of mahogany and horsehair. He disregarded the questions, and peered at her anxiously from his half-blind eyes.

"Clarrie," he said, "I wish I'd not minded what your mother said about being genteel, and brought you up to the dressmaking. And I wish, dearie, you weren't so darned good-looking. D'ye think, now, Clarrie, you could do a turn at governessing if you were put to it?"

"Can't spell, for one thing," said Miss Maitland. "It's no use, old man, your bringing up the question again. I won't go into a shop, and you won't let me be a barmaid, though that's the only thing I'm fit for."

Captain Maitland rasped his hand over a bristly arm of the sofa.

"No, Clarrie dear, I couldn't bear to have you pulling beer at tuppence a glass for any kind of loafer that came in; but I'd like much to see you settled somehow. Ye see this house has been an expense, and I've been able to put nothing by. And the sea's so risky. Something might happen to me any day."

Miss Maitland kissed him again.

"Don't get in the dumps, old man," she said, "and don't worry about me. If you get drowned, I'll drown myself too. You don't know how awfully fond I am of you."

"But I do worry, Clarrie. There's all sorts of messes a handsome girl like you might get into. Why, it's only this day I heard them talking about you and that young Gedge."

"What were they saying?"

"Oh, only talking. But you know best if there's anything in it."

"Well, there is and there isn't."

"Does he want to marry you, Clarrie?"

Numbering colour-blindness amongst his other optical ailments, Captain Maitland did not see the flaming red on his daughter's cheeks, and as she did not reply, he went on.

"He isn't a badly-off young chap, Clarrie. He's got two steamboats of his own now, and a good many sixty-fourths in three others. He makes quite a little line of them, and when freights are up again, they'll be bringing him in a nice thing. But perhaps he's too loose for you, Clarrie. You may want a steadier man. Still I'd like much to see you married. How old might you be now, dearie?"

"I tell people two-and-twenty. I've told them that these three years now."

"Twenty-five! Oh, Christmas! How time does slip along! And you twenty-five and had no chance of marriage yet!"

"I have had—heaps. There's ten men asked me at the very least. Nice enough lads, too; but they were all poor. And it's going to be no love-in-a-cottage for me, old man: not much. But it's not that I'm over-particular. I'd take," she added softly, rubbing her ear against his pilot-cloth sleeve, "I'd take almost anything in trousers if he'd got money. I've never seen a man yet I couldn't manage if I tried."

II.

It was some twenty days after this conversation that Captain Maitland was again in command of a steamer, with instructions to lose her somehow, somewhere between Tyne pierheads and the harbour of Palma, in Majorca. The steamer was of venerable age, and when the cargo roared into her from the coal-shoots, Captain Maitland hoped piously that the bottom would not fall out of her before he got to sea. Within the next two days he was beginning to hope that the bottom would not trouble to stay in her much longer.

Captain Maitland's previous ten years of command had been passed beside the shores of these Islands, between the South and a Tyne port; and at his prime he had possessed all the instincts of the coasting skipper, which are many more than those of the ordinary human being. He had carried a large-scale chart in his head; had imbibed knowledge from the lead and its covering of tallow; and had extracted more than an ordinary amount of information from the compass. In North Sea parlance "he had found his way along by smell" when the land was blotted out by fog or night.

But in this new command, unless he could contrive to end it before he cleared the Channel, he would be called upon to use (amongst other implements) a sextant in working his passage across the Bay, and even down coast before he made the Straits. The notion troubled him. He could see with much distinctness eight independent suns dancing before him in the heavens, and

"THEY WENT INTO THE PARLOUR ARM-IN-ARM."

"'IF THEY'VE ANY DOUBT LEFT, THERE'LL BE THE CHEQUE TO PROVE IT'" (*p.* 943).

which was the real luminary hung up by the Almighty for the use of mariners was a thing he could not decide to a matter of quite 20°. Also pricking off a course on a chart would have bothered him, because to his eyes all charts were one smooth blur of Quaker's grey, without the least speck of sounding or sea-mark whatever.

Foul, thick weather during our winter months in the North Sea and the English Channel is generally a blessing which comes without much praying for; and if Captain Maitland had been given half a chance, he would have rammed the black coal-boat on Flambro' or the Goodwins as cleverly as any insurance robber on the oceans. But not the vaguest atom of excuse was given him. The days were brilliantly fair: in the nights, the coast lamps burnt like the lights of Regent Street.

Captain Maitland cursed his luck, and the lean, grimy steamer rounded the South Foreland and wallowed down channel on a course for Ushant Light. The skipper's hopes brightened. A good collision would have served his purpose grandly. But although the Boundary Ditch bristled with shipping, he might have been carrying small-pox on board instead of coals from the wide berth it all gave him. And when a full moon popped up aggressively into the sky just as he took his vessel into Alderney Race with the intention of knocking that island out of the water, he could have wept at the way the Fates were treating him.

The steamer blundered about the Bay for the next two days, and Captain Maitland looked wise, but had remarkably little notion as to his whereabouts. But at the end of this time he got entirely desperate, and made up his mind to finish the business, whether he came out of it with a sound skin or a character gone beyond reprieve; and, consequently, he went about with muffled feet when night hid the iron lower decks, and executed certain arrangements; and, consequently, his mate came into the chart-house with a very frightened face at four o'clock that morning and said that the steamer was badly on fire in the afterhold.

Captain Maitland jumped to his feet and played the profane and anxious skipper to the life. There was no doubt about the fire. Number three hatch was blown out already, and great greasy coils of smoke were pouring

out from the gap, and floated across the pink dawn which lay on the eastern waters. With a perfect trust in the rottenness of all his hose and pumps, and other extinguishing gear, Captain Maitland gave prompt crisp orders to pour water and steam on the smouldering coals, and then he stood by with oaths on his teeth and joy in his heart, and watched the fire gain grip. He did not reflect that he was a most pernicious scoundrel for robbing insurance clubs and trifling with the lives of several men. He was thinking entirely of his daughter, who was the only person that cared about him in all the world; and also of a certain young and rising shipowner called Gedge, whom he desired to see as that daughter's husband.

The coal-boat's head was put up into the wind, and the fire gained ground. The men who fought it were driven forward by the heat, with white blisters on their hands, and smoke-grime bitten deep into their faces. She was on fire up to the engine-room bulkhead. A newer steamer might have withstood that gutting; the old coal tramp could not. There was scarcely a scrap of wood about her, for she had iron decks, iron sheathing, iron houses, iron everything; but the plating was worn thin with age and use; and the fierce teeth of the flames bit round the loosened rivets. She was sinking by the stern, and the long swelling rollers of the Bay began to lap over her poop-rail. They had just time to get their boats in the water and shove away from her before she went down.

A deep hoot boomed through the crisp morning air. Another steamer, a great white-painted passenger-liner, was bearing down on them, her rails fringed with curious faces.

III.

Captain Maitland folded carefully the piece of paper which had been given him, and put it in his pocket-book. He was in a small, dingy shipowner's office in a Tyneside town, and on the other side of the untidy table was a keen-looking man of two-and-thirty, who bore the name of Gedge.

"Ah!" said the sailor; "I'm glad you have given me a cheque."

"What do you mean?" asked Gedge.

"I was afraid it might have been notes or gold."

"What the deuce are you driving at?"

"Just this," returned Maitland, grimly; "I want you to marry my daughter."

"Oh, do you? Then, once for all, I shall do nothing of the kind."

"Perhaps you'll tell me why?"

"Well, if you will have it, captain, the reason's this: I intend to get on in life, and if I can't raise myself by marriage, I shan't marry at all. That's flat."

"My girl's none to be ashamed of, Mr. Gedge, I tell you. She can talk nice and dress well, and she's the handsomest there is for many a mile round here."

"I quite grant that. I'll admit, if you like, that I admire her extremely. But to be blunt, captain, she has neither money nor position, and so she's going to be no wife for me. I tell you, I'm a man that means to get on."

"Then," said Maitland, hitting the pocket-book savagely with his fist, "you hear me. I'm a man entirely reckless now. I only know one trade, and I'm blind, and I can never earn another penny at that. My girl's been used to soft living, and I can't give it her any longer. You can. You've been dangling after her, and, by thunder! if you don't make her your wife, I'll ruin you, and go to gaol singing, so long as I've got you at my heels."

"The man's mad," said the shipowner.

"I'm nothing of the kind—and you know it; only desperate. You'll ask my girl this day, Mr. Gedge, and marry her before another month's gone, or I'll go to the police and blow on the whole little business there's been between us. I've been a decent honest man all my life; and you don't fancy I've turned insurance thief just for the sport of the thing and a little dirty money. No, *sir;* I did it because I saw no other way of pinning you down. I don't care tuppence for myself—only her. And if you force me, I'll go out of this office right now, and get across to the station and give myself up and have it over. I'll tell the beaks I set the blamed old tramp on fire, and tell them that you knew me for a blind man, and hired me to lose her. If they've any doubt left, there'll be the cheque to prove it. What sort of job were you likely to give me £200 for, if it was to be done on the square?"

"Pah! do you think I could not explain that away?"

"No, I don't. And if you did it, so that the fool of a magistrate let you off, you can bet large that other people wouldn't be gulled. I'd like to see what insurance club would touch one of your ships afterwards. No, sir, your ticket would be dished for good if I spoke, and you know it."

"You old beast!" said Gedge, "do you dare to threaten me?"

"I'd dare just now to cut off Satan's tail with a handsaw. There was never a man who valued himself less—or his daughter more."

"You'd make a pretty father-in-law!" said the younger man gloomily.

"Don't you frighten yourself with me," returned the sailor. "The moment I see my girl clearly married, I go off—where, it doesn't matter. But you'd never be pestered with me in the offing any more."

"If only I could be sure of that!"

Maitland produced his pocket-book again, and took from it a large paper with a woodcut at the head, which he spread on the writing-table. It was the prospectus of a charitable institution for decayed shipmasters.

"There!" he said; "I never thought I should climb down to getting a berth there myself. I've subscribed to it when I was flush a score of times, and I've sent them in subscriptions which the passengers in the boat have made a score of times more. And now the doctor's wrote to them about my case, and in this paper they give me the offer of a room in the institution till I'm due for the churchyard. You'll never see me, Mr. Gedge, and you needn't be at all ashamed of me if people do get to know where I am, and talk. It's a most genteel pauper shop. Look at the picture of the old bucks standing in a row, with their white beards and black clothes on. I can't see it now myself, but I remember it well enough."

"And supposing I gave way to this bullying of yours and did marry the girl, aren't you afraid of my being pretty rough with her?"

Captain Maitland chuckled.

"I guess my Clarrie is quite woman enough to take care of herself. Why, man, if you lifted a finger against her she could knock you into a compass-box. You wouldn't do it, though. You're a keen man of business, but you aren't the sort to be a brute with women. Besides, you'd like the girl hard enough once you were married to her. You couldn't help yourself."

Mr. Gedge winced like a man in pain.

"And now," said Maitland, rising up and fumbling for his hat, "I've said my say and I'll take myself off. I'm a slow mover now, because I am not handy at warping myself along by a stick and a curbstone, and the afternoon'll be through before I get down home. If you like to go down and have a chat with Clarrie first, I'd be pleased; and if you'll stay and take a cup of tea with us afterwards I'll be prouder still. So sir, I'll wish you good-morning for the present."

The shipowner tapped his teeth with the shaft of a pen till the fumbling of his visitor's stick and shoes died away down the passage, and still his thoughts did not stray back to freights, and charter parties, and bills of lading.

"What a curious old ruffian it is!" he mused; "and how fond he is of that girl! I wonder if she put him up to this? I don't think it, but still I couldn't like her less if she has done. It's 'cute; yes, smart as anything I've seen. He's pinned me, and that's a fact; and I might do a dashed sight worse than marry Clarrie. She hasn't a penny to her name, confound her, and she moves in no sort of society. But she's respectable, and—dash it all!—well, I've always been fond of her. But it won't do to get cornered like this again. It's the first time I've worked off the straight, and it's going to be the last. I mightn't get off so easy next trip. And besides, freights are climbing up. It will be more profitable to run ships than to sink them."

He broke off, laughed, and rang a bell. A clerk came in from the outer office.

"Oh, Greenhough, I'm going out."

"Yes, sir. Anywhere I can say?"

"No."

"'Don't know whether you recollect, sir, but you've two appointments for here this afternoon. Both important. There's Mr.——"

"Oh, yes, I haven't forgotten; but I can't stop for them. 'Fact is, Greenhough, I'm going out to make arrangements about getting married. You needn't publish that widely yet, you know, but you may tell one or two of your friends in confidence. And—er—oh, I say, isn't there a brush somewhere in the office? My hat's all dust."

NOVEMBER.

Child's Winter Costume.

CORDUROY COSTUME FOR CHILD OF TEN YEARS.

CORDUROY velvet is well chosen for the present season of the year, as it not only possesses the appearance of richness and warmth, but also has the advantage of standing rough wear without appearing creased and crushed. Otter brown is the colour of the subject of my sketch, with edging of skunk and large buttons of clouded brass. The under blouse bodice is in fine wool cashmere accordion pleated, in a deep geranium tone of red—an exceedingly pretty contrast to the colour of the corduroy—and has large full sleeves to the elbow, thence tight to the wrist. The square cut of the front and back of the coat with the slightly fitting under-arm seam is particularly becoming to this age of childhood. New and very pretty is the shape of the collar, well fitting and high up to the back of the neck, with the edging of fur to match that on the deep turned-up cuffs. Indigo blue, reed green, and nut brown are also desirable colours for children's costumes, and a pale shade of brown with mushroom pink collar and cuffs bordered with beaver fur is eminently stylish. Emanating from a West-End firm, the hat with its crown of corduroy, and brim of a lighter shade of felt and couple of knife quills, will prove one of the favourites of this season.

Millinery.

Portrayed on this page is a beautiful example of a French bonnet. The low crown and triple points of the brim are of black chenille thickly encrusted with gold intermixed with jet sequin, closely kilted black lisse, jet edged, imparts a charming outline as it waves in and out of the irregular brim, and handsome ornaments of jet stand out to right and left; erect at the left side are black wheat-ears skilfully fastened with a charming knot of cerise ribbon, and strings of black velvet fasten in a square bow beneath the chin. To make this bonnet suitable to wear when Jack Frost claims us for his own, the only thing needful

NEW FRENCH BONNET.
(From a photograph by Walery, Ltd., Regent Street, W.)

NEW DESIGN FOR A FUR SET.

is crossway folds of velvet worn in place of the pleated lisse and pulled out loosely between each point raised in the centre of the front.

Seasonable Coats and Furs.

"The chill November dawns," and hastens our selection of cosy furs and comfort-imparting coats. Happy is the possessor of chinchilla, for it is in great demand, and will be worn throughout the winter and spring in combination with velvet or sealskin or Persian lamb. The fashionable shoulder capes that droop from the collar to the elbow are bordered with chinchilla, and very beautiful is the effect of the soft grey with the rich colouring of sealskin. Other favourite furs for trimming are beaver, otter, and mink—a good substitute for the more costly sable. Black furs are also in vogue, the long wavy fur of the Thibet lamb, the short jet curls of astrachan and Mongolian lamb—an inexpensive and effective imitation—and caricule. Capes are more often seen than jackets, and are cut to fall well below the waist, full at the edge and plain-fitting around the shoulders, with high-standing collars. A beautiful cape of this description was of sealskin lined with magenta silk brocaded in black, whilst another was fur-lined and made in a red and black check cloth with lines of silky black weaving checking its surface, with bordering down the fronts, and deep collar of Thibet goat. The circular capes of dark green cloth thickly covered with a design in black braid sewn on edgeways have a rich and effective appearance, but unfortunately hold the dust.

For youthful figures the accompanying sketch gives one of the novelties of the season in a charmingly pretty fichu, muff, and cuffs, or "set," as it is technically termed; it is made of black astrachan and lined with shot plum-coloured silk. The fichu is cut with very slight fulness, sewn in at the waist, crossing over and depending ends cut out at the edge; at the back it forms a deep square and is shaped as epaulettes on the shoulders, and it has a becoming collar close-fitting and turning down at the neck. The cuffs are a pretty accompaniment, and, with the muff, complete a very desirable set to wear at the present moment, and well on into the early spring. With a little ingenuity

WINTER COAT IN CLOTH.

an old-fashioned sealskin jacket could be transformed into a stylish fichu of this description, with the collar and muff of chinchilla made to the shape of those in the sketch.

I must not omit to mention the pretty hat of grey fawn felt with crown of velvet worked in lines of jet, the flowers and knots in front and the large bow at the back in shot purple velvet, and black wings; the hat is tilted forwards as it is decreed hats shall be worn.

A coat that commends itself to a woman with a good figure is sketched on page 946; the clinging nature of the fawn cloth whereof it is made permits the contour and lines of beauty to be displayed to advantage. A pretty and distinguishing feature of the coat is the decoration of the rounded collar points and the cuffs, with ornamental stitchings. Very handsome, too, are the large buttons that fasten the coat double-breasted, but their number may be curtailed to half a dozen in a larger size, without destroying the effect of style; no coat or jacket being considered perfect without due attention to the choice of the buttons, be they in carved cherry-wood, mother of pearl, or enamelled in cashmerian design. The sleeves are cut in a novel way, with the plain piece off the shoulder giving the desired length to that portion of the figure, widening out at the elbow and diminishing to the wrist beneath the cuff, and each of the seams is ornamented with stitching. One long seam extends the whole length of the coat at the centre back with deep folds to right and left from waist to hem. The collar and necktie of black satin with drooping points are a pretty conceit, and very charming is the toque of fine white felt threaded through a net of black chenille clasped with jet. Handsome black velvet chrysanthemums are set at each side of the front, and loops of brilliant cerise velvet rise erect at the left side, effecting a daring note of colour in the harmony of fawn, black, and white.

WINTER MANTLE FOR MATRON.

Winter Mantle for a Matron.

Whether made in rich silk or cloth, the handsome lines and voluminous sleeves of this design impart an importance to the wearer worthy a matron. Very elegant are the square shoulder cape of the new striped velvet and deep-pointed yoke jetted and embroidered, repeated exactly in the front; the full neck ruche is of finely kilted glacé silk pinked out at the edge, and box-pleated, the wrists of the large bishop sleeves are encircled with a similar ruche, and the muff is composed entirely of kilted silk with a large bow and ends of ribbon finishing it and the neck ruche alike. The mantle fastens straight down the centre of the front with handsome buttons, and the back is set into fulness finished with a jet motif in the centre of the back.

This cloak made in cashmere or one of the many handsome fancy materials now in vogue, with cape of the same bordered with broad braid studded with jet cabochons, and pointed yoke and stand-up collar and sleeves of fine astrachan, would be a stylish manner of arranging the design.

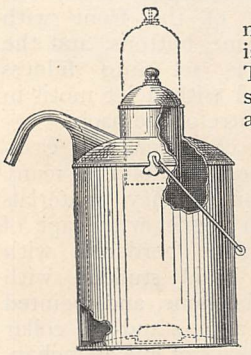
The prettiest shade of steel-grey velvet composes the French hood with its full crown dotted with jet, and brim embroidered in jet and silver beads, the flowers, aigrette, and small ostrich tips of dahlia colour and strings of black velvet.

A. Ll. Griffiths.

Cut paper patterns for making the long cloaks from the designs illustrated in this article may be had, cut to the sender's measurements, for one shilling and sixpence. For the fur set and child's costume patterns will be supplied for one shilling each. Application should be made to the Author of "Chit-Chat on Dress," care of the Editor of Cassell's Magazine, *La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.*

Correspondents are requested, when applying to the Editor for the names and addresses of the persons from whom further particulars respecting the articles in THE GATHERER may be obtained, to forward a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and in the case of inventors submitting specimens for notice, to prepay the carriage. The Editor cannot in any case guarantee absolute certainty of information, nor can he pledge himself to notice every article or work submitted.

A Siphon Oil-Can.



The internal arrangement of this handy oil-can is shown by dotted lines. The spout, in form of a siphon, runs to the bottom, and there is a hollow cylinder in the lid which can slide up or down. A knob on the cylinder is a vent-hole for the air. Now, when the vent-hole is closed and the cylinder is pressed down, the pressure of the air forces the oil up the spout.

A Curious Lake.

Russian explorers have found a curious lake in the island of Kildine, in the North Sea. It is separated from the sea by a narrow strip of land, and contains salt water under the surface, in which codfish, sponges, and other marine animals flourish. The surface water is, however, fresh, and supports daphnias and other fresh-water creatures. There is also a literal zone of brackish water, sustaining many seaweeds. The bottom of the lake consists of mud, emitting an odour of sulphur, and the level of the water rises and falls a few inches during the day.

Iron in Food.

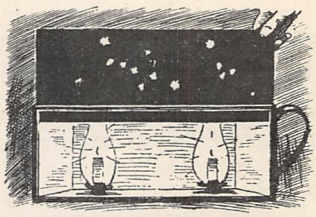
Professor Bunge advises people to take their tonics in the form of food rather than medicine, and, by way of helping them, he has found experimentally that asparagus contains more iron than yolk of egg, and the latter more than beef. The vegetables in the following list have more iron in proportion to their height in the scale :—Apples, lentils, strawberries, white beans, peas, potatoes, and wheat. Milk has still less than these, and the professor recommends that wheat food should be given with it to infants. Young animals, it seems, have a higher proportion of iron in the system than adults.

A Flying Dormouse.

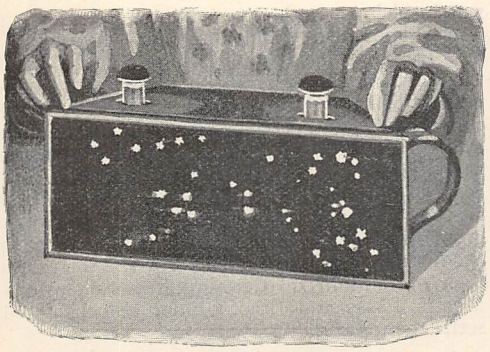
This curious little animal, discovered by Herr Zeuker in the Cameroons, has a fringe of membrane round his body which acts as a parachute, and enables him to jump, if not fly, from branch to branch of trees. He is related to the jerboa on the one hand and the flying squirrel on the other. The pitecheir of Java and Sumatra—a tree-climbing night-rat—has been observed lately, and found to live on the sweet potato and the fruits of certain trees which, owing to the formation of its claws, it is able to climb with the agility of a monkey.

A Simple Astronomical Lantern.

The little device which we illustrate is a home-made lantern for studying the stars. It consists of a box of tin metal or wood with chimneys for ventilation, and slide-ways in front to hold a star map. Two candles in sockets inside afford the necessary light to illuminate the charts behind, and enable



the observer to study their grouping and identify the stars in the heavens. The star maps need only be



A SIMPLE ASTRONOMICAL LANTERN.

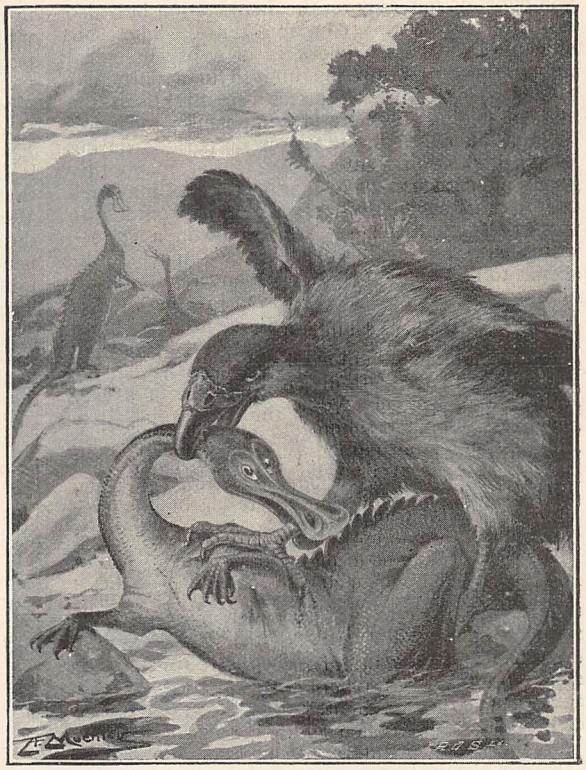
simple blue prints, but prepared slides are, of course, preferable if they can be obtained from some optician.

The Brontornis.

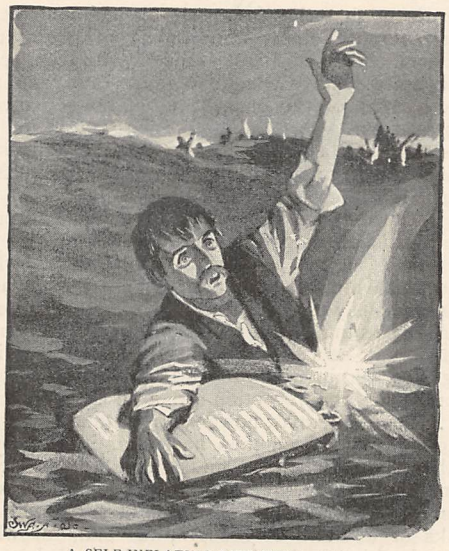
Recent geological explorations in Southern Patagonia by Señors Carlos and Ameghino have revealed the existence of a large deposit of fossil birds and herb-eating mammals. These are found in gravelly beds which belong to the Eocene age of the earth's history—the period of gigantic reptiles and flying dragons. More than fifteen species of extinct birds have so far been discovered in these gravels, and amongst them the largest bird yet known. Hitherto the Dinornis, an extinct bird of Madagascar, has been regarded as the largest bird that ever lived, but the Brontornis Burmeisteri, which we illustrate, was not only taller but thicker. This "ungainly fowl" must have been a good deal more formidable in appearance than the celebrated "raven" of Edgar Allan Poe. It stood over thirteen feet in height, and was of massive build. Its beak was armed with two teeth near the hook, and its scaly feet with powerful claws. Its wings, however, were too small to allow it to fly. The Dinornis and his congeners lived on vegetables, but the Brontornis probably fed on molluscs and reptiles, such as the dinosaurian lizards which were so rife at the close of the Chalk period. The picture shows a Brontornis attacking a Hadrosaurus on the edge of a marsh, and the bird in the distance is a Phororhacos longissimus, another extinct bird of Patagonia, which resembled the Aphanapterix, an extinct bird of the Mauritius, but was about one-third larger. There is nothing singular in the Brontornis preying on reptiles. The balæniceps of the present epoch have destroyed numberless young crocodiles on the White Nile, and the Serpentaria of South Africa is a deadly foe to snakes.

What is Inspiration?

The inspiration of genius has long been a mystery; but we live in a scientific age, and psychologists aim at elucidating all the processes of the mind. It is not surprising that they have now turned their attention to that noblest endowment of the human race. Goethe, who was imbued with the scientific spirit, expressed the opinion that "no productiveness of the highest kind, no remarkable discovery, no great thought which bears fruit and has results, is in the power of anyone; but such things are elevated above all earthly control. Man must consider them," said he to Eckermann, "as an unexpected gift from above, as pure children of God, which he must receive and venerate with joyful thanks. They are akin to the 'dæmon,' which does with him what it pleases and to which he unconsciously resigns himself, while he believes he is acting from his own impulse. In such cases man may often be considered as an instrument in a higher government of the world—as a vessel found worthy for the reception of a divine influence. . . . . There is, however, a productiveness of another kind which man has more in his power, although he here also finds cause to bow before something divine. Under this category I place all that appertains to the execution of a plan, all the links of a chain of thought, the ends of which already shine forth; I also place there all that constitutes the visible body of a work of art." On the other hand, MM. Passy and Binet, two French psychologists, have been questioning the most eminent French writers and dramatists of the day—including Daudet, Dumas, Sardou, Coppée, Meilhac, and Edmond de Goncourt—as to their experiences, and have arrived at the following results. Literary



THE BRONTORNIS.



A SELF-INFLATING LIFE-BUOY.—FIG. 1.

composition does not manifest itself in an exceptional physical and mental condition which distinguishes it from other mental occupations. The belief in an "artistic hallucination," as well as the influence of the seasons, environment, and artificial excitants, is in their opinion unfounded. The work of artistic creation demands full self-possession, and depends not only on the imagination but also on the reason and common sense. The sole effective excitation to work is of a psychological nature, the author finding himself in a particular emotional state which arises directly from the subject treated. Dramatic composition most frequently takes the form of crises or periods during which production is easy. An author may either give his own ideas to a character, or he may seek to forget his own personality and try to enter into that of the character, or he may be in a state—which might be called inspiration—in which he seems to listen passively to the conversation of his characters. Mental images are, in the view of Messrs. Passy and Binet, of little or no importance in composition. These conclusions are interesting so far as they go, but they do not go very far, because they are based on the experience of a very few authors, and these not of the first rank. It is well known that where genius fails mere art and practice supplement it; and although most, if not all, the writers examined are consummate artists, probably none have the highest order of genius—that of a Shakespeare or a Goethe, for example. They are, therefore, likely to fail in the diviner species of inspiration which Goethe has described, and to work rather by the earthlier species, which does not necessitate self-surrender, and relies on common sense. As to "artistic hallucination," there is evidence to show that some authors have experienced it. Flaubert, the greatest French novelist since Balzac, and an amateur psychologist, has written to Henri Taine :—"In hallucination" (pathological or nervous hallucination he means) "there is always terror. You feel your personality escape you, and believe you are going to die. In the poetic vision, on the contrary, there is joy : it is something which enters into you. It is none the less true that one no longer knows where one is." Flaubert in his own person was subject to both species of hallucination, and his testimony is therefore of the best. Touching mental images, Dickens and other authors have told us that they actually saw the scenes they so vividly described. With regard to environment and the influence of the seasons, we need only say that the biographies of great men are full of evidence which shows that their productivity was much affected by the weather and their surroundings. Certainly the conclusions of Messrs. Passy and Binet cannot be considered to settle the matter.

A Self-inflating Life-Buoy.

Our engravings show an ingenious new life-buoy which has been invented by M. De Ropp, a Swiss engineer, and tried recently at Geneva. The buoy contains an air-cell, which is automatically inflated by means of the vapour of chloride of methyl as soon as it enters the water. It is also supplied with a sea-light of the Holmes description—that is, a capsule containing phosphide of calcium, which, when wetted by the water, yields a bright torch-like flame, lasting for three-quarters of an hour. The principle of the buoy is also applied to a life-saving dress, as seen in our second illustration. The buoy itself, however, has the appearance of an air-pillow, and is simply bound across the chest.

Frozen Milk.

The Danes and Swedes are now sending frozen milk to England, where it is thawed and sold. The milk is frozen in cans, after being heated to a temperature near the boiling-pint (75° C.), and then packed in wooden casks containing some fresh milk for transport. The fresh milk enables the cask to be completely filled, and the frozen milk keeps it fresh. Each barrel holds 1,000 lbs. of milk, and the industry is likely to extend over the world. We may add that the officers of the experimental station of Wisconsin have recently drawn attention to the desirability of pasteurising or sterilising all milk sold and used. The process kills over 99 per cent. of the bacteria, including the bacilli of typhoid and diphtheria. Pasteurised milk has recently been served to the poor of New York, and the rate of infant mortality has been greatly reduced. The intestinal troubles of infants, especially in summer-time, are largely due to bacteria in their milk.

A SELF-INFLATING LIFE-BUOY.—FIG. 2.

The Cost of Electric Heat.

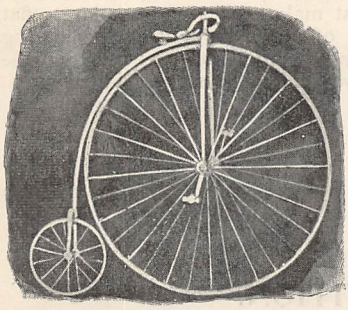
Mr. R. E. Crompton, the well-known electrical engineer, in

a paper read before the Institution of Electrical Engineers, has estimated that an electrical oven is twice as economical as any other heated by gas or solid fuel. Only 10 per cent. of the electric heat is wasted, as against 80 per cent. in the other case. In grilling a chop on a coal fire 2 per cent. of the total heat is utilised, and 65 per cent. in the case of electricity. Moreover, there is no loss of time in getting up the heat with electricity, and neither smoke nor soot.

Oxygen in Drinks.

Beverages are now aërated with oxygen in Germany, and sold in bottles or siphons like lemonade. Oxygen gas is, of course, a medicine of considerable value in cases of diabetes, anæmia, and some diseases of the respiratory organs. It may not be out of place to mention here that helium, the new gas, long recognised in the sun, has been found in the mineral waters of Wildbad, in the Black Forest, and also in another spa near Carterets in the Pyrenees.

A Golden Bicycle.



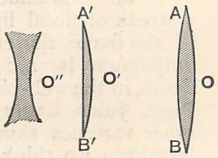
The little bicycle, which we illustrate full size, is a new article of jewelry which has been introduced by a Parisian maker. The saddle and handles are of silver and the tyre of indiarubber, but all the rest of the machine is of gold. It weighs about 60 grains, the big wheel having 30 grains of itself. As will be seen, it is a perfect little machine in every detail.

Breathable Air.

There is an old notion that if a candle goes out in the atmosphere of a confined space the air is unfit for breathing, and will suffocate whoever ventures into it. According to the recent experiments of Professor Frank Clowes, however, the flames of candles and oil lamps produce an atmosphere in confined places which is practically identical with that expired from the lungs, and both atmospheres are respirable with safety, although a candle may go out in them. The popular notion is, therefore, not necessarily true, although, of course, it might sometimes be true. We may also mention that Dr. John Haldane has been investigating the properties of "black, or choke damp"—a gas which comes from coal in mines and is apt to suffocate the miners. It consists of nitrogen mixed with one-seventh or one-eighth of its volume of carbonic acid gas. A mixture of 84 per cent. of air and 16 per cent. of black damp puts out a flame, but it requires a mixture of 60 per cent. of black damp and 40 per cent. of air to produce any immediate danger to life. The bad physiological effect of black damp is due to a deficiency of oxygen. "White damp" is poisonous to breathe, but supports combustion; and "after damp" is the carbonic acid resulting from an explosion in the mine.

A Powerful Field-Glass.

The Jumelle hyperdioptrique is a field and opera-glass which has the clearness and definition of the long, collapsing marine telescope. This result is obtained by an arrangement of the lenses in which the ordinary single object-glass is replaced by two convergent lenses, A O B and A′ O′ B′. The eye-glass, or ocular, O″, is a simple divergent lens, as in ordinary field-glasses.



This combination enables the ocular to have a short focus, without producing aberration of the light and blurring of the view. It is due to Captain Daubresse, of the French artillery.

Telling the Poles.

M. Flammarion, the well-known writer on astronomy, has devised a photographic method of telling the position of the pole. At the poles the stars will seem to describe circles round the zenith, or point immediately overhead; and, therefore, by exposing sensitive photographs to the night sky, the true position of the poles can be found by the curves which the stars trace upon them.

A Book of True Stories.

"The Red True Story Book" (Longmans) is to be Mr. Andrew Lang's Christmas present for his young friends this year. The range of subjects is surely wide enough to satisfy the most exacting reader, for it includes tales from the Sagas, Mr. Lang's own account of Joan of Arc, and Mr. Rider Haggard's recital of Wilson's last stand against Lobengula's braves. No healthy boy or girl but must appreciate these well-selected and brightly told stories of real life and adventure. The excellent illustrations are by Mr. H. J. Ford.

Natural History for Young Folk.

Messrs. Cassell have just published an excellent and abundantly illustrated work, entitled "Popular History of Animals for Young People," by Mr. Henry Scherren, F.Z.S., which supplies a want, long felt, of a non-technical but yet accurate and attractive work upon natural history, for beginners. Mr. Scherren freely illustrates his descriptions of the animals he is dealing with by telling anecdotes, and these and the frequent pictures make light work of study.

More New Books.

Mr. J. F. Rowbotham is well known as a writer on musical history, but we were hardly prepared for a work upon "How to Vamp" from his hands. The art is not one that we are anxious to see widely practised, but if any of our readers feel that they *must* pursue it, they cannot do better than get Mr. Rowbotham's book, which is published by Mr. Upcott Gill. From the same publisher we have received a practical little "Handbook of Millinery," which we can, with a clear conscience, commend to our lady readers.—Messrs. Longmans send us the second volume in their series of manuals on "Climbing in the British Isles," devoted to climbs in Wales and Ireland. Like its predecessor it is concise and workmanlike, fitted to be a useful holiday companion.

GARDENING IN NOVEMBER.

THE chrysanthemum is the most precious flower of the month. A few of the starry blossoms of the Michaelmas daisy may yet remain, and a streak of floral light shoot from the dying spikes of the flame flowers (Kniphopia), but the chrysanthemum is *the* November treasure. Out of doors, in the well-planted garden, bushes of Cottage Pink, Jules Lagravere, Jardin des Plantes, and other varieties should be heavy with bloom; and how little we think of these splendid kinds! By the south coast in particular they make clouds of colour when London is sometimes bathed in a cloud, not of sunshine, but grimy fog, tainting the outdoor kinds that try to give satisfaction to the gardener.

We must in smoky centres confine the plants to the greenhouse, and at this season carefully remove decaying florets. Sometimes in very dull, damp weather the flowers will rot off wholesale. This may be prevented to some extent by ventilating freely, and giving each plant plenty of space, so that the air can circulate freely about it. Such things as Cinerarias, Camellias, and Azaleas—in fact, all plants that will bloom in the course of the winter, will be benefited by weak doses of liquid manure.

In most years the beds and borders are wrecked by frosts. If no frosts have occurred of sufficient severity to kill down plants of tender habit, like Cannas, Dahlias, Eucalyptus, and Geraniums, it will be well to lift them. In the case of the Cannas and Dahlias remove as much soil as possible from the roots, and let them dry in the sun for a few hours before storing them in a cool, dry place for the winter. Now is the time to thoroughly dig up the soil in the vegetable garden, and nothing excels opening out the ground to let in light, rains, and frosts, which purify and prepare it for crops.

Half the battle in gardening is to plant in thoroughly prepared ground. Everything thrives better in it. The result is conspicuous, yet gardeners will persist in manuring without giving this "freshening up" operation to the ground.

Hardy plants may be put in now, especially roses, and bulbs also, but the sooner these are in the better. November is the month, too, for planning out the beds for next year; and let me impress upon my readers the enjoyment derived from the pansy (tufted) and the quaint cottage-garden kind that makes faces at one—large, flat, velvety blooms of great diversity of colouring. Plant out now in light vegetable soil, if possible—that is, ground which is not lumpy and heavy.

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